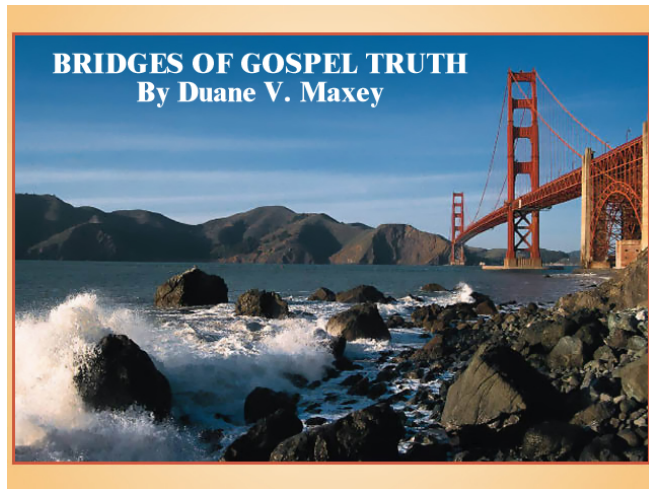


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**BRIDGES OF GOSPEL TRUTH**  
**Compiled, Edited, and Written by Duane V. Maxey**



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## **INTRODUCTION TO THIS FILE**

**"Bridges of Gospel Truth" is a compilation of 160 stories about, and references to, bridges -- all of which I have taken from the HDM Digital Library. I have edited all and in some of the items I have added comments of my own. The work of creating this file has covered about one week -- not a small task, but hopefully this compilation will prove to be a valuable addition to the HDM Digital Library. The many stories and references pertaining to bridges in this file can serve, not only as a source of personal inspiration and edification to all readers, but, under Divine direction, could easily become the source of illustrations for a series of seven or more messages titled "Bridges Of Gospel Truth" (or some other title) -- with a different emphasis in each message. The compilation could also be used for illustrative material for a number of individual messages or lessons on various topics.**

Directly below, the reader will find a detailed Table of Contents, listing HDM source-files and authors. No doubt many readers will be familiar with several or more of the authors listed in this TOC. Also, perhaps some readers will find various items and stories so interesting and inspiring that they will be encouraged to open and read the entire source file if they have not already done so. I hope this will be the case. However the material in this file is used, it is sent forth with the prayer that God will make it a blessing to all who read it and use it. -- Duane V. Maxey, Holiness Data Ministry, Surprise, Arizona, February 2, 2009

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From "Wayside Sketches" (hdm2219) by Mrs. Sarah A. Cooke

**160 -- PETER BRIDGED THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN HIMSELF AND PAUL**

From "Missionary Revivalist Articles" (hdm1799) by Duane V. Maxey

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**001 -- HOW THE BRIDGE WAS SAVED**

From "When You Get To The End Of Yourself" (hdm2628) by W. T. Purkiser

"G. Ray Jordan tells of an incident that occurred during the hurricane of 1948 in New England. It was feared that the railroad bridge at White River Junction would be swept away. Apparently there was no way to make it secure.

"The bridge was saved by the suggestion of a keen-minded engineer. A long train of heavily loaded freight cars was backed onto it. The bridge stood -- saved by the weight it bore."

Even so, the weight of the cross which God has allowed to fall upon one of his children is often exactly what it takes to save that Christian from destruction during some hurricanic temptation by Satan. It is the weight of that cross which immovably fixes the tempted saint's feet upon the Rock of Ages, so as to withstand that powerful temptation, when without the weight of that cross, he or she might otherwise have been swept away from Christ into spiritual defeat and destruction.

Phillips' translation of Hebrews 12:11-13 also speaks of "standing strong" instead of "collapsing": "'Now obviously no 'chastening' seems pleasant at the time: it is in fact most unpleasant. Yet when it is all over we can see that it has quietly produced the fruit of real goodness in the characters of those who have accepted it in the right spirit. So take a fresh grip on life and brace your trembling limbs. Don't wander away from the path but forge steadily onward. On the right path the limping foot recovers strength and does not collapse" (Heb. 12:11-13, Phillips).

The apostle Paul wrote in 2 Corinthians 12:9 -- "... Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." When the

weight of Christ's Cross rests upon one, then it is that "the power of Christ may rest upon" that one, enabling him or her to stand, and not collapse. And this is true, whether that cross be in the form of some great trial or some divine chastening.

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## **002 -- CHRIST'S PEACE IS LIKE A BRIDGE**

From "Prayer Availeth Much" (hdm0223) by T. M. Anderson

There will be times when our feelings will contradict our faith. Sickness can depress our emotions to such an extent that we are disposed to doubt our relationship to Christ. When we are sick, when our nerves are tense, when we are constantly on the verge of tears, our faith will be submerged by our feelings. In such times of trial it seems that the joy of the Lord has departed, and we are tempted to think that for some unknown reason we are suffering the displeasure of the Lord. Our confused state of mind is caused by our illness. The loving Lord has not been grieved by our infirmities of body and mind.

There will be times in life when we seem to stand on the brink of an impassable gulf which the human understanding cannot cross. When we come to the place where reasoning ends and despair begins, we will discover that Christ's protective peace is like a bridge that spans the gulf which our own limited understanding cannot cross. The infirmities of the body can cause the imagination to run wild. Sickness can cause many fantastic ideas and strange impressions to disturb and confuse our minds. Some unhappy people imagine they are being tormented by evil spirits. Some think their nervous disorders are caused by some strange power of Satan. These distressing nervous disorders and groundless fears are caused by their physical condition. A just and holy God will not allow His praying and trusting people to become the unwilling victims of satanic power. He has provided a peace to garrison their hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

\* \* \*

From "Streams Of The Spirit" (hdm0995) by T. M. Anderson

Life has its triumphs and its trials, its songs and sobbings, and its wealth and want. To guard us in these changing conditions God has given the permanency of peace. When mind has come to the brink of the void; when understanding comes to the rim of the unrevealed; there spanning the shadows, stands the bridge of peace. This peace arches the unknown; its piers are resting in the Redeeming Christ. In this calm confidence we are content with such things as we have. He hath said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. We may boldly say, the Lord is my Helper."

