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**THE STORM KING  
By Fred T. Fuge**



**A Collection Of Remarkable  
Facts And Illustrations**

**For ten years Mr. Fuge was a sailor on the Atlantic Ocean, five years an  
Evangelist in Newfoundland, Canada, and the United States of America, and  
fourteen years a missionary to Africa.**

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## **CONTENTS**

**About This Digital Edition  
Dedication  
Introduction**

- 01 -- The Storm King**
- 02 -- A World In Darkness**
- 03 -- A World In Flood**
- 04 -- A World In Flames**
- 05 -- A World In Light**
- 06 -- The End Of The World**
- 07 -- The Lake Of Fire**
- 08 -- Up In The Air**
- 09 -- Under The Sea**
- 10 -- Down In The Earth**
- 11 -- The Ocean King**
- 12 -- The Aerial Champion**
- 13 -- The Forest Bully**
- 14 -- The Bride Of The Antichrist**
- 15 -- The Devil's Mirage**
- 16 -- The Devil Of The Deep**
- 17 -- A Wonder On Wings**
- 18 -- Travelers To The Unknown**
- 19 -- Treasures Laid Up**
- 20 -- A Great White Visitor From The North**
- 21 -- A River Of Life**
- 22 -- The World In A Web**
- 23 -- Lifting The Fallen**
- 24 -- The, Man Who Split The Mountain**
- 25 -- The Pearl Of Great Price**
- 26 -- Death On Wings**
- 27 -- The Unknown Warrior**
- 28 -- Little Foxes**
- 29 -- The Rainbow**
- 30 -- My Father's House**

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## **ABOUT THIS DIGITAL EDITION**

While I present this file as containing information that is interesting and useful, I wish to mention two things:

(a) The reader will note that various things mentioned in the book are "time-dated" and refer to things which were marvels at the time the book was written and published, but which are far behind the scientific marvels of today. Nevertheless, the reader may find some such items to be both interesting and useful.

(b) The writer presents in this book various thoughts about Second Coming Prophecy and the millennium with which I strongly disagree. I refer the reader to my own eschatological publications for expositions of my own views: "His Appearing and His Kingdom" (hdm0124) and "Eschatological Subjects" (hdm2494).

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## DEDICATION

To my precious Wife and Daughter, who have so faithfully assisted me in the preparation of this work

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## INTRODUCTION

The world of books is growing every day and it is no longer a question of being able to obtain books but it is a question of what kind of books are the best suited for the individual reader. We cannot grade books upon their merit of scholarship, for many books of fine scholarship have no worth while message for their readers.

The Storm King does not lay claim to any special merit in literature, but it has a right to lay claim to a message for its readers that will cause them to think, for there is something in the book that will challenge the attention and command the interest of every reader.

Ten years, Rev. Fred T. Fuge was a sailor on the Atlantic Ocean, sailing much in the Northern Seas; five years, he followed the calling of an evangelist in Newfoundland, Canada and the United States; and for fourteen years, he has been a missionary in Africa. He has had experience, and beheld scenes that rarely occur to one man in a short lifetime. He describes these with his pen as they live in his fertile and unique mind. He gives you history, religion, science, facts and imagination in a combination found in no other book.

-- S. S. Nelson

\* \* \* \* \*

## 01 -- THE STORM KING

### Psalm 148

What a wonderful chorus is this 148th Psalm. All nature is here called to a universal rostrum to unite in celebrating the praises of the Almighty Creator, Who was before the earth was formed, or the mountains were brought forth, from everlasting to everlasting -- He is God.

In 1743 Handel composed the "Messiah" and three weeks later produced it in London. When the great musician reached his climax in the Hallelujah Chorus and the mighty words, "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," rang through the crowded Hall, the king of England reverently arose to his feet, and so remained until the Hallelujah Chorus was finished. Since then no respectable British audience will remain seated while Handel's Hallelujah Chorus is being given. But what a mighty audience is here called to attention, while the chorus of all created substance reverberates in universal praise. From the highest heights to deepest depths, from Primeval Chaos to the Equinoxes and as the American puts it, "from the Aurora Borealis to the Judgment." From regions where the human tongue hath never proclaimed the story of the dying Christ, and from vast domains where the gospel of the crucified and risen Saviour has never broken the sombre silence; from the ice-capped glaciers of South Georgia, near the Antarctic Circle, whence Norwegian whalers have erected the most southerly church in the world; to the grim shores of Greenland, where Moravian missionaries hath planted the northern standard; from the deepest depths of the ocean; from the top of Mt. Everest, Kilimanjaro, and the Mountains of the Moon in Central Africa; from the setting sun to the grey dawn in the East, this mighty chorus rolls up to the throne of God, and breaks forth in glad and glorious adoration of Him, Who was before all things, and by Whom all things were created.

But from millions of these bright worlds above us where in all probability unfallen creatures dwell, the tremendous chorus seems to have its send off, and as it reverberates through the corridors of immensity, bright-winged angels around the throne of God catch the strain, and wave on wave bursts forth -- until sun, moon, and the stars, with tongues of flame, and fire, and light, roll the glory on to Mars, Mercury, Venus, and Jupiter, our nearest neighbors, and their undiscovered powers chant it on mighty organs of fire, and hail, and snow, and stormy winds, down to our earth, where sleeping mountains awake from their silence of untold ages. All fruitful trees and cedars, all beasts and creeping things; and flying fowl; kings and all people, princes, and all judges, young men, and maidens; old men and children: unite in sounding abroad the excellent name and glory of Him who sits above all earth and heaven. But the eternal chorus is not complete until the thundering organs of the deep pour out their all inspiring bass. Sperm whales, and porpoise, sharks and sword fish, gray mullet, red mullet, walrus and sea-lion, black bass, and spotted bass, octopus in deepest ocean, and winkle on the strand; all pick up the

refrain and swell the chorus. The sea is His, He made it and all that is therein. Angels touched the keys, cyclones worked the bellows, thunders rolled it out, lightnings flashed it abroad, earthquakes put in the tremors, while volcanos and tidal waves supplied the baritone and bass. All nature praising God. May we never complain again when storms are raging, and nature is exerting her powers. God maketh the clouds His chariot, He rideth on the wings of the wind, His paths are in the deep, His footsteps in great waters. He hath reserved the hail for the day of battle, and lightning to make a way for the rain. He punisheth the ungodly with His tempest and maketh them afraid with His wind. He sitteth above the water floods, and dwelleth in the place of thunder: -- above all the forces of nature, He sitteth King and God.

The great storms that lash our earth at which men tremble, and are in their grasp no more than flies, are all known to Him, and while they are terrifying and disastrous to the families of this world, they are nevertheless the God-directed antics of nature, and are blessings in disguise. Earthquakes that frequently split the bottom of the ocean with devastating powers, roll off great tidal waves that submerge cities, and destroy districts that are whiskey-soaked, blasphemous and God-cursed. But at the same time these quakes roll up new districts, and islands to become the home of man, in oceans where land was never seen before. Bursting volcanos such as destroyed in Portugal, 60,000 lives in six minutes, near Java, 40,000 in a few seconds, Messina, 50,000, Martinique, 30,000; Vesuvius burying Pompeii; Etna and Stromboli, terrifying the dwellers on the Mediterranean coast, such tremendous convulsions have at times shaken our poor earth from pole to pole. But if these burning craters, (chimneys leading up from hell) did not blow out the stopper which had interrupted the free flow of lava, sulphur and smoke, the entire earth would be blown into bits, and instead of a few thousand, the whole creation would be annihilated.

Cyclones racing over land and sea at the speed of 75 miles an hour, and exercising the combined power of 500 million horses, are judgment fans brushing away in many cases the filth and corruption of the earth. In all these things the marvelous program of the Storm King is being unfolded. Listen child of God to the message to thee from the "King of Storms"..... "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved; he uttered his voice, the earth melted. But,.... "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." Psalm 46.

During the American War, a steam-engine with a single coach was racing at lightning speed across country with urgent messages. The engineer, his wife and little girl, and fireman were the only souls on board; the train was dashing furiously

along the disturbed rails, when the little girl was asked if she was afraid, she replied, "No, my father is the engineer." My Brother is the Storm King:

"The let the hurricanes roar,  
The voyage will sooner be o'er--  
I'll weather the blast, and land at last,  
Safe on the ever-green shore."

David said, "O my God, my soul is cast down within me..... "Deep called unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the day time and in the night his song shall be with me." Psalm 42. 7-8.

O that dreadful waterspout, child of the whirlwind, and the dread and terror of seamen in tropical waters, for they are seldom known in the cold North Seas. There the icebergs live, and the typhoon rides in his chariot of phosphorous fire. but in warmer oceans the waterspout exerts its awful power. At such times it would seem that all the water in the heavens had gathered together in one place, and that the weight of millions of tons were pouring down to the sea through some gigantic funnel. No ship could possibly survive the dreadful impact, the stoutest dreadnought that ever crossed the seas would buckle up like telegraph wires before the tremendous downpour, and the noise and thunder at such times, to those who have witnessed from afar, may be described as earth and heaven crashing together in judgment collision. Forth from the place of active contact, destructive billows roll out for miles sweeping everything before them. Hear then the man of God! "Deep calleth unto deep, at the noise of thy waterspouts." Oceans above calling unto oceans below like two mighty armies charging each other with the dreadful roar of battle, and after the clash, the billows. "At the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy billows have gone over me."

While no ship could possibly outride the great waterspout, a sea gull may fold her wings and sail clear through, and come out on the other side with not a feather disturbed. This is what David means, in the midst of the most destructive storms His loving kindness will shelter us by day, and His glorious songs will thrill our souls by night. Glory! There are spiritual tidal waves, spiritual earthquakes, spiritual volcanos, and spiritual waterspouts. The devil through his representatives may abuse, assault, scandalize, and curse us, but through it all He will prove himself the Storm King.

"He'll quiet life's storm with His peace be still,  
This Stranger of Galilee."

The night is awful, the dreadful clouds charged with the fury of the storm hang low, the tempest has lashed the waves into fury, and the little boat with her terrified crew is in imminent danger of being swallowed up. But in the blackest hour, a form appears on the crest of a heaving billow, and a voice rings out through

the darkness. "It is I, be not afraid." He steps on board the tossing boat, the darkness is dispersed, the angry cloud recedes, the winds are hushed, and the waves lie down as still as a babe on its mamma's bosom. What has happened. How came the change? The Storm King has come! The form on the billow is the Master of the earth, and sea and sky. He is our refuge in the storm. This is what Wesley meant to express in this old hymn:

"The great archangel's trump shall sound  
While twice ten thousand thunders roar,  
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,  
And make the greedy sea restore.

"The greedy sea sail yield her dead,  
The earth no more her slain conceal;  
Sinners shall lift their guilty heads,  
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

"But we, who now our Lord confess,  
And faithful to the end endure,  
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness --  
Stand as the Rock of Ages, sure.

"We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,  
And mountains are on mountains hurled,  
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,  
And smile to see a burning world.

"By faith we now ascend the skies,  
And on that ruined world look down;  
By love above all height we rise,  
And share the everlasting throne."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 02 -- A WORLD IN DARKNESS

I lay no claim to new discoveries, my information has been gleaned from a wide field of research, and by prayer and waiting upon the Lord. I have said elsewhere that diamonds are sometimes found in mud, and pearls in the most unlikely oysters. A plain man in the school of the Holy Ghost has just as great a right to expect an insight into holy things, as his more accomplished and highly educated brother. The chosen disciples may enjoy the presence of the blessed Master, but the nameless little boy with his basket of loaves and fishes had his place too.

**Peter and John, the fishermen of Galilee knew more about burning worlds, bursting planets and falling stars than all the astronomers that this world has ever had. While Jeremiah and Ezekiel had a greater insight into the pre-Adamic condition of our earth than all the geologists and scientists, from the wizards of Egypt, down to Oliver Lodge, and this is doing no violence to the great men of the world who are spending millions of money to map the sea of space and to inform us where its islands are located, and what they are really like.**

**In this address, on a world in darkness, I intend to call up outside witnesses, but my main authority is found in the Word of God. Jeremiah said, "I beheld the earth, and it was without form and void, (empty) there was no man and the birds of the heavens were fled, the fruitful place was a wilderness, and all the cities were broken down." And knowing, that there has never been a time since Adam was created that answers to this description, we cannot but reconcile it with the pre-Adamic fall of our earth. God creates nothing in disorder and confusion, the work of His blessed hands is all pronounced good, the world as He created it was not as it appears in the second verse of the Bible, some tremendous storms had torn it away from its mooring, and cast it adrift without a living soul upon its surface. The heavens that once enveloped it in glorious light had grown dark, and whoever its first inhabitants were, they had all disappeared, all fruitful fields and orchards were change into howling deserts, the birds had fled, and the magnificent cities were all broken down, and the entire globe had become desolate, the heavens were mourning, and the earth was draped in black because of the fierce anger of the Lord. The Lord can only be angry with sin, and this at once settles the fact that sin lay at the bottom of the world's first wrong step, The earth, dark, empty, and lifeless, is first introduced to us in the Word of God, and Jeremiah is evidently dealing with the tragedy that overtook it be/ore that day..... the day when Lucifer was its unfallen king, and walked up and down amid its stones of fire. The glory that surrounded Lucifer in his unfallen state affords us some information of the undimmed brightness of this magnificent planet, at the laying of whose foundations the morning stars sang sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy. And may we not discern between these two classes of created beings that participated in the' ceremony when the earth's foundations were laid? The morning stars -- the bright-winged angels around the heavenly throne, the sons of God -- those who with Lucifer as their glorious king took up their abode on the new created earth.**

**In that far-off day Lucifer was the anointed cherub that covereth, he was the guardian angel of all who were under his care, he sat upon the holy mountain, and roamed through the gardens of God. His sanctuary, (as the palace of Christ, the New Jerusalem will be) was garnished with all manner of precious stones. The sardius, the topaz, and the diamond, the the beryl, the onyx and the jasper, the sapphire, the emerald, the carbuncle and gold. He was the most beautiful and the wisest of all created beings and a world over which God would place such a creature as king must have been indeed magnificent. Cities crowded with unfallen sons of God, birds of every plumage, palaces adorned with all manner of precious stones, fruitful fields and orchards bathed in the light of heaven, and the glorious**



king enthroned in the Holy Mount with a paradise of unspeakable glory, described as the Garden of God. But the mighty hath fallen, the gold hath become dim, the beautiful earth stripped of all that was holy and pure, sunk into unspeakable darkness. Its once spotless king, was cast down to hell to the sides of the pit, and its fallen subjects were bound in Tartarus to await their trial at the judgment day; those who fell not, in all probability went back to the heavenly world, while the earth lifeless, lawless, and lightless, was left a miserable derelict on the ocean of space, and for all that we know, it wandered in that condition for uncounted millions of years. We are told that there are other worlds experiencing now some such changes as ours has already passed through. Men who have studied the heavens have reported for general information that there are dead and dark planets wandering through space at a reckless speed, such wanderers carry no light, and are utterly unable to reveal themselves, but occasionally there is noticed in the sky a sudden burst of light, which is known to the astronomer as the lighting up, or rekindling of a dead planet, and we have no reason to doubt such statements. On Mount Wilson, California, there is a great telescope that weighs a hundred tons, and at the present rate of discovery it will soon have revealed 100 million new stars, it has revealed the universe to be 6 million, million, million miles from edge to edge, so that light traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second would take a million years to flash from side to side. The great mind that controls that telescope knows more about the planetary heavens than we do about New York or Cincinnati. If such men can tell us 75 or one hundred years ahead to the very minute when a comet will be visible in the United States, Switzerland, or elsewhere, or at 4 minutes and 30 seconds after 4 on the 21st of September, 1922, there will be an eclipse of the sun; and if the men who have revealed these undisputed facts have told us that not only are there dark planets that become light, but light planets that are growing dark, may we not give consideration to their statements? They tell us that some of our neighbors in space are burning out, and their light is fast disappearing. Yearly from these volcanic worlds, there tumbles down to our earth not less than 20,000 tons of cast off stones. These stones are no longer the tangled skeins of the astronomer, but the public property of the average school boy.

In one of the canyons of Arizona there is embedded far into the earth one of these sky stones 500 feet across, Commodore Peary brought one from the North Pole weighing 20 tons, and one fell in Mexico that weighed over 50 tons. Great Diana of the Ephesians whom her worshippers declared dropped down from Jupiter, was doubtless one of these great stones, which had fallen down from some other world. But what have these fallen stones to do with our earth? They are telegrams from above informing us that other worlds are burning out, and growing dark as ours once was.

Our earth is but a speck in the universe when compared with some of our neighbors, and if great catastrophes have, and are, overtaking them, can there be reason to doubt that in some far off age our earth owing to some tremendous influence passed from light and glory into darkness and utter ruin, the awful condition in which it appeared in the morning of our age? When all the relative facts

in scripture are gathered together, we are forced to the conclusion that some gigantic tragedy struck our poor earth, stripped it of every spark of life, and left it a deserted wanderer in space, without sun, moon, or stars, or speck of glimmering light. But 6,000 years ago God sighted the derelict and cried, "Let there be light." And who can tell but watchers on some other world shouted as they saw the new born blaze, "there's a rekindled planet." But this is mere conjecture, the truth of which we shall know in a little while.

The cause of tragedies in other worlds will be a source of untold interest when we awake to immortality, but our poor earth was wrecked on the breakers of sin, the spirit of pride and revolt crept into the heart of its pre-Adamic king; he aspired to set his throne above the throne of God, and one-third of his created subjects deliberately turned their backs on their glorious habitation, and joined their leader in revolution. The rest of the story is clear. King Lucifer was cast down to hell, and his deceived followers were bound by chains of darkness in Tartarus, from whence they will come to stand their awful trial on the judgment day. In 1920 when crossing the Atlantic on the great ship Adriatic, our captain sighted a derelict on the high seas, a vessel stranded and in distress. Our great ship bore down upon her; the cause of the trouble ascertained, her crew was taken off, and the wrecked ship was destroyed by fire. Our heavenly Father did not work like that, when from His great new world He saw this derelict, this wrecked and stranded world on the ocean of immensity. He did not send her to destruction, He bore down upon her, supplied her with new and fresh provisions, refitted her broken spars, adjusted her disarranged steering-gear, lit up her headlights, signed on a new crew and under the command of a new captain sent her forth to complete the voyage that she was originally intended to make.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 03 -- A WORLD IN FLOOD

I closed my last chapter by saying that our old stranded earth was refitted and under a new command was started out to complete the voyage that she was originally intended to make. The old king was gone, but a new one had been installed, and to replace the former inhabitants, a command was given to the newly appointed citizens to multiply and replenish, or people the earth again. And there is in this command one of the strongest evidences that the earth was well populated before Adam's day. Under the new regime the refitted earth sailed on for nearly 2,000 years, but the voyage was not without trouble. The spirit of the old king had sneaked through the darkness that engulfed the wreck, and had got on board again, and his influence upon the new management was so great that the entire crew was thrown into rebellion against the Lord. Murder, mutiny, and revolt was the order of the day. Fallen angels, who with their leader Lucifer had ruined the earth before, by some means that we may not understand, made their appearance on the new earth, and became so daring in their blasphemies, that marriage or union with daughters of men were entered into, and a God-cursed progeny was the result.

**This was modern spiritualism intensified, and now as before the flood the awful curse of the Almighty is upon all who participate in this religious scheme of the devil to damn the world. From its regeneration 2,000 years before, the earth had become a seething Cesspool of corruption and crime, so alarming were the conditions that the Lord Almighty threatened to sweep the entire globe by a gigantic tidal wave. The awful day arrived when the heavens grew dark, the clouds hung low, the flood-gates of heaven were opened, and the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the earth shipped a sea which swept her from pole to pole, and the only refugees were eight who made good their escape in a life-boat (the only invention that crossed the flood.)**

**There is an ancient story told by Plato thousands of years before Christ -- of a great country called the Continent of Atlantis, after which our Atlantic Ocean has been named. After all, it appears rather difficult for the present with all its accomplishments to forget the superstitious past. The old Greek myth concerning the hero Hercules splitting the mountains to make way for the present strait of Gibraltar, is not easily forgotten, for the mountains on either side of the Straits said to be pulled up by Hercules, and called the Pillars of Hercules, for a long time were the emblems supporting the Spanish Coat of Arms. But later these two Pillars of Hercules were united by a scroll, and made the standard dollar mark of the United States of America. The great Continent of Atlantis was said to have formed a natural bridge from Europe to America, but by a mighty earthquake the whole of the Continent disappeared in one night, leaving only the tallest mountain peaks above the sea, and modern explorers who have examined the ocean bed in these parts vouch for the truth of the Plato story. And having personally stood on the volcanic shores of the Azores, Teneriffe, Maderia and St. Helena, I must confess -- that in such places it is difficult for one to resist the feeling that they are standing on the tallest peak of a drowned Continent.**

**The same earthquake that sank the country of Atlantis in all probability tore Newfoundland from the American shores. But there is a spirit abroad in the world today to undo what God hath done. For some gracious purpose that we may not know He allowed the North and South Continents of America to remain one, but the American government has torn them asunder. He made no road through the Andes, but railroad magnates have driven a tunnel 800 miles long through the base of the mountain.**

**When Jesus Christ had to flee on a donkey into Egypt, there was a natural bridge connecting Palestine with Africa. But Frenchmen broke down the bridge and made the Suez Canal, and now an English Company awaits concession from the Canadian Government to build a cement island ten miles long, and fifty feet wide across the Straits of Belle Isle, for the purpose of uniting Newfoundland with North America, and there may some day be presented a scheme to pump the Atlantic Ocean dry and throw all the water into the Sahara Desert. Indeed men are growing clever, but they are not growing holy. The Atlantis story has no reference to the**

**flood, but to a later tragedy that over-took the dry land between Europe and America, the truth of which is being gradually unfolded as men become wise in the lore of the deep.**

**The Lord does nothing without a cause, sin is at the heart of all the world's trouble, and the flood that made a clean sweep of all its filth and corruption was a merciful provision on a large scale. It was a desire to meddle with the affairs of another world that hurled Lucifer from his throne, and engulfed the earth in darkness. It was going after strange flesh and licentiousness, and hellish association with fallen angels that brought on the flood; and the spirit to become acquainted with other worlds, and to communicate with the inhabitants of other planets will hasten the storm of fire, -- the third great storm to overtake our earth. The blessed Lord who hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth, hath determined their time and the bounds of their habitations, and any attempt to overleap these bounds is certain to result in swift and awful judgment. But as I intend to deal with such endeavors of man in another chapter, I shall confine myself to the subject in hand.**

**Just as two-thirds of the earth's first inhabitants were rescued out of the pre-Adamic judgment, so Noah and his family were rescued from the flood, and in like manner the saints will be caught away from the tribulation judgments. It was on the day that Noah entered in that the storm broke over the world. The judgment angel bound in the Euphrates, Rev. 9:11, could not be loosed until the saints were secure, the fire could not fall until Lot was away from Sodom, the tribulation cannot possibly come until the saints are caught up to meet their Lord in the air, and the floods were held back until Noah and his family were safe inside. Then He that had said to the sea, "thus far shalt thou go, and no further, here shalt thy proud waves be stayed," took off all restraint, and oh, what confusion! God called out all the reserves of nature, and with the vengeance of an aggravated Creator they swept forth to awful judgments, earthquakes tore open, the ocean beds, and turned loose long-stored-up fountains of wrath, wind, waterspouts, thunder and lightning, all nature arrayed itself on the side of God, and fought for holiness and purity. Talk about a Holiness Camp meeting! This awful day stands out as the unchallenged advocate of complete eradication and holiness of heart.**

**A clean sweep was made of everything that was not pure. That was God's plan, and the united prayers of a dying world could not change it. Sin, whether found in Lucifer the dazzling prince of light, or in a benighted savage in a hovel of mud, must be dealt with. God would destroy a million worlds rather than compromise with sin, or divert one iota from His eternal plan of entire holiness. If God can cleanse a world from all its filth and corruption, is it not true that He can cleanse a human heart? If Luther Burbank can raise oranges, apricots and plums without stones, cactus without thorns, and dahlias with a good smell, then let us not be surprised to hear that God can remove the last and least remains of sin and make the heart all pure.**

Well, our earth after a long dive came to the surface all cleansed and beautiful, but the original enemy of God and purity that had sneaked through the darkness had also managed to cross the flood, and the waters had scarcely subsided from the mountain tops when again he instituted rebellion and once more our earth is fast running into the storm. Not darkness, not water..... But a storm of all-devouring fire.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 04 -- A WORLD IN FLAMES

2nd Peter 3:6-7.

The deluge is behind and the conflagration is just ahead. The world with its surrounding elements were created by the Word of God, and by the same word of power it is reserved unto fire against the day of judgment, and the perdition of ungodly men. And just as certain as this earth was buried in darkness and drowned in water, will it be burned in fire. But there seems to be no evidence that it is going to be deluged in the third storm (as in the preceding two.) It does not appear as though the earth at one particular time throughout its entire length and breadth will be burned in flames, but at different time's during the tribulation judgments, portions of it will be swept and purified, the final conflagration being mainly for the destruction of the devil and his mighty army from Gog and Magog.

Whatever happens during this particular time of the fire, the earth will be intact when it is kindled, and after this there is no further evidence of fire having to do with the strange history of the' world. So, I take it for granted this last mentioned blaze will be the climax and the end of what Peter refers to as the burning up of the earth and all that is therein. No human tongue can tell the great changes that the judgment flames will make in our earth, but that it will outride the storm is evident. For 6,000 years it has been in terrific battle, fire, frost, and flood has lashed it on every side, the three great scourges, darkness, flood and flame, have ever sought for the mastery of the earth. It had scarcely recovered from darkness when the deluge overwhelmed it and the waters had barely settled in their respective oceans, when fire and brimstone belched forth from the elements and destroyed Sodom with all the cities of the plain. And following hard after the fire came darkness that could be felt, and blotted out every ray of light from the whole of North Africa, save Goshen where Israel dwelt. All the way through, the earth has had a gigantic struggle to maintain its place in the universe, and if Christ had not come forth from the bosom of the Father, and shed His blood upon its surface, and died for its redemption, I am of the opinion that long ago it would have been blown into atoms, and wiped clean out of existence.

But the most severe of the earth's testings is yet to come, fire accompanied by lightning, and thunder and earthquakes, and hail mingled with blood will destroy the third part of the trees, and burn up all green grass, a great mountain burning

with fire will tumble into the ocean, and the third part of all living creatures in the sea, the third part of all ships will be annihilated, and the third part of the oceans will turn into blood. A mighty star called Wormwood will fall upon the rivers, and fountains of waters, and multitudes will die of poisoned waters. Sun, moon, and stars will lose their light, locusts like horses prepared unto battle, with breast-plates of fire and brimstone, will rise out of hell and scatter destruction in every direction, flame on flame will rage and there will be no quenching of the fire, until the last stain of sin and impurity has been annihilated. This earth must be sanctified by fire. Darkness could only blacken its atmosphere, water could only wash its surface, but fire will cleanse it through and through, every thorn, every thistle, every obnoxious weed, every vile picture, every bad book, every evil institution, every thing of every sort that is in any way opposed to God and holiness will be devoured by the judgment flames.

On the fifth night of every November in British Countries, bonfires are kindled for the purpose of renewing British hate and British contempt for old Guy Fawke of the gunpowder plot. The judgment flames which will leap forth and encircle the globe will be a huge bonfire expressing the indignation and the vengeance of the eternal God on every form of sin. Just as the windows of heaven were opened, and the fountains of the great deep broken up to pour forth the waters of the flood... the heavens will also pour down liquid flames, and hell will belch forth fire and brimstone to swell the billows of the last great judgment storm. These flames in the heavens are already kindled, but are reserved until the earth's cup of iniquity is full.

A well known English astronomer has made it his business for the last 50 years to watch for, and collect, what is commonly known as spots in the sun. By means of an ingenious camera attached to a powerful telescope, this faithful watcher has arranged for the sun to photograph himself every morning as he arises out of the East. In this way thousands of spots have been counted, and strict record kept of them all. The first spot that he ever noticed was on a February evening, 1866, and it looked like a black tack driven into the red disc of the sun. From that time, down to a few months ago, when such an unusual heat wave swept over certain parts of the earth, sun spots have been taken into account, and declared to be responsible for a great deal of trouble that has befallen our lower planet.

Slowly, say the writers, from the depths of the universe new pages come into the book of human knowledge, and slowly men are writing the story of a storm that rages in space, and sends out flames that would suddenly melt the earth, if the earth came in its way. This mighty conflagration is spoken of as spots on the sun, but it is too stupendous for the human mind to grasp; no furnace on the earth could reach half its temperature of nearly 7,000 degrees. The earth itself would melt in such a whirlpool of fire, like a ball of wax. The licking tongues of flame, fanned by a wind rushing at the rate of a thousand miles an hour around an expanse, in which 70 worlds like ours could be packed side by side, leap thousands of miles on high. It is said, that if some creatures that no flame could wither, could stand in the area of this devastating crater of molten elements, he would see beyond the rim great

tongues of fire-like explosions, rising to a height of tens of thousands of miles beyond the sun's surface. He would also see beyond this incredible fiery fountain, great surging waves of flame rolling into space for ten millions of miles or more. Men think of this awful maelstrom of fire as a spot in the sun's surface, which may exhaust itself on a few heat waves in Europe and America.

Not only are flames reserved above, but the burning heart of the earth itself is charged to bursting point, and but for the merciful overflow through volcanic craters, the world could not endure.