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## **003 -- A BRIDGE IN ANSWER TO PRAYER**

**From "The Kneeling Christian" (hdm0663) by an Unknown Author**

**Dan Crawford told us recently that when returning to his mission field after a furlough, it was necessary to make all possible haste. But a deep stream, which had to be crossed, was in flood, and no boats were available, or usable, for that matter. So he and his party camped and prayed. An infidel might well have laughed aloud. How could God get them across that river! But, as they prayed, a tall tree which had battled with that river for scores of years began to totter and fall. It fell clear across the stream! As Mr. Crawford says, "The Royal Engineers of heaven had laid a pontoon bridge for God's servants."**

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**004 -- A BRIDGE TO GLORY AFTER A FATAL BRIDGE INJURY**

**From "History Of The Old Baltimore Conference" (hdm0805) by James Edward Armstrong**

**This item tells of the Triumphant Crossing via the Bridge of God's Grace after a fatal fall through an earthly bridge.**

**William M. Meminger -- born in Liberty Valley, Pa., March 15, 1822; died at Tyrone, Pa., January 5, 1888; converted at a campmeeting when sixteen years old. For forty-three years, from 1845, he made full proof of his ministry. "A quiet, modest and extremely retiring man, devout in manner, sweet in spirit, high toned in manhood, gentlemanly, courteous and honorable" -- this is the tribute his brethren, award him. On his way to an appointment on a cold and tempestuous Sunday evening, he fell between the timbers of a bridge over the Juniata river, recovered himself, crossed the bridge, preached to a crowded congregation and returned to his home. The fall, injuring the blood vessels about the heart, superinduced the succeeding fatal illness. At the Conference of 1885 he received a supernumerary relation, and for nearly three years was an invalid. When death approached it found him calm and triumphant. In answer to an inquiry by his pastor at Tyrone how the future appeared, he said: "All bright." When unable to speak at the last, with uplifted hands he pointed first to his loved ones and then heavenward, his face radiant and glowing as if the reflection of sunshine were upon it. His true worth was revealed when, from all parts of the territory where he had labored, tributes of esteem and love came from his former co-laborers.**

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**005 -- COMMUNICATION IS THE BRIDGE IN MARRIAGE**

**From "This Adventure Called Marriage" (hdm2651) By Milo L. Arnold**

**When One and One Are Put Together They Must Be Able to Communicate. This is one of the most difficult areas in many marriages. A man and woman may both speak the English language, both be able to read and write, and both be gifted**

speakers and writers, and still be unable to communicate with one another as they should. Communication in marriage is the bridge between two personalities. Only what they can communicate of themselves becomes truly their area of meeting. Their marriage unites no wider portion of their personalities than their communication permits.

Most persons potentially have a great deal more to give to their marriage than they do because their abilities to communicate are limited. Sometimes people love more deeply than they can express effectively. Sometimes they do more fearing, yearning, suffering, and hoping than they are able to reveal to their mates.

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**006 -- THE CROSS A BRIDGE TO GOD FOR LOST MANKIND**  
From "If Christ Had Not Come" (hdm0577) by Jarrette Aycock

The Cross is a bridge spanning a hitherto impassable gulf by which man can reach God, and dwell "in the secret place of the most high," and "abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

It has been well said, "When man sinned he fell away from God and a gulf intervened as bottomless as hell and as black as midnight, and throughout those yawning depths devils howled and demons hissed, while thunders rolled and lightnings flashed, and no genius of man could bridge it and no contrivance of man could cross it and hell held high carnival over man's lost condition. But in the midst of their glee Jesus Christ left His home in glory and came to this world, and at the cost of His life flung a bridge across that hitherto impassable gulf, and called it salvation, and announced to the world that 'I am come that [ye] might have life, and . . . have it more abundantly.' And for nearly two thousand years poor old sin-cursed and sin-wrecked humanity has been staggering across salvation's bridge into the arms of a loving God and finding that though their 'sins be as scarlet,' He will make them 'white as snow,' and 'though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'

O the love that drew salvation's plan!  
O the grace that brought it down to man!  
O the mighty gulf that God did span  
At Calvary!

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**007 -- NEITHER EXTREME STAYS ON THE BRIDGE**  
From "Holiness And The Human Element" (hdm0328) by H. A. Baldwin



The following by H. A. Baldwin illustrates how one must go to neither extreme, but rather stay "stay in the center of the road" as it were in order to make it across the bridge-ways of life.

We knew one man who had an inordinate desire for food; his efforts at self-control carried him into asceticism. We have heard of a horse getting scared at the water on one side of a bridge and jumping off into the water on the other side.

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#### **008 -- A BRIDGE OF JUDGMENT**

From "My Old Kentucky Home" (hdm0224) by Pascal Perry Belew

At Catawaba God gave us a revival and the Devil furnished opposition a plenty. We were holding the meeting at the Baptist Church, which had no pastor and few members; but a part of the few "showed their teeth" when the battle got hot. The man that had the most authority and probably less grace than anyone else in the church requested us to close at once. Among other things he said: "Boys, I will be honest with you. You are doing more harm than you are good." The harm to which he had reference consisted in souls finding God and the resultant demonstration. This was at the close of a Sunday morning service. It was our intention to close with the evening service, but we were unwilling to close so unceremoniously as he wished us to do, so we refused his request. But those who oppose holiness do not scruple to employ foul means to accomplish their purpose. During the afternoon the grown son of this church mogul, intending to lock us out, demanded the key of the lady that took care of the church. But she had found God during the meetings and would not surrender the key to him. Determined to succeed if possible in his diabolical attempt to forestall the service, his implacable animosity found expression in another direction. Climbing in through a window, he took off the stove door, tore down the pipe, and hid them. Albeit the invincible janitress would not be defeated. She found and replaced the stovepipe, improvised doors from lamp reflectors, and we had service. We were vividly reminded of Isaiah's vision of the temple when "the house was filled with smoke," but we had a victorious closing none the less.

Some time later the young man that perpetrated the deed which we just narrated fell to the street from a train as it passed over a bridge and was taken up dead.. it should certainly be a warning to others not to resist the proffered mercy of God.

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#### **009 -- ENOUGH FOR BRIDGE FARE AND ONE BUN**

From "My Old Kentucky Home" (hdm0224) by Pascal Perry Belew

While my wife was visiting her mother at Bracht, Kentucky, this young man and I were doing light housekeeping, with emphasis on the word "light." And having completed her visit she was ready to assume her place in the "party" and wrote me for carfare to come. Her carfare was sixty-five cents. I had a very meager sum of money, but in order to provide her with a contingent fund, I sent her a whole dollar! I advised her, however, of my stringent circumstances and asked her to be saving! On my way to the Union Station in Cincinnati, where I was to meet her, I counted my money and found that I had enough for bridge fare and one cent over. Being hungry, I stopped at a restaurant and bought a bun with the extra penny; and the Christ who satisfied the multitude with a few loaves and fishes appeased my hunger with that lone bun.

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#### 010 -- THAT WHICH WAS WRITTEN SPANNED THE BRIDGE

From "The Life Of The Rev. John W. De La Flechere" (hdm0824) by Joseph Benson

Once during a tent-meeting meeting years ago, I beheld as the wind lifted one side of the tent, swept across the platform, picked up some (or all) of the preacher's outline notes and carried them out of the tent as it lifted up the opposite side of the tent! Fortunately, the preacher knew his sermon well enough to keep on preaching anyway! In the following account we read of how Fletcher was more fortunate during a bridge incident. But, the time cometh when only that which is written on the heart shall span the bridge from earth to heaven -- nothing written upon paper nor upon electronic discs, etc., shall make it across.

The frequent journeys which Mr. Fletcher took to and from Trevecka while he presided over the college, in all weathers, and at all seasons of the year, greatly impaired the firmness of his constitution. And in some of those journeys he had not only difficulties but dangers likewise to encounter. One day as he was riding over a wooden bridge, just as he got to the middle thereof, it broke in. The mare's fore legs sunk into the river, but her breast and hinder parts were kept up by the bridge. In that position she lay as still as if she had been dead, till he got over her neck and took off his bags, in which were several manuscripts, the spoiling of which would have occasioned him much trouble. He then endeavored to raise her up; but she would not stir till he went over the other part of the bridge. But no sooner did he set his foot upon the ground than she began to plunge. Immediately the remaining part of the bridge broke down, and sunk with her into the river. But presently she rose up again, swam out, and came to him.

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#### 011 -- THE BRIDGE WAS NEARLY FINISHED, BUT...

From "Striking The Source" (hdm0125) by Duane V. Maxey

**There are crucial times when that which is begun, if it ever be finished, must be finished, now! The following story well illustrates the importance of "going on unto perfection" (Heb. 6:1) without delay.**

**A young civil engineer came to the Northwest to construct a bridge across a mountain chasm. He worked with his crew for days, weeks, and months. Finally, at the close of one day, the project was almost finished. The bridge was nearly secure. There was only about one hour's work left to tie things in solid and finish the job. The young engineer said: "Men, come back after supper tonight, and I'll give you one day's pay for one hour's work, and we will finish the job." "No," they replied, "We have other arrangements." The engineer begged them, making an even better offer: "Men, come back tonight and I'll give you two day's pay for that one hour of work!" Again they replied: "No, but why you so urgent?" Explaining the reason for his concern, the engineer said to them: "If a great storm should break tonight, a torrent of water could wash down that chasm and wipe out the bridge, and destroy all of our labour up to this point!" "No," they said, "it won't rain for months." But it did! The violence of the current which swept down that chasm washed away into destruction all of their progress and construction up to that point!**

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**012 -- CHRIST'S LOVE SHOWN, JUST OVER THE GREAT BRIDGE  
From "The Army Drum" (hdm0930) by Mrs. Colonel Brengle**

**The Lieutenant of a Corps in a northern city, too young to have yet forgotten a child's needs and longings, threw himself heart and soul into the Children's work, and soon had the names of 500 on his Roll-book. All possible tests were applied to the children before admitting them as Junior Soldiers; if they claimed to be saved, and their parents differed in opinion, the Officers laboured on with them; if the testimony of children and parents agreed, they were received.**

**Today, very many of these little ones are still Junior Soldiers; some have graduated into the Senior Corps, and some have passed through the Training Homes, and are now Officers in The Army. "We had a tea for the children one day," said this same Lieutenant, "and were to march to Roker Sands, two miles out of the city. Just going over the great bridge, marching in style, we passed a little girl, all in rags, with bare, bleeding feet, and her dark hair hanging about her face. I ran and picked her up, and carried her all the way out there, gave her some fruit, and looked after her. When the time came to go home, it was a job to carry her back; she was small for eight years, but heavy -- but her feet weren't fit for walking, nor she either.**

**"We had a Meeting after the tea, and she professed to get saved. That was Thursday, and the next Tuesday she came again, in the same clothes, but all clean. I visited her, and found her mother, a fearful drunkard, and they lived in the lowest den in all the city. She came regularly to all the Meetings for six months, when I left**

for another Corps. People wrote me that she mourned as if I was dead. At last she was taken ill, and the report got to me that she had died in the hospital.

When I went back, that time four years, I was standing in the great Hall after the Children's meeting and Demonstration, when some one gave my coat a good pull. I looked around, and there was a bright, well-dressed little girl looking up at me.

"Don't you know me?" she asked.

"No." I thought I'd never seen her before.

"I'm the little girl you carried to Roker Sands," she said.

I cross-examined her as to how she was living, and found that the Lord had kept her good all this while. As we were talking, her mother came up, and shook hands and thanked me, and said that the girl's living for Jesus at home had been the means of getting her saved. I've kept count of 200 cases like that, where Junior Soldiers have been the means of getting their parents saved. It's grand to see a work spreading so."