1783 in the south of Iceland for several days severe earthquakes warned the people of the district, of the devastation which was swiftly to follow, but they took no notice. Presently the earth split wide open for 20 miles, and from this appalling chasm burst forth torrents of gleaming lava, accompanied by immense clouds of suffocating vapors and incessant crashes of thunder. The flaming flood of lava raced headlong down the valleys in overwhelming ruin, the rivers were boiled away, and their places were filled to overflowing by streams of molten rock, the meadows, fields, and woodlands were buried in an ocean of molten metal, and for three months, or more, the fiery billows rolled intermittently across the devastated plain of Iceland. Within a few weeks Vesuvius has thrown out sufficient molten metal to petrify the whole of London, or greater New York, in a stony winding sheet 50 feet thick. And in far off days we are told that sufficient lava was poured over the Western States of America to cover 200,000 square miles of country, a half mile deep. These billows of flaming fire have rolled up from the burning ocean reserved in the heart of the earth, and when the dreadful day shall come, oceans of flame reserved above and oceans of flame reserved beneath, will rage forth and meet on the surface of this earth in awful conflict, and the noise of the dreadful conflagration intensified by the roar of dissolving planets, burning worlds and falling stars, and our own poor earth struggling under the tremendous impact like a drunkard, and tumbling out of its place like a cottage will be awful. My Lord I want to be secure?

"His oath, His covenant, His blood,  
Support me in the 'whelming flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay."

Not long ago a German vessel caught on fire in the North Sea, she was loaded with naphtha and arsenic. Soon an explosion occurred, and the ship was filled with flames and poisonous fumes, a gale was blowing, and the seas were running high when the burning ship was sighted by the captain of a steam-trawler. Captain Jenkins in his little trawler made a dash for the flaming ship, but found it impossible to effect a rescue. He megaphoned the wrecked men to jump into the sea, one did and was lost. Then Captain Jenkins embraced the only chance of saving the unfortunate men. He stationed his crew, each man in his place, then megaphoned a call to be ready. He put the trawler under full speed, and made a dash for the side of the burning ship and as he shot by four men jumped to safety,

another dash and four more were saved, only one left now. Captain Jenkins made the third dash, and the last man was saved from the burning hulk.

Ah, Captain Jenkins in your little trawler! You remind me of the eternal God, Who having made three desperate dashes to save this storm-tossed earth, will make the rescue not only of every righteous soul, but He will save the earth itself. Out of the darkness and gloom, out of the waters of death, and out from devouring fire the earth will at last emerge to be the glorified home of God's redeemed people, and the everlasting kingdom of His beloved Son.

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## 05 -- A WORLD IN LIGHT

Everything described in the last two chapters of the Bible is subsequent to the White Throne Judgment, and is descriptive of the triumphs of bliss that the Lord's people shall enjoy with Him in His everlasting kingdom that shall not pass away. The purified and renewed earth which will constitute the kingdom of Jesus Christ will be the glorified habitation of God's holy people, world without end. And one hour of such bliss as will then surround our earth will more than repay for all the hardships ever experienced. The earth, according to the Word of God will, undergo a new creation. The Lord speaking through Isaiah said, "Behold I create new heavens and a new earth, and the former shall not be remembered or come into mind." The word create is exactly the same as that used by David, when he asked the Lord to create in him a new heart. And no one believes that David meant for the Lord to take the old heart out of his body, and put a new one in, created of some other material. The new creation was employed in the cleansing away of all sin, and nothing more is meant by the earth being created new.

All sin of every kind will be cleansed away. The last great storm of fire that will pour down from the clouds will sweep the devil and his infernal crew, together with all their belongings, clean off the face of the earth. This fiery downpour was dimly foreshadowed in the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and also when 250 of Korah's ministers were roasted in the flames that came out from the presence of God. (Numbers 16). The last great storm of fire will overflow the refuge of lies, and sweep away the hiding place of sin and never again will the devil breathe his blasting influence over the dwelling place of men.

The earth with its surrounding elements will be renewed sufficiently to call forth from the lips of the seer..... "I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away." (I will leave the remainder of the verse for those who do not like the sea to explain.)

Never again will threatening clouds pour down their fiery wrath upon the earth, lightnings, thunder and tempests are dead and buried, every planet in the heavens that in any way affects our world will be radically changed, and the earth



will be so radiant with the glory of God, that neither sun nor moon will any longer be needed. Instead of these glorious orbs, the golden city will descend out of heaven from God, and the entire earth will be lit up by the light that streams forth from it. We often speak of the Holy City as heaven, and within its area of 1500 square miles we enclose the eternal universe of God, and mathematicians have racked their brains in trying to find accommodation within its four walls for all the redeemed families of the earth. It may suffice to say, however, that God is not confined to the Golden City, and while it is large enough to take in the nations of the earth, the redeemed need not depend Upon it for accommodation. Just as the Holy of Holies in the old Tabernacle was the dwelling place of God, so the new Jerusalem will be the dwelling place of Christ when He returns to once more tabernacle among men. God and His eternal heaven is not necessarily confined to a city 150.0 miles square. The great telescope on Mt. Wilson, California has revealed the universe to be not less than 6 million, million, million miles from edge to edge, and if in the age to come our little earth 8,000 miles through and a city 150.0 miles square is all that is going to remain, what will become of the vast empire revealed by the Mt. Wilson telescope? He who is from everlasting to everlasting fills all eternity, and His kingdom knows no bounds.

During the thousand years of millennium the Throne of Christ will be on Mt. Zion, in old Jerusalem. Then the forces of the earth to some extent will be divided. But at the White Throne Judgment all sin and death will be dealt with, the earth will be glorified, and the whole of its inhabitants will be of one heart and mind, then the throne of Christ will be removed to the New Jerusalem just above the earth. While David was king in Hebron, Judah and Israel were divided, but when Judah and Israel united, and David reigned over all, his throne was removed from Hebron to Jerusalem.

And in like manner, when all nations of the earth are united, and acknowledge Jesus as supreme Lord and King, His glorious Throne will be removed from old Jerusalem to the New Jerusalem above, and the earth radiant with light streaming forth from the Golden City, will continue its God-directed course throughout eternal ages, Then sun and moon will no longer be needed, for the nations of the earth that are saved shall walk in the light of the Holy City.

We are told by the astronomers that both sun and moon are fast hurrying to their doom. In Revelation 8:12 the third part of both sun and moon were destroyed, and could not send forth a single ray of light. And Revelation 16:8 says the fourth angel poured out his vial on the sun, and there was given unto him the power to, scorch men with fire. In my chapter on a world in flames, I have referred to the mighty fire now raging on the surface of the sun, which has already killed thousands of people in America and Europe. This seems to be the beginning of the end of the sun. There is a suggestion to the effect that the present great fire will burn the sun out and render it incapable of sending forth a ray of light, and the suggestion appears to be strengthened by the Bible reference that speaks of the sun's heat being intensified, so that it scorches men on the earth with fire after that

there is but one reference to the sun in his relation to our world. Isaiah, speaking of the glorious day when the earth shall be made new says, "The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." It is well established that the sun is a glorious world that borrows his light from no other planet, but appears to be lit up by some internal power station.

The astronomers by means of powerful telescopes have focused the sunlight on a prism which splits up the rays of light into different color bands, and by comparing these different color bands with the colors reflected from different elements of the earth, they can determine the composition of the sun. The moon is also fairly well understood, and we are given to understand that both these heavenly bodies are rushing madly to their end. And there is no contradiction of this in the Word of God, for in the tribulation great changes will take place, they will not suddenly die, but it appears that tragedy after tragedy will overtake these great worlds of light, until they are clean swept from the face of the heavens and entirely eclipsed by the light of the Golden City. The City itself will be illuminated with the glory of God, and the Lamb, and the redeemed nations living on the new earth will walk in its unfading light.

The heavenly city just over the earth, resplendent with the glory of God, and garnished with all manner of precious stones, reminds me of the glorious palace of unfallen Lucifer, where he, as the morning star, and the anointed cherub that covereth, sat in the holy mount of God, and reigned as king over the earth before it was stained by sin. But Lucifer failed, and man failed in the management of the earth. But after it has been cleansed and sanctified by fire, Jesus Christ comes forth, and reigns over it forever and forever. Strange indeed has been the history of the earth, but after multiplied thousands of years of trials and testings and sin, it will receive its baptism of fire, and shine forth as the glorified, and eternal habitation of nations redeemed, just as holy, and just as pure, as when its foundations were laid, and the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy.

Today all over the world engineers are busy trying to manipulate and harness, and secure patents on the power of God. Already, cities are lit up, trains and electric cars are running, and machinery of almost every kind are operated by power never invented by man. The waters of the Niagara are generating the combined energy of 17 million able bodied men. Syracuse and Toronto, 250 miles apart, are each depending upon this mighty power station for light and travel, and many other things. The Victoria Falls in Africa has been estimated to supply 35 million horse power, a fall in Europe, 8 million horse power. Even the old muddy Jordan is declared to carry sufficient power to irrigate and light the whole of Palestine, and all this wonderful force for ages has been: rushing over our earth practically unnoticed by man, and water power is but a fraction when compared with the enormous energy that is struggling to burst forth from the bowels of the earth. Every water-spout, every clap of thunder, every flash of lightning, every

earthquake shock, with every gas well, and every oil well, tells of the mighty power of God that is somewhere held in reserve for judgment, and for glory. Slowly, men are attempting to apply these powers to the wheels of commerce, but the brightest and most intelligent are at their wits end to know how to hold in check these galloping steeds of God.

While endeavoring to explain electricity, radium rushes in with 50 thousand times its power, and before Madam Curie has time to tell us what radium is like, Sir William Ramsey and the French Scientists discover helium, which throws radium in the shade, and while helium is being analyzed, Sir Oliver Lodge appears on the scene, and tells us of the power of the mighty atom, one ounce of which is sufficiently powerful to throw one hundred thousand tons of rock 3,000 feet in the air, and raise the sunken German Navy from the bottom of Scapa-flow to the tops of the Scottish mountains. In the blessed age to come, all these powers will be utilized for the benefit and blessings of God's people, and there will be no devil to monopolize their energy.

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## 06 -- THE END OF THE WORLD

In this address I am not going to deal with the end of the age, nor the end of the present system; but the end of the earth, the final consummation of this material planet, the annihilation of mountains, oceans, trees and every living substance. When all things that are around us shall pass forever out of existence, and leave behind nothing but a vast chaotic vacuum.

Will such a tragedy ever overtake our grand old earthly home? In our early days no other thought was ever entertained, and every eclipse of the sun or moon, every shooting star, and every tidal wave and earthquake shock, was regarded as the immediate forerunners of the judgment day, when the trumpet would sound, and all the dead, both righteous and wicked, would arise from their graves, to stand for trial at the judgment-seat of Christ; then to depart to their respective places in heaven and hell, while the earth dissolved in devouring flames, and passed forever away. Such were the teachings of the pulpit when I was a boy, and I am not going to criticize the grand old preachers who believed and taught it. I simply say there are many things in the Word of God which become clearer, as mother nature unfolds her secret treasures.

There is not in the Bible stronger language concerning the destruction of our earth than that used in and Peter 3:10. Here Peter has given us an extended picture of Isaiah's description of the closing days of our age. But Isaiah's picture (Isa. 2:12-21) will be completely filled out in the tribulation period, immediately following the rapture of the saints. And after every jot and tittle that Isaiah has given is fulfilled, the earth will still go on, ten million times more substantial than it is today. The great men of the world who are ever seeking to to outdo the Almighty, and to cheat

Him out of His glorious rights, have told how our earth came into existence, and how it must eventually disappear. They say it was born, as a fiery knot in the midst of other planets, and that for one thousand, five hundred million years, the fiery knot has been gathering to itself the cast off scraps of other planets, and in this way it hath attained to its present size, and it is still growing. Having found that the dear old earth was born a burning knot, they are in duty bound to find a way to dispose of it, for a burning knot cannot last forever. So they have concluded that far ahead into the dim future, some unforeseen power may meddle with the delicate equilibrium of the earth, and all the waters of the globe will gradually accumulate in the great ice fields facing the north and all the sun-lit side of the earth will be a parched and barren desert, so that all on one side of our planet will die of thirst and sun-stroke, and all on the other side will be frozen to death, and the earth itself will die of old age. Such are the conclusions of the worldly wise men.

In returning to Peter's awful description of the closing days, we cannot but say that dreadful things are just ahead, but it is evident that Peter did not believe that the earth, or any part of it, was going to turn into an iceberg he is rather inclined to believe in a bonfire, he says, the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. Now let us consider that our earth is but one in the family of planets, (and a pigmy at that) millions of other planets are swarming all around us. Our earth 8,000 miles through, 21,000 miles around is nothing more than a bubble on the ocean of immensity. Thousands of other planets in bulk, more important than ours are continually passing away and are scarcely missed. Nearly every advanced school boy understands that around and above us there are material worlds that are constantly being blown to fragments, and of these fragments falling meteors, or sky stones, there are not less than 20,000 tons gathered every year, to say nothing of all that falls and are lost in the mighty sea. In Mexico there is a stone that dropped from the heavens weighing 50 tons, and Commodore Peary brought one from the North Pole weighing 20 tons. These stone's were worshipped by the ancients as gods that fell down from' heaven, and such was Diana the goddess of the Ephesians that dropped down from Jupiter. There is at least 20,000 tons of testimony put on record every year, guaranteeing that worlds above us are breaking up, and the fact that all sky stones are volcanic in nature, is an evidence that these upper worlds are on fire. This, combined with the dreadful thundering noise that accompanies falling meteors, are unmistakable evidences that the heavens are. already on fire, and that the elements are passing away with a great noise. Then what about our little earth? She floats among the fragments of these burning, bursting worlds, more insignificant than a fishing smack in the midst of a million icebergs, and if at any moment a monstrous planet would crash into us, we would be no more than a birch canoe beside the great Titanic, the impact would be awful, enormous tidal waves sweeping over plains and cities destroying all before them. Active volcanoes would be urged to unprecedented violence, extinct volcanoes would rend the earth asunder, and storms of unequaled fury would lash and rage in every direction. And that some such calamity as this will overtake our earth in the tribulation times, there is no mistake. Isaiah 24:20 says, "the foundations of the earth shall be moved

exceedingly, it will reel to and fro like a drunkard, and the transgression of it shall be heavy." Jesus said, Luke 21:25, There would be signs in the sun, and moon and the stars, upon the earth, there would be national distress, with perplexities. The sea and the waves roaring, the powers of heaven would be shaken and men's hearts would fail. In the tribulation, the sun will become dark, and the moon change to blood, and falling worlds will rush upon our poor earth like figs shaken off of a tree, the elements will crowd together and sweep around us in raging flames.

The islands and mountains will leave their original places, fire mingled with blood will pour down from other worlds, burning mountains from above will drop into the ocean, and it will become blood, and while these calamities are crowding thick and fast upon our poor tottering earth, the impact from some giant planet will in all probability smash the crust of the world, and hell will belch forth in all its fury. But shall our earth be lost? Will she sink in the tragedy of worlds, or outride the awful storms? Blasted and battered and broken it will tremble under the curse of God, until cleansed and purified from every trace of her guilt, and like a lily out of the black soil, she will come forth to be stained no more. Thus purified, our earth will take her place in God's great museum, where for eternal ages she will be the astonishment and wonder of angels and arch-angels, and the inhabitants of other planets, (if such there be) and if from other worlds bright winged visitors are allowed to come, what marvelous excursions will take place. This earth of ours once smothered in darkness, once drowned in water, once burned with fire, but come out of darkness bathed in light, out of the waters of death, pregnant with life, and out of the fire without the smell of smoke, this survivor of the judgment storms, this grand theater of all the work of Jesus Christ 'will be the undying curiosity of God and angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect forever and forever.

Just as a poor sinner taken from evil companions, saved, sanctified, and glorified, will be through all eternity the gem among all the families of intelligent creation, so this old earth rescued from the midst of burning worlds will be the sparkling diadem in the crown of a redeemed universe. But why? What hath the earth done to merit such distinction? She provided a grotto for the new born Son of God, she fed the donkey that carried Christ to Egypt to escape the sword of Herod, she gave Him a spot on the top of her mountains to go and pray when men wanted to kill Him, she changed her course for three hours while her luminary, the sun, hid its face and Mt. Calvary was covered with darkness that hid His precious bleeding body from the eyes of a murderous mob. And to climax all her deeds of love, she opened her bosom and tenderly received His precious blood, and then gave Mr. Zion as an auditorium for the reception of the Holy Ghost. Farewell, old obsolete theology! I have found that you are wrong. This grand old friend that has given me food and water, and clothing, this earthly mother of mine that has spread her cloak between me and the tropical heat, and kept me warm in Greenland's frost, and has given me a free hand to travel her domains with the gospel of the crucified, risen and exalted Son of God, shall never be destroyed.

**Christ's feet will once more press her boil. Here, His throne shall be established, and His is an everlasting kingdom that shall not pass away.**

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## **07 -- THE LAKE OF FIRE**

**In Trinidad there is a lake of pitch, in North Africa there is a lake of ink; in Egypt in other days there was a lake of blood, in Australia there is a lake of boiling water, and somewhere in the universe there is a lake of fire. This lake of fire sends forth its streams as do other lakes, but whereas other lakes send their streams down grade, into the seas, this lake of fire forces, its streams upward; for every volcano sending out molten lava is a river that has its source in the burning lake. The sulphurous fumes and gases which hover over volcanic countries, are but mists and fogs from off the sea of fire.**

**We know but little of this strange, uncharted, ocean, and expeditions for its discovery appear to be undesirable. A dying lady may leave a fortune for the first man to communicate with Mars, and Thomas Edison may spend his last days in seeking to link up radio communications with Jupiter, but men of the world are not anxious to explore the lake of fire. Mungo Park, David Livingstone, Captain Barth, and others have given us the geography of Africa. Commodore Peary nailed the stars and stripes to the North Pole, Amunsden of Norway discovered the Magnetic and South Poles, President Roosevelt opened the last great river in South America, and Colonel Godwin discovered Mt. Everest, the highest mountain on the face of the earth. All these discoveries are settled, and written in the records of time, and no thinking person doubts their reality. Yet, the Holy Ghost, God's divine explorer of the universe, with whom the secrets of eternity are open and revealed facts, has told us that there is such a place as a lake of fire, and few there are who believe it. But while the great men of the world are slow to investigate this fiery realm, old mother earth compels them to admit its existence.**

**The Holy Ghost has not told us in so many words where the lake is located, but the geologists have, and God's written records of creation and eternity doth not contradict their statements. The geologists have gone down into the earth, and their thermometers have registered one degree of heat for every hundred feet that they descend, and taking this testimony as the first basis of their reckoning, they have told us that the heart of our earth is on fire, and the crust that surrounds the internal flame is not more than 40 miles thick, and if this is the truth the lake of fire in the bosom of our planet is no small affair. For it is not less than 7,920 miles from shore to shore, more than twice as broad as the Atlantic Ocean from Liverpool to New York, and it has a circumference of more than 23,000 miles, about ten times the breadth of the American Continent from Manhattan Island to the Golden Gate. The average ship on the ocean would take almost a month to steam across this sea of fire, and a railway train making 50 miles an hour, never stopping for coal, water, passengers or mail, but traveling continuously night and day, would take near 30**

days to make a single trip around its burning coast... But I must get into the heart of my subject.

If this lake of fire in the center of our earth is not the Bible hell originally prepared for the devil and his angels, then the scriptures which deal with the lake of fire are meaningless to us; for there is not a single indication of another place of eternal punishment, outside of the lake of fire, and we are given no information of any outside world, wherein the lake is located. And I cannot think that the Almighty Lord, who is considerate of His children, as to drop down to full view of our earth the New Jerusalem, and to give a detailed description of the same, I repeat, I cannot think that He would leave us in the dark concerning the locality of an eternal hell, wherein mankind would be likely to fall.

The Golden City 1,500 miles square, will hang over our world, this will be the headquarters of Christ and His glorified kings and rulers. The earth's surface redeemed, purified, sanctified, and glorified, will be the eternal dwelling place of nations redeemed, while the dark interior, the molten sea, the lake of fire concealed in the heart of this planet, will be the home of the lost, and according to the Word of God this analogy works out right. The gospel is a savor of life unto life, or the savor of death unto death. That which has brought blessing and salvation, and glory to millions, has brought destruction and damnation to millions more. The sea over which Noah and his family sailed in glorious triumph, concealed in its bosom, beneath the surface, all who had disobeyed and broken the law of God.

The ancients believed that the burning center of our earth was the hell of the Bible, and when the Christian crusaders were returning from the conquest of the Holy Land they reported that they heard rising from the flaming center of Stromboli, the cries of lost souls in hell. This we do not endorse, but Stromboli, Etna, Vesuvius, and every other active volcano are chimneys, through which hell is blowing off her gases and sulphurous fumes. And if these chimneys were suddenly to close, the explosive gases generated by the fiery lake would burst our earth in fragments. Occasionally one of these hellish smoke-stacks closes, then bang goes an earthquake; which is a telegram from mother earth reporting God's merciful provision in opening another chimney through which the pent up gases may escape. This is just what happened at Martinique when the top of Mont Pelee blew off and killed 30,000 people in a few minutes.

The lake of fire in the heart of our earth is doubtless the Tophet of the old Scriptures, and the Gehenna of the new, and around its burning shores are located such places as Tartarus, where fallen angels are confined, the abyss from which the anti-Christ and his false prophets will come; and Hades, the present abode of lost souls. Countless multitudes are confined in these stations on the burning coast, waiting to be liberated to assist Apollyon in carrying on the tribulation judgments (when the saints are taken away from the world.) There will swarm out of these dens, hordes of infernal creatures, like unto locusts and horses prepared unto battle, with faces like men, hair like women, and teeth like the teeth of lions, they

will wear breastplates of iron, and the sound of their wings will be as the sound of chariots and horses rushing to battle; their bodies will glitter like fire, jacinth and brimstone. Out of their mouths will issue fire, and smoke and sulphur, and their tails are like the tails of scorpions. This damned host now confined on the shores of the fiery lake, will in the tribulation time deluge this earth, and under their infernal captain, Apollyon, will scourge mankind for five months. In these awful days men will curse God, and pray to die, but death will flee away. After the White Judgment there will be no more stations on the coast of the lake of fire.

But for the present her flaming billows roll and thunder, and dash against the burning shore, lifeless and uninhabited, for as yet no fallen angel, no lost soul, not even the devil himself, has gone down into its seething depths. When Lucifer lost his glorious kingdom and became an apostate from God, the word to him was, "thou shalt be cast down to hell, to the side of the pit." But at the White Throne Judgment Christ will thrust him away from the sides, out into the midst of the burning lake. But I am just a little ahead of my subject. The first of living creatures to be cast into this awful caldron of boiling metal, will be the antichrist and his false prophet, those who have been to the front in opposing the salvation of the world, must be the first in tasting the damnation of hell.

These two infernal spirits which arose out of the abyss three years and a half before, are captured by Jesus at the Armageddon battle, and thrown alive into the lake of fire, and for one thousand years these enemies of God and righteousness toss on the fiery billows; they are immortal, and can never die. The next to join them is their leader, the devil. Jesus will bind him like a common criminal and instantly throw him into the turbulent ocean, where for one thousand years his two prime ministers have been watching and waiting for him to come. Tophet gets its own, the devil and his angels are cast into the lake of fire, and I would to God that hell would close its burning mouth upon them and never open again, and that all migration to the world of brimstone and fire were forever at an end; but it is not the case, there are multiplied millions to stand before the judgment seat, for whom there can be found no place in heaven.

With one loud blast of judgment, the graves of all the wicked dead are unlocked, and myriads of lost souls come forth to claim their risen bodies; these are lost souls of all time, they are now reunited with their corrupt and sin-cursed bodies, and summoned to appear before the Son of God, whose blood they trampled under their feet. Oh! what a scene! What is their hope? No home in heaven, no home on earth, no other place but hell. I would to God that I could. shut this picture out, but the curtain will not drop. Oh what an exodus! Who can call the roll of such a mighty host as they turn away from the face of Christ forever. We cannot, but the Holy Ghost can. There they go -- the fearful, the unbelieving, the abominable, the murderer, the whoremonger, the idolaters, with all liars, and whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life, were cast into the lake of fire and brimstone. Drop the curtain! Good-bye, lost soul, we shall never meet again!



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## 08 -- UP IN THE AIR

When God in His infinite wisdom called the universe into existence it pleased Him to arrange for a Trinity, in unity, therefore, He created the heavens, the earth and the sea; and in a most remarkable way, these three are one. The earth in the sea, and the sea in the heavens. But, although one, they are divided into three separate fields, for the wisdom and genius of man to explore. Man has done wonders in the earth and sea, and now he is turning his attention to the air, and as to how far he may succeed in mastering it waits to be seen; great things are contemplated in this direction.

At the present time, schemes are on hand for the charting of the air, so that traffic on wings may be made as secure as possible. Great wind towers are built hundreds of feet high, and supplied with delicate instruments for registering the weight, and speed of wind and storm. On Mt. Africa in Northern France, there is a powerful light of a million candle power, 15,000 feet above sea level, this serves as a guide to air-men traveling to and fro across the Continent many miles above the earth, and every possible precaution is taken to locate the air pockets which are so dangerous to the man on wings, but the ultimate object of the air wizard is to effect a landing on some other planet, and to this end every effort is being put forth.

Signor Marconi, has repeatedly reported to the world that the strange atmospheric disturbances, discovered by him through the medium of wireless telegraphy, are due to the fact that some other planet is trying to get in touch with our world. And even Thomas Edison, is said to be spending his last days in seeking to link up radio communications with worlds above. Attempts to get in touch with other worlds are not new, The earth had scarcely rolled out of the flood, when mighty Nimrod and his followers started to build a tower to the stars. But the Lord came down to see the tower which the children of men did build. He did not condemn their work as an impossible undertaking. Indeed he said that nothing they imagined to do should be restrained from them. But at the same time he interrupted the project, and scattered them abroad on the face of the earth, and the tower was never built. The Greeks believed that the two mighty sons of Neptune, each 40 feet tall, and 14 feet across the shoulders, would one day reach heaven by pulling great mountains one upon another, but before they completed their task, Apollo came and shot them with his arrows, and all their work was spoiled. Modern giants may believe their goal to be in sight, but before their ships cast anchor in the port of Jupiter or Mars, the Lord will come to inspect the scene. Jules Verne may dream of shooting people to the moon, and the modern air prophet may have visions of a regular line of mighty aircraft carrying on a prosperous trade between our earth and the planets in higher altitudes. But visions and dreams will vanish like a morning cloud, and fade like Ephraim's glory. The two fearful accidents to American airships of recent date are solemn reminders of this. R-39 that America bought from England collapsed in mid air and dashed to ruin with all on board, when on her trial trip. And

the mighty Roma the U. S. A. bought from Italy for \$265,000, 1200 feet long, and 100 feet • high, the largest airship in the world. She contained a million and a quarter cubic feet of gas, and had a speed of 68 miles an hour. She was equipped to travel 5,300 miles without coming to the earth. But when 1000 feet up, there was a tremendous explosion, and the Roma dashed to the earth in flames, sending 35 of her 50 passengers to the judgment bar of God. The airman will perish in his attempt to fly in his fragile craft to glory, like the man who starved to death while seeking the bag of gold buried at the end of the rainbow.

There is only one mechanic equal to such an undertaking, and he has long ago proven his ability and satisfactorily demonstrated his scheme. Indeed, he is not confined to one method of air travel, he has already introduced three, and there are other methods still to follow. His first method was to fill an individual man with eternal power, and raise him to another world, as though drawn by a mighty magnet. His second method was to drop a ladder down to earth and rest its upper end against the gates of glory. And his third method was to send forth horses and chariots of fire, which when its passenger was safely on board, was carried up to heaven by a whirlwind. But all these great plans to raise man to a higher altitude were invented, and launched forth from another world and our worldly wise men had nothing to do with it, they were not allowed to buy up shares in the mighty enterprise. Man in mortal flesh, will never land on another planet, nor catch one feeble sound from the inhabitants of other worlds. But it is altogether too late to doubt his ability to monopolize the atmospheric belt that surrounds our earth. Just as the earth, and the sea below a certain depth, jealously guard all their secrets, grudgingly releasing a few jets of gas, a stream of oil, a puff of sulphur, a few seaweeds, and an occasional specimen of deep sea life; so the heavens above a certain height, carefully watch over their treasures, allowing only a few claps of thunder, a shaft of lightning, or cast off stone, to visit our world. But wonderful things are yet to take place in the air.

The powers that for the present seem to hold the monopoly of these upper regions will be expelled, and a new order of things set up. Paul talks of the Prince of the Power of the Air, whose ways wicked people follow, and whose spirit worketh in the hearts of the children of disobedience. And again we are reminded by the same writer of a terrific struggle that is going on between the saints on earth, and principalities and powers, and the rulers of darkness, and spiritual wickedness in high places. This, taken together with the future casting out of the devil and his angels from the heavenly region, is clear enough proof that at the present time Satan holds dominion in the aerial regions above our earth.