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**013 -- THEN CHARLIE DIDN'T NEED A NICHE UNDER LONDON BRIDGE**  
From "The Army Drum" (hdm0930) by Mrs. Colonel Brengle

Such pitiful stories of the past as are told by some of these children! Take that of Charlie W\_\_\_\_\_ whose father died when he was a very little fellow. He lived in an East End garret with his mother for several years afterwards, she sewing, night and day, he running about the streets trying to earn a few coppers at holding horses or calling cabs, and the two barely able to keep bread in their mouths.

At last the mother sank in the unequal struggle, and, dying, left Charlie only the poor legacy of a vague hope that, if he trusted God, He would take care of him. While the boy was gone to see his mother buried by the parish, the landlord took possession of their few bits of furniture, sold them, and when Charlie came back to his wretched garret he found the door locked against him, and the street henceforth his only home.

He had no friends, not even among the Arabs of the locality, and the only people who showed him kindness were the policemen, who, after putting him in the station occasionally as a vagrant, let him off the next morning without a turn in prison; and only the homeless Christ knows how the lonely boy kept life in him for the many months that a doorway, an old barrel, or a niche in London Bridge were his sole shelter from cold and snow or drenching rain.

One evening, wandering aimlessly about the streets, he heard the sound of singing in the distance, and went to the spot from whence the music came. Children -- clean, happy, singing children in that God-forsaken street! The boy stood fascinated, eyes and ears charmed by this strange, fair group; and when they moved away he followed.

In the Hall where the children led him, the talk about God called to mind his mother's dying words, and he saw what it meant to trust God -- he did trust, and the vague hope became a living reality; from that hour he has never been lonely any more. He told his story after the Meeting, and a young lady, not a Soldier, took him home. And since then God has taken care of him, soul and body; he has home, friends, health, work, and there is not a happier Soldier in London than Charlie today.

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#### 014 -- THE TWO ABUTMENTS OF THE BRIDGE OF SALVATION From "Love-Slaves" (hdm0021) by Samuel Logan Brengle

One of The Army's central doctrines and most valued and precious experiences is that of Heart Holiness -- The Bridge which The Army throws across the impassable gulf that separates the sinner from the Saviour -- who pardons that He may purify, who saves that He may sanctify rests upon these two abutments -- (1) The Forgiveness of Sins through simple, penitent, obedient faith in a crucified Redeemer, and (2) The Purifying of the Heart and empowering of the soul through the anointing of the Holy Spirit, given by its risen and ascended Lord, and received not by works, but by faith.

Remove either of these abutments and the bridge falls; preserve them in strength, and a world of lost and despairing sinners can be confidently invited and urged to come and be gloriously saved.

The first abutment is deep grounded on such assurances as these: 'There is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared' and 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'

And the second firmly rests on such Scriptures as these: 'And God, who knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as He did unto us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith.' 'If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin;' and 'Ye shall receive power after hat the Holy Ghost is come upon you.'

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**015 -- SHE DESIRED A BRIDGE BEHIND HER**

From "Helps To Holiness" (hdm0348) by Samuel Logan Brengle

The other day a lady said to me: "I have always hesitated to say, 'The Lord sanctifies me wholly'; but not until recently did I see the reason. I now see that I secretly desired a bridge behind me, so that I might escape back from my position without injury to myself. If I profess sanctification, I must be careful lest I bring myself into disrepute; but if I do not profess it, I can do questionable things and then shield myself by saying, 'I do not profess to be perfect.'" Ah, that is the secret! Be careful, dear reader.. Get away over on God's side.."

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**016 -- SALVATION, INSTEAD OF SUICIDE, AT THE BRIDGE**

From "Ancient Prophets" (hdm0398) by Samuel Logan Brengle

Many years ago I was visiting Riverside, California, for a brief campaign, and was met at the train by the Captain in charge at about ten o'clock in the morning. His face was glowing as he said to me: 'We got the worst old drunkard in town saved last night; and I have seen him twice this morning, and he is doing fine.' How could the poor old drunkard do otherwise, with a Captain bubbling over with faith, love, and good cheer, following him up like that! Don't forget, he saw the old saved drunkard twice the next morning. 'Twice'! That is the way new-born babies are cared for, and that is the way to care for new-born souls.

This Officer came east to Pennsylvania; and a Spiritual Special visited his Corps, had about fifty Converts, and the Captain did not lose one, but enrolled them all as Soldiers. On another occasion he labored until after midnight with a drunkard, and then carried him to his lodging-place on his back. The proprietor of the lodging-house refused to receive him, but the Captain carried the chap upstairs to his room, put him to bed, followed him up; and made a Salvation Army Blood-and-Fire Soldier out of him.

On the way home that night, long after midnight, the Captain had to cross a great irrigation ditch, and when he came to the bridge he heard a splash and a groan. Rushing forward he found a man's feet sticking up, but his head under the bridge and under the water. He pulled the man out of the water and got the water out of him, prayed with him, got him saved, and the man became an earnest Christian. The poor fellow in a fit of discouragement was trying to commit suicide.

This Captain is now a Lieut.-Colonel, and a Divisional Commander; and is still passionately seeking souls, and looking after Converts.

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**017 -- THE TWO NECESSITIES FOR AN ARCH BRIDGE**

From "Twenty-Nine Sermons" (hdm0192) by P. F. Bresee

The late Joseph Cook in his last Boston lecture said, "Once I was told by an engineer who had thrown a bridge over one of the rapid rivers of the Adirondacks -- a sixty foot span -- 'there are two necessities about an arch' -- the man stuttered a little -- 'these necessities are that the f-feet must not s-slip and that the m-middle must not b-bend.'" Joseph Cook was showing that the feet of the Old Testament are so down in human history, and the feet of the New Testament so down in the life of men that they can not slip, and that the center -- the veracity of Christ can not bend. It is perfectly in order to put any typical utterance of the Old Testament in the mouth of the Christ as He comes to fulfill it.