The sentence passed on fallen Lucifer was that he should be cast down to hell, to the side of the pit, and his deceived followers should be bound by chains of darkness in the abyss, to await the Judgment Day. Whether the sentence has been executed or not, God knows, but it does appear as though the seat of the devil's power for the present, is in the tempestuous, stormy, and disturbed elements, somewhere above our earth. And from that seat of power, and dominion, and world

domination -- Michael and his angels will rout him and cast him out. The Bible in speaking of the coming together of these spiritual and antagonistic forces, says, there was war in heaven..... Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought, and his angels (and prevailed not, neither was their place found any more. in heaven) and the great dragon was cast out, and his angels were cast out with him. Rev. 12:7, 8. This is not the first dispute between Michael and the devil, for according to Jude, Michael disagreed with the devil concerning the body of Moses, and here I may mention something that I have not found in the writings of the wise men who have undertaken to explain the case. Moses died on Mt. Pisgah, the highest peak of Nebo. Nebo was the name of a heathen god and the mount so named, was dedicated to him. Then Moses died on the devil's ground, and if his body had been allowed to be buried where it fell, the heathenish and superstitious worshippers of Nebo would have forever regarded it as a victory for their god. But this, Jehovah would not allow, therefore, Moses' body was carried fifteen miles across country and buried against Beth-peor (land afterwards given to the tribe of Reuben.) The Lord's command to Israel was that any person touching a dead body should be unclean for 7 days. Would angels meddle with that which made man unclean? No living mortal was present when Moses died. Who then carried the body from Nebo to Beth-peor (15 miles). If Moses had been buried on Nebo, the devil would have made capital of it when deceiving the poor dupes who worshipped Nebo there. May I suggest with caution the possibility of the devil (very much against his will) being commanded by Michael to bear the body of Moses away to a better and a holier burying place?

King Ahasuerus compelled Haman, the haughty and devilish prince, to dress Mordecai, the slave, in royal attire, seat him on the king's horses, and lead him through the streets of Shushan, and cry before him. "This shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour." The Lord wanted Paul to go to Rome, Paul had no possible means of going, so the wicked, God hating, Roman Government had to furnish, and "man" a ship, and pay Paul's expenses to the place where the Lord wanted him to go. The casting out of the dragon and his angels, will, in all probability, precede the rapture of the saints. Christ will not allow His blood-washed children, together with Himself, to live in a dirty house. Therefore, the heavens must be cleansed of every stain of impurity; before Christ invites His church to meet Him in the air.

In the early part of the war, France had a number of air-men who went mad on flying, they were afraid of nothing, and subject to no control, so they were drafted to the most dangerous part of the battlefield, and given a free hand. They were designated, and known as the "cohort of the damned." When the war was over they were unfit for civilized society, so they were drafted away to police the savage regions of the great Sahara Desert. When the war in the heavens is over, and the devil with his cohort of the damned has been cast out, the wild and untamable regions of eternal fire, will be the only place to which they are fit to go. There is no reference to any particular place in the air that Christ and His Church will occupy during the Tribulation period.

**But anti-Christ in his blasphemy against God appears to give rise to a thought that the Holy City is somewhere in reserve, just beyond earth's vision. For he cursed the Tabernacle of God, and them that dwell in heaven. Pharaoh never saw the Tabernacle that Moses built in the wilderness, but if he could have had his way, there never would have been a Tabernacle, and Moses would never have taken the children of Israel away from the land of Egypt. Anti-Christ" did not see the Holy City, the Tabernacle of Jesus Christ, but he seems to know that it is somewhere up in the sky and what God intends to do with it -- so he opened his mouth in blasphemy against God and His Tabernacle, and all connected with it. If Anti-Christ could have his way, that Tabernacle would be annihilated, and Christ would never bring His glorified army down to live on earth.**

**It may be that the glorified church when raptured away from the earth will meet Christ in the Golden City, far up in the air and will remain with Him there until after the Marriage Supper, and the winding up of the Tribulation period. Then Christ on His white horse will ride down the opening heavens, and the armies which are in heaven (the raptured saints) all dressed in fine linen, clean and white, and mounted upon white horses, will ride down with Him. The dragon and his angels were cast out, and the heavens were cleansed before the waiting Church went, and the antichrist and his infernal crowd must be dealt with, and the earth cleansed, before the glorified church comes down. The Tribulation was over, the Millennium past, and at the Great White Throne every enemy of God, and holiness had been dealt with. The earth was sanctified and glorified, then the Holy City for the first time was sighted, coming through the blue, and the angels were heard shouting. "Behold the Tabernacle of God (that which anti-Christ cursed) is with men, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and He will be their God." "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."**

**But still, to give John a clear vision of the descending city, the angel took him to the top of an exceeding high mountain. There, a full view was given, and a full description written of the everlasting city. (The throne-room of the Son of God throughout eternal ages.) Wonderful things are yet to take place in the air above our world.**

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## **09 -- UNDER THE SEA**

**The ancients believed that "Oceanus" was the firstborn child of Uranus and Gea, Uranus, the heavens, Gea, the earth, and Oceanus the mighty sea. And the awful storms and tempests that swept over its surface, they personified, by an imaginary god whom they called Poseideon, who was later known as Neptune, god of waters.**

Neptune was said to ride in a magnificent chariot made of sea shells, and drawn by the wild horse foam. Far down into the deep, this water-king lived in a palace of wondrous beauty. In whose lofty and capacious halls thousands of the aristocracy of the sea would gather. The outside of the walls were of the brightest gold, which the continual wash of the waters preserved untarnished. In the interior, lofty and graceful columns supported the gleaming dome. Everywhere, fountains of sparkling, silvery waters played over groves, and arbors of feathery-leaved plants, and rocks of crystal that glistened with all the colors of the rainbow. The walks to this wonderful subterranean mansions, were strewn with sparkling sand, interspersed with jewels, pearls, and amber. It was surrounded on all sides by wide fields and groves of dark purple coralline, with scarlet, pink, and crimson flowers of the sea. And to add to the glory of this abode of wealth and beauty, it was illuminated by millions of glow-worms, who supplied the palace of Father Neptune with their many tinted lights, all free of cost.

If we set to one side the imaginary god and his chariot of sea-shells, the balance of the picture is not overdrawn, for, nowhere on the face of the earth can there be found architecture to exceed the temples of coral, whose foundations are in the deep. Around these hidden palaces of submarine glory, there are trees of perennial foliage, paradises of exquisite beauty, and flowers that never fade. In these great pleasure deserts of the deep, thousands of sea folks of every shape, size and color, sport and frolic and play. Many of them being supplied with internal batteries to light their way through the ocean paths. But why all this waste of beauty and grandeur upon a secret and hidden world, whose dreadful silence is never broken by human voice save here and there the gruff command of a solitary diver to a shark, or some other monster to clear away from his life line and not interrupt his work?

Be silent, oh proud man, who would have all that the Creator has to bestow, lavished upon thine own selfish nature! God squanders nothing. Life in the deep was the first created of all His universal family, and does it not deserve the birthright. Great whales, and other living creatures plowed through the paths of the sea when bird, beast and man were yet unknown, and through all the ages past, the sea alone has retained its independence. This great family, scorning all the attempts of man to bring them into subjection, have bowed only to the mandate of Almighty God. All manner of beasts and birds have been tamed and brought under the control of man, but God alone, reserves the right to command the mighty sea. He put the tribes there, and shut up the gates and bars. It was Him Who said, "Hither shalt thou come and no further, and here shalt thy proud waves be stayed."

Lightning is a child of the air; helium was first discovered in the composition of the sun; gold, diamonds, and precious stones are the product of the earth, but coral and pearls and amber belong to the sea, and while the earth in her family of human beings may boast of the first promises of a coming Savior; it is probable

that the sea presented the first type of Him Who was to sacrifice His life on Calvary, to open for immortal souls a highway from earth to heaven.

Coral has never been found anywhere but in the sea, and every atom of the same is simply the skeleton covering of what was once a living creature, a miniature savior, which labored and loved, and wooed, and perished, they laid down their tiny lives to beautify the mansions of the deep, and to cast up highways for the convenience of American travelers. For every inch of Mr. Flagler's Railway, from the coast of Florida to Key West is built on coral reef. The Bible gives us to understand that the great receptacle wherein the waters of the ocean are contained, are the storehouses of the Almighty. David said, "He layeth up the deep in storehouses." The worldly wise men have informed us that just now Jupiter is in the act of throwing off a new moon, as did our earth millions of years ago. Our moon they say, was rolled out of the great basin that now holds the Pacific Ocean. This is "moon-shine" sure enough, but it gives us some idea of what men will say when endeavoring to account for creation without a Creator.

In this great oceanic store-house of God, many treasures are safely locked away.... The secrets which are given out are few and far between. Sometimes after great gales, specimens of ocean treasures are flung upon the strand, or cast adrift upon the surface; but apart from that which has been brought to light in this way, man knows but little of the wealth and wonder of the mighty deep. We may stand upon the deck of some ocean-going steamer, or on a bluff overlooking some phosphorous sea, and inquire for the whereabouts of the powerful machinery that at night turns almost every ocean into a sea of dazzling fire, and charges many animals, both small and great, with a strange, wonderful and undiscovered kind of electricity, that spontaneously flashes forth in wave on wave of pale blue flame, until in some cases the moon and the stars are out-shone by the marvelous night-lights of the sea. In what corner of His great store-house has God located this mighty dynamo? We inquire in -vain, for as Ingersoll once said of the dead... "From the voiceless lips of the unreplying deep there comes no answer."

In ancient days, men believed that the sea gave out by night in shining light, the heat of the sun that it had absorbed by day. Others said, that the lights of the deep was the magnificent reflection of the starry firmament above, and still others declared that it was caused by friction generated between the sea and the air as the earth rotated. But in the light of the sea, as in other cases, God hath shown his excellence and power above man, in that he has taken what appeared useless and insignificant, and converted it into mighty agencies for good. The little jelly fish with no back bone, and scarcely a sensitive organism, and so small that in many cases it cannot be seen by the naked eye, seems to be responsible for the lights in the sea. These little creatures light up the oceans of the world, and furnish Father Neptune's play ground with the most wonderful display of heatless fire-works, that the world hath ever known. Never since the mystic Captain Jason, with his 50 Argonauts, dashed across Oceanus in search of the golden fleece, has man witnessed a more marvelous manifestation of beauty than the phosphorus of the sea in full display. I

have seen St. Elmo's fire which the ancients attributed to Castor and Pollux, I have looked with amazement on the Aurora Borealis, which the Romans called the glorious daughter of the dawn. I have gone behind closed doors, or wrapped my head in a blanket to shut out an electrical display in the heavens, but never have I witnessed such a scene of illuminating and wondrous beauty, as that which followed in the wake of our ship when crossing the Equator in 1921.

This wonderful light is not only on the surface, but far down in the deep it illuminates the dark caves of the sea folk, and changes the hermit crab into a moving lighthouse as he hobbles across the ocean bed. Captain Kingman of the American ship, "Shooting Star," once traversed in the Indian Ocean a zone 23 miles in length, so lit up by phosphorous matter, that it looked like a field of snow. While the glow-worms and fire-flies, and luminous beetles may be a part of the great natural lighting machine, nevertheless, God hath been pleased to locate the most powerful dynamos of His wonderful plant in the wild and uncontrollable sea. There, it shines free from the oppression or the interference of man. All the scientists of the world have never been able to harness it, or to tell us what it is, and some of us are content to believe that it is one of the treasures that He holds in His storehouse, to be used for the benefit and pleasure of His people in the glorious age to come. In that blessed day, the children of the kingdom shall see and flow together, and their hearts shall be enlarged, because the abundance of the sea shall be converted to their glorious Master.

The last act that the sea in its present condition will ever perform, will be to yield up the bodies and bones of the countless dead that are wrapped in its cold, damp, winding sheet. Just as the heavens above were cleansed and the earth purified..... I cannot but think that the sea too will yield up its last strain of corruption, when the bodies of its numerous victims are summoned to appear at, the Great White Throne. Then Uranus and Gea, and Oceanus, (heaven, earth and the sea) a trinity, in unity, will live through all the cycles of eternity, for the glory, and profit and pleasure of nations glorified.

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## 10 -- DOWN IN THE EARTH

The term "under the earth" used three or four times in the Bible, is said to mean on the other side of the world. But this is a senseless explanation, as the other side of the world is just as much on the surface as this side, and the people that live there are just as often above us, as we are above them. Under the earth, means nothing more or less than beneath the surface, down into the nether parts of the earth, away from the sunlight, and other blessings that the outer crust enjoys.

That the Bible authors formerly believed that life existed in those sombre regions, there is not a shadow of a doubt. Dr. Hecker has tried to prove that the earth is solid all the way through. He has given out that there is on the outside a

rocky crust 35 miles thick, then a much harder belt 900 miles thick, and within this twofold shell there is a metallic core harder than steel. According to this way of figuring, the earth grows harder, as it works away from the outside crust. But any and every attempt to prove the solidity of the earth's interior is inconsistent with the word of God. Dr. Hecker was a German, soaked in higher criticism, and a man of his caliber may be capable of handing out any kind of rubbish.

Not only did the Bible authors believe in an existence in the earth's interior, but the heathen of almost all ages believed the same thing, although they have explained their belief in strange and weird ways. In early attempts to solve the earthquake mystery, the ancients decided that great subterranean monsters lived far down in the earth, and when they walked around, or moved their shoulders, the earth split open. The old Mongolians and the Japanese taught that great frogs, spiders, and enormous cat-fish lived inside, and the angry lashing of their tails against the internal coast caused tremendous convulsions on the surface. The primitive North Americans believed that a great tortoise was responsible for all the trouble, while the Patagonians, and other South-Landers believed that a tremendous whale in his struggles to break down his prison walls, did the mischief. The Greek philosophers attempted to find other explanations for the sudden convulsions of the earth. They said the interior was filled with great windy caverns, rivers and lakes, and high mountains, rolling out of their places, and tumbling violently into these subterranean caves caused mighty shocks, which rocked the earth, and broke it open. The ancient Romans taught that the crater of Stromboli was the entrance to purgatory, and reported that the groans and cries of lost souls were frequently heard, coming from the burning pit.

We read in the Greek myths that Zeus (or Jupiter) threw Vulcan down from heaven to earth, where ugly, deformed and contemptible, he became the god of fire, and manufactured his weapons of war and death in the burning crater of Mt. Etna. Etna rolling out its molten metal and sulphur, was believed to be the secret workshop of this ugly, howling giant who carried the sun from West to East in his wonderful golden boat. The Greeks had a marvelous knack of personifying the powers of nature, which they saw in active operation all around them. They beheld with awe, mingled with astonishment, the fiery stones and ashes which poured from the summit of Mt. Etna and other volcanic mountains, and with their wonderful powers of imagination found a solution of the mystery in the supposition that the god of fire must be busy at work with his men in the depths of the earth, and that the mighty, flames that broke through the crust must come from his subterranean forge.

Many of these beliefs were current when Moses and the prophets wrote the Old Testament, and as I have said in my book ("The Palace In The Wilderness") God never invents new things for His people, but the old things with the devil taken Out, is what he makes use of. This is what He did in the wilderness in almost every case, that which became the comfort and guide of His people Israel, had in some form or other been esteemed, worshipped and adored by the savages, ages before. He did



not invent new things, but He took the old blood sacrifices, the old covering cherubim, the old breastplate with its stones, even Urim and Thumim. All these things existed before Israel's day in some form, and God took the same plan, sanctified, and rearranged it, and gave it to His people to be the glorious guide of their lives. Elijah took the same kind of beast that the worshippers of Baal offered, and God's fire fell upon it.

In old mythology there is a story told of a beautiful maiden out in the field examining a charming flower, the stem of which gave forth a hundred blossoms. Drawing near for a close investigation of the flower, whose exquisite scent perfumed the air, she stooped to gather it, suspecting no evil, when suddenly a yawning chasm opened at her feet and Aides, (or Pluto) the grim ruler of the under world appeared seated in his dazzling chariot drawn by four black horses. Regardless of the maiden's tears and cries, Aides seized her and bore her away to the gloomy world over which he reigned. But the mother of the beautiful child was broken-hearted, and taking two torches lighted in the flames of Mt. Etna, she started out to find her lost one. For ten long and weary days he wandered, at last she met Aides, and from his dark domain in the underworld she recovered her long lost child. Where is the mind so dense that it cannot see in these old stories a shadow of the great truths made clear to us by the prophets, apostles, and the blessed Son of God?

Vulcan cast out of heaven by Zeus (or Jupiter) to become the contemptible god of fire in the burning heart of the earth, has been explained by Isaiah, Ezekiel and John, as Lucifer, cast down by the Almighty to hell, to the sides of the pit, and to his future home on the awful lake of fire. Aides capturing the beautiful child who was afterward recovered from his dark domains by her broken-hearted mother, has been explained by Jesus Christ and Paul, as Hades, or the underworld, capturing and holding the soul of all righteous dead before Christ came. The heartbroken mother with her torch lighted in the flames of Mt. Etna, recovering the child from Aides -- the dying Christ with His soul aflame with the glory of God going down to Hades, and effecting the release of every righteous soul from Abel to His death on the cross. "He led captivity captive." By the blood of His covenant He brought forth God's prisoners from out the pit wherein there was no water.

The old myths and legends of the heathen nations are what appear to be the ghosts of a lost religion. In some far off day God's plan must have been known, and forgotten to such an extent that nothing but the shadow remained. Most of the religious beliefs current when Moses and the prophets wrote the Old Testament, had connected with them resemblance of God's far off plans, but there was a stumbling in the dark, until the law and the prophets came, then to the nations so fortunate as to come under its glorious sound, many things were made clear.

The underworld, as Sheol, was well known to the writers and readers of the Old Testament, and they thoroughly understood that into its deep recesses went both saint and sinner, not one escaped this prison, save Enoch and Elijah who went

to heaven without dying. There Jacob went to meet his people, and from there the Witch of Endor attempted to bring up Samuel. But nothing teaches this truth clearer than the case of the deceived followers of Korah. Numbers 16. There the ground clave asunder, the earth opened her mouth and swallowed up his deceived followers who went down alive into Sheol, with all that belonged to them, the earth closed upon them, and they perished from among the congregation. Words can never be clearer, language can never be plainer. The earth opened her mouth and a number of people went down alive into Sheol. This was the catching away of the damned, and the only case in Scripture contrasting the rapture of the saints, and it clearly shows that sinners may be caught away to hell without dying, just as the righteous will be caught away to heaven without dying when Jesus comes.

In all probability these sinners were instantly changed from mortality to immortality before entering Sheol in the underworld, just as the living saints will be, before meeting Christ in the air. Since the death and resurrection of Jesus, Hades can no longer claim a single righteous soul. The impassable gulf in the underworld described in Luke 16, has no meaning now as far as the righteous are concerned. Abraham's bosom being transferred by Jesus Christ, is now on a higher plain. Still the mighty gates of Hades are bolted upon millions of immortal souls, all lost and awaiting their final trial at the White Throne Judgment. Then Jesus Christ, who by the blood of His covenant brought all the righteous out of Hades will unlock the gates, and bid the damned come forth. The Books are opened, the wicked dead are judged, the burning sea overflows its banks, and Hades is forever lost in the awful sea of fire.

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## 11 -- THE OCEAN KING

I know not what this mighty creature was that God so minutely described to His servant Job. I have read that the honor belongs to the crocodile, but all such explanations are a waste of words. The sneaking slippery cur of the swamp is not fit to scrape the barnacles off of the leviathan's tail. Leviathan was in all probability a huge sea monster belonging to the whale family, but was covered from his head to his tail with an impregnable amour of scales, impossible for any known weapon at that time to enter. The exact creature has entirely disappeared from the ocean world, but his nearest relation is the sperm whale of the Arctic region, and minus the scales, answers exactly to the description God has given. Therefore, it is sheer folly, and a loss of precious time to seek further for an explanation of Job 41. The leviathan of the present day is the Sperm Whale of the Arctic Seas, but is occasionally found in other waters.

It would seem as though Job was really needing some remarkable evidences of God's power, and leviathan supplied the need, for after hearing from God Himself a detailed description of this marvelous oceanic monster, Job answered the Lord and said, "I know that thou canst do everything." Such a wonderful display of this

creature and this work was enough for Job. It was never suggested to his mind that leviathan had evolved from the tadpole, and that the tadpole had received its life from a germ that came to earth in the frozen heart of a stone cast off from some other planet. This idiotic theory had never been presented to Job. Mr. Darwin, and a few other atheists of later centuries had yet to set on their eggs and hatch it out.

There is no evidence that the early chapters of Genesis were written when God conversed with His servant Job, if so he could have readily seen that the first of all created creatures were whales, but whether he knew this or not, the detailed exhibition of the first creature that God had ever created (as far as our earth was concerned) settled all his doubts, if he had any, and brought him to abhor himself in dust and ashes. The leviathan of the present day -- the sperm whale-is the noblest and most defiant of all creatures (apart from man) that God hath ever made; he hath no parallel in earth, sea or sky.

For all the ages past this monarch of the deep has maintained his independence, yielding only his dead body to the masterly hand of man. The realm over which he rules is a realm of blood-shed and death, perpetual war rages beneath the surface of the sea. But the sperm whale is the indefatigable and absolute monarch that puts down whom he will, but none dare put him down. Man only is his master, and long and dreadful has been the struggles between this midget of the earth weighing 140 or 150 pounds, and the king of the watery worlds weighing 150 tons, as heavy as 25 large elephants, 100 feet long, 17 feet through the breast, a jaw bone 25 feet long (bristling with great teeth 6 inches out of the gum, and with from 500 to 1000 gallons of pure vaseline floating around in his enormous skull, and as a guarantee against the chill of the Arctic water, its body is wrapped in a blanket of fat 3 feet thick. Practically blind, deaf, and without the sense of smell, this lordly ocean monarch pursues his amazing way, and thrives beyond belief until he meets man, and to this mite of the universe, leviathan bows and dies. There is not a single case on record to prove that a sperm whale was ever killed by any living creature, other than man. The following is fairly representative of the fights that have often taken place between man and the sperm whale. A monstrous fighting whale had been twice harpooned, and had gone off at top speed for several miles, drawing two boats behind him in his foaming wake. At last the monster tired a little, and the boat's crew with exultant shouts charged on their prey. They drew alongside, and a lance was hurled full length into the leviathan's body, then the boats shot clear to avoid the peril that threatened, and a few moments later happened. The whale prepared to charge, and it needs strong efforts of imagination to picture that dark and solemn sea, only lighted by tiny splashes of phosphorescent light, (for it was in the night) a wavelet broke in obedience to some hidden suasion and occasional fleeting, brilliant band of light marked the swift passage of some great fish through the burning water. Then without a sound, and like the sudden extrusion of some gigantic flame cone from the uncanny depths, there arose majestically a vast luminous body, floods of light streaming downward revealed the black bulk that seemed to hang in the air, then suddenly fell and at the impact, fiery waves rolled off in all directions, and the sound as of muffled thunder

broke the stillness of the night. A few moments later the dreadful monster arose, and with jaws wide open came straight for the boat intent on biting her in half. The men were almost frantic, but retained their nerves; lances, and harpoons flew thick and fast into the body of their awful foe, he raged and roared like thunder, but finally dropped his monstrous head, and a last dying groan seemed to shake the ocean. The boat's crew sent up an exultant shout, man was master, and leviathan, the ocean monarch, was still and cold in death. This dreadful monster answers nearer to the Lord's description of leviathan in Job 41 than any other creature in the known world. There, he is pictured dashing furiously through the midnight sea aflame with phosphorescent fire, from his snorting nose great balls of light rolls out, and his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning, his mighty tail stirs up the deep until it looks like a boiling pot,-and such streams of phosphorescent light follow behind him that the sea seems to have lost its natural blueness and turned grey in a moment.

What is the spiritual lesson to be gathered from this oceanic monster, that the Lord Himself called the king over all the children of pride, the fearless and unconquerable beast of the sea, for which there could be found no equal on the earth? There is no doubt but that in this exaltation of leviathan, the Lord meant to give His servant Job a demonstration of His almighty power. But furthermore, there is in this terrible monster a great and striking picture of the arch enemy of the human soul, that fearless and malignant foe that man can never conquer.

Job, in his suffering and trial, detested the idea of being regarded as a whale, against whose deadly work man needs to keep the strictest watch. Pharaoh, king of Egypt, the enemy of God and righteousness, was called a whale, and Jonah would have been digested in the stomach of this terrible creature in less than 24 hours, if God had not commanded the greedy brute to discharge him on dry land. There is nothing in the Bible to counteract my thought that the whale is a type of the devil. The fact that God created great whales before any other living creature, is a proof in favor of the suggestion, for God created Lucifer the first of all created life that had to do with our earth.

When all the Bible references to the whale are considered in connection with his striking character, as made known by the Lord in Job 41, we have a more terrible picture of the devil than can be found elsewhere in the Book of God. The sperm whale is the murderous king over all the families of the sea, his kingdom is ruled by tyranny, and his subjects are in endless danger of falling into his all devouring mouth, and there is none that dare to stir him up. He surrenders to no power until he meets with man, and even then, he fights to the bitter end, yielding only his body fettered and bound in death. No man can afford to play with the devil, or to admit him into his home for the amusement of his boys and girls.

I once heard an evangelist foolishly say that he would saddle and bridle, the devil, and ride him to hold a revival in one corner of hell. But such a one should

study this type, and learn that none dare come to him with bridle; or open the doors of his face, for his teeth are terrible round about.

But perhaps the most striking resemblance between the whale and the devil is brought out in his wild pursuit of prey, at such a time everything around about him is very tempestuous. I have seen him leap perhaps 20 feet in the air, and heard him roar like thunder. His path through the sea is like a devouring flame, when he snorts great balls of fire leap out before him, and his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning. Out of his mouth goeth burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out, his mighty tail furiously lashing the sea maketh it to boil like a pot, and such a shining path is lit behind him that one would think the ocean had suddenly turned grey. But with all this display of fire and flame, leviathan, like his antitype the devil, is as black as pitch. He has not a single ray of light within himself. The light about his tremendous bulk all shines from the persecuted little jelly fish, many of whom his murderous tail and jaws are hurrying into death. Here, let the reader think of the glorious light that shone forth from the saints and martyrs of all ages, and the blessed Son of God, whom the cruel king of the lost world persecuted unto death. But just as the hand of man strikes low the fearless monarch of the sea, so Jesus Christ, and Him alone, will bind the devil, and cast him into the lake of fire, and set a seal upon him.

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## 12 -- THE AERIAL CHAMPION

Birds of prey are not noted for bright colors, but are generally clothed in a dress best suited to their purpose. The great Creator in all His creation made such distinction as this. The newly hatched dove is quite naked, but the little owl that has to be left alone in the nest through much of the long night while its mother is out seeking food, is covered with manifold coat of soft, warm down. Chameleons, frogs, and many other little animals, as a safeguard against the attacks of their enemies, have power to change their color to correspond with their surroundings, and in this way conceal their whereabouts. So the birds of prey, cannibals that live on the flesh of their neighbors, are generally dark, cloudy, or grey, colors best suited to their purposes. But this is not the case with the golden eagle, nor the great condor of the Andes; both these birds are beautifully arrayed.

Some writer has said, that for color, pride and fantastic adornment, the peacock must be regarded as the king of all birds. "But the beauty and pride of the peacock is not sufficient to atone for its horrible scream." But I am not going to talk of beautiful birds in this chapter, if so, I should first of all select the seagull, which in all parts of the world is regarded as the scavenger of the surf. For at times when it seemed impossible for life to exist on the face of the deep I have seen the seagull, and the mighty albatross, apparently in the height of their glory. Great billows that would dash the stoutest ship in pieces, beneath the golden feet of the sea-gull are nothing more than a ball of yarn in the paws of a domestic kitten. Now flashing into

the face of the threatening sky, and a moment later plunging headlong into the raging sea. Dry in the midst of water, and safe in the midst of danger. The sea-gull is a wonderful picture of a human soul that centers all its confidence and trust in the merits of the mighty Christ, pure and clean, spotless and undefiled, dauntless and never tiring, at home alike on land, in sea, and air. The sea-gull is a most outstanding figure of those who are wholly sanctified in heart and life. And with great pleasure would I eulogize the kingly qualities of this old sea friend (the last to bid the parting ship good-bye, and the first to 'bid her welcome, were the great eagle to come down from his throne on high and deliver up the kingdom. But while the sea-gull is a bird of the lower realm, the eagle mounts on high. The sea-gull is never mentioned in the Bible, but in many places the eagle stands out as the type of God and Christ, and men and women on earth who are wholly sanctified. And for such reasons as these, we are in duty bound to ascribe to this noble bird, the championship of the air.

It seems strange that a loving and compassionate God should allow Himself to be represented by this murderer on wings. But such is really the case, for to His people Israel He represented Himself as a great mothering eagle, bearing her eaglets on her wings. It must be remembered that while the blessed Lord is loving and tender toward all who do His holy will, He is fierce and severe towards the wicked who continue to trample upon His covenant and laws. This two-fold character of the Lord is not only seen in the eagle, but in the lion as well. While the eagle is a strange type of the Lord, he is a much clearer type of the Lord's children. But as others have well exhausted this subject, I shall only deal with things not generally known.

Perhaps the most remarkable charm of the eagle lies in his wonderful flight, not so much in the wide range, as in the tremendous height to which it can soar. For long distances in the lower atmosphere the albatross may far outstrip the eagle, and for the benefit of landsmen, especially those who live far away from the sea, it may be in order just here to dwell for a little while upon the albatross, the most wonderful of all sea birds. Like the sperm whale, this great feathery giant appears to have no dreaded foe but man. Its home is on the restless ocean, but when breeding times comes it flies to some barren and lonely rock, free from the haunts of men, and unfrequented by other kinds of birds. There it broods over its solitary eggs. And when after many years it becomes sensitive to the approach of death in all probability it returns to the same lonely spot to yield up its great life to the last grim conqueror of all flesh. But this is only speculation, for apart from those shot down by man, a dead albatross has been seldom, if ever seen.

The Frigate Bird, better known as the Pirate of the sea, is another giant on wings. It is essentially a sea bird, but it cannot alight upon the sea, for it has no web feet. Therefore, say the writers, it is driven to sheer piracy to find sufficient food to support its enormous body. It hovers at an immense height over the sea, never daring to venture far from land. High up in the heaven on steady wing it watches for the home coming of other birds with fish for their little ones, then like a thunder bolt

it descends upon them. In sheer fright they drop the food, and the pirate of the air, catching it in the twinkle of an eye, gobbles it up, or carries it away to his hungry brood in the cleft of some far off mountain. Even a flying fish dare not spring out of the water for a sun bath when the frigate bird! is near, for with fiery eyes, he pounces from aloft and snaps it up in a second. And so the life of the sea pirate goes on until at last when old age creeps upon it, and the mighty pinions grow stiff, it remains upon its perch and starves to death, for it has no natural enemy to bring it speedy and merciful release.

But the eagle is unlike all other birds, especially for its power of upward flight, and perhaps on account of this characteristic the Holy Ghost hath selected him as an outstanding type of the Lord's people. Men, have flown upwards by airplane and balloon beyond the seven miles limit, but man in mortal flesh is not constituted for high altitudes, he can scarcely rise beyond the vision of the natural eye when suffocation point is reached, and to save his life, he is compelled to descend at top speed. But the great eagle is equipped and constituted for a much higher realm. She has outflown the range of the most powerful telescope ever brought to bear upon her, and until some man of the mist succeeds in harnessing the eagles to his chariot, and guiding them with a bit and bridle, he need never expect to land on Jupiter, or signal to the inhabitants of the moon. But as the height to which the eagle flies has never yet been known, one cannot tell what may happen if man was permitted to follow in her trail.

This mounting characteristic as I have said before, is the most charming feature of the eagle. The Lord laid stress on this when He said to Job... "Doth the eagle mount up at thy command," For the benefit of the eagle the force of gravity seems to change, for she soars upward without the jar of a muscle, or the moving of a wing. She leans on the bosom of the storm and rises as swift, and apparently with just as little effort as a dead bird falls down to earth. The fiercer the gale the swifter and easier the eagle rises. All this is true in the experiences of the child of God. The eagle rises majestically above wind and rain, snow and sleet, thunder and lightning, and all storm-clouds, up into a calm and undisturbed realm, where upon untiring wing it remains indefinitely.

Solomon talked of the eagle flying toward heaven, and for all that we know its keen and intensified vision has sighted God's glorious country, and looked with wonder upon the Holy City, soon to descend in full view of the earth. Man, with the aid of his powerful telescope, thinks that he has sighted a strange, new world, upon whose celestial hills the sun doth never set, and over whose verdant fields, night nor darkness can never spread their pall. And if there is any truth in this statement, we must believe that eagles' eyes hath seen still greater things. The ancients believed that when the eagle was oppressed with old age, and his bill grew long, so that he could not eat, in some strange realm he dashed his bill against a precious stone, broke off the slough, and passed into the renewed youth that David speaks of in the Psalms. (Isaiah's glorious picture of the saints renewing their strength, and mounting up with wings as eagles, is known to the most of us.) Behind this

statement, was the belief that every tenth year the eagle flew close to the sun, but when no longer able to endure the burning heat, she dropped into the sea, where she received new feathers, new strength, and renewed youth. And after ten such experiences, being a 100 years old, in some quiet nook or corner unknown to man, she yielded her great life into the hand of Him who graciously lent it to her.

The eagle flying to the body of the slain, was the most striking picture that Christ used to illustrate the saints rising to meet Him, when He shall come in the air. Where the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together. Every year in China, thousands of eagles are captured, and their feathers sold to supply the expensive fan markets of the world. And for the purpose of catching these champions of the air, tame eagles are employed. These, men carry on their shoulders to certain places, where nests and bait are cautiously laid out. There the tame eagle is stationed, while the hunter hides close by. Presently, the wild eagles sweep from their lofty perch, or from high up in the air, and join their friends in the prepared feast. Then the concealed hunter by well devised methods, throws over them a net, and the wild champions of the air are caught by their domesticated brothers on the earth.

In such cases, eagles catch eagles, and this is the great plan that must work through all the church of Christ. Men must catch men. Angels are not permitted to bring salvation messages, and hold revival meetings. This is the work of man redeemed. The angel did not tell Cornelius how to get the blessing of holiness, but told him to send to the sea coast and fetch from thence a sanctified fisherman, he would come and tell him what to do. If tame eagles could lead wild eagles into their master's trap, sanctified men and women must lead their fellowmen into the Church of Jesus Christ.

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### 13 -- THE FOREST BULLY

The mystical lion of ancient lore, which ravaged the whole country between Cleone and Nemea, was believed to wear a hide that was invulnerable against any mortal weapon. Hercules, having discovered his his lair, attempted to pierce him through with his arrows, but finding these of no avail, he felled him to the ground with two clubs, and before the animal had time to recover from the terrible blow, Hercules seized him by the neck and with a mighty effort succeeded in strangling him. Of the lion's hide and skull, Hercules made a coat of mail, and a helmet for his head, which proved a great defense to him in all his wonderful struggles, and ever after, Hercules, the lion-hearted hero of Greek mythology, was victorious in all his battles. This strange old story was a dim profile of that part of the gospel which tells of Jesus Christ striking low the adversary of the human soul, and going forth an eternal conqueror over every opposing foe.



The lion, through all the ages past has been regarded as the King of the Forest. Some of the Bible writers looked upon him as a strange and wonderful creature, that seemed to embody certain characteristics of both God and the devil, for they have made him represent not only for Jesus Christ, the delivering Lion of the tribe of Judah, but our adversary the devil, a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. The wild beast, or gnu, which is a native of South Africa is a freak creature, with the horns of a buffalo, and neck and mane of a horse, and the shoulders and tail of an ox; and unless you can get a life size view, it may be difficult to tell what you are really looking at. The gnu among all the beasts of the forest is the most outstanding picture of a genuine hypocrite.

The only characteristic of the lion taken to represent good is his courage, and true courage is commendable in whatever, or whoever, it may be found. In a general way the lion in the word of God is a representative of blood-shed, murder and death. He does not deserve the honor of a king, for he is nothing more than a blood-thirsty bully. He crushes the inoffensive and the weak, as well as the severe and powerful, he has no mercy, and when his great stomach is gorged to the full with the flesh of his victims, he will lounge around the water course until in the darkness of night, the thirsty creatures of the forest creep forth to slake their thirst, then he will murder for sport. Such a pitiless brute has no right to the kingship of the forest, indeed, he he only has it in name, for according to Job 40, God hath put that crown upon the head of the hippopotamus, this great creature only, among all the beasts of the forest is called the chief of the ways of God.

Mean, contemptible, and overbearing men are represented in the Bible by the lion. When the Lord came to reckon with wicked Nineveh, and to pour out His wrath upon that bloody city, His first inquiry was "where is the dwelling place of the lion?" the tyrannical rulers and princes who cared for neither God nor man. Where is the feeding place of the young lion? The blood-thirsty war-god, and military advocates, men who increase their spoils and wade to worldly honors through the blood of slaughtered innocents? These furious lions tear in pieces enough for their whelps, and strangle for their lioness, they fill their holes with prey and their dens with ravin, but the Lord hath a controversy with such as these, He will locate their dwelling place, and deal with them accordingly.

It takes courage to meet courage, and in this respect Jesus is represented as the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, for no other reason than that He has to contend with the roaring lion of hell. I have said elsewhere that it took eagles to catch eagles, it takes a snake to catch a snake, for Christ was the brazen snake on the pole to whom the snake-bitten and afflicted children of Israel looked and lived. It also takes a lion to catch a lion. About a hundred years ago ferocious lions abounded all through the country where we now live; at that time the old Zulu men had to hold themselves in readiness for anything that their cruel chiefs commanded them to do, and to capture elephants, tigers, and lions, were some of the little duties that they were often called upon to perform. The present day hunter of big game with his repeating rifle, and explosive bullet, finds it no easy task to gain the mastery over

these gigantic brutes of the forest. But the old Zulus had to face and conquer them with clubs and spear, or die in the attempt. Cowardice was unknown among these noble old savages, they shrank from nothing that their all powerful chieftain willed, and if a lion's hide was needed to supply a new martial cloak, they had to bring it in, or give their own hide as a penalty on disobedience. It was common in those days to keep the heart and liver of such beasts as were generally needed, hung up in their huts, and before going out to a new battle the heart of the kind that they were to attack, was eaten by those upon whom the task of capture had fallen. So when a lion had to be killed, the men appointed to do the deadly work, gathered around the heart or liver of a previously captured lion, cut and divided a piece to each, and then went forth to meet their dreadful foe, and conquer him, or die. The heart and liver of the dead lion was believed to give them power and courage to gain the victory over the living lion. The Zulu word for liver is "isibindi" (courage.) Let the Christian warrior take the hint, there is power in the heart of our dead, but risen, and exalted Lion, to give us complete victory over all the lions of hell.

As Bruce of Scotland lay dying, and his troops who were in battle with the Moors, were steadily driven back, dying Bruce called Douglas, his Field-Marshal to his side and he said, "Douglas, when I am dead, cut me open, and take out my heart, carry it with you to the battlefield, tell the soldiers what you have got, then throw my heart into the midst of the enemies' ranks, and cry, "Go, heart of Bruce, and Douglas will follow." Douglas did so, and the soldiers inspired by the sight of their imperial master's heart, charged furiously into the enemies' ranks, and the battle was won. The heart of Christ has gone into all the world, then shall I not go? And going, shall I not conquer?

The gathering place of the lions that the Lord inquired after was the counsel chamber where the war gods met to pass resolutions, make laws, and declare war for crushing into cruel death, those with whom they did not agree. Let sharks remain in the sea, let wolves remain in the forest, and let vultures remain in the air, but for tyrannical human governments, and bloodthirsty men in power let God's green earth never again afford a sheltering nook. Let the curtain drop forever upon that awful day when kings by mandate from thrones, could throw millions of their unfortunate subjects into cruel carnage, and death.

Kaisers, Czars, and Sultans, who have so often made this poor earth slippery with the blood of their slain, are now tasting their bitter grapes. God hath located their dwelling places on earth, and righteously appointed their dwelling places in hell. The wild beasts of France, who signed the death warrant of the Huguenots, and flooded the streets of Paris with innocent blood, and the brutal Nero, who saturated the followers of Jesus Christ with oil, and set them on fire and lit up the avenues, boulevards, and palatial walks of Rome with torches of flaming humanity:-these savage beasts of the past have gone to their burning lair long ere this. The Lord of Judgement having located their blood-marked trail, and disposed of them as it hath pleased him.

These were political beasts. But the ecclesiastical beasts are also at work. The blood-curdling work of these religious bullies appear now like some horrible nightmare, that suddenly settled down upon the church of Jesus. The cruel gang of murderers, who shaved the top of their skull, and dressed in petticoats, took special delight in committing to floods, flames, and wild beasts, all who would not kiss the crucifix, and bow to Papal power. Think of the great English Church Bishop of Winchester, dressed like a doll, with gold crowned staff, and miter. This bully of the church, committing to the flames the stainless maid of France, for no other reason than that she said, and proved beyond a doubt, that she had received great inspiration from God. This ecclesiastical beast, holding a cross-crowned stick before the burning face of precious Joan of Arc, and at the same time giggling with hellish glee at the poor child's trembling flesh, writhing in the flames. But the flames that licked up the blood of that pure maiden of Domery, were agents of consolation and love, when compared with the flames of hell reserved for the great church bishop. Thank God there is a way that neither the lion nor his whelps can tread, and it is called the way of holiness, the unclean shall not pass over it. "No lion shall be there, nor ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed of the Lord shall walk there: And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and' sighing shall flee away."

All, who like the greedy bully of the forest, plan for the overthrow of others, will, sooner or later, reap their reward. Out of the region from which the poisonous gas of Germany first poured into the Allied troops, lately came the news of a dreadful calamity. Oppau, on the Rhine, was the scene of this dreadful disaster, described as the most terrible explosion in history. The great German factories, where the awful poison gas was first manufactured, in the twinkling of an eye had gone up in flames, and 6,000 human beings were either killed or wounded. "Vengeance is Mine, and I will repay saith the Lord."

#### 14 -- THE BRIDE OF THE ANTICHRIST

When I was going to sea there was a story circulating among sailors of two ships, one called "The Devil," the other "Sheet Ann, the devil's wife." The story ran as follows, two brothers had two ships built at the same time and when they were complete and ready for launching the brothers could not agree on the name of the first ship, and one of them in a great rage said "Call her 'the devil,' " the other brother replied, "call the other "Sheet Ann," -- this was evidently a slang designation of a bad woman, so the ships were baptized and known as the devil and his wife. There were no ships on the ocean like them, they could weather the roughest gales and outride the greatest storms, but if things came to the worst and the devil had to fall back, "Sheet Ann" could go-nothing seemed to hinder her progress; when the "Devil" dared not appear on the ocean "Sheet Ann" could plough through. Sailors are not all theologians but this bow drawn at a venture has come pretty close to the mark.

The devil is not a bachelor, he has an espoused bride and while she may not be known as the "Sheet Ann" of sailor vocabulary, nevertheless she is alive and active and in places where the devil dare not show his cloven hoof his wife in the person of some compromising, tobacco-using, whisky-drinking, theater-going, oath-bound preacher, or some smooth-tongued hypocritical church members will go and do his dirty work. As this, however, is to be a Bible reading I must allow my readers the privilege of making their own comments.

I am going to study the bride of the anti-Christ in the light of the Bride of Jesus just as I studied Christ and anti-Christ To my simple mind there appears to be no better way to grasp the truth of God's word than to study the false in the light of the true. The Bride of Jesus Christ is a subject of intense interest. From the very beginning of the life of the present world God intimated in dim type His intention of selecting out of the race which should populate the earth a bride for his beloved Son. Eve taken from Adam's side when he was fast asleep was the first intimation of the church coming forth from the very heart of Jesus through His death on Calvary. This fact was never lost sight of by the ancient worthies of God. The Hebrew prince capturing a Gentile maiden from the ranks of the enemy, who, after paring her fingernails, changing her entire dress and undergoing a prolonged process of cleansing, became his bride was a picture of Christ finding His bride in a lost and fallen world. David sang of the King's daughter being all glorious within. The King's daughter is the church and she became His daughter by virtue of her marriage or espoused marriage with His son. The Bible is loaded with references to the bride of Christ which is everywhere spoken of under the figure of a pure woman, this thought ranges from Gen. 1:27 to Rev. 19: 7, where the proclamation echoes through all heaven "Let us rejoice and be glad and give honor to Him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come and His Wife hath made herself ready." And just as God the Father is selecting a Bride for His Son Jesus, so the devil is selecting a Bride for his son, the anti-Christ, and she closely imitates the Bride of Christ, both are represented by a woman, the one a virgin, the other a harlot; one eventually merged into the holy city the New Jerusalem that cometh down out of heaven from God, the other into the city of Babylon which under the curse of the Almighty sinks like a millstone in the mighty deep. My main thought in this study is the two women, Rev. 12 and 17. Dr. Gaebelien laughs at the idea of the woman in Chapter 12 being a picture of the gospel church. He being a Jew would like to exhaust much precious truth which God has intended for all believers on the Jewish people exclusively, but it is comforting to know that while the Jew is a creature of special favor, he has no monopoly of the mercies of Jesus Christ.

It is evident that Dr. Gaebelien has not grasped the whole mind of God in all things for he says "the man who mentions sanctification in my presence makes me mad enough to knock him down." A man so far from knowing the truth of sanctification may also be astray in his interpretation of other scriptures therefore, some of us prefer to step out of his theological class.

**There are many things relative to the woman in Chapter 12 which are hard to understand and although we may not recognize her as the embodiment of the Bride of Christ she is certainly the opposite of the woman in Chapter 17, and in this light we continue our study. Chapter 12. There appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, the moon under her feet and upon her head a crown of twelve stars, she being with child cried travailing in birth and pain to be delivered.**

**This great picture John saw reflected in the heavens was not a woman but something represented by a womanly figure, it was a sign, a representation of earth and heaven united. The sun in the heavens of itself never makes a rainbow; it must form an alliance with the mist of the earth and when that alliance is formed what a glorious bow is arched across our sky. That bow is not the flood of Noah's time, but God put it there to remind us of the flood, or in other words, it is the flood that was on the earth reflected in the heavens, it is the picture in God's photographic gallery of what takes place on earth, and this glorious woman, this wonder of the heavens, is God's reminder of the Bride of His only begotten Son, the church of Jesus Christ in this lower world and everything connected with her is pure.**

**Over against this glorious woman who appeared in the heavens another woman appears in a wilderness. One reigns in a heavenly place and everything connected with her is heavenly, she is encircled in an Halo of Glory, her clothing is after the same pattern the bright and glorious robes in which Christ appeared on the mount of Transfiguration, and such brightness as shone in the face of Moses when he came down from the mount of God, and which flashed on the countenance of Stephen when dying beneath the stoning of religious murderers, accompanied her. In all probability this was the glorious covering of our first parents for which they tried to substitute fig leaves, it is the covering that the old saints received when they looked on Him and became radiant and their faces were not ashamed. The Bride of Christ is clothed with the Sun, the golden orb of heaven which disperses all darkness and floods our world with light. The Bride of anti-Christ for such is the harlot in Chapter 17, is in the wilderness where darkness and misery and sin hold sway; her person is adorned with the perishing things of time, not a single trace of anything heavenly about her -- all is of this world. The sun, the moon and the stars, things which are heavenly and divine, are the glory of the church of Christ, while purple, scarlet, gold and precious stone, things which are earthly and corruptible are the glory of the church of the devil, and not only will this distinction be revealed when the last days come, but it is revealed now. Frivolous, light, trifling woman with barely sufficient clothing to hide their shame, their half nude bodies decked with gold and precious Stones 'can be found in religious circles today and all such are members in the bride of anti-Christ. The church of Christ is pure in the way of holy Motherhood and as her seed is brought forth it is caught away to God. The church of the anti-Christ is a drunken harlot with whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication, and the seed she brings forth are harlots and the abomination of the earth. Three times the church of Christ is declared to have His name or seal upon their foreheads (Rev. 7:3, 14; 1:22 ,4), and three times we find the name or seal of anti-Christ upon the foreheads of his people (Rev. 14:9, 17:5, 10:4).**

The church of Jesus will ride with Him through the open heavens mounted upon white horses, the children of peace and purity; the church of anti-Christ rides through the wilderness on a scarlet colored beast, the emblem of war and bloodshed. The church of Christ will bear in her hands palms of victory (Rev. 7:9), and harps of God (Rev. 15:5). The church of antiChrist holds in her hands a golden bowl full of the damnation and filthiness of her fornication. The glorious woman in chapter 12 eventually develops into the New Jerusalem which as a young bride adorned to meet her husband will come down out of heaven from God. The harlot of chapter 17 develops into the city of Babylon which under the curse of God sinks like a millstone into the deep, so that those two women are not only figures for the days to come but are intended by God to represent two great forces in His world from Adam's day to the consummation of all things. One represents the church of God, the other the church of the devil, one will reach her climax in the resurrection of the just and the rapture of the living saints to be with Christ in the air, the other will reach her climax in the resurrection of the damned who together with the wicked living will be cast with the devil into the lake of fire to be tormented forever.

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## 15 -- THE DEVIL'S MIRAGE

A mirage is an optical illusion by which scores of people have been deceived. I have seen great ocean vessels with all sails set sailing across the sky, and mountains lifting their majestic peaks among the clouds. Strangers, not acquainted with the peculiar antics of the phenomena known as the mirage, would at such times be inclined to believe that heaven and earth 'had exchanged places. Heavenly things are pictured on the earth, and earthly things are pictured on the sky. Great scorching Saharas are changed into scenes of sparkling water, so real, that the exhausted traveler, and wild beasts of the forest, rush madly to the mystic brink to slack their burning thirst.

Fifty years ago, all France was frightened, when they saw the city of Paris pictured on the clouds. It was a mirage, caused by the light rays, and the density of the atmosphere, through which the light passed.

And such were the kingdoms of the world presented by the devil to Jesus Christ on the Mt. of Temptation. This world is a Mt. of Temptation, and all its glory and honor, is but the passing of the devil's panorama. They are only visions in a cloud, and will last for but a moment, and if we are so stupid, and so spiritually blind as to fall a victim to his infernal schemes, we must surely suffer loss.

While going through the Bloody Tower in the Tower of London, we were pointed out the Heading Block, upon which prisoners of the 15th and 16th centuries had their heads chopped off, and although 300 years have passed away, some of the blood that gushed forth from the struggling victims, is clearly seen baked upon its sides. The block, and the executioner's axe, with some other instrument of

torture, are on exhibition in the Bloody Tower. But, just outside on a place called Tower Green, is the spot where the dastardly work was done. By order of Queen Victoria, this site was paved with granite, and on it never a blade of grass can grow. Here, Lord Hastings, Queen Anne Boleyn, 2nd wife of Henry the Eighth, Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, Jane, Countess of Rockford, Queen Catherine, 5th wife of Henry the Eighth, the Earl of Essex, and Lady Jane Grey, were all put to death. Of the seven, six had their heads chopped off with an ax, but Anne Boleyn was killed with the sword brought from Calais. The executioner who had to make three chops to get the Earl of Essex's head off, was mobbed by the people on his way home.

This was all the work of sin, and while passing through this museum of crime, revenge, and hate, my soul was burdened. The sorrow, the heartaches, the dying groans, the pitiful cries, and the flowing tears, that this old spot had witnessed, was sufficient to break the heart of the world. Here, Lady Jane Grey, before laying her own head upon the block, watched the murderers carry to burial, the headless body of her husband, and here, Sir Walter Raleigh kissed the blade that severed his own neck bone.

Kings, Queens, Earls, Dukes, Lords and Noblemen, had laid down their heads, and gone to meet their God from this awful place of carnage. Bloody Mary, who burned the martyrs, and Guy Fox of the gunpowder plot, had also answered the roll call here. And I must confess that we had no heavenly emotions, or holy and consoling influences, on account of the historical associations of the place where we were standing, for the anguish and suffering wrung out of the lives of both the innocent and the guilty in Tower Green, was almost enough to break the heart of stone, and cause the old gray walls to weep tears of blood.

But sin, and sin alone, shaped the heading block, and ground the blades that were used at Tower Green. Sin has built all our gallows, and fitted all our electric chairs; sin has broken the world's heart, and deluged the earth in tears, sin has imposed upon all a scourge, a curse, and a putrefying disease, for which it has no remedy. But, the antidote for Tower Green, I found in Old St. Pauls. There, set in the wall in white marble, was the effigy of the God honored, and God inspired, Isaac Watts. I was thrilled as I looked on that wondrous face in stone. A little to the front of him, John Wesley was standing upon his father's tomb, with hands uplifted, announcing to all mankind that the world was his parish, and as the mighty preacher paused -- I could almost hear dear Isaac Watts strike up his grand old song--

"The Son of God in tears,  
The wondering angels see,  
Be thou astonished O my soul  
He shed those tears for thee."

"He wept that we might weep,  
Each sin demands a tear,

**In heaven alone, no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there."**

**That blessed Christ, Who wept over Jerusalem, and at the gates of Bethany, would, if He had his way, dry all tears of a weeping world. He, Who: stopped a funeral procession, and gave back to the widowed mother her boy who was being carried to the grave -- He knows how to heal our sorrows, and bind up our broken hearts. He Who washed the blind man's eyes, and cleansed the leper's spots, knows how to bathe out weary souls, and wash our guilt away. If He had His way, there would be no Tower Green, no heading block, or executioner's axe, no state prisons, no hangman's gallows, or electric chair. When sin, the horrible nightmare of the universe, has been swept out of the way, and Christ's government is established in this earth, these things will never more be known.**

**I remarked a moment ago, that of the many people beheaded at Tower Green, Anne Boleyn, second wife of Henry the Eighth, alone had her head chopped off with a sword. Anne Boleyn was a special kind of a sinner, she came in between another woman and her husband; she flirted with Henry the Eighth, and broke the heart of his wife and children; she influenced Henry to divorce his wife, while she became his royal harlot, and gave birth to an illegitimate child. She married in January, and in June of the same year, 1538, she was crowned in Westminster Abbey. In Westminster Abbey I saw the Coronation Chair, wherein Anne sat on that glorious morning to receive upon her infamous brow, the crown of the British Empire.**

**It is the same chair that has been used since the days of Edward the First. Above it hangs the great State Sword and shield of Edward the Third, and built into a frame just underneath the seat, is the famous black stone that has been claimed for thousands of years as the stone pillow upon which Jacob rested his weary head at Bethel. When Anne Boleyn sat in this chair on that June morning, 1533, she little thought of the heading block that lay just in her path ahead. From the old Abbey, she was brought to the throne amid the greatest rejoicing that perhaps this world hath ever known. The River Thames was the scene of her triumphal entry. Officers dressed in scarlet, choirs: chanted national anthems along the river bank, and flags were adorned with bells that rang as they were stirred by the wind, as Anne Boleyn, dressed in cloth of gold, and wearing a circlet of precious stones, stepped into the royal barge, amidst the sounding of trumpets, and the shouts of a mighty kingdom. The horse that she rode to the palace was covered with gold and velvet, and led through streets adorned with scarlet and crimson, and defended by royal guards in coats of beaten gold, while fountains at every corner poured out for the thirsty nation, rivers of refreshing wine.**

**Did not this old Coronation Chair bring back to my mind, the mightiest triumphal scene in all the history of Briton. But Anne Boleyn, the goddess bowing in Westminster Abbey to receive the crown of the Empire, a few months later was Anne the adulteress, the apostate traitor, bowing her head in Tower Green to have her neck slashed off with a sword. Let the woman that would come in and steal the**



heart of another woman's husband, and trample on the affections of a true and lawful wife, take warning by this incarnate demon. For some reason unknown to me no axe in all Briton could be used to cut off the cruel head of this infamous creature. So a great sword was brought over from France to do the dirty job. Oh! how changing is the course of this old world. A crown in Westminster Abbey today, a heading-block at Tower Green tomorrow.

The devil may be able to present the kingdoms of this world in a moment of time, but he cannot present them forever. Never was there a truer illustration of that vision, which Christ \*had from the exceeding high mountain than that which I have quoted from the history of England's unfortunate Queen.

On the exceeding high mountain (which probably was Mt. Pisgah, from which the Lord showed Moses the Land of Canaan) the devil must have done some juggling. His main thought might have been to do greater things than Jehovah, when he pointed out to Moses all the kingdom of the Pleasant Land. The devil true to his infernal scheme to outstrip everything that God had done, must make his picture larger.

His hope then, as now, was centered in bigness, not only Canaan, but the kingdoms of all the world must be thrown into his elaborate picture.

I know not how long Jehovah stayed with Moses on Mt. Pisgah, but the devil was there with Christ not more than 60 seconds, and in that brief period, he undertook to show Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of the same. But it was jugglery, a delusion, a mirage, a landscape, a representation in a cloud, as all the devil's pictures are. Here, he set before Christ in their proper colors, the great kingdoms of the world in all their glory. Princes robed in splendid and costly attire, with crowns of gold upon their heads, attended and surrounded by royal retinue, and the pomp of thrones and courts, and stately palaces, into which flowed the wealth of ages, and the pleasures of gay society, for he showed the kingdoms and their glory. But the devil's pictures are painted on passing clouds, his gifts are cheap, and his glory is but for a moment. But, there is an enduring glory, and an everlasting kingdom that shall not pass away.

"I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought him near before him." "And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all peoples, nations, and languages, should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed."

\* \* \* \* \*

**While the world lies in the lap of the devil, men will not cease to invent schemes and plans for murdering each other.**

**In the course of this work I have often referred to cunningly devised instruments of torture, against which, the most horrible murdering devices of ancient inquisitions were nothing more than mouse traps. But the submarine, commonly called the "devil ship" is by all means the most ingenious, and the most diabolical piece of machinery that the brains of men, and the inspiration of the devil, hath ever set in motion. And my only thought in referring to this nightmare of the deep, is to show her up, as a first class type of the devil, to whom every inch of her intricate body undoubtedly, belongs. The submarine, is not a new invention. In the early part of the seventeenth century, a Dutch Doctor made a boat. that could swim under the water. And in 1775, David Bushnell was experimenting with another, called the "American Turtle." And in 1807, Robert Fulton, was doing the same thing in France. But not until the last great war, was this engine of death brought up to its present state of perfection, and a weaker word than perfection can hardly be used, when speaking of the submarine.**

**I used to think that the linotype in the great printing shop was the king of all ingenious patents, but the linotype besides the up-to-date submarine, is as simple as a match box. I shall make no attempt to describe this wonderful piece of mechanism, for nothing less than a mechanical wizard, trained in the school of the most intricate machinery, could do anything like justice to this indescribable network of steel, brass, and copper. The largest aeroplane is composed of one million, six hundred thousand, different pieces, but the submarine, cannot have less than three million. She registers about 900 tons, carries thirty men, six torpedo tubes, and a quick firing gun, that drops out of sight like the head of a sewing machine. She has a range of 400 miles, and can live under water indefinitely. She has two rudders, one to guide her up and down, and the other to "port" or "starboard". And her men are supplied with a kind of a diving suit to aid them in escaping if anything serious should befall their ship while under water. This diving suit serves the under-water man, as the life boat does the sailor on the surface, and the parachute, the man on wings. And just here, I may mention this ingenious contrivance used so extensively in the great War for dropping spies from airplanes. Those of us who love Jesus Christ, and are looking longingly forward to the time of His glorious appearing, have many a time feasted our souls upon the thought of His coming with clouds, to be admired by all who love Him, but the sight of a man strapped to a big parachute, and descending from the sky, must be uncanny.**

**During the war, the British Marconi officers fixed up a wireless apparatus in the heart of Africa. The poles were set up, and everything was made ready. And it so happened that at about the time the Marconi operators made a test of their apparatus the Belgium airmen down the coast, having fixed up one of their seaplanes, decided to make a trial flight. Picture, therefore, the amazement of the superstitious Negroes when, shortly after the wireless had begun sending tests messages, with the rasping, crackling of electric sparks, lo, and behold, here came**

the answer to their prayers to Heaven, as the natives thought, in the form of a low droning, gradually getting louder!