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018 -- MERCIFULLY SPARED WHEN CROSSING THAT BRIDGE

From "God's Standard" (hdm0963) by Duncan Campbell

I read somewhere the story of a traveler who, at night, shouted to the keeper of a toll bridge, to let the gate rise in order that he might pass through. A terrible storm was raging and the night was dark. The keeper was prevailed upon to come out and open the gate. When he did so, he found the traveler on the bridge side of the gate, and said to him: "In the name of God, where did you come from?" The traveler replied, "I crossed the bridge." The gate-keeper kept him that night, and in the morning showed him the bridge which he had crossed. The storm had so destroyed the footpath that night, that only one beam remained, and the sure-footed horse had kept to the beam, the rider quite unconscious of how near he was to being hurled into the raging torrent 100 feet below! "See thy way in the valley," said the prophet. And as we look back, some of us see how very narrow and slippery was the path on which we trod, and but for the mercy of God, we would have fallen to destruction. The Psalmist, remembering the sustaining and protecting hand of God, exclaims: "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" (Psalm 107.8). That, I am sure, would be the language of many a heart on contemplating the goodness and the sustaining mercy of God. The hymn-writer, Addison, dwelling on the wonder of God's protecting and sustaining grace, pens these imperishable words:

"When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.

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019 -- SAVED ON THE WAY TO THE BRIDGE

From "Revival Sermons" (hdm0049) by Beverly Carradine

I held a meeting in a large Northern city two winters ago; and this occurrence took place a couple of weeks before my arrival. A young woman was engaged to be married when her betrothed suddenly died. A strange desperate feeling came over her and in that reckless spirit she entered upon a life of sin and shame. At once remorse set in, and feeling that life was unbearable she determined one night to drown herself in the river that flowed through the city. On the way to the bridge from which she intended casting herself, she passed the church where I afterwards held my meeting. It was lighted up and the sound of singing came out upon the night air. She concluded to go in and hear one hymn before she took her life. She entered and sat in the last seat. The people were all filled with the Spirit, it was a Holiness Church, and one sweet hymn followed another. She had heard four hymns when the speaker of the evening arose suddenly and said, "I will speak a few minutes on the words of Jesus 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.'"

Then followed an earnest, tender, unctuous talk of fifteen minutes, when he concluded by saying, "If any sin sick soul, or and burdened heart would like to come to Jesus tonight, let them draw near at once to this altar that we may pray for them. " At once the girl rushed forward, fell at the altar, and in less than ten minutes was soundly saved. Several weeks later I opened my meeting in this church of which she was now a member. When she heard of the deeper experience of sanctification, the greater blessing I have been talking about, she at once sought it, and in a few days found it. Several times after that I heard her testify, and as I looked at her transfigured face, the perfectly angelic expression upon it, and thought that only a few weeks before she was on her way to the river to drown herself, I blessed God for a church that had the power to stop her mad career and turn her steps from an endless hell to an everlasting Heaven. And I saw once again why God wants to fill His church everywhere with a blessing that will make it a soul saving institution, cheating hell out of a weeping and wailing population, and crowding the streets of Heaven with a multitude that cannot be numbered, plucked from the walks and ways of sin everywhere, and now white robed and shining-faced to glorify God in the skies forever.

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## 020 -- A BRIDGE OF PRESUMPTION

From "Revival Miscellanies" (hdm0937) by James Caughey

William II, when standing upon some rocks in North Wales, saw the coast of Ireland, and exclaimed, "I will summon hither all the ships of my realm, and with them make a bridge to attack that country." This threat, it seems, was reported to Murchard, Prince of Leinster, who paused a moment, and then inquired, "Did the king add to this mighty threat, if God please?" Upon being assured the king made no mention of God in his speech, he replied, "rejoicing in the prognostic," says the historian, "Sure that man puts his trust in human, not in divine power; I fear not his



coming." But, some time after, William was shot by a Frenchman, in the New Forest, Hants.

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#### **021 -- WHY THE TAY BRIDGE FELL**

From "Evangelistic Sermons" (hdm3337) by John Wilbur Chapman

Mr. Alexander and I were crossing the Tay river in Scotland a little while ago. We went over on the new bridge. It is a marvel of mechanical skill. Just as we had fairly gotten on the bridge, looking out of a window on the right I saw some great iron girders rising out of the river. The guard on the train said to me: "That is the wreck of the old Tay bridge." I recalled the incident. When that old bridge was completed everybody said that it was perfect. But one night, while an express was thundering across, suddenly the whole bridge shivered and went down. Scores of people were killed, and many were seriously injured. When the Government made a careful study, they found that there was just one blister in the iron of one of the girders. It had been overlooked, but it was enough to weaken the girder. So the Tay bridge went down with a crash. One little place of weakness may be enough. I say again tonight that I am concerned because sin starts in such small ways.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### **022 -- AFTER HE CHANCED GOING OVER A WEAK BRIDGE**

From "God Leads His Dear Children Along" (hdm0862) by Ray W. Chamberlain

Sam, we'll call him, was a rough and ready sinner. He was making his living with a truck back in my old home State of Missouri, and in trying to avoid the police with an overload he resorted to an unfamiliar road on which he took a chance of going over a weak bridge. This time Sam met his Waterloo, for he was pinned underneath his truck when the bridge collapsed and try as he could he was helpless to extricate himself from the dry riverbed.

Perhaps help would come and men could find timbers to pry the truck up enough so he could be free. Yet he knew from appearances that this road had little use and he could die before anyone came to his rescue.

His left leg was crushed terribly and the pain became so excruciating it was hard to keep from fainting. He cried and cried for help, but his cries could not be heard. Sam began to realize his life of sin and dogged determination to avoid the authorities might soon be coming to an end.

But a new problem was arising: it had begun to rain. The water was creeping up to his body, slowly but surely. The rain continued and slowly it came higher onto his body. If the rain continued much longer it would be impossible to hold his head high enough to keep from being drowned. The end seemingly was not far away now

for stretching his head as high as he could the water was almost to his chin, and still it kept raining!