Suddenly the Seaplane shot into view out of the clouds, describing circles and going through sundry evolutions over the camp. The natives stood spellbound, gazing upward with arms extended, eyes bulging, and mouths agape.

The airman then made a sudden dive downward and that broke the spell. The savages bounded off into the bush, terror lending wings to their progress. Mothers snatched up their pickaninnies, and dived for the shelter of their kraals, shrieking at the top of their voices. It was real pandemonium.

Hours later, after the seaplane had settled on the lake, the natives returned, but were visibly agitated by what they had seen. They were reluctant to approach the machine for some time, but finally, coming to the conclusion that it was not a monster bird bent on destroying them, they clustered round and referred to the airman as "the Great White Chief from Heaven."

In Dayton, Ohio, a few weeks ago, a man is said to have dropped in a parachute from an altitude of 24,000 feet. The big parachute used by the British Army in France, was called the "Guardian Angel." But, dropping from the clouds in the blackness of the night, it must have looked more like a destroying demon, and its strange passenger, padded and goggled, must have reminded the spectators of Lucifer cast out of heaven. To look at it suspended from the roof of the Crystal Palace, holding up a "dummy man" was terrifying enough for me.

The submarine mine, which, in reality is a child of the submarine -- I shall also refer to here. This big steel bulb when compacted together, with its mooring apparatus, and sitting on the deck of the mine-layer, looks like the round ball sitting on the square cap of a gate post, only much larger.

A mine of this kind is hidden just under the surface of the sea, where, like a lion waiting for its prey, it waits to do its deadly work. The shell of the mine is not more than three-eighths of an inch thick, and about as large as a forty gallon drum. Connected to the bottom side of the mine, there is a small steel cable, in length according to the depth of the ocean where the mine is to be moored. This cable attached to both the anchor and the mine, is neatly packed together, and by an ingenious device, dropped into the sea without the touch of a human hand. All suddenly sink to the bottom, but the shock caused by contact with the sea floor, releases a clutch, this suddenly liberates the mine, from its anchor, and being as buoyant as a bubble, it rushes upward the full length of the cable, which never allows it to break through the surface, so as to be seen, but holds it just out of sight. And there, like the devil waiting to trap a human soul, it waits for the unsuspecting ship.

When looking at the mine from the upper side, one is reminded of the old-fashioned three legged pot that our ancestors used on the open fire. It has four projections, called horns, sticking off the upper side. These horns are made of lead, and are all hollow, inside each one there is a small glass tube filled with nitric acid, and any pressure greater than that of water, bends the horn, and breaks the glass tube inside, and the acid rushing down through well arranged pipes, ignites three or four hundred pounds of high explosives stored in the heart of the mine. The fragile shell is not more than match paper. The dreadnoughty Hampshire," is smashed into bits, and Lord Kitchener is suddenly hurried into the presence of God. Warships, merchant marines, hospital ships, trawlers or fishing smacks, are all alike to this devil of the deep.

But, I must deal with the work of the submarine ship, so will not burden my reader with other things. The old fashioned submarine was blind, deaf and dumb, but the new under-water ship, can see, hear, and speak. A small metal box on either side of the ship, containing electrical devices, connected by listening tubes to the desk in the conning tower, serve as the vessel's ears. The Commander with his ear to the tubes listens to the instructions of his admiral many miles away. By them, he receives instructions from his land base, and the sounds of approaching vessels. By a similar arrangement, he can report to his war office, his whereabouts, and achievements, and converse with other submarines far off in the bosom of the sea.

All this communication is carried on under the sea, by means of what is known as "submarine sounding" Sound travels through water at the rate of 1,700 feet per second, so the under water man can readily pick up intelligent signals from station, or vessels far away.

But the most ingenious of all the submarine's equipment, is her almost human eye, the wonderful periscope. Clever inventors have produced this wonder of optical ingenuity. It is a hollow tube about sixteen feet long, and is usually eighteen inches out of water, when the hidden ship is watching for her prey. In the main, it is six inches in diameter but perhaps two feet of the upper end where the marvelous eye is located, it is not more than three inches. At the bottom of this sixteen inch tube there is a small glass about two inches in diameter, it is really a little round window set in the side of the six inch pipe. And when watching for the enemy, the Commander's eye is riveted to this little window, and it is astonishing how clear an object in the surface for miles away, will appear to the man sixteen feet under water, through this remarkable tube.

I looked through the periscope, and saw objects very distinctively, that were a considerable distance away. The wonderful eye in the top is continually revolving, so that the man on watch below can see a ship that may be coming from any direction. In addition to seeing, hearing and speaking, the submarine can act in a very powerful way.

Her great torpedoes, of which she carries six are ever ready in their tubes. This weapon of death is about fifteen feet long, twenty-one inches in diameter, and carries in its brass or copper head, 300 pounds of high explosives. "T. N. T." or gelatine, which is made of the by-products or the refuse of soap factories, immersed in sulphuric acid, another remarkable illustration of the off-scouring of the earth becoming exceedingly powerful.

I was informed that the largest torpedo, when charged, and ready to fire, cost nearly ten thousand dollars, or two thousand pounds. It is a ship within itself, and when once shot out of its tube by a charge of powder, or guncotton, it is driven through the water by twin propellers, revolved by compressed air contained within its own body, at the rate of 18 miles an hour, and when the target is gone, the devil ship sinks 60 feet beneath the surface, and nothing but groans, and cries, and broken hearts are left to tell the story.

International law should blot the submarine clear out of existence, and hang the first man to attempt its reconstruction. Let me fall into the horrible jaws of a man eating shark, the gullet of a sperm whale, or the suckers of a mighty octopus, rather than be at the mercies of the inhuman brute, that sets in the conning tower to sink the inoffensive ship, or turn his gun on helpless women and children struggling in the sea. The submarine lying secretly beneath the waters, with all her infernal mechanism, and hell-inspired powers, is a first class type of the devil, attended by all his imps and demons from the lost world.

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## 17 -- A WONDER ON WINGS

Ancient men believed that away in the wild and unexplored North country, there existed nothing but fabulous whales, which, together, with demons, inhabited a sea of everlasting darkness.

But for the last sixty years, that great frozen world has been slowly unfolding its secrets, and now we know that away North, within the shadow of the Pole, itself, where icebergs are born, and everlasting snow abounds -- the Polar Bear the Killer Whale, and the Empire Penguin roams the desolate coast, and sports in the wild and uncharted waters.

Away in that heart-broken land, upon which the sun refuses to smile for six months of the year, and whose sombre silence is never disturbed by the footsteps of a human being, save that of some lion-hearted explorer, to whom in many cases it is the land of no return, there lies buried beneath the dreadful snow drifts, or sleeping on the chilling ocean bed, the bones of Sir John Franklin, and his men, and many more to whom that cruel country refused commission to return, and make known its deep and awful secrets.

Every year in the month of June, there comes to this great lonesome land, a comparatively small bird, known to civilization as the "Arctic Tern" but sometimes called the "Arctic swallow." It belongs to the gull family, but is a much more venturesome traveler than the ordinary sea-gull. It is fourteen inches long, as light and buoyant as a butterfly. Has a long tail, a red breast, a black head, and a powerful pair of wings, so that it floats on the air like some jeweled-set insect. It has a well set frame, and a stout breast bone, which seems to suggest that God intended it for long aerial flights back and forth across our world, for that is what the "arctic swallow" does.

During the Southern summer it lives in the Antarctic, or the South Polar region, but every year it makes a journey of not less than 11,000 miles north, and there on the dreadful Arctic coast, she builds her nest of sea-weed, lays her eggs, and hatches out her brood. This is all done within the amazingly short period of fourteen weeks, then in the lead of her new born family, she mounts the heavens again, and takes up the homeward trail of another 11,000 miles.

After 6,000 years, man at an enormous expense and study, has managed to contrive a machine, that with a good deal of uncertainty, may lift him in the air, and fly for a thousand miles or so. The great modern airship is a mechanical wonder that has astonished the whole modern world. The skill, the money, the material, and time spent upon this machine is amazing. In the most up-to-date airship there is at least one million, six hundred thousand different parts. There are a million and a quarter of rivets driven into twenty miles of frame work, which is knit together, and straightened by not less than fifty-three miles of wire, and the money needed to get this great liner afloat on the aerial ocean, will run considerably over two million dollars and not one out of every ten accomplishes anything like success.

"R. 38," that America bought from Britain, when making her last trip, before starting on her voyage across the Atlantic, dashed to the ground in flames, and burned all her passengers. But, America said, "we will succeed," so they bought the "Roma" from the Italian Government, this was the largest airship on record, she was one hundred feet deep, and 412 feet long, and inflated with a million and a quarter cubic feet of gas. She carried more than fifty people, and had a range of 5,300 miles without coming to the ground. With this great aerial liner, America was going to encircle the earth, make weekly trips back and forth across the Atlantic, and in all probability attempt a trip to the moon.

What happened? The "Roma" sailed out of her great shed near Washington, and amid tremendous excitement, started to rise, presently a jet of smoke was seen to issue from the gigantic gas-bag, in another moment the Roma dashed to the earth in flames, and her, passengers, and crew, were hurried into the presence of God.

Now, let us put this mechanical monster built by man, beside one of nature's midges built by God. The "Arctic swallow," upon which man never spent a moment

of time or study, for whose frame the machinery of the world manufactured no material, and upon whose construction not a cent of the world's wealth was spent.

In the month of June the whole of the structure was confined inside the shell of a little white egg, weighing not more than two ounces. Fourteen weeks later the machine was perfect, the frame was built, the feathers were on, the wings were spread, and with no stock of provisions, no chart of the air, and no compass and no prepared landing place, she started upon the amazing journey of 11,000 miles. On she flew day after day, her God built pump forced blood through her little heart, strength to her outstretched wings, and instinct to her tiny brain. If food was needed, she would dart down to the ocean, and snap up a flying fish, if rest, she would alight on the bald head of an iceberg, or the sea washed brow of some undiscovered mountain. "Safe in the midst of danger, dry in the midst of water." Undismayed by storm and tempest, this dauntless little airship built by God, accomplished the astounding journey of 11,000 miles in less than 10 weeks, and this is only half of the year's work, for by the coming of the next June she will be again at the North Pole, to the nest where she was born, there to hatch and raise her young. And, so the life of the "Arctic swallow" goes on. Every year this little creature, fourteen inches long, and weighing about three pounds, flies not less than 22,000 miles back and forth from the North Pole to the South Pole.

Were God to open her mouth to speak intelligently, what marvelous stories she could tell. The undiscovered graves of Sir John Franklin, and his men. The spot where Commander Peary raised the stars and stripes at the North Pole. Clear across the world to the South Pole, where Amundsen nailed the Norwegian flag. And the cruel snow-drifts, where disappointed Captain Scott laid down and died, for the want of a few gallons of gasoline. The eye of the Arctic swallow has doubtless looked upon them all.

This insignificant bunch of feathers, and bones and sinews, set in motion by a spark of the life of God, will challenge all the Wrights, and Zeppelins, with all their bi-planes, mono-planes, and battle-planes, and airplanes, till time shall be no more. The world may exhaust its coffers in attempting to perfect planes for the capture of higher altitudes, but man is essentially a child of the earth, and here he will rot and leave his dust to the worms.

The "Arctic Tern" or swallow, is not the only bird fitted for long aerial flights. In 1921, a man in Northern France, caught a tiny swallow, such as build their nests in the eaves of our houses. He put a ring on its leg, with a certain mark, and turned it loose again. When the swallows returned in 1922 he planned to catch another in the same old nesting place, this he managed to do, and to his surprise found it to be the same bird that he had ringed the year before. His marked ring was still on the swallow's leg, but with it there was another ring, with this inscription-"I have stayed with Joseph Basey, Bootmaker in the Island of Martinique." This shows that the little swallow had flown to Martinique clear across the Atlantic Ocean, from France

to Martinique in the Caribbean Sea, and from Martinique back to France again, 7,508 miles.

The swallow is essentially a creature of the land, and cannot set on the water, therefore, this little bird that you could easily put in your vest pocket, on its two tiny wings, without rest and in all probability without food, or water, makes a journey over the ocean of not less than three thousand, seven hundred and fifty-four miles, and this she does twice every year of her life.

The "Pacific Golden Plover" is another strong flier, and sails every twelve months back and forth, from Alaska to the Hawaiian Islands, quite five thousand miles.

Let man have all the honor that he deserves, but while attempting to launch a fragile freak to glide a few short miles, he must be careful not to underestimate, or in any way belittle the power of the Almighty Creator, Who can make a handful of feathers and bones fly clear around the earth, and keep on doing it every year.

We are told, that the great Ostrich in Africa, the Cassoway of Australia, the Kiwi, of New Zealand, the Rhea, of South America, the Dodo, of Mauritius, the great Awk, of Newfoundland, and the Empire Penguin of the Arctic Seas, were all at one time endowed with the power of flight. But, in the course of time they discovered that they could live on the earth, and in the sea, with less effort and work, than in the air, so they gave up flying, buried their talent, and comparatively lost the power of flight, and in some cases lost their wings. Whether this is the whole truth, or not, it is hard to say, but in most any zoo, every one of these birds can be seen, and it is certain that not one of them can fly.

Personally, I believe, that God made all birds to fly, just as He made all men and beasts to walk, and all fish to swim. But neglect, carelessness, and laziness will lead to degeneracy, and the loss of physical power, anywhere. It will be hard to convince me that it is God's plan for men to exchange places with birds, until I see the fish standing erect, and walking out of the sea to exchange places with men.

Man, is an intruder, ever infringing upon the rights and liberties of the birds and fish. With his airplanes and submarines he is ever attempting to monopolize worlds for which he was never intended, otherwise, ever known. A more suitable place for them would be the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, and my only purpose in referring to it here is to illustrate the more wonderful and holy work of God. Just as God's lily, as seen in the frame work of the Crystal Palace has been abused, so nature has been insulted, abused, and misapplied all the way through. Every piece of material used for an unholy purpose, is nothing more or less than nature perverted, and turned aside from its God-directed course.

About 100 years after Christ, the Turks took sulphur, and carbon, and saltpeter, mixed the three together and made gunpowder, known in that early day



as Greek fire. And only for this devilish invention, which was kept secret by the Turkish Government for 500 or 600 years, there might have been no bloodthirsty Mohammedan Turk in the world today, and what a blessing to humanity if Mohammed and his Christless mob of more than 300 millions were swept clean off the earth. While the devil used gun-powder to keep the Turk in the East, God used volcanos to keep them away from the West. Twice I have been to the little Islands in the Atlantic Ocean, known as the Azores, and every peak and valley of their volcanic mountains, and every pebble of their sea-washed strand, should call forth a note of praise from all peoples of the great New World. For, when the Turkish Mohammedan hordes sailed away from Portugal to discover land on the other side of the sea, and to plant the Koran in what is now America, God used the Islands of the Azores to stop them. These Islands were then active volcanos, pouring out sulphur, fire, and smoke, and when the Mohammedans, in their strange, old ships drew near, and sulphur, and fire fell on them, they were terrified, and believing that they had reached the gates of hell,, turned back, never again to attempt to open the Koran, here, until the last year or two, when she raised her first Moslem minaret near the City of Detroit. So what gunpowder did for the Moslem religion in the East, the lack of power in the so-called Christian church, is doing for it in the West.

The ancient product of sulphur, carbon, and saltpeter, known as gunpowder, is now far surpassed by its more powerful allies -- gun-cotton, gelatine, dynamite and T.N.T. With these high explosives I have no business any more than to say that they all are the work of God, abused and misplaced. They are built up of vegetable products, the organic substance of wood cotton, silk and paper, and by converting these products of nature, into high explosives, man has manifested skill and ability that is almost superhuman. These very common things, such as cotton, silk, paper, and the by-products of soap factories, are first torn to pieces, crushed and broken into bits then baptized with nitre, or sulphuric acid, and the results following this treatment, are wonderful. Such perfection of power is only surpassed by God, Himself, and perhaps there is nothing in all the world, that could more wonderfully illustrate the mighty power of God in the sanctified human soul.

The biggest gun ever made was used by the British Navy during the last year of the war. This wonderful instrument of death I did not get a chance to see; but I secured the picture. It was sixty-seven feet, six inches long, eighteen-inch bore, and weighed 150 tons, it threw a projectile that weighed a ton and a half, for twenty or thirty miles. This was the largest shell ever shot out of a gun. After traveling twenty-five miles through the air at the rate of 1,700 miles an hour, it could smash through a plate of solid steel 18 inches thick. It was forced by gun-cotton through the 67 foot tube, ten thousand times faster than it could fall through the air. This marvelous gun was so perfect in its mechanism that a boy four years old could manipulate it without strain. But the 67 foot gun, and its mighty shell did not interest me quite as much as the remarkable and almost unearthly power that was stored in the shell's great heart, waiting for the touch of fire.

It must not be forgotten that both the gun and the projectile, were converted material. Both were once raw iron ore lying dormant in the dark bowels of the earth, but the iron ore was rooted out of its original place, and men of remarkable skill, by the aid of intense heat, converted it into the very best of steel. But in this case, conversion was not enough, there had to be a great infilling, and a wonderful touch of fire. Stored up in the heart of the shell there was about 300 pounds of glycerine or cordite, made from the by-products of soap factories. But it had undergone a mighty change, it had been worked out of its original condition, soaked and saturated through and through with nitro, and sulphuric acid. Leading into this charge through the back of the projectile, there was a fuse attached to a cap, known to Navy men as the "Buster."

This wonderful explosive has been so perfected that it remains stable under all conditions until liberated by the master touch. It is just as effective under water as above water, it is not sensitive to blow, or shock; it remains quite composed while the great shell, smashes through its object, then according to arrangement it is touched by fire, and explodes in one hundredth part of a second, five hundred times quicker than gun powder, and nothing can withstand the explosion, the shell itself is blown to bits, and the mightiest dreadnought turned into a scrap heap.

What was it that did this wonderful work? Why, nothing but cotton, and the scraps of a soap factory, chemically treated, saturated through and through with sulphuric acid, and touched with fire. The whole of this great war machine had been soundly converted from the raw state, filled with power, and made into the most awful engine of war, that in a minute could smash down Brooklyn Bridge, sink the Lusitania, and send millions of men to hell. But it could never save a soul.

A little African child pardoned from all its sin, and filled with the Holy Ghost can do a greater work.

"Greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world." "With them is the arm of flesh, but with us is the Lord our God." Shall we not hand ourselves over to Him to be converted, filled and fired? We may not smash a three-foot steel plate, or sink a dreadnought; these are little things. A cloud of Newfoundland fog can render the biggest gun on the ocean useless, and the best gunner that ever lived as helpless as a baby. But neither darkness, fog, death, nor hell itself, can hinder in the slightest way a man or woman baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire. "I can do all things through Christ, Who strengtheneth me." In HIS strength I can run through a troop, and jump over a wall.

"I have made thee an iron wall, a brass pillar, and a defenced city." The world shall fight against thee, but shall not conquer, for I am with thee, and will deliver thee, saith the Lord.

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## 18 -- TRAVELERS TO THE UNKNOWN

I have said elsewhere that man is essentially a child of the earth, and in spite of all his attempts to get away from it, in mortal flesh, he will never succeed. Only as he can contrive and invent some mechanical arrangements to lift him a few miles into the air, carry him across the oceans, or sink him a few feet under the sea. But apart from his machine man must remain on terra firma until the morning of that blessed age, when mortality shall change to immortality and God shall bid him rise.

Until then, man in his most perfect machine, will be restricted to a limited area. Everywhere nature will challenge his advance with her "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." If he soars too far in the air, he will freeze to death, or die for the want of oxygen; if too far down in the earth, he will burn to death or be killed by foul air, and if too deep in the ocean, his heart and blood vessels will burst and he will die from over pressure.

All through the ages, and at the present time, the depths of the mighty sea have, and are now holding out the most stubborn resistance to the investigation of man. Man has traveled further toward the moon than toward the deep abyss of the ocean. The great deep sea jealously guards her secrets, only yielding an occasional specimen to the drag net of the marine explorer. The adventurous diver, who, in armor of copper, rubber, and lead, dares to invade it's dark domain, has seen more of this Wonder World than any other living person, and as I have stood and watched him, dressed in a coat of mail, more cumbersome than that of some ancient Knight, climb over the side of the boat and disappear beneath the waves, I have been thrilled with admiration. On one occasion I was so stirred that I really coveted the experience, and pled with the diver to dress me in his suit and let me go down, but I could not prevail upon him to do so. There are two types of divers. The naked adventurer who fills his lungs with air and grips a heavy stone that pulls him down for perhaps 60 feet where he snatches a few pearl oysters from their moorings, or recovers some long lost treasure. In the Island of Madeira this class of diver, minus the sinking stone swarms around the ship like sea gulls. They plead with passengers to throw coins into the sea, which they have not the slightest difficulty in recovering before it reaches the bottom. For this dangerous work little boys are trained from a very early age. I have seen a big strong man catch a little fellow of five or six years by the feet and shout to the passengers on the ship; "A penny Mister to see the small boy dive," and as quick as the penny touches the water the boy is flung eight or ten feet from the boat; then the man dives, securing the penny, and the boy as well. But the real traveler to the unknown is the man who goes below in a complete diving suit. This man has a heart and nerves of steel, and is by all means entitled to all the care and provision that science and money can give, for there are no other men in the world that have to contend with such a rugged and dangerous life.

The sailor, the soldier, the hunter of big game, or the intrepid man on wings, all have a comparatively easy time when compared with the diver, who, alone and practically unarmed, goes down into the mighty deep.

Mt. Everest, in Northern India, is called the top of the world, the highest mountain on the face of the earth, reaching twenty-nine thousand feet in the air, but there are places in the ocean deep enough to bury Mt. Everest and leave safe sailing over the highest peak.

The average depth, of the Pacific ocean is about five miles, the Atlantic slightly less, and the Indian ocean about four miles, but in these great waters there are depths that the lead of the marine explorers has never reached. And from out these awful oceanic caverns swarm hideous and ferocious animals, for which the dry land has no equal. Mighty octopus, devil fish, and sea snakes of gigantic proportions, sneak through the forests of the deep seeking their prey with greater ferocity, than that of lion or leopard in an African jungle. And often the diver has found his way challenged by such blood thirsty monsters as these, and being clad in such a cumbersome armor, to fight is no easy matter. The dress of the diver would crush the average man. His shoes alone weigh about two hundred pounds, upon his back and breast there are plates of lead weighing hundreds of pounds, besides these there is his huge copper head piece, his rubber suit, his lantern, his air receiver, and telephone equipment. With all this weight upon his body the diver must find it hard either to work or fight, but he must do both. And the victories which he achieves in battle with the uncanny warriors of the deep are wonderful, and should honorably entitle him to the Victoria Cross, or the highest medal of any nation of which he may chance to be a citizen.

With his short knife he has slashed to death the mighty octopus, butchered a man-eating shark, cut sea snakes in pieces, and sent other monsters scurrying through the deep in a mangled and dying condition. The deepest depth to which a diver can descend is about 210 feet, and at this limit the pressure on his body is near 125 tons. The very suggestion would seem to imply that his entire frame must be crushed into pulp. Many deep sea sounding, and measuring instruments let down to a certain depth will burst into bits. But the diver feels but little of the pressure, for the compressed air forced into his suit equals the pressure of the water on the outside.

Modern science, I am glad to say, has not forgotten the diver, and the inventions lately brought out to make his perilous journey safer and easier are wonderful. A Frenchman, at the present time, is making preparations to dress in a diving suit and go down for special walking trips across the ocean floor, for the purpose of photographing the strange creatures and objects that are found nowhere else, but there. And when his work is finished, he rolls his camera in an oil cloth, and puts it under a coral plant, or some other ocean tree, then comes to the surface, and leaves his outfit in the deep for days. He says, there is no fear of losing

it, the fish do not want it, and there are no thieves, or troublesome boys to disturb it.

A New Yorker desirous to keep America at the top, has gone down in a diving bell, a sort of cage with windows on all sides, and in this strange room, or studio, sits and paints pictures of the fish in all their gorgeous colors. He also paints submarine trees, plants and flowers and anything of special interest that he can find on the ocean floor.

With the many new devices, there has come a submarine telephone, which, when attached to the roof of the diver's marvelous cap, enables him to keep up a conversation with his diver friend a mile away in some other part of the mighty deep. Through the top of his cap he can shout "hello" to the man in the boat, or make an appointment for a special cup of tea, when he arises to the civilized world again.

The diver that I have been dealing with, can as I stated, a moment ago, only descend to the depth of of 210 feet, and at that depth it takes not less than 36 men to keep air pumped down to him, and if his great harness should slip, or by accident he should lose his balance and fall, he would be shot like a cannon ball to the surface, and in all probability be killed or have his backbone broken. The most up-to-date diver has not to contend with hundreds of feet of rubber piping, nor does he need the co-operation of 36 men to keep him alive. He carries with him into the deep, a complete plant for making oxygen, so that he has all the air that he needs in cylinders strapped to his back, this, together with the marvelous telephone arrangement in the roof of his copper cap, enables him to do greater work than any other class of diver.

The naked diver that is pulled to the bottom by a stone, is a type of the people that are expecting all their blessings to come by way of something that they have attached to themselves -- wealth, good works, a good name, or something earthly, that they by their own will and power have gathered about themselves, and unless, they can snatch a blessing by some such means, they are certain to go empty-handed into the presence of God.

The old-fashioned diver, that 36 men has to work to keep alive, (or he will die before he is 50 feet under the surface) is a very clear type of that class of believers, that have all their blessings pumped. They must be petted, and fondled, and very carefully handled, or there will be serious trouble -- indeed, it takes the pastor and all the good people in the church to keep them alive. If the 36 men in the boat stop pumping, the diver, regardless of his elaborate dress, his big head, and his magnificent equipment, is certain to die.

But the most up-to-date diver, the man who carries with him into the deep a full supply of power, is an outstanding picture of the men and women that are always conscious of the indwelling presence of the Holy Ghost. Their blessings are

not pumped to them, they have a continual supply of power within, and by means of the divine telephone, they can keep in touch with heaven, when in the darkest and most dangerous place, and by it they can get their message through to the other man.

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## 19 -- TREASURES LAID UP

Perhaps there never was anything that concerned the great men of the world more than how to make their wealth and treasures secure from the grasp of burglars, and the onslaughts of flood and flame. Not only have they called to their assistance immense safes of enormous strength, but the strong rooms that have been invented for such purposes, beggar all description. But just as fast as the money magnate invents schemes and plans for keeping his money, the burglar invents plans for getting it out.

The ancient strong-room of the world was a stout oak chest. One of the very oldest of those old-fashioned money safes, I saw in the underground vault of Westminster Abbey, London. The guide informed me that treasures of great value, treaties with foreign powers, and other important Documents, were concealed therein. The most treasured of these ancient relics was a Treaty between England and Portugal, entered into more than 800 years ago. The chest was in a perfect state of preservation, and looked as though it would last for another thousand years. Ten centuries ago it was the most reliable strong room in the world, but when fine saws and chisels came to aid the burglar in his dastardly work, it had to be discarded, and strong rooms built of hard brick laid in cement, with heavy iron doors fastened by powerful bolts took its place. But the burglar grew more daring, and very soon his steel drill and "jimmy bar" shattered the hopes and increased the fears of the money king. Then, the vault maker turned his attention to heavy steel plates, and built his strong room of that material, but again the burglar was master, for a pinch of nitro-glycerine ingeniously applied, and carefully exploded, did all that he required. Then came the undrillable, uncuttable, unexplodable strong room, such as the Carnegie safe deposit vaults in New York, 180 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 10 feet high, built of 1,400 tons of the best nickel steel armor-plate in all the world. Costing about 500 thousand dollars, and said to be proof against floods, flames, armed mobs, and even earthquake shocks. But in such gigantic enclosures as this, the men of wealth do not believe their treasures are safe, so they are continually adding strength to strength.

The walls of the Carnegie vaults are 13 feet thick, and the doors 12 feet thick, weighing twenty-five tons. These great doors are each closed fast with twenty round bolts weighing in all five tons. The bolts are operated by clockwork, and it is said that an army could not force them open until the exact second, for which the machinery was set, comes around.