It was then that this rough and rugged sinner realized the enormity of his sins and the wickedness of his ways. He cried to God for forgiveness -- and promised the Lord if his life was spared that he would love and serve Him the rest of his life. The water held right at his chin for some time, then finally began to recede a wee bit. Soon after the "flash flood" he was found and extricated from this deathbed.

Then came the long months of suffering, operations and hospitalizations and the one crushed leg four inches shorter than the good one. But to Sam's credit he kept his "dying vow" to the Lord and kept true to his Saviour.

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### **023 -- THE BRIDGE INTO THE BLESSING**

From "Camp Meeting Sermons" (hdm0204) by James Blaine Chapman

The following story by J. B. Chapman illustrates how "The Bridge Into The Blessing" of entire sanctification is meeting God's conditions.

Down in a county seat town in Texas, years ago, a patented device for providing fresh water for stock was installed on the corner of the public square. The device required that the thirsty animal should walk right up on a platform which had much the appearance of a small bridge. The weight of the animal on the platform opened the valves and let in an abundant supply of fresh water. When the animal's weight was removed from the platform the valves closed, and even the impounded water escaped and the trough was left empty.

Some animals came there thirsty and ready to drink. Only they wanted the blessing without meeting the conditions. They wanted to stand by the side of the trough and drink, but when they put their mouths in the trough they found it dry. Sometimes they would bite the sides of the trough and stamp the ground. But nothing availed until they were willing to walk up on that platform. Sometimes after much fruitless trying to get water in some other way, an animal would give up and ascend the platform. And when he did the valves opened immediately and he was able to slake his thirst without limit.

Well, it is like that in seeking this blessing.

\* \* \* \* \*

### **024 -- CHRIST, THE BRIDGE**

From "The Divine Response" (hdm0697) by J. B. Chapman

Motorists may disregard some "road closed, travel at your own risk" signs, but the one that stops them all is the one that reads, "Road closed, bridge out"; for even the most foolhardy knows he cannot pass from one side of an abyss to the other without something solid beneath his wheels.

Bridge builders are, from the approach of the highway department, repairers of breaches. They do not fill up the streams and ravines, they just nullify them as barriers to travel by providing substitutes. A bridge is not the solid ground, but when in good repair, it is no less safe and dependable. The ravages wrought by the earthquake or by erosion are not entirely restored, but by means of bridges they are offset, and the original plan for travel is pursued successfully in spite of them. None would say that the barriers are advantages within themselves, but all rejoice that the barriers are surmountable, and that the engineers are not compelled to abandon their plans for safe and pleasant travel on account of them.

In the record of that greatest of all earth's catastrophes, when man, the companion of God, became separated and lost, it was God, the offended God, who came asking for further conference, and who proposed repairing the breach, that fellowship might be resumed (Genesis 3:15). Sin cut an abyss that is wide and deep, and it runs right between man and his Maker. Jesus came and bridged that abyss with His own body, and made a way by which the creature may cross back to the favor of his Creator and Lord. This is a straight and unequivocal statement, true and real in meaning, even though couched in the language of metaphor...

Two chapters of our Bible suffice to tell of creation. Part of one chapter is enough to give the history of the first temptation and the fall. All the rest is given to the story of redemption -- to the story of the bridge and those who have used it in the highway of the centuries...

It is said that the word bridge does not appear in the Bible, probably because Palestine is a relatively dry country, and bridges were not used. The Jordan was about the only stream that would ordinarily challenge the traveler, and it was crossed at fords. But Jesus used the idea of the bridge when He said, "No man cometh unto the Father, but by me" (John 14:6), for He was currently describing himself as a way or road, and He had come to the impassable abyss in describing any man's journey to God. And now He says in substance, "There is no other bridge across the abyss except the one that I have built." Thank God for our glorious Bridge-Builder! who made the bridge with His own body on the tree.

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**025 -- WHAT TO DO WHEN CROSSING THE BRIDGE OF LIFE**  
From "Present Day Parables" (hdm0072) by John Wilbur Chapman

At Hussea, the state of Antioquia, is separated from the State of Ciendenamarco, by the Hussea river. The river is about sixty feet wide and the

supposition is, or rather tradition has it, that the Indians many years ago fastened twine to their arrows, and then with their bows shot the string across the stream from mountain to mountain, and making them fast, planted and trained vines which have grown and formed cables from six to ten inches thick, and knitted together that it forms a perfect bridge, and it is the only means of crossing the stream. As I have said the bridge is about sixty feet long and about eighty feet above the level of the stream. The first time that I crossed over on it, when I reached about the center, it began to sag and swing and to sway from side to side, so much so that lost my head and became so dizzy I felt that I must fall off the sides into the water below. My guide, seeing me, and knowing how I felt, called to me to get on to my knees and look up. And almost instantly I regained my self-control and crossed the bridge. This was a live bridge or bridge of living vines. And when crossing the bridge of life and we feel that we must fall, and we become dizzy with temptation, get down on your knees and look up, and we will be all right, we can cross the bridge with safety. -- J. W. C.

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**026 -- SULLEN, BUT SPARED FROM THE TERRIBLE BRIDGE ACCIDENT**  
From "Present Day Parables" (hdm0072) by John Wilbur Chapman

A carriage drove rapidly to a station one afternoon, just as the train rolled away; it contained a gentleman and his family. They manifested much annoyance and impatience at the failure to be in time. Important engagements for tomorrow could not now be met. Sharp words were spoken to the coachman; for the fault was his, as he had been ten minutes late in appearing. An angry scowl was on the gentleman's face as he drove homeward again. All the evening he was sullen and unhappy. In the next morning's papers he read an account of a terrible bridge accident on the railway. The train he had been so anxious to take, and so annoyed at missing, had carried many of its sleeping passengers to a horrible death. The feeling of bitter vexation and sullen anger instantly changed to one of thanksgiving. -- Miller.

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**027 -- A FALLEN BRIDGE AND HOW HUNDREDS WERE SAVED**  
From "And Peter And Other Sermons" (hdm2492) by J. Wilbur Chapman

A man working on one of the railroads in the State of Indiana discovered, one morning, that the bridge had fallen, and he remembered that the train was due. He started down the track to meet her, saw her coming, and, raising his hands, pointed to the bridge; but on she came, having no time to lose. He threw himself across the track, and the engineer, thinking him a madman, stopped the train. The man arose and told his story, and saved the lives of hundreds. Christ did this for you; He purchased your redemption by the giving of Himself whether you have accepted this salvation or not.

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## **028 -- EVERY BRIDGE IS BURNED BEHIND ME**

**From "Footprints In Africa" (hdm2629) by Louise Robinson Chapman**

**"There was a deep longing in my heart for God to let me experience Pentecost, to see it, and to be in it. I prayed and lived the best I knew to let it come upon me. Yet my life was full of problems, shortcomings, and hardships. Although I never, since I accepted Christ, went into outward sin, yet I began to build bridges in case things in my life became unbearable. I didn't go all out for the Lord. That made me a halfhearted Christian.**

**"The revival of Mrs. Chapman brought me face to face with God and my life. I prayed the whole day and into the night until 1:00 a.m. Then I went to bed. The next morning I was under deep conviction. That day, the fourth of June, I said, 'Yes,' to God. At 8:20 a.m. He swept over my soul and burned out all the dross and began to burn up all the bridges behind me which I had built. The Comforter came. I didn't know what to do. I wept like a little baby as the Holy Spirit burned all the bridges behind me and melted my heart. I was so glad I whispered, 'All for Thee, Lord, all for Thee.' Joy flooded my soul. I didn't know how to get it to stop. I found myself standing on a chair waving my arms. I could only say, 'Glory to God for His unspeakable gift!'**

**"The Spirit of God began to clothe me with the beauty of holiness... I began to humble myself before my brethren. I asked them to forgive me. I went to make restitutions. The burden of prayer came heavily upon me. I prayed as never before. The Word of God became more precious to me. Familiar passages of Scripture became real. Since that time until now, I realize that I must preach as a dying man to dying men, that I must decrease that Christ may increase.**

**"Reader, if you by any chance have some bridges behind you which make you a halfhearted Christian, I plead with you, ask God to let the Holy Spirit burn every bridge and He will fill you with His Holy Spirit, and you too will have joy unspeakable and full of glory. -- Sydney Holmes, Pastor, Alexandra Mission**

**This would be a good place to set forth the words of the hymn: "Every Bridge Is Burned Behind Me"**

### **Verse 1**

**Since I started out to find Thee,  
Since I to the cross did flee,  
Every bridge is burned behind me;  
I will never turn from Thee.**

### **Verse 2**

Thou didst hear my plea so kindly;  
Thou didst grant me so much grace,  
Every bridge is burned behind me;  
I will ne'er my steps retrace.

**Verse 3**

Cares of life perplex and grind me,  
Yet I keep the narrow way.  
Every bridge is burned behind me;  
I from Thee will never stray.

**Verse 4**

All in All I ever find Thee,  
Savior, Lover, Brother, Friend,  
Every bridge is burned behind me;  
I will serve Thee to the end.

**Refrain**

Strengthen all the ties that bind me  
Closer, closer, Lord to Thee,  
Every bridge is burned behind me;  
Thine I evermore will be.

\* \* \* \* \*

**029 -- M. E. BISHOP HEDDING SPARED IN A BRIDGE ACCIDENT**

From "Life And Times Of Elijah Hedding" (hdm0616) by Davis W. Clark

While riding at a rapid pace over a bridge thrown across a deep ravine, his horse broke a plank, and both his fore feet went down through the opening. The shock was so sudden that Bishop Hedding was thrown out of his sulky some eight or ten feet over the head of his horse, and for some time lay insensible. When he came to, he found himself lying upon the very edge of the bridge, below which yawned a chasm twenty feet deep, down which, had he fallen, he must inevitably have been dashed to pieces upon the rough rocks at the bottom. After rendering thanksgiving to God for his preservation, he looked around for his horse, and found him out of the hole, but entangled in the harness and lying broadside upon the bridge. With great difficulty he disengaged him, got him up and resumed his journey. When he reached Chazy, N.Y., he wrote to his wife, under date of September 20: "Through the mercy of God I am yet alive. My good friend and fellow traveler, Bishop George, is taken and I am left; I feel myself solemnly admonished to be ready also; I seem to myself like one walking on the brink of the grave." After giving an account of the accident that occurred to him, he says: "The sudden shock shook the poor old building [his body] with such violence that it had well nigh gone to pieces; but I am now gradually recovering." He then sends his love to "all who may inquire after a wandering pilgrim," and adds: "Some people think it a wonderful

privilege to be a Methodist bishop; but if they had to drag around with me one year, I think they would alter their opinion."

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**030 -- WHY THE ARCHITECT OF THE BRIDGE REJOICED**  
From "Consolation" (hdm0193) by Mrs. Charles E. Cowman

The following story by Mrs. Charles E. Cowman illustrates how God is pleased by the work of those who are careful to follow his every command.

You remember the story of the engineer of the Brooklyn bridge. During its building he was injured. For many long months he was shut up in his room. His gifted wife shared his toils, and carried his plans to the workmen. At last the great bridge was completed.

Then the invalid architect asked to see it. They put him upon a cot, and carried him to the bridge. They placed him where he could see the magnificent structure in all its beauty. There he lay, in his helplessness, intently scanning the work of his genius. He marked the great cables, the massive piers, the mighty anchorages which fettered it to the earth. His critical eye ran over every beam, every girder, every chord, every rod. He noted every detail carried out precisely as he had dreamed it in his dreams, and wrought it out in his plans and specifications.

And then as the joy of achievement filled his soul, as he saw and realized that it was finished exactly as he had designed it; in an ecstasy of delight he cried out: "It's just like the plan; it's just like the plan."

\* \* \* \* \*

**031 -- WHY THE DANCING PARTY WAS STOPPED AT THE BRIDGE**  
From "Culpepper Sermons" (hdm2318) by John B. and O. B. Culpepper

Five years ago, during the progress of the Indian Springs camp-meeting in Georgia, the news reached them that a dancing party was coming to the Springs from Macon, forty miles away, and one from up the road towards Atlanta.