**In the Bank of England, London, are the most wonderful strong rooms in all the world, they are built sixty feet under ground, and the first foundation of concrete and steel rails is twenty feet thick, then a lake of water seven feet deep, above this a third foundation of steel manufactured to resist all skill and force. On this triple foundation of concrete, water and steel, the money safes are set. Immediately above, there is another twenty foot foundation of steel rails and concrete, another lake of water seven feet deep, and another great steel cover, and any attempt to meddle with these vaults by other than the appointed manager, would suddenly turn loose scalding steam, ring great electric gongs, light up the entire building, call out the guards, flood the whole inclosure with an ocean of water. In London alone, there is said to be about forty thousand strong rooms. When I saw the Bank of England, I was somewhat disappointed, for the style of the buildings is considerably out of date. The contents of the mighty vaults gave me no special concern, but that which attracted my attention most was the inscription over the arch of The Royal Exchange, close by-"The Earth is the Lord's, and the Fulness Thereof."**

**Not even the old Exchange Guards, the style, or fashion of whose uniforms have not been changed for the last seven hundred years, seemed so ridiculously out of place as this great passage from the Bible. It openly admitted that "The earth was the Lord's, and the fulness thereof" but much of it had been captured by man right there, and sixty feet below the ground his mighty vaults were holding it in granite grips, while millions of God's creatures were starving for a crust of bread.**

**The above allusion to strong rooms and vaults, is only a faint description of some of the places constructed by money kings, and governments of this world, for the safe keeping of the world's wealth. There is money enough locked up in the Bank of England to feed all starving Russia for the next fifty years, and in the New York safe deposit vaults, there is sufficient to send the Gospel to the ends of the earth, and to maintain a band of faithful missionaries in every heathen village on the globe, for the next three hundred years. But the world's wealth is gripped by the iron hand of greed, and for other than selfish and unrighteous purposes, it is grudgingly released.**

**I wonder if we have ever taken time to consider what would happen if God should turn the key in the great natural safe deposit vaults of the world. Let the earth yield no petroleum, nor any substitute for the next five years; all motor traffic on land and sea, and in the air, would cease, and the world would suddenly drop back a hundred years, or more; millions of human beings would die of starvation, and millions more would beg for a crust of bread. The yearly gifts of the earth in petroleum, to John D. Rockefeller, and a few other kings, are not less than fifteen billion gallons, valued at more than 500 million dollars. This is only one treasure that God allows man to take out of the great store house. In gold there is taken out of the earth yearly, more than 500 million dollars; in coal thousands of millions more. Let the oil fountains dry up, let the mineral kingdom close its doors, let the**

animal kingdom refuse its meat, and the vegetable kingdom withhold its share of bread.

What a dreadful state of affairs would set in if God should suddenly adopt the method of the money magnates of the world! But, blessed be His glorious name, He sendeth His rain upon the just and the unjust, the deserving and the undeserving. He giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not. "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your misery that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are motheaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasures together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabbaoth. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter. Ye have condemned the just; and he doth not resist you."

I do not believe in the Bolshevik method of dealing with the world's wealth, let stripped and starved Russia stand out as an eternal warning against this wicked, and God-defying system, but surely there ought to be some way to adjust the unevenness of the present system. Why should one-tenth of the world's inhabitants have millions to waste on lust and greed, and selfish pleasure, while nine-tenths are dying for a crust of bread.

The little kingdom of Andora, the smallest Republic in the whole world, for it is only seventeen and one half miles square, is situated between France and Spain, and lives largely by smuggling. But in their Parliament House -- which by the way is in the second story of a stable -- there is a strong room, or their national money chest, to which each of the seven councilors have a key, and unless all the seven are in agreement, the chest cannot be opened. Every one of the seven keys must be turned in their separate locks, or no money can come out. This is a very good plan, and I wonder if the scheme would not work, if a world council between capital and labor were arranged on similar lines.

But to wind up my story -- I have a deposit to make. But before I do so, however, I want to feel satisfied that there is no possible chance of losing it. So, first of all I consult the manager of the Carnegie Safe Deposit Vaults in New York -- "I hear, sir, that you have a wonderful strong-room, with walls thirteen feet thick, with doors weighing twenty-five tons each, so I have come to see about putting my Securities there." "Yes, we can give you a guarantee against fire, flood, burglars and earthquake shocks."

"Is that the best you can do. If so, I fear that I cannot deposit with you, for I want an eternal guarantee against the judgment flames, when this earth and all things therein shall be burned up." "Well," says the fair-minded manager, "I guess you had better go to the Bank of England, for they have the strongest Safe deposit



Vault in all the world." "Yes," replies the English manager, "our safes are sixty feet under ground, encased with concrete and steel forty feet thick, surrounded by a lake of water fourteen feet deep, over and above all this there is an armor-plate of steel, made to resist all skill and force, and should a burglar attempt to meddle with anything near the place, scalding steam would be turned on, hundreds of electric lights lit, great electric gongs rung, the janitor aroused, the guards called out, and the entire building flooded with water. Don't you think that you are safe in depositing with us?.... Well, let me see, in the judgment time the heavens will take fire and pass away with a great noise, the earth will melt with fervent heat, the islands and mountains will leave their places, great earthquakes will tear the earth to pieces, and money kings, and bank managers will leave their gold and silver to the bats, and to the moles, and run into caves and holes in the rock, to hide from the face of Jesus Christ. Sir, I fear that I need a better bank than yours, and a stronger safe than your mighty Deposit Vault."

Just then, a still, small voice whispers into the ears of my soul -- "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."

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## 20 -- A GREAT WHITE VISITOR FROM THE NORTH

When Sir Ernest Shackleton and his two companions were exploring on the mighty ice cap of South Georgia, they appeared to have had experiences that were strange and unknown to them elsewhere. Sir Ernest and his men have testified to the world that on more than one occasion during that dreadful expedition there seemed to be in their company a fourth person, an unseen companion traveling by their side. But little did the great Antarctic explorer think that his body would be placed in a rough box, knocked up by Norwegian whalers, and buried at the foot of the mighty glacier, to await the resurrection call of Him, who walked by his side across that wild and undiscovered ice-land. Sir Ernest Shackleton was in charge of the Antarctic expedition that sailed from England in the little Quest, December 1921. But instead of sailing to new and undiscovered victories, for Sir Ernest the Quest proved to be a funeral boat, bearing his body to far away South Georgia, there to be buried in the field of his former triumphs. In July, 1922, I saw the Quest returning home, she had buried her captain, but his spirit was still alive, she had passed through mighty testing in the far off Polar sea, she was battle-scarred and broken, but met the storm with a more defiant courage than when she went away. The Quest was but a tiny speck on the ocean, but she had accomplished a great work, and was now returning home to receive her waiting honors.

In our limited sphere, we may not see the wisdom of laying out great sums of money, and sacrificing noble lives for the opening up of what may appear to be

nothing more than barren and wasted Continents. But, be patient. Beyond the Aurora Borealis, and the grim Antarctic circle immortal souls may dwell.

Then push ye Scotts, Shackletons, and Wilds, Franklins, Clentocks, Kanes and Pearys -- smash through the barriers of everlasting ice and snow, chart the undiscovered sea, sound the unmeasured waters, and map the unexplored Continents, and in the gigantic struggle may Christ travel by your side across the mighty ice caps, and over the seething sea of foam. Go on explorers in your S. S. "Roosevelt." "Terra Nova," "Discovery," and "Quest," open to these unknown lands a highway for our God, and a path whereby missionaries and Bibles may go to win the Eskimos, and all undiscovered tribes to Calvary, Christ and Heaven.

The present expedition to Mt. Everest, the highest mountain discovered on the face of the earth (more than 29 thousand feet high) has lost heavily in life, and endured hardships and suffering untold. They reached the height of 26,500 feet, when owing to the lack of oxygen in the air, they were compelled to retreat. But nothing daunted they are planning to scale the remaining 2,500 feet. What is the use of it all? "Well! half way up they have discovered a Lama of Tibet, surrounded by a tribe of savages. There a missionary must go some day, and who knows but on the crown of that majestic mountain there may be other souls for whom Christ died on Calvary.

Men of the world, with their money and their unconquerable courage, are doing wonders by way of revealing God's creation, exploring ways for God's gospel, and opening up God's Word. I have selected nine or ten questions from the Book of Job, that all the theologians in the world could not explain.

Question 1. Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast thou walked in the search of the depth? Men who laid the Atlantic Cables have answered this question, they have explored every mile of the Atlantic Ocean, from Newfoundland to the Irish Coast, and in many parts of the ocean floor they discovered great gushing springs of hot water, and these they have to avoid when laying the cables.

Question 2. Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth? The Herschels, the Fergusons, and other astronomers, have measured the girth of the earth and told us without fear of contradiction, that it is 25,000 miles around.

Question 3. Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? Professor Tyndall, the scientist, has entered in and told us that in the heart of every snow flake, there is a grain of dust.

Question 4. By what is the light parted? The same professor has satisfactorily proven that the morning dawn, the sunset and the evening glow, and the charming azure blue, are all caused by the sunlight breaking upon particles of matter in the atmosphere above.

**Question 5. Hath the rain a father? Rain, is in the first place, the mist and fumes of the mighty oceans, it rises and floats on the atmosphere to the clouds, where it is condensed from all salt, distilled in drops, on tiny grains of dust, and sent down to bless our earth. The ocean is the father of the rain, and the clouds are its mother.**

**Question 6. Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are? By the electric telegraph, the submarine cable, and the wireless wave, Professor Morse, Thomas Edison, and Signor Marconi are answering this question all over the world.**

**Question 7. Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds that abundance of waters may cover thee? The way that this wonderful feat may be performed, has been explained to us by Elijah, the prophet. He prayed and the clouds were locked up for three years and a half, he prayed again, and they poured down floods of rain.**

**Question 8. Canst thou draw the leviathan with a hook? Job was unable to perform this gigantic task, but the Greenland whaler has shot his harpoon into the mighty bulk of the leviathan, and pulled the monster out.**

**Question 9. And the last I shall deal with here, is that which gave birth to our great white visitor from the North. Out of whose womb came the ice? The great iceberg that sank the Titanic, was once a tiny snowflake, like the rain, it was gendered by the ocean, and carried up by the atmosphere, but instead of being distilled into a drop of water, it came forth from the womb of the cloud, a fleecy little blossom of spotless white. It came down to earth, and lay on the breast of an Arctic mountain, there it increased and grew to a tremendous size, it gathered to itself other snowflakes, which, when washed and soaked, by overflowing rivers, were frozen by a temperature of a hundred degrees below zero like a world of solid glass. By the continual addition of snow and water, it kept on growing for perhaps a hundred years or more, until at last, the old mountain upon which the tiny snowflakes fell was no longer able to bear the strain of her overgrown child -- the mighty glacier broke, and the gigantic berg tumbled into the Arctic Ocean. Ice and snow has been discovered in the great North Land 10,000 feet deep, and unless there was a breaking away, these crystal mountains would overtop the clouds.**

**The mightiest monument to the power and ingenuity of man, on the face of the earth, is the great Pyramid in Egypt, with its six million tons of material-but icebergs have come down from the North, that contain 200 million tons of solid ice, enough to build 330 Pyramids. There are on record ice-bergs that measured 1,500 feet above the sea, which means that the berg was not less than 13,500 through, for there is always eight times as much under the water as above. But the question may be asked, why is it that this solid mountain of ice does not altogether sink-the answer is this, the salt water in which the berg floats is harder and stronger than the fresh water of which it is made, and so it is borne up.**

**These mighty bergs move across the ocean in seeming defiance of all the laws of nature, like some enchanted island, that takes up a new position every day. They travel in the teeth of the raging gales, and the fiercest storms that ever swept the ocean cannot even check their speed. The ancient mariner dreaded this monster of the deep, and believed that its roots reached down to the infernal world, from whence it derived its power to travel in the face of the storm.**

**But it is volcanos, not ice-bergs, that derive their power from hell. The power of the berg is easily understood. There are tides and currents in the bosom of the ocean, that are never visible on the surface. Deep down beneath the waves, these under-currents are continually rushing on, from the cold and icy North, to the warm and balmy South, and as the vast bulk of the berg is under water, these mad rushing currents have gripped it, and are carrying it South in defiance of all the surface storms. Nothing can interrupt this march to death, for that is just what it is. Ships, ice-flows, derelicts, and every other opposing force is flung out of the path, on it goes, out of the Arctic, down the Coast of Labrador, skirting Newfoundland, on to the wonderful Gulf Stream, (the burying place of the ice bergs) and there in that great field of azure blue, it commits suicide, and sinks into the abyss of the ocean.**

**The very day that the ice-berg broke away from its glacier mother, and tumbled into the Arctic ocean, it began to die. From its earliest existence there fingered in its bosom, that which finally proved its own destruction, while it had to continually encounter a trinity of foes -- wind, sun and water -- nevertheless, the fresh water which was the foundation of its nature, brought about its final destruction. The sun beat upon the berg, and the fresh water in rivers, rushed down its crystal sides, created a warm circle around its base, this melted, and condemned it to the dark depths of the ocean, from which there is no return.**

**Let the reader make the application to the sinner, who from the earliest days of his life carries in his bosom that which will sink him into a never ending hell, unless the blood of Jesus Christ washes it away. The under-current of the lost world lays hold upon him, and on he goes in defiance of all entreaties and influences. The world, the flesh, and the devil lashes him, until at last he fails by suicide, murdered and condemned to hell, by his own fallen and depraved nature.**

**\* \* \* \* \***

## **21 -- A RIVER OF LIFE**

**We are now crossing the Gulf Stream, and with many others on board, we have felt like laying off some of our heavier garments, such as we wore in England. There has been somewhat of a general murmuring on account of the muggy and oppressive heat. But, God willing, we shall soon be across this warm water stream, then the cool breezes from the Western shore will help us forget all that we have suffered in the way of heat**

**The Gulf Stream is one of the wonderful provisions of God, and for the benefit of those who know practically nothing about it, and are not likely to spend much time in studying this seemingly uninteresting subject, I feel constrained to write. Not only to interest the reader, but as in every other chapter, to bring out some profitable illustrations of God's divine work.**

**There are many rivers running through the Ocean. Perhaps, we are safe in saying that all the waters of the sea are a great swirl of rivers, streams and currents, running North, South, East, and West. But of all these strange rivers, the most important to us, and that which some of us know the most about, is the Gulf Stream, which is so named, because it has its origin, and the most of its heat and force in the Gulf of Mexico. From the Gulf of Mexico, it pours through the Straits of Florida, on eastward, across the Atlantic Ocean, eventually dividing into two main currents, one curving in a northeasterly direction, to bless the shores of Great Britain, and Norway, the other flows to the Southeast, and washes the shores of Spain, Portugal, and the Northwest coast of Africa, and turning South. flows through the Southern Atlantic Ocean, back again to the shores of Mexico. When this great stream leaves the Straits of Florida, it is about fifty miles wide and two hundred feet deep, and travels about four miles an hour, but as it creeps out into the great Atlantic, its speed decreases, but it becomes broader and broader, so that by the time it reaches Newfoundland, it is 350 miles wide.**

**The water of the Gulf Stream is blue, and can easily be distinguished from the main waters of the green, Atlantic Ocean.**

**When it starts out from the Gulf of Mexico, its temperature is about 81, but by coming in touch with the cool Labrador currents, it gradually becomes colder, nevertheless, in spite of all opposition, it retains sufficient heat to save the countries that it touches from the icy grip of the Arctic. Fish born in this great blue stream cannot live long in colder waters. Some years ago, when great gales on the Atlantic forced the Gulf Stream out of its course, and the cold waters of the North rushed in, millions of fish died, and floated to the surface. If the influence of this wonderful Stream was suddenly removed from the British Isles, Portugal, Spain, and other lands that are washed by it, these lands would become as cold as Greenland, and grim death would reign on every hand.**

**And is not this a fitting picture of what would happen in our poor world, if the rivers of God's grace and love, should be turned out of their course, and removed far from us? The Gulf Stream is a merciful provision for lands that would otherwise be barren and useless.**

**While our warm Gulf Stream is blue, Japan's warm stream is black, the warm stream around the Mediterranean is red. White, brown, yellow, and orange streams have also been observed in different parts of the world. The naturalists tell us all these different colors in the sea are caused by millions of tiny creatures, too small**

to be seen by the human eye, and in some such materialistic way men try to account ,for God's mighty work. If the naturalists, by such an explanation, would attempt to rule God out of the sea, then, may I say, that their blow designed to kill, has made my confidence and faith in God much alive. For I see an organization and a regulation in these strange colors of the sea, that none but a divine, and an eternal God, could ever plan.

The colors of the sea never merge into each other while pursuing their God-directed course. The blue Gulf Stream never mingles with the green waters of the Atlantic, any more than to flow as a separate, and a distinct river, clear through, until its course is ended. So the Master Hand that made these different colors in the sea, and planned the bounds over which they cannot pass, has done it for some great purpose, best known to Himself, and there is in it a deeper explanation than the materialist can unfold.

My God who dressed the earth in its coat of many colors, Who tinted the morning dawn, the sunset, and the evening glow, Who gave to the birds and fishes, the rainbow, and the Aurora Borealis, their exquisite shades of color, has also touched with His Master Hand, the currents and streams of the great wide sea.

For some reason best known to His Mighty mind, the tribes of the earth are divided by the distinct racial colors. Just as a real artist is known by his painting, so God is known by the touch of His mighty hand in earth, and sea, and sky. If living organism is the cause of the different colors in the sea, and the light breaking upon particles of matter, is responsible for the gorgeous sunset, and the distant azure blue -- it is all HIS work, and the explanation is good enough for me. I know that His ways are in the sea, and that whatsoever passes through the paths of the sea is His.

The blue sea, the green sea, the black, white, brown, yellow and orange; are His great international highways, and all are tinted and colored in a way that suits best the place that they occupy in creation. "He holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand." And we shall one day better understand these strange and mighty mysteries that are dim and cloudy now.

The fog on the Banks of Newfoundland, and else. where, is the result of disagreement between the warm Gulf Stream, and the cold Atlantic currents. These distinct Ocean rivers will not in a general sense unite. They rush against each other, and race side by side for hundreds of miles, but there is no real fellowship. The battle is, at times, fierce, and as I have already stated, the cool current, aided by heavy North gales, has occasionally broken through the outer lines of the Gulf Stream, but has never completely routed it from its God-appointed place.

The traveler, blanketed, and comfortably seated on the deck of the ocean steamer, hates the fog, and wonders why such horrid stuff should come to interrupt their journey, and keep them longer from their desired haven, he may not know that the fog is but the fumes of battle between the life and death forces of our world. The

**cruel Arctic currents, that have carried death and destruction to the great North Land, have come down with all their rage and fury, to freeze and destroy the South. But the Gulf Stream challenges the advance, hence, the battle of which the fog and mist is but the fumes and smoke.**

**It the Japanese current and the glorious Gulf Stream should give up the fight, and quit the field, the California climate would change to that of Greenland, and the entire Atlantic Ocean would be as cold and unfriendly as the Polar Seas. The Arctic ice-flow would take charge of all our coasts, and our land would lie under everlasting snows. Vegetation would die, and the production of all Western fields, would drop to less than ten per cent of its present yield. So, it is clear, that the battle raging between the ocean currents, is a battle of life and death.**

**The Gulf Stream is the river of life, it opens perennial highways for those who go down to the sea in ships, it makes possible the transit of missionaries, and Bibles, to the vast regions beyond, and blesses every land washed by its azure waves. It represents in a small way that more perfect and everlasting river, that makes glad the City of God.**

**Two days ago, one of our officers suddenly dropped dead and at ten o'clock at night we buried him in the waters of the great Gulf Stream. But in that holy and heavenly Stream there will be no burials -- fogs and mists will never be known upon its crystal surface, and upon its verdant banks, there is no more death.**

**Hail, glad day, when I shall see that pure river of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God, and of the Lamb! Upon whose banks blooms the tree of life eternal, and the blood washed servants of Jesus, with His blessed name on their heads freed from all suffering, and sorrow, pain and death -- shall feast in His hallowed presence day, without night, forever and forever. Amen!**

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## **22 -- THE WORLD IN A WEB**

**It is not my intention to speak here of our earth in the much talked of, but little known, "nebula web" gathering to itself, the dust and cast off scraps of other planets in order to increase its bulk and provide accommodation for its ever increasing tribes.**

**This groundless theory I will leave to the mud-diggers, the rock-readers, and bone-scrappers. These universal plunderers, who are ever seeking to rob the Lord Almighty of all His creative work, will manufacture any kind of theories, just as long as there are fools to believe them. Therefore, I prefer, that a great gulf divide us.**

**The special web that I have in mind is the communication, or news system of the world. I have often stood and watched the spider sitting as lord and king in the**

very heart of his great web, or concealed in some snug corner of the same. For many feet on every side his main cables reach out, and those knit together by the finest and the most delicate threads, constitute a perfect communication system, so that if a fly happens to get entangled in the farthest corner, or barely touch, as the most distant thread, the transaction is at once communicated to his lordship, as he sits upon his throne, and no time is lost in complying with all necessary requirements.

To the spider undoubtedly belongs the honor for arranging the oldest news system in the world. Long before the advent of the telegraph, the submarine, cable or wireless, King Spider sat upon his wonderful throne, and received instantaneous messages from his far-flung battle lines. And, I have no doubt, but that our marvelous world-wide news system was, in its earliest stages suggested by the spider's web. For behind nearly every invention, there is the thought of God as manifested in nature, or in His written word. The propeller of the great ship that we are now sailing on, was suggested by the movement of the fish's tail, and English architecture as represented in the wonderful Crystal Palace, was copied from the frame work of a South American "Water Lily. But I must leave this line of thought for my chapter on "New Old Things" and confine myself to the News System of our times.

When the power of Bonaparte was broken at the famous battle of Waterloo, it was months before the, good news was known in many of the English villages. Now, the civilized world could read the report of a football match played in America, or England, in less than twelve hours. The submarine cable has linked up all the odd corners, and out of the way places of the globe, and regardless of the rapid growth of wireless telegraphy, this great international artery that runs through every ocean, and links every Continent in universal brotherhood, is carrying more messages today than ever before, and for genuine and dependable service, it is a great question if it will ever be out rivaled.

From Newfoundland to Ireland, a distance of 1,600 miles, there is a great under-water tableland, or a better name would be, an international highway, for without it there would be much greater difficulty in linking the nations together. Upon this wonderful under-water road, which, according to ocean surveyors, may be level enough for a Ford car, the sixteen trans-Atlantic cables that unite the Old World and the New, are laid. A few miles to the north, or south of this bridge, owing to the mountainous condition of the ocean floor, it would have taken thousands of miles more of cable.

The submarine cable is not more than sixty years old, and its promoters have met with enormous losses, losing in a single storm not less than 500 miles of cable. But they have risen above all difficulties, and, today the under-water cable, is the most reliable news conductor in the world. One of these mighty ropes, 1,600 miles long, six inches in circumference, built up of a multitude of little wires, and covered



**in a strong armor of gutta-percha, weighs about forty-four thousand tons, and cost a small fortune.**

**To look after the cables of the world, there are not less than sixty-six large vessels, with an average of 150 men each, and over these main lines of the wonderful communication web, there passes daily an average of fifteen thousand words. And the whole of this marvelous arrangement is at my disposal. For \$5.00 or so I can walk into the cable offices of any large American city, and shout "God bless you" to my brother missionary in Africa 11,000 miles away, or ask the "Lama" of Tibet in Interior China, for a place to preach the gospel.**

**But the cables are only the main line of the world's news web. Across, back and forth, in and out, in every Continent, every country, every state, every city, and every sea, there runs the telegraph, the telephone, the wonder working wireless, the heliograph, the megaphone, and under-water signaling. The last mentioned, although not so well known, may yet become the most important and dependable for men who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters.**

**The captain of any large ocean liner, can, by means of an ingenious bell arrangement in the bottom of his ship, send sounds through the sea, and communicate with a vessel, a lighthouse, or a light-ship anchored near the reef. This is really an under-water wireless system, and very soon, a passenger from New York to Liverpool, will walk into the public call office, on the promenade deck of his ship, and call up his friend, anywhere afloat on the same ocean, and talk with him through the sea, with greater certainty than through the air. For the disturbed elements, and the the density of the atmosphere may interrupt the aerial message, but through the water there is no interruption, for the density of the sea is always the same.**

**To eliminate the difficulties of the deep sea sounding, a Frenchman has invented an instrument, which is nothing more than a well devised megaphone. With this instrument to his mouth he can lean over the side of his ship anywhere in the ocean, and shout "hello". The sound penetrates the sea, strikes on the ocean floor, and like the echo that we know so well, it returns again and registers on a delicate thermometer connected with the phone, the exact depth of the water. This same principle is used for the detection of icebergs, or derelicts on the sea. A powerful megaphone operated by steam, and located on the prow of the ship, sends out a sharp, shrill blast, which strikes the distant object, returns to the captain's bridge, and there registers how far it is away.**

**The telegraph, the telephone, and the wireless are all too well known to call forth any comment here, any more than to make mention of this fact, that there is not a single line of the world's communication web that can in any way get a soul in touch with heaven, and Jesus Christ.**

However, to prove our statement, we are going to call up the different offices, just to find out what can be done in this direction. First of all, I call at the Cable Company's Office, for they have a sign in their window "Everybody, Everywhere," Good morning sir, I want to send a message to Jesus Christ. Can you help me out?.... Well, let me see, I can get you in touch with any city in Europe in less than twenty-five minutes. I can have your message in Africa, Russia, or China, within the next three hours. But our cables do not land on the the shores where Jesus Christ is living, and it will be useless for you to try the telegraph companies, for their lines are not long enough, and I can assure you that the telephone people have no 'central' in heaven." "Well, I will try the megaphone syndicate, and see if they can shout me through. Here, again, I am disappointed, for the clerk informs me that as sound only travels through the atmosphere at the slow rate of 1,100 feet a second, it would take ten million years to shout my message to the stars, and this would be too long to wait. I wonder if the heliograph can manage to signal my message to the bright and blessed Country where Christ is sitting on the right hand of God. "No sir, our instruments are constructed only for short range signals, and even though we could succeed in throwing a flash so far, the brightness of the face of Jesus doth so outshine our earthly sun, that our signal would never be noticed."

What am I to do now? Where is the wireless man? He is the wonder of the age, the wizard of the world, and the man that's aspired to communicate with Mars. "Sir, with your mighty, world-encircling plant on Long Island, can you send my message to heaven?" "Just a moment -- I can get you in touch with the Moravian missionaries in Greenland, and I can tell the Norwegian whalers of South Georgia, near the Antarctic circle, to drop for you a flower on the lonely grave of the late Sir Ernest Shackleton. I can link you up with the country of Abraham in the East, or the land of the Red man in the distant West. But I am indeed sorry that I cannot put you through to heaven. The citizens of that country have never taken shares in our company, and the Government over there has never granted permission for wireless stations to be erected on the hills of Paradise. And unless our plans are radically changed, I fear it will be a long time before we, as a company, shall be in position to do business with the land of Jesus Christ."

So they are all an utter failure. After all the brains, all the time, all the men, money, and material, not a cable, not a wire, not a wave, not a sound, and not a signal, of all the world's elaborate "news system," can send a single word from my soul to God. So I turn from the last office, heart-sick and disappointed.

But by the side of the road, in a cotton field, I notice a little Negro boy sitting down to rest. He has been picking cotton for ten cents a day, which he spends for the support of an old grandmother. But, I notice while he rests, he is trying to stammer out some words from the greasy pages of an old book, and, in anguish of spirit, I draw up to him, and tell him all my disappointments. How I have been to all the News Companies of the world, with the hope of getting a message to heaven, but not one of them could help me out. His bright eyes fairly sparkle, and holding up the old Book, "Say, massa, did you try this office? Dis is de Bible, de head office

of God's News System in de world. Boss, de manager in dis world am de Holy Ghost. He teaches how the work is done, so dat you can send de message by dis system. Boss, here, Jesus Christ says, call on me in de day ob trouble, and I will answer, and show thee great and mighty things that thou knowest not of." Glory to God! The world by wisdom knoweth not God, but the weak things He hath taken to confound the mighty.

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## 23 -- LIFTING THE FALLEN

George Shevlock, the notorious British pirate, while out to plunder the ships of the ocean, was blown across the Antarctic, and away on that lonesome Southern sea, as though God meant to punish Shevlock and his wicked crew for their crime and plunder upon the high seas, He did not allow them to see a single living creature for many days, except a disconsolate, black albatross, which, at first, appeared to them as a good angel that came down from God. It followed them for a long time. At last, believing that the bird brought them bad luck, Hartley, the first mate shot it with his bow and arrow. Immediately the storm grew worse, their water supply became exhausted, and death seemed certain to claim them all. Then the men turned on Hartley, and charged him with killing the precious bird that had brought them good luck, instead of bad. They hung the dead albatross around his neck, and with glaring blood-shot eyes, charged him with all the trouble that had befallen them, until one by one they dropped dead on the deck, and poor Hartley was left with the body of death strapped around his neck. At last, he lifted his cruel, but penitent heart to God in prayer, then the albatross fell from him, and sank like lead into the sea.

The story is too long to repeat here, but the reader may find the whole of the weird tale in Coleridge's old poem, called "The Ancient Mariner." Sherlock, the pirate, was seeking treasures on the sea. He was perhaps the first white man to sail on the Pacific Ocean. He was, also, the first to write of guano in Peru, and the first to call attention to gold in California.

There are many who know of these treasures discovered by Shevlock, the pirate, but only the favored few know anything of the immense wealth and priceless treasures brought up from the ocean bed. If the sponge, that we use in our morning bath could talk as well as wash, we would, in all probability, hear a very interesting talk while taking our morning ablution.

The sponge is a child of the deep, deep sea. It was once an animal living and enjoying its low form of life in some particular spot on the great ocean floor. But man, the "meddlesome mattie" of the world, ever eager to try his hand at new things, especially that which is likely to increase the contents of his coffers, went down and tore the sponge away from its moorings separated it from its parent

body, brought it to the surface, spread it in the sunlight, dried out all its life, then passed on the porous, lifeless, flabby. skeleton, to comfort us in the morning bath.

In some parts of the world, the sponge harvest is largely reaped by the naked diver, who fills his lungs with air, and by the aid of a heavy stone, which is in some way attached to his body, descends perhaps sixty feet, or more. Snatching his arms full of sponge, he drops the stone, and hurries to the surface again. The sponge is also gathered by the diver in up-to-date diving suits, but the latest scheme, and perhaps the best of all for gathering this harvest of the sea, is a queer invention, not altogether unlike a battle tank. This awkward looking tank-boat, manned by two divers, who, by means of submarine telephone, are always in touch with their base on the surface, sinks down to the field where sponges grow, and like some enormous drops the stone, and hurries to the surface again. The carries a powerful electric searchlight, and an ingenious iron claw, which tears the sponge from the rock, and places it in a basket attached to the ship for the purpose, and when the basket is full, she brings up her treasures, and descends again. But sponge gathering is not what I mean by lifting the fallen. The sponge hath never fallen, it is essentially a child of the deep, and never could retain its life in higher altitudes.

My main thought in this chapter, is the salvage system, or the business of raising to the surface great ships that have been wrecked and sunk in the ocean depths, This is one of the master schemes of the age, and owing to it, many a staunch and reliable vessel is now sailing the seas that was once a battered and abandoned mass of rusty, tangled wreckage, lying useless on the bottom of the sea. For this work of rescue, strong companies are formed, and great ships are built for no other purpose, than to lift up their fallen sisters, who have been so unfortunate as to collide with other ships, or, in battle with the elements; or the cruel rocks of some unfriendly coast, have foundered, and gone down beneath the waves.

In shallow water this work is comparatively easy. For in such cases, holes torn in the lost hulk are readily patched, and great pumps force out all water, and fill the hull with compressed air. In this way, ships sunken in shallow water, and not too badly damaged, are easily lifted, and towed into dry dock, where they are re-fitted, and made sea-worthy once more.

In cases where the Wreck on the ocean floor is covered with mud or sand, so that the divers cannot work, the salvage vessel sends down powerful suction pumps, which are operated from the surface by compressed air. These wonderful pumps have been known to suck the sand off the sunken ship that has been buried 36 feet deep. Then the ship is lifted bodily, strong wire cables are laid by divers, at the risk of their lives, under the hull. Then, gigantic steel barrels are towed to a spot directly above the fallen ship, where they are filled with water, and sunk to the bottom, one on either side of the wreck. And when these great barrels are securely fastened to the cables, all the water is forced out, and replaced by air. Then, slowly the ship is lifted sufficiently to be brought into dock.

The British war ship, "Sultan," sunk in the Mediterranean: the "Hoveric," sunk on the coast of Spain; the "Gladiator" sunk by the "St. Paul," and many other great ships have been brought up from the depths by their salvaging sister ships on the surface. A great ship ran on the breakers on the coast of England, and broke in two halves, but the salvage workers sent down their men and machinery, both parts were lifted separately, towed into dry dock, and completely joined together, and within a little while the docks opened, and a reclaimed ship steamed out stronger and better than she ever had been.

In addition to the raising of stranded vessels from the bottom of the sea, there is continually going on the rescue of disabled vessels on the surface.

Not long ago S. S. "Welshman" was wrecked in a terrific gale off the Atlantic Coast. The S. S. "Snowdown" came to the rescue. Twice the "Snowdown" got her cables on board the wreck, and twice they broke, but the task was not given up. At last a small ship called "Salome" came to the aid of the "Snowdown," in her work of rescue. Two cables were gotten on board, the little "Salome" kept behind, and acted as a rudder to steer the wreck, while the great "Snowdown" went ahead and pulled her, and in this way the disabled vessel was safely brought into Queenstown, through a mountainous sea.

I have merely hinted at the wonderful work accomplished by the saviors of lost ships, and what I have said has been simply to illustrate that greater work of rescue that is continually going on on the ocean of life. Thousands of men and women have been rescued from a far more dangerous depth than any sea-going craft that ever fell on the ocean floor, and I know well, whereof I speak, for I was a wrecked and broken derelict adrift on the ocean of sin, the storms of wickedness beat and broke upon me, they overwhelmed my soul, and down I went into the awful depth, deeper than the "Gladiator" and deeper down than the "Titanic" whose whereabouts in the unfathomed caverns of the Atlantic, have never been known.

Far beneath the surface, a wrecked and broken soul, I lay, but Christ, the Savior of lost souls, came to my rescue. He turned out all sin, and sent power from above into my life, and being thus made buoyant by the blessed, indwelling Spirit, I came to the surface, and for twenty-five years I have been sailing on, a better and stronger man than I ever was before. My rescuer was Christ, the Son of God. He alone lifted me. He brought me out of the horrible pit, and out of the miry clay. He set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. All the salvage companies in the world, with all their money, all their ships, all their marvelous machinery, and all their stock in trade, could never have brought a single moment's relief to my lost and sunken soul.

Rodger Bascom announced to the world, that with the philosopher's stone, he could turn rocks into gold. Men turn the air that we breath into ice, liquid, and and nitrates for fertilizing our fields; mud is changed into aluminum, and iron is

changed to steel; wood is converted into stone, and old rags into beautiful white paper -- marvelous things are done by man, but only Christ can change a human soul. Sir William Ramsey announced to the English research men, that one ounce of the wonderful and undescribable "atom" had sufficient power to lift the sunken German navy to the top of the highest mountain in England.

But all the power in the universe is insufficient to lift the tiny soul of a little black African to a higher and a holier plain. Christ not only lifts men from the dark depths of sin, but by the Holy Ghost, He meets those who are struggling over the ocean, in a weak and crippled state -- lukewarm Christians, who have no power within themselves and are utterly unable to assist others. Such as these, have been rescued by Christ, energized by the Holy Ghost, and made into some of the greatest saviors of mankind that this world has ever known.

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## 24 -- THE, MAN WHO SPLIT THE MOUNTAIN

### Zechariah 14

Whenever I take up a book or a paper, and find that it contains nothing to help me in glorifying Jesus Christ, I lay it down. Sometimes I hit upon things in the newspapers, or a magazine. Indeed, I had thought of preparing a Bible reading on "Bringing Up Father." A splendid Bible subject abused by the devil -- the bringing up of Jacob and Joseph from Egypt to Canaan, are stories full of soul food.

The subjects to be discussed in this address, was suggested to my mind while reading of the most remarkable piece of work that the men of this world has ever undertaken -- "The Splitting of America in Halves." This wonderful piece of engineering serves as the best illustration on record of what Christ will do when He returns to our earth. We have read in the Bible that when Christ comes back His feet will stand upon the Mount of Olives, and the Mount will suddenly cleave asunder, and the one half will move north and the other half south, making a tremendous valley stretching from the gates of Jerusalem to Azal, and the water rushing down from some inland sea will flow through the valley; half toward the former sea, and half toward the hinder sea. This story is told by the prophet Zechariah in the 14th chapter of his book, but before dwelling long upon it, I want to unfold a part of the most remarkable chapter in American history. It takes America to do great things, great things for evil and great things for good.

In 1563, Sir Francis Drake, the lion-hearted explorer of Britain, climbed up a tree on the back of the Isthmus of Panama. He looked eastward and saw the familiar Atlantic Ocean, and westward, the great unknown South Sea, (afterward called the Pacific Ocean.) And there hanging to a branch Drake prayed that God might allow him to sail on that uncharted sea in a British ship. But try as they might, the explorers could find no way to take their ships through the Isthmus, to the waters of

that great new sea. For hundreds of years they tried to find an opening, but all to no avail. At last the French government sent their great engineer Monsieur DeLesseps, the man who dug the Suez Canal, to cut America in two, and find a way to the other side. The story of the adventure is heartbreaking. A thousand men were sent to dig, but every man was dead within a year; another thousand were sent, and within a few months they were dead. The attempt of DeLesseps was a gigantic failure, it sent fifty thousand men to the grave, ruined governments, sent thousands of families to beggary, wasted 500 million dollars, and landed himself, and many of his creditors in jail. Some years after, America said the canal must go through, and paid France 40 million dollars to cancel all her rights, then watch what happened. They sent nearly fifty thousand workmen and two leading men to head the mighty undertaking. One of these men was Colonel Gorgas, a medical doctor, but made colonel by a special Act of Congress. This man said of himself, "Forty-five years ago I entered Baltimore a ragged, barefoot, little rebel, with empty pocket and empty stomach. My father had gone South with Lee's Army, and my mother's house with all that we had was burned, leaving her with six small children." This was the plain man whom America made sanitary king over the Panama with 50 thousand men, and a workshop 45 miles long and 10 miles wide. He had neither gun nor weapon of war. He forbade all strong drinking, and put a penalty on abusive language and drove the canal through. They opened the great front door at Colon, on the Atlantic Coast, climbed up three steps, utilized an inland sea, supplied by the river Chagres, for 32 miles, then dropped 30 feet, and slipped through the back door at the Panama, out into the great Pacific. Five years after these men undertook to cut the Isthmus, President Roosevelt pressed the button, opened the mighty gate at Gatun Lock, and the great ships steamed in from the Atlantic, climbed 85 feet above sea level, sailed 32 miles through fresh water, slipped down stairs on the other side, and away into the glorious South sea, that Drake had prayed to sail. The Panama was opened. America was cut into halves, and the world's commerce by sea was shortened by thousands of miles.

My reason for using this illustration is, because it is almost identical with a certain part of Christ's great work when he returns to earth again. His feet will touch Mt. of Olives, and the mountains of Palestine will split in two from Jerusalem on the East to the Mediterranean on the West, a canal 50 miles long, or five miles longer than the Panama. Through this canal the water from the Mediterranean will thunder into the Dead Sea, until that emblem of death rises to the Mediterranean level (for it is now 1,300 feet below it,) then the living inland sea of fresh water from Hermon and Lebanon, and Merom and Galilee, will rush down to the bed of the Jordan, and will unite with the cross country canal, and pass out into both sides of the world. The Bible says that at Jerusalem the living waters (that is the life-giving, fresh waters from the Jordan valley in contrast with the stagnant, murderous waters of the Dead Sea) will divide, half will go toward the former, that is the East in the direction of the Dead Sea, which has overflowed its banks, and completed a strait into the Red Sea, the other half toward the hinder sea, that's West, to be lost in the mighty Mediterranean.

The resemblances between the canal across the Isthmus of Panama, and that opened by the Savior across the Syrian mountains, are wonderful. The length, the breadth, the uniting of the inland sea of fresh water, and the passing East and West, and joining up two oceans at the same time. These things are so much alike, that one might think that the American engineers sketched the Panama Canal from the 14th chapter of Zechariah's prophecy. They are alike, but not alike. The undertaking took them five years, at a cost of 400 million dollars, and thousands of precious lives, but my Christ is Almighty, and without the loss of a single life, or the expense of a single cent, He will do His work. His blessed feet will touch the Mount of Olives, and instantly the mighty gorge will open, and from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, ships will steam across the old Judean hills. But what will be Christ's object in doing this great work. The Panama was opened up for the convenience of the world's commerce, and Christ will open this great inland highway for the advantage of His people coming from North, South, East and West, to behold the glory of His throne, and His kingdom at Jerusalem; for there He will reign as King over all the earth. That is the first great purpose of the Palestine Canal. Its second, is to abolish forever the remembrances of sin, the old Dead Sea has lain in the central depression of Syria since God rained fire and brimstone on the cities of the plain, for all these ages it has clung to the very spot, from which the Sodomites went to hell; without an outlet, without life, without fish in its waters, or a flower on its banks. This sea has ever been a solemn reminder of God's awful judgments on a wicked and a sin-cursed people. But, thanks be to high heaven, even the remembrance of sin shall flee away, the Syrian Mountains will divide, and the waters from the West rushing in, will unite with the living waters down the Jordan valley from the North, and together they will fling the dead sea out of its long and silent resting place, and hurl it over the mountains to be lost forever in the Red Sea, and the mighty Mediterranean.

God sent a divine surveyor to survey this great stream for Ezekiel, (chapter 47) and close to the Temple door on Mount Zion it was 1,500 feet wide, ankle deep, a little further down the hillside, 1,500 feet wide, knee deep, a little further 1,500 feet wide, up to the loins. After three measurements Ezekiel could not carry the line across, for it had risen a river to swim in; as he stood on the bank over-shadowed with trees, and watched this beautiful river stream flow on to the East across the Arabian desert, to the Red Sea. He noticed that every stagnant pool, every marsh and bog was healed, and life abundant was in its flow; while its banks were redolent with the perfume of never fading flowers, and fruits that ripened every month. From the Tower of Hananiel to the King's gate, from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. From Jesus Christ to all the world this living stream is flowing. Amen!

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## 25 -- THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE

Matthew 13:46



**In this parable of the Savior, it was a merchantman who found the Pearl of great price, evidently a man who understood the difference between pearls and The Pearl. Then as now, there were many pearls, but only one genuine Pearl, and when the merchant found it he at once quit searching, he was satisfied, and, although it was worth more than everything that he possessed, he was determined that it should be his, he sought and found it, and no price could compel him to give it up.**

**Christ had spoken of the good and bad seed in the field, the leaven hid in the meal, and the treasure buried in the earth, but now He plunged into the heart of the mighty sea, and brought out of its hidden treasure that priceless gem, coveted and sought after by the kings and nobles of the earth since before the days of Abraham. The pearl is the gem of the ocean, and the earth hath nothing that can with it compare.**

**God, exhausted Golconda and all the mines of the earth. He said, "It cannot be gotten for gold, nor shall silver be weighed for the price of it, the precious onyx, or the sapphire, the crystal, nor fine jewels can equal it; nor can it be valued with rubies, or the topaz of Ethiopia." Then away to the depths of the sea he bounded, and brought up coral and pearl and said, "no mention shall be made of these." For the wisdom of God is priceless, and even coral and pearl, the most valuable treasures ever discovered, are not worth mentioning beside it. Just here I cannot resist the temptation to take a short trip to the sea and perhaps a dive into the ocean, for I would like you to see a bit of the glory and the grandeur, and the architecture of the home that was mine for ten years or more. Some would prefer dry land, with its snorting hogs, its horned cattle, its stinging wasps, and thorny roses -- to the ocean with all its indescribable glory. New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and London are nothing more than a collection of mud huts when compared with the palaces of the deep, He that buildeth stories in the heavens hath also planned for cities in the sea, and with this great work of building mansions in the deep He hath entrusted "madrepore" and "millepore" tiny Coral builders, which can scarcely be seen by the human eye, yet their marvelous work can only be surpassed by God Himself. The coral islands which have risen above the sea, and the wonderful structures which are slowly creeping up to the surface; surpass by far the genius of man. Beside this God planned architecture of the deep, St. Paul's and St. Peter's are nothing more than rat holes. The diver who roams through the glorious aisles and avenues of these marine temples, is lost in amazement and wonder, for their beauty and splendor surpasses anything ever found on earth. Around them, there are gardens of never fading flowers, and perennial foliage of the most exquisite beauty, among which the strange people of the sea move in gorgeous apparel, inspecting and enjoying the labor of "madrepore" and "millepore," the mansion builders of the deep.**

**It was in a world of such unspeakable glory as this that the merchant's pearl of great price was found, for there are no real pearls to be found anywhere but in the sea. The oyster is responsible for giving us the pearl of great price. The muscle produces a pearl, but it is only known as the river pearl, and not the genuine article,**

and even the oyster produces cheap pearls. For ages the heathen Chinese have sought to fraud the pearl markets, at certain times in the year they gather a lot of oysters, open their shells, and drop in a little grain of sand, and put them back again, and as time goes on the grain of sand is covered by a secretion which becomes hard, and looks like the genuine pearl, but in its heart there is a grain of sand. The Japanese often drop into the oyster little images of Buddha which after being covered are taken out and presented as a marvelous manifestation of God's approval of Buddha. But the whole thing is a fraud, the pearl is a cheat, for in its heart there is a heathen god. These pearls are known as the river pearl, and the pearled figure of Buddha.

But what about the real pearl? It is a marvelous story: Into the oyster there crept a tiny creature of the sea, it clothed itself in the flesh of the oyster, and lived and died in that condition, and after its little life was spent, the oyster buried it with its richest secretion. The body disappeared, but the tomb was there. And tenderly the oyster cared for it by wrapping it in many coverings of its richest and most costly substance. Later, the oyster was opened, and the pearl dropped into the pearl-seeker's hand. It was closely examined, and under the most severe test was declared to be the pearl of great price. Why? Because in its heart it concealed an empty tomb, the eternal guarantee of its reality.

Did Christ know this when He spoke of the Pearl of Great Price? He certainly did, it was the merchant and not the pearl that was like the kingdom of heaven. So then, there was a time when the kingdom of heaven, or God, its divine King, was seeking for something of immense value, and having found it, the riches and the glory of the kingdom were sacrificed to make it secure, and just here the parable of the Pearl comes into force. You will notice there was the oyster, the little creature that crept into it and clothed itself in the oyster's flesh, then, there was the empty tomb encased in a sparkling and a glorious substance; that was the Pearl.

Now for the explanation. The ocean is the universe of God, into which our earth is nothing more than a spark from a blacksmith's hammer, the oyster is the world, the little creature that entered in and covered itself in the flesh of the oyster, then laid down and died, is Jesus Christ, Who came into the world, wore our flesh, and died upon Mt. Calvary, and the empty tomb is the gospel; the empty tomb of Jesus enshrined in resurrection glory, is the Pearl.

The empty tomb tells of death and resurrection, a dead, but risen and exalted Savior. Around the tomb revolves the whole gospel, and without it there is no gospel. The Pearl, then, is the gospel, the priceless treasure that the merchant found and gave his all to secure it. When the divine King of the heavenly kingdom discovered a gospel that could save humanity from all sin, He exhausted the treasures of heaven and gave His only Begotten Son to make it secure. Glory to God in the Highest! I don't want the blister pearl, nor the river pearl, nor the pearl with sand, or a heathen "god inside; but give me the pearl with the empty tomb in its heart, Let the foundation of the heaven be emeralds, and sapphires and beryls,

let the walls be jasper, and the streets of shining gold; all this would be meaningless to me were the gates not made of Pearl. The empty tomb, the risen Christ, the exalted Lord, three gates on every side, and every gate a Pearl.

Jesus said, that swine would trample pearls under their feet. Pearls off the British Coast drew Julius Caesar to Britain, for them he plunged Imperial Rome into a protracted and bloody war. He gathered pearls, and dedicated to Venus a breastplate studded with them, but they did him no good. He was a libertine, and a blood-thirsty enemy of Jesus Christ, and went to hell from the assassin's hand. Cleopatra, the queen of Egypt, dissolved a pearl worth four hundred thousand dollars, and drank it, but it did not save her soul. She was a royal harlot. She lived a life of profligacy and sin, and after chaining Mark Anthony and Julius Caesar to the chariot wheels of her lust, she took a snake into her bosom, received its bite, and went to meet her God. And in the days coming, the notorious bride of anti-Christ, the drunken harlot that rides the scarlet beast, covered with the names of blasphemy, will deck her person with pearls, but she shall be stripped naked, her flesh will be given to the flames, and her soul to the burning lake. Great Babylon with a tremendous trade in pearls, will sink like a mighty millstone under the curse of God, and angels and arch angels will rejoice over her fall. A man may have a desire to obey the glorious gospel of Christ and be saved, but allow the world to conquer him. N diver went down to gather oysters, he wanted the pearl. but a huge oyster caught his hand between its shell, and held him fast until he died.

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## 26 -- DEATH ON WINGS

### Joel 2.

Here is a description of the most devastating army that this world will ever know. They are called people, but they belong to the winged families of the earth, and are described as being turned loose over our world in tribulation times. They will charge over this planet in the day of darkness and thick clouds, and the onslaught will be awful. Before them the land will be as the Garden of Eden, but behind them a destitute wilderness. They will resemble horses and horsemen riding to battle, they will leap over the top of the highest mountains, and rush in every direction with the noise of devouring fire. They will climb walls like men of war, and enter in at the window like a thief, the earth will quake before them, and the heavens will tremble, the sun and moon will become black, and the stars will not give their light, and men's hearts will fail because of fear.

It is an army on wings, an army of insignificant locusts, energized by all the powers of damnation, and turned into the most terrible scourge that this world will ever know; and their deadly work will continue for five months. Lice, flies, and frogs, were more than a match for the mighty men of Egypt, and the bayonet charge of the hornet upon the Canaanites was more than they could endure. When Israel

entered the land of Canaan the Lord said, "I have commanded the hornet to fight for you, and if the Canaanites crawl into the rock-holes, where you cannot reach them, I will send the hornet to sting them out, every last Canaanite must leave the country, and if you do not get them out they will be pricks in your eyes and thorns in your sides and an everlasting vexation to you."

When Colonel Gorgas undertook to open the Panama, he found the whole Panama Zone under the domination of two tribes of mosquitoes, these murderous troops on wings had killed 50 thousand Frenchmen and drove DeLesseps back to France. In Brazil, they killed 35,000 people in one year, in Naples 380,000, in Constantinople 144,000 in three years. They murdered 25 million in Europe, 30 million in China, and 76,000 in a single week in India, and when Colonel Gorgas undertook the most stupendous piece of work ever attempted by man, these dreadful soldiers were in charge of the Panama. He started work, but the mosquitoes charged upon his men, and were striking them down by the hundreds. But the Colonel, armed by the blunders of DeLesseps, commanded every man to lay down his tools and declare war. It was a battle between the mosquito and the American government, one or the other had to go, and happily for the builder of the canal, there was information current as to how the mosquito should be dealt with. The Frenchmen had no such information. Their doctors put the feet of the sick men's beds in tins filled with water, hoping that water would drown the mosquitoes, but instead the mosquito laid her eggs in the doctor's water cans, and the young ones hatched out, and arose and killed the patient. Dr. Gorgas had better information.

Major Reed of the American army had given his life to find the cause of malarial and yellow fever, he captured the Panama mosquito, and discovered that it carried in its body a sediment that contained the germs of both these deadly diseases. The Major found the cruel germ that murdered multiplied millions of human beings, but said, "Before I make it known to the world, I must prove it." Some one must take the bite of the mosquito, and for this sacrifice he called for volunteers. Two young men stepped out of the American army and said, "Major, we are ready." The consequences were clear. Everything was explained. They were told that death might immediately follow the bite, "But," said the Major, "the United States Government will amply reward any sacrifice that you make." At once the two heroes stepped back. "We make not this sacrifice for money, sir, but give ourselves a willing offering for the benefit of mankind." The Major touched his hat, and said, "I salute you, gentlemen." They received the bite., The Major proved the discovery, and announced to the world that malaria and yellow fever were carried in the body of two mosquitoes.

Armed with this information, Gorgas commanded his men to down their tools and fight mosquitoes. They cut down twelve million square yards of bush, drained seventeen million square yards of swamp, cut thirty million square yards of grass, dug three million feet of ditches, emptied 300,000 cans of oil upon the stagnant waters, used three million pounds of quinine, and fumigated eleven million cubic

feet of house space. They conquered the mosquito and the Panama became a health resort for the world. What is the lesson? The things which did the damage had to be dealt with before the great work could go ahead.

Here is the remarkable thing, centuries before Major Reed made the discovery, a book was written which said that mosquitoes carried the germs of malaria and yellow fever, but no one believed that old book. Ha! Right well do I know of a book written years ago that tells of a hidden germ, a germ that has hurried millions of precious souls into the death that never dies, a germ that for 6,000 years has baffled all the attempts of man. The world has no analyst to deal with it, and no laboratory wherein to compound its cure, but the same old Book that tells of its deadly presence, prescribes for it a perfect remedy. The law, like Monsieur DeLesseps, was unable to deal with it, for it had no direct diagnosis. But grace, like Colonel Gorgas, can handle it, and turn the domain wherein it held sway, into a paradise of pleasure.

The devil is the mosquito and the germ his infernal nature, which has been injected into every human heart. Our Doctor, Jesus Christ, has diagnosed the germ and, for its expulsion, He has given His own heart's blood. He can deal with the germ today and He will handle the mosquito tomorrow, for he will bind the devil and cast him in the lake of fire. Seeing then, that we know the remedy for this hidden, inward, deadly foe, let us down tools, and refuse to strike another blow until it is accounted for. The carnal nature must go if we are to have complete victory. Then charge its strongholds; down with the bush, open the ditches, clear away the rubbish, and get oil upon the troubled waters. Nothing short of complete eradication will put an end to this cursed thing. Seeing that it costs so much to diagnose the germ and to procure a perfect remedy, we cannot afford to have it around our camp, if so, we shall never split the mountains, or open passages for for other ships to sail through. Like DeLesseps we shall be defeated, and driven to our own country to die in a prison cell.

When God undertook to deal with sin, like Major Reed, He called for volunteers. He wanted one who would receive the deadly sting in His own body, and quicker than the morning light, His only begotten Son stepped to the front, "Father, I am ready, not for money or for price, but for the eternal glory of all mankind." He received the serpent's sting and died; and out of His broken heart the remedy for sin and death has come. The mosquito and its deadly germ has found a conqueror.

Just as soon as Gorgas eradicated the mosquito, the way was clear, the greatest victory was won. They brought up their forty thousand workmen with their great machines, one hundred excavators, twenty dredges. five hundred locomotives, and five thousand trucks, with pumps, elevators, cranes, and tremendous crushing machines, they broke up the mountains, carried off enormous rocks, plunged huge shovels into the water and brought up tons of mud; they removed two hundred million tons of earth, and opened up a glorious passage from the rough and rugged Atlantic Ocean, clear through into the charming, and ever

peaceful Pacific Sea. All this marvelously illustrates the work of human souls victorious in Jesus Christ. We may not be in a position to tabulate the sanctified hero's work like that done in the Panama zone, but their enemies are not less powerful and their triumphs not less great.

Backed by the power made possible through the death and suffering of Jesus, God's heroes and heroines are invading the haunts of sin and vice. They challenge savage darkness and civilized opposition. They break down barriers which cannon balls could never move and that dynamite could never explode, mountains before them sink into plains, crooked places are made straight, and under the most unfavorable circumstances, they make clear, marvelous passages from the raging Atlantic of sin and shame into the calm and glorious Pacific of God's eternal love.

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## 27 -- THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR

### Psalm 87:5

It is a wonderful thing to have real good backing, and to belong to a wealthy nation, a famous city, or a celebrated family. Egypt, Babylon, Philistia, Tyre, and Ethiopia, were all famous in their day, and the fact that a man was born in either of these places carried with it some significance and honor; and the man that was born in Zion made his boast along the same line, but there is no salvation in the places that witnessed our advent into this world. Many have gone to heaven from Egypt, and many have gone to hell from Zion. Judas Iscariot betrayed Christ, and went to hell from Jerusalem, Daniel honored God and went to heaven from Babylon. Our earthly birth places, or death places, figure nothing in God's way of reckoning.

The Lord shall count when He writeth up the people, that this man was born there, and the birth that he deals with is the spiritual, the time when we became citizens of the spiritual Zion, and no such birth will escape His heavenly notice. So then, the blessed Lord is going to write up His people, and in that writing He will remember that this man was born there -- not New York, London, Cincinnati, Pekin, or Paris -- but there, the birthplace of the soul. But where is the There? THERE is the spot where we found Jesus. There in the hold of a ship. There in the corn field, there in the country school house, there at the campmeeting altar, there at the bedside of a dying child, etc.

Just think, the Lord is going to write us up. How wonderful to have Him, Who wrote the commandments in stone, and the condemnation of Belshazzar upon the wall. He that said of Ephraim, "I have written to him," and of Judah, "His sins are written with a pen of iron" -- is going to report us, and this heavenly reporter will make no mistake. Others thought that they knew all about us, and undertook to write some of us up, but the writing of God will not be based on evil reports, nor will

it be the outgushing of jealousy long pent up in a prejudiced heart. His writing will stand the test. Nahum has told us that the Lord was going to recount His worthies. This presupposes that He has counted them once, yes, He registered their birth. All respectable governments demand that their citizens be registered at birth, and at death. This means that they were counted twice, and in this respect the Lord is not a whir behind. Every citizen of the spiritual Zion is known to God, and registered just as soon as they are born. That is the first counting, and in the grand review they will be counted the second time, and this second counting will never grow less. After all the storms are outridden, and the earth with its abuse and temptations, and testing, and death are behind, then will be the recounting time -- the counting that will stand. John exhausted his mathematical powers in trying to enumerate the worthies of God. He said there were 4, 24, 10,000, 144,000 (10,000 times 10,000) and thousands of thousands, then a mighty multitude that no man could number, but God knew them all. He, who has been so careful to keep track of every hair of our head on earth, will not forget us in glory. But the question arises as to who these worthies are, that the Lord will recount? My first answer is that they were the least esteemed among man, those who suffered trial of cruel mocking, scourging, bonds and imprisonment, were stoned, sawn asunder, tempted, slain with the sword, who wandered about in sheepskins, and goat skins, destitute, afflicted, and tormented, who were driven in deserts, and caves and rock-holes; these were not worthies on earth but will be worthies in heaven. Weak and insignificant below, but powerful and dignified above, sick and wasted down here, but eternal athletes over there. Unknown on earth, but well known in heaven. Did I say unknown? Yes, they are the unknown warriors that this world would never recognize, but they will receive their recognition when brought home from the far flung battle-lines on earth.

Among the most wonderful and impressive services ever experienced, were those held in Europe and America, when the unknown warriors were brought home from distant battlefields. At the Arlington Theater, Washington, the great speech of President Harding, with all the prayers and singing, and other music, swept out over 20,000 miles of wire. The people in San Francisco, 2,500 miles away, heard every word that the President said, and in New York a greater congregation gathered to listen to the service over the remains of the unknown dead than gathered in Washington where the body was laid. In England it presented the most moving sight that had ever been witnessed, it seemed as though all London, with the ends of the earth, had gathered in White Hall to view the homecoming, and the funeral of the British unknown dead. Hundreds of thousands stood almost breathless as the solemn procession marched amid the massive Government buildings, whose windows were filled with sad faced women dressed in black, and as the far off sound of muffled drums led the "March of Handel," one has said that it sounded like a world of tears, like the breaking hearts of nations pleading for mercy at the throne of God. On they come! The king with his Prime Ministers, his lords and noblemen, followed by a hundred thousand throbbing human hearts! One hundred yards away, in front of the procession, there was a coffin wrapped in the Union Jack -- it was the house of the dead, and the king stepping out of the crowd saluted in the name of all

the British people that warrior from France. Then rich and poor, great and small, those who rule and those who toil, men, women and children united in repeating the Lord's Prayer -- which was followed by the most solemn of all hymns--

"Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her fame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day."

On they move toward the great Westminster Abbey, where kings and heroes of ages past are awaiting the resurrection morn! The Abbey was reached, and General Pershing, in the name of all America, laid the Congressional Medal and wreath upon the dead, saying, as he did so, "Let us profit by this occasion, and let us pledge anew our trust in God, that He may guide our faltering footsteps into the paths of righteousness and peace." Then followed the representatives of other nations to lay their honor upon the British dead. Oh, what a scene! And yet it was all earthly, the world's way of honoring her heroes, who toiled and died on her hard fought battle field.

But such scenes are insignificant and small beside that which will be enacted when God's heroes and heroines from far flung battle fields shall enter within the Gates of Pearl. Warriors that this world have never known. Warriors from St. Bartholomew's Massacre, who sang as they marched to death:--

"He tells me what I ought to do,  
And how I ought to die;  
And so we dwell together  
My Lord and I."

Warriors from Scotland who carried in their flag, "Christ and covenanters;"  
warriors from the Roman Coliseum

"Who met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
The lion's gory mane;  
Who bowed their necks the death to feel  
And follows in His train."

Earthly scenes, however great, are transitory and dying, for upon all that participate therein, there is the touch of death. But in the land whither we go, all things are eternal. In the height of that great day in London, when thousands of mothers with breaking hearts, were to a certain extent, comforted by the thought



that the unknown warrior may be their lost son brought home to sleep in his native soil, in the most crowded part of White Hall, there upon the curbstone, sat a poor and feeble old woman, dressed in black and her cheeks all stained with tears. One of the bystanders impressed with her forlorn appearance, said to her, "Well, mother, I suppose you have come to see the procession today." "No," she replied, "I have not come to see the procession, but I have come to see Marshal Foch, Field Marshal Haig, and General Pershing, salute my son, Jim. He has come from France to-day, and these great officers are going to salute him." The unknown warrior might have been her son, but there was room for doubt. But in heaven there will no such uncertainty, there the unknown will be known -- saints from Southern cotton fields, who died under the lash in old plantation days, from Northern glaciers, where Moravian missionaries froze to death while telling of a dying Savior's love, from the gloomy West, where David Brainerd buried himself in the snowdrifts, and prayed the Indians to God, and from the red dawn of East, where prophets, priests and kings, in types and shadows unfolded Calvary, where Christ dropped His bleeding head upon His tender bosom; and cried, "It is finished." Yes, they come from fields afar, they come all radiant with light and immortality, and as angels, archangels, cherubim and seraphim, and the spirits of just men made perfect, crowd down the golden avenues to welcome them home, I want to see Jesus Christ salute them all, I want to see His wounded hand raise to His thorn-pierced temple, as He bids His blood-washed warriors a welcome to the sky. I want to be there when the unknown little boy whose loaves and fishes Christ took and fed the hungry multitude comes home. The nameless little maid who told of a prophet in Israel that could cure leprosy. The unknown armor-bearer that climbed on his hands and feet with Jonathan to victory. The unknown farmer of Bethphage whose donkey Christ rode into Jerusalem. And the nameless wise men from the East who laid their trophies at the feet of the new born Savior. I want to be there when these, with other saints, shut-ins, and cripples, and aged and unknown of all time, shall come into full and complete recognition. America's Congressional Medal, Britain's Victoria Cross, the French Legion of Honor, Germany's Iron Cross, and The Badge of The Order of Leopold, are but dust and ashes, when compared with the honor of spending one moment in the presence of Jesus Christ!

Perhaps from other worlds great delegations will come o'er oceans of millennial glory, and across continents of eternal bliss, to be present at the great reception. For in the ages to come God will show forth in us the exceeding riches of Jesus Christ. Then, let all earthly ambitions pass away, and all our cherished plans be dissolved as the morning cloud, and let us forever worship at the blessed feet of Jesus Christ in holiness and spotless purity.

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## 28 -- LITTLE FOXES

A fox is one of the shrewdest creatures that the Lord ever made. He is cunning, artful and clever, and they are more or less scattered over all the world;

they live and thrive under almost any condition. Little foxes are not particular whether they feed on their own mother's milk or not. Indeed in some of the great fox nurseries they dispense with the mother fox altogether, and are raising the young ones on mother cats. In so doing, the fox may retain his fur, his bushy tail, and long ears, and his bark, but at the same time he partakes largely of the cat nature.

Every parasite that feeds upon another is in duty bound to partake of the nature upon which it feeds. Little Indian children carried off by mother wolves, and fed upon wolves' milk, when discovered in after years have not been able to utter a single intelligent sound, they bark and growl like wolves. All double natures are contrary to God's original plan. Christ would never have taken upon Himself the nature of man, had not man lost the image and the nature of God.

But I must round up my foxes. The little foxes had been sneaking into Solomon's orchard, and making war upon his grapes, and he asked to have them taken away, for they were attacking the vines also, and unless they were cleared out there would be no fruit that season, and no vines for the next. If the little rogues were not dispensed with the orchard would be utterly ruined. When Samson wanted to do a lot of damage to the Philistines, he managed to catch 300 little foxes, and after he had set every one of their tails on fire, he turned them loose, and within a little while they devastated the whole of the Philistine country, and no one could hinder them. It is a remarkable fact, that man with all his boasting pride stands hopelessly defeated in the presence of some of the most insignificant creatures that God has ever made.

There has been discovered in California a tiny insect belonging to the beetle family, which perforates the sheaths of the telephone wire, with its powerful little jaws it eats through the lead which covers the wire. Then the rain penetrates the hole causing short circuits.

The work of one of these little creatures has been known to break down hundreds of telephones, and up until the time of my information, the experts were unable to conquer it.

But more wonderful is the work of the cotton weevil. This little animal, the fifth of an inch long, has taxed the brains of the greatest American experts, and it bids fair to destroy the entire cotton crop of the country, and all the men and money, and warships, and battle-planes in the land of the Stars and Stripes, are unable to check its invasion. Twenty-nine years ago it crept across the border of Northern Mexico, and first made its appearance in the U. S. A. at Brownsville in the state of Texas. Since then, it has been slowly, but surely, taking possession of the cotton plantations, In 29 years it has crept 585 miles northward, and every year its toll of the cotton harvest has been heavier and heavier, and in 1921 the officials of the Agricultural Department, Washington, announced that more than one-third of the cotton of the United States had been destroyed by the cotton boll-weevil. The destruction was so alarming that even the "Stock Brokers' Newspapers," New York

(the last paper to acknowledge God), declared that unless Providence intervened, every acre of cotton planted in 1922 would be destroyed.

The weevil is only a mite, but it coils itself in the heart of the cotton bud, and in six months a single pair produce not less than 12,755 little weevils, which destroy everything before them. In 1916 the damage was 20 million dollars, in 1921, 250 million, and unless eradicated this little mite may eventually rob America of the enormous sum of two thousand million dollars a year, almost half the revenue of the United States. Every possible plan to destroy the pest has been tried, but it has been of little avail. They have tried electrocution, but it survives the strongest current, poisoned molasses was fairly successful, but all the molasses in the world would not cover the cotton fields of America; nothing but an out-and-out eradication will put an end to the cotton weevil.

The weevil is not a native of the United States, but has sneaked in from Central America. The agriculturalists have now advised the whole of America to cease growing cotton for one year and starve the weevil to death -- this is eradication and the only possible remedy. But here is the amazing part of the story. Now that a way has been suggested to put an end to the pest, the money kings of America say it must not be done. Their big income from small cotton crops when prices were enormous is too much for them to lose, so they say, let us grow half a crop this year and half a crop next. That is the doctrine of suppression or growing in grace -- growing the weevil out, and growing a full crop in, but such a course is condemned on the ground that millions of weevil would be kept alive each year in the districts where cotton is growing. So then, the plan to eradicate the weevil and cleanse the cotton fields, is a sort of a national holiness movement -- a revival of heart purity in the plantations. But the proposed eradication of this foreign nature, this destructive bug that sneaked in from Central America, is bitterly opposed.

The little foxes must stay in the orchard, even though they destroy both fruit and vine, and the weevil must remain in the cotton fields whatever the consequences may be, and sin must remain in the human heart, the damnable foreign nature that sneaked into the soul from the deep recesses of hell must not be disturbed, even though it should sink both soul and body into eternal flames. The man or woman, who opposes the doctrine of eradication, the complete cleansing of the believer's heart, has yet to take his first lesson in God's divine arrangement. There is no complete victory on any other line.

In Solomon's picture, the little foxes had driven the dove into the cleft of the rock. Christ said, "O, my dove, that art in the cleft of the rock, in the Secret place, of snares, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice." Then came the cry from the heart of the dove, "Take away the little foxes. They are interfering with our happiness. They are destroying our food, the grapes and the tender vines." The very life of the church of Jesus Christ, is abused and trampled by the devil. Millions of believers are hiding in rock-holes, and the little foxes are keeping them there. The little foxes may live and thrive on cat's milk, but they were born of the mother

fox. Every evil temper, every back-biting tongue, with all slander, jealousy, pride and envy, are little foxes, and they all came out of that grizzly old fox that has its burrow in the heart of the unsanctified believer. If the little foxes are going to remain in the orchard, you may just as well stop trying to raise grapes; if the weevil is going to remain in the field, let the cotton planters down tools and go home, and if sin is allowed to remain in the human heart, you may just as well give up your profession, for without holiness of heart and life no man can see the Lord.

Elishaib, the priest, in the absence of Nehemiah, prepared a chamber in the house of God for Tobiah; the friend of Sanballat, and when Nehemiah returned to Jerusalem, he found this agent of the devil enthroned in the court of the house of God, but things changed mighty quickly. Tobiah was kicked out, and all his belongings piled into the streets, and the chamber where he had had' his seat was cleansed and made holy. Nehemiah 13.

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## 29 -- THE RAINBOW

It pleased God to take the most striking and beautiful things in nature for the purpose of revealing to our stupid minds the wonderful provisions for the soul.

The beautiful turtle dove, feeding all day among the pots and the kettles, and cooking utensils of the Eastern encampment, flies away to her perch at even-tide with not a stain of defilement upon her golden feathers, and as she mounts upon the wing, sparkling in the glory of the sunset, like a gem set jewel in a monarch's crown, God snaps her photograph, and holding it up in full view of lost and fallen men, covered all over with the filth and pollution of sin, I hear Him say, in accents sweet and tender, "though you have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

I walk out into the solemn night, the heavens above me are all aglow, the bright armies of the sky are marching! millions strong across the fields of glory. Generals Jupiter, Mars, and Mercury, with Venus, Saturn and beautiful Orion, have marshaled their sparkling hosts in the azure plains above, and as in flame and fire I trace their march of victory through yon celestial lights -- I catch the echo of God's voice, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, forever and ever."

I look up to the majestic mountains of the earth, shooting their dreadful peaks six miles in the air, and covering the continent with their base, and down from these mighty hills there floats the inspiring words of the Lord, "The mountains shall depart, and the hills shall be removed, but by loving kindness shall not depart from thee." From over the raging, turbulent sea, there comes the sound of His voice, "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee." and from out the roaring conflagration He assures me, "when I walk through the fire I shall not be

burned." The mighty river rolls its full swelling tide through the long reach of land, from its source to the sea, and in every leap and bound, I hear it play on bass horns of ragged rocks, sweet harps of over-hanging willows, and drums of hollow caves. "He that believeth on Me, out of his inmost parts shall flow rivers of living waters." "The glorious Lord shall be unto His people a place of broad rivers and streams."

The forest assures me that the righteous shall flourish like the palm tree, and stand like the mighty cedars of Lebanon. The sparrow tells me of my Heavenly Father's care, and the lily of the valley guarantees my soul a richer and a brighter robe than monarchs ever wore, and the rainbow is set in the retiring cloud to assure me that not one of my Father's promises will ever be forgotten.

There is not a single evidence to prove that Noah, or any member of his family ever saw the rainbow before the flood. Up until the time that the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the raging sea rushed in upon the shore, there had been no rain, the land being watered only by the mist from off the great rivers that had their source in the mountains around that country. After the ark had floated away from the land of Seth and Enoch, the grand old home place of father Noah and his boys, and had drifted across the flood to the rugged and mountainous regions of Ararat, in the country of old Armenia, then their eyes beheld God's glorious bow in the cloud; and this grand provision of God to settle the old man's fears, and rest his troubled mind, is worthy of our deepest consideration. Noah's life would have been in everlasting fear but for God's glorious bow. When the storm clouds gathered on the face of the angry sky, and the threatening thunders rolled, and torrents of rain filled the air, and the raging waves arose and beat in fury upon the far off shore, the thought of another disastrous flood would have tortured the minds of the old patriarch and his' family. But to vanquish all their fears, and calm their troubled hearts, the Lord said, "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth, and it shall come to pass that when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud, and I will remember my covenant which is between me and you, and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. I will look upon the cloud, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between me and every living creature."

Then let the thunders roll, the lightnings flash, let the fountains of the great deep break up, and the flood gates on high burst open, let torrential rain pour from above, let continents sink, let the waves rage, and the mountains shake with the swelling thereof; there was nought that could disturb the tranquil peace in father Noah's breast, and if his family whispered the slightest fear, I fancy I hear him say, "just rest and be quiet, the God of the everlasting hills will never break His word, in a moment the thunders will cease, the storm cloud will scurry South across the Mediterranean, the sun will blaze in azure blue, and the glorious sevenfold arch, with one bright foot on the mountains of Ararat, and the other on the hills of Judea, will lift its majestic head to heaven, and swear that the covenant of God must stand forever, therefore, the earth can never again be destroyed by water." That blessed bow, resting its head of many crowns upon the breast of the retiring cloud, and

painting the rugged plains of Armenia like the royal canopy above the Throne of God, was all that Noah required to rest His troubled spirit, and banish all his fear.

Whenever we see the rainbow in the cloud, we can be sure of this one thing, that, for the time being, God's thoughts and ours are centered on the same bright object, and together we may be meditating upon the same eternal truth. The rainbow is an enduring testimony of the unforgetfulness of our gracious heavenly Father.

After the flood the Lord said to Noah, "I will put my bow in the cloud." The familiar manner in which the Lord spoke of the bow seems to suggest that it was somewhere in the universe long before it appeared in the clouds, and this thought is made clear in Rev. 4; For when the door was opened in heaven, John saw the rainbow about the Throne of God. This, was the original place of the Lord's bow, but from the flood to the present time it hath pleased the Almighty to allow it to appear in the clouds. It is said, that the rainbow draws its many colors from particles of mineral dust in the air as they are moistened by the mist, and beat upon by the surf. It is well known that the air is full of dust; the beautiful blue of the sky, and the glorious sunrise and sunset clouds are largely due to little particles of dust as they are beat upon by the bright rays of the sun. The clouds are principally made of dust, for they consist of little drops of water condensed on tiny particles of matter, so that every raindrop, and snowflake that comes down from above has in its heart little grains of dust. About 200 miles from the earth's surface there hangs a great curtain composed of what has been called terrestrial and celestial dust, from volcanic eruptions, particles of dust derived from the spray of ocean storms, vapor condensed into tiny crystals of ice, dust from plains, deserts and cities. All this is carried high up in the air, until an altitude is reached where the air is too light and thin to carry it further, and there it floats like a cork on the ocean. And there it is met by what is called celestial dust, which is believed to be thrown off by volcanic planets in high altitudes, and the ashes of meteors that have burnt out on their way from the parent body to the earth. This great encircling dust curtain like the outside rind of an orange, holds between it and the earth's surface, the oxygen, and other atmospheric provision which makes it possible for us to have our being. But for it, all life on the earth would die.

It is this great curtain that makes wireless telegraphy possible, if it was not there, the electrical wave would pass out and be lost in space; but being unable to penetrate the curtain, the wireless wave is confined to, and compelled to expand in the lower atmosphere, never rising higher they say than 200 miles. Only for this dust curtain the heat of the sun could never be endured, and the rain instead of being condensed into tiny drops would fall down to the earth in floods. It has taken the world a long time to make this discovery, and but for wireless telegraphy it might have never been found out in modern ages. Although Solomon thoroughly understood it thousands of years ago, he gives us to understand that when God made the earth, "He provided for the highest part of the dust of the world." Prov.

**8:26. So then God arranged for this curtain of dust when He created the earth, but the worldly wise man is just finding it out.**

**The atmospheric dust moistened by the mist, and illuminated by the sun is made responsible for the rainbow. If this is true of the rainbow, in the cloud by day, the aurora that flames in the Northern sky by night must have a similar explanation. But I am not a believer in this materialistic way of figuring God out of all His mighty works. I have my own opinions, which in the Master's sight may be worth just as much as that of Sir William Ramsey, or the master mind that controls Mr. Wilson Observatory.**

**Now let us think of the great dust curtain as a screen hung up for a magic lantern picture. If you will take a mirrorscope and put a post card of a thousand colors behind its light, it will throw the picture in all its many colors upon the screen, the light is between the picture and the screen, and the picture behind the light is reproduced upon the screen in all its beauty. (The curtain of dust as the screen, the sun as the light, and the Throne of God arched by the rainbow as the picture in the background.) In this way God could put His glorious bow in the cloud as we put the picture postcard on the screen. And if the sun by day can reflect in the heavens the rainbow about the throne, the stars by night can throw upon the same screen the twelve foundations of the Holy City in all their glorious colors. (In the beautiful phenomena known to us as the Aurora Borealis.) This thought seems clearer when we consider that under certain conditions earthly things are reflected in the sky. I have seen great vessels with all sails set, sailing through the air, and mountains lifting their majestic peaks among the clouds. Strangers not acquainted with the peculiar antics of the phenomena known as the Mirage, would at such times be inclined to believe that heaven and earth had exchanged places; heavenly things are pictured on the earth, and earthly things are pictured on the sky. Great scorching Saharas are changed into oceans of sparkling water, so real, that exhausted travelers, and wild beasts of the forest rush madly to the mystic brink to slack their burning thirst, plantations wave their branches in the clouds, and majestic ocean liners sail across the sky. All this is caused by the divine manipulation of God's moving picture machine.**

**The rainbow, Originally about the throne of God, but now seen in the clouds, will, in the coming days, when Christ is about to complete the believer's mansion, come down to earth; for when He sets His blessed feet upon land and sea, there to accomplish His mighty task of making all things new; the rainbow will be about His head. When that glad day comes the atmospheric conditions of our earth will be entirely changed, and the rainbow that now crowns the storm as a prospective link between heaven and earth, wilt never again be seen in a cloud. Then all the mighty promises of God to fallen, but redeemed humanity, will be forever realized. God will once more tabernacle with men..... They shall be His people, and He shall be their God."**

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## 30 -- MY FATHER'S HOUSE

Christ did not say in my Father's tabernacle, of tent, there are many mansions, but, "In My Father's house." The immovable, unchanging, and eternal home of the Almighty Lord. Who inhabiteth eternity. I have no doubt but that we have all associated the Father's house with the New Jerusalem, the Holy City soon to come down out of heaven from God, but if we read carefully, we will find out that the New Jerusalem is but one of the heavenly mansions in the great house of the Father, and when the fullness of time is come that blessed mansion will descend out of heaven. So, you see at once that it is not the entire heaven, for it is coming down out of heaven. And you will also see that the Holy City is not the exclusive dwelling place of God the Father, for it is coming down out of heaven from God, just as though the British King remained in England and transferred the City of London to America; while the bounds of the British Empire remained unmoved.

In other days the Holy City was on the earth in miniature, for the Holy of Holies in Israel's Tabernacle was a reproduction of the Holy City, built on the diminutive plan of one foot to the hundred miles; the Holy of Holies being fifteen feet square, and the Holy City 1,500 miles square. The Golden Cube of Moses' day was known as the Tabernacle, and in the golden age to come the city of God will be called by the same name, for anti-Christ will open his mouth in blasphemy against the Tabernacle of God, and them that dwell therein, and Christ the glorious King of the Holy City will tabernacle among men. So I am convinced that the thought of Christ when referring to his Father's House, meant more than the New Jerusalem, for that City in all probability, had been prepared from all eternity, and glorified humanity had entered within its gates long before Christ came to our world. Enoch and Elijah had surely passed into its glory, so it cannot be that this was the place that Christ went away to prepare for his disciples. "In My Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you: I will come again, and receive you unto Myself. " It appears that the place that Christ went to make ready. could not be enjoyed by his followers until He came back again, then He would take them unto Himself, and He and they would enjoy that glorious place together. So then, the particular mansion (one of the many already prepared) that Christ went to when He left our world was not the identical mansion that He and His blood-washed followers will enjoy together eternally: And by this thought, I am not detracting from the glory that we shall hereafter enjoy, for to be with Christ anywhere will be sufficient glory for us. I believe the whole universe to be the home of God -- He inhabiteth eternity. Three times in the Kings and Chronicles (1 Kings 8:27, 11 Chron. 2:6; 6:18) Solomon declared that the heaven of heavens could not contain the Lord. The heaven of all heavens is the Holy City, because Christ is there, but this cannot contain the eternal God. He is not confined to the four walls of a City 1,500 miles square. His great house is the boundless universe.

The great telescope on Mt. Wilson, California, has caught faint glimpses of a fraction of the universe, (by the universe I mean the whole creation of God) and this



**fraction, they tell us is six million, million, million miles across, so that light traveling at the rate of 185,000 miles a second would take a million years to go from one side to the other. And that which has been glimpsed from Mt. Wilson is only one tiny corner of my Father's house, and in that great universal house there are many mansions. Oriental and Medieval astronomy defined a celestial mansion as one of the twenty-eight divisions of the heavens, but I do not think that twenty-eight would exhaust the number. At any rate, He that buildeth the stories in heaven-He knoweth how many there are, and for what purpose they are made ready.**

**I believe, however, that the word of God is sufficiently clear to authorize us to deal with two -- one already prepared, the other not yet completed. There is no doubt but that the Holy City which is to appear in the end of the age has been the principal mansion of Christ and His angels from long before this world came into existence. When Jesus was about to leave His disciples, He prayed that they might be with Him, that they might behold the glory that He had with His Father before the world was, and it is clear that when He went away from them, He passed into the heavenly city. For gates and door are commanded to be lifted up that the Lord of Hosts, the King of Glory may enter in (Psalms 24). So then the glory that Christ enjoyed with His Father before the world was and that to which He returned after His work on earth was finished, must have been experienced in the Holy City. And when the foundations of the earth were laid, the unfallen inhabitants of that heavenly city sang together, and shouted aloud for joy, (and Lucifer, the bright and spotless son of the morning). Lucifer was called the morning star because he was the first bright character to shed his light across the new-born earth, and being appointed by God as king and ruler of the new planet, he was given a glorious dwelling place, a capital city to be the headquarters of his newly appointed government, and that magnificent home seems to suggest a reproduction of the heavenly mansion above the stars. Lucifer's glorious home on earth is called Eden, the Garden of God, but this was not the Eden of Adam and Eve, for in that place he was only known as a contemptible and loathsome brute. But in the Garden of God he was known as the anointed cherub, perfect in all his ways, until iniquity was found in him. In that bright Eden his throne was on the Holy Mount, he walked up and down amid the stones: of fire, and roamed through a paradise of unspeakable glory, and every precious stone was for his covering -- the sardius, the topaz, the diamond, and beryl, the onyx, the jasper, and the emerald, the carbuncle and gold. Let the reader study this glorious mansion of the unfallen Lucifer in connection with the breastplate of Israel's High Priest, and the twelve foundations of the Holy City, wherein will be the seat of Christ's government when He returns again. I repeat, Lucifer was called the morning star because he was the first of all creatures to shed his light across the new-born earth. Jesus in the coming day with the seat of His Government in the Holy City, garnished with all manner of precious stones, will take over the management of this earth as Lucifer once did, then He will be the bright and morning star, and His light will never grow dim.**

**That glorious star of the Morning, appearing upon the undimmed horizon of the world, will be the herald of a bright and Heavenly day, never to know a cloud, or**

a shadow of things unholy. If Lucifer's mansion, and the Holy of Holies in the Tabernacle were shadows of the eternal city, it is clear that the Holy City is no new invention, nor is it a modern production of heavenly architecture. It is called the Holy City because all cities on earth are unholy. It is true there are places on earth known as the holy city the celestial city, and the city of brotherly love, but these titles serve only to reveal the corruption that abounds therein. Who can think of Pekin, China, as a city filled with celestial and sinless beings, or Rome, with its abominations and popish corruption, as being holy, or Philadelphia with its murders and crime, and hate, as a city of brotherly love? The so called "Holy See" is in reality a hellish blind.

But the City above is so named because of its internal holiness and spotless purity. (Luke 19:12) Christ is the nobleman that went into a far country to receive a kingdom. He is in the far country now, and when all is ready, He will return, bringing ten thousand glorified saints with Him, and these He will place in positions of power in the new and glorified earth. The ten thousand saints who will ride down the heavens, with Jesus when He comes to wind up the Armageddon battle, and establish His Millennial kingdom, are not all of His glorified army. Many more than that will go up in the rapture, but this special ten thousand will come with Him for judgment, and the management of the new earth, and there is no evidence that these ever took up their abode in the Holy City again. From the beginning of the millennial age there are no saints raptured away from the earth, and there will be no necessity of rising to another world in order to enter into glory. This will be the place prepared for the apostles who will be among the ten thousand judges and rulers, and it will also be the eternal and glorified home of the saints living on the earth.

The Holy City, which after the White Throne Judgment will hang just above our earth, will be the headquarters of Christ -- the heavenly mansion in His Father's house, and it will be situated so close to the glorified earth that the great servants of Jesus, who at that time will be the kings and rulers of the world will have continual access to it. When David reigned over Judah his throne was in Hebron, but when Judah and Israel united and David was proclaimed king over all, his throne was removed from Hebron to Jerusalem. In the millennial age the Throne of Christ will be on Mt. Zion in Jerusalem. But when every living creature is made holy, the earth glorified, and Christ is universal King, His throne will be removed from Jerusalem to the Holy City above. This heavenly mansion is now in reserve just beyond the natural vision, and in it Christ is working out His perfect plan for that other mansion, that place that He went away to make ready for His children. That place is the glorified earth which the saints shall inherit forever, and when it is all prepared He will come and receive them unto Himself, and they and He will dwell together. The New Jerusalem will be the Throne City where Christ and the great saints of all ages, attended by angels of light and glory, will carry on the government of a ransomed world, and as God walked and talked with Adam in the Garden of Eden, and tabernacled between the wings of the cherubim in Israel's tent, so Christ will descend and tabernacle with his people. And the nations of the earth

that are saved and walking in the light of the glorious city, will through their kings and rulers continually pour their glory into the city. "For its gates shall not be shut by day, and there shall be no night there." I have no doubt but what there will be great excursions from the glorified earth to the Throne City of Christ.

In Stevens' History of Methodism we read that, when young Shirley visited Lady Huntington's London mansion, he was there brought into intimate relation with all the great leaders of the Methodist Movement. If by the grace of God we are privileged to visit the heavenly mansion of Christ, I have no doubt but there we shall meet and know the great saints of all ages, for they will be priests and rulers, and reigning kings with Christ throughout eternal ages. The glorified earth will then be a heavenly mansion in my Father's House. Then everywhere will be heaven, and heaven will be everywhere, and the glorified saints in His glorified world, as well as being intimately acquainted with Jesus, and having continual communion with the New Jerusalem, may also become acquainted with the holy inhabitants of the other worlds, for whom the many mansions in my Father's house are being made ready. Best of ALL, I shall then enjoy with Christ a house not made with hands, but eternal in the heavens -- a glorified body.

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THE END