Such good men as W. B. Godbey, L. L. Pickett, Geo. Mathews, etc., with many good women, held a prayer-meeting against it -- knowing its dissipating influence upon many of the young people, already more or less serious. After several prayers had been offered, some one proclaimed aloud that the dance would not come off. This assurance spread until the entire band were affected by it. My family was tented on the ground, and my wife and children were tangled up with that prayer-meeting. The news spread and reached Macon, that the camp-meeting folks had declared the dance off, by authority of God obtained in prayer.

**This was cause for great merriment among the dancing folks.**

**On the morning of the day, the dance was to come off at night, a largo crowd gathered at the depot of the ' Southern," eager for the trip and frolic. Many jests were indulged in. Among other remarks, a whiskey dealer, one of the dancing party, as "all aboard" rang out, and a rush was made for the entrance, said -- "Wonder what them praying folks would say if they saw us now." They boarded that train.**

**The weather was good; there had been no heavy rains. But a bridge gave way and killed several outright. Many were injured, some of whom died later. That liquor dealer was among the first killed. My oldest son, who had gone down to Macon, our home, for some articles needed at the camp, was on the train. He was not among the killed, or the three score, more or less, seriously hurt. Thus ended that end of the dance. The train, bringing a party from towards Atlanta, was ordered to take a siding at Jackson. So they did not reach the ground. All sorts of talk followed, Some said people who would pray that way were wicked. Some said God would not hear such prayer. Some said it was a mere coincidence. Such found it hard to account for the widespread assurance, three days beforehand, that they would not have the dance. Those who pray most, know how and why it all was.**

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

**032 -- TRAGEDY, AFTER THE BRIDGE-KEEPER YIELDED TO A FRIEND  
From "The Happy Home" (hdm2452) by John B. Culpepper**

**This tragic story related by John B. Culpepper can powerfully illustrate the utter regret and anguish that can result from making an allowance contrary to God's clear command or direction. Thus also, the story may be used as a sad commentary on these words in Acts 5:29 -- "We ought to obey God rather than men."**

**Over a drawbridge in one of our Northern states this sad incident occurred not many years ago. The bridge-keeper received a telegram, telling him to keep the bridge closed as a special would be down most any time. A friend of his ran up in a little yacht and said, "Hello, Harry, let me through." "I can't," replied the man. "I am looking for a special in a few minutes." "O, it won't take me long to run through, and you haven't heard it blow yet; let me through." The man said, "All right; make haste." And drawing the bridge, his friend passed through. But my! He saw that train coming round the bend, and before he could possibly get the bridge back and locked, it swept down and into the open and crash! crash! it leaped wildly into the river many feet below. As the bridge-keeper from the dizzy heights above saw strangling men, bloody, screaming women and dying children, and knew his neglect of duty was the cause, his brain reeled and in a second he was crazy. Pressing his head with his hands, he would walk up and down looking at his helpless victims below and would cry out, "My God, I wish I hadn't! I wish I hadn't. O, my God, I wish I hadn't! I wish I hadn't!"**



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### **033 -- SANCTIFIED WHOLLY ON THE BRIDGE**

From "Illustrated History Of Douglas Camp Meeting" (hdm2354) by Edward Davies

In November of the same year, a holiness convention was held at New Bedford, Mass.; mother, son, and daughter were present. During the services, George went to the altar seeking the experience of "perfect love;" but when the invitation was given to the unconverted, he would leave the altar and go through the congregation, persuading sinners to go forward and seek God's forgiveness. The second day, Nov. 15, 1870, after the afternoon services, with his mother and sister, all in earnest conversation and prayer, he went to the bridge, from which a fine view may be had of the bay. Here the little company halted, and for a time no one broke the silence. The evening shadows were beginning to fall around them. It was now five o'clock. Looking down the bay toward the light-house, with his heart yearning for "the second blessing," he had reached the end of all self effort. A deep, solemn stillness rested upon his soul. Just then, as the light-house keeper lighted his lamp, and its cheering rays darted over the bosom of the great deep, the light of Heaven fell upon the soul of His servant. Instantly all gloom disappeared; the witness of the Spirit came as clear and unmistakable to his sanctification, as it had come to his justification. And "the anointing abideth in him unto this day."

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### **034 -- SHE DID WHAT SHE COULD WHEN THE BRIDGE WAS OUT**

From "Selected Sermon Illustrations" (hdm0104) by A. B. Earle and J. Wilbur Chapman

Six years ago Miss Shelley won a gold medal from the Iowa Legislature, "and a wealth of admiration from all who read of her act of heroism." The facts are these. In a fearful thunder-storm and a torrent of falling rain, she looked out of her window in the darkness of the night, and by the vivid flashes of lightning shining on the scene, she saw that a railroad bridge near her home had been swept away by the storm. Just then she saw the headlight of a locomotive swiftly approaching the spot where the bridge had just been swept away, and plunged into the abyss below. She lighted her lantern, and alone, amidst the thunder and lightning and storm, she crept up a rocky steep, and with her clothes torn to rags, and lacerated flesh, she reached the rails, and on her hands and knees crept out to the last tie of the fallen bridge, swung her lantern back and forth over the abyss, until she heard the faint voice of an engineer, who, though in the greatest peril himself, cried to her to go quickly and give the alarm, to save an express train which was then coming towards that perilous spot, and some help, also, to rescue him.

She started for the nearest station, which was a mile away. To reach that station, she had to cross a high trestle bridge of five hundred feet in length. She had gone but a few steps when a fearful gust of wind put out her lantern, which she

threw away, knowing she could not relight it in the storm. So she dropped upon her hands and knees, and crept along from tie to tie over the trestle. Her way was lighted only by frequent flashes of lightning. After crossing the bridge, she hastened along the rails by the flashes of lightning to the station, and with what strength she had left told her story, and then fell in a dead faint at the station-agent's feet.

Help went quickly to the poor engineer's rescue, and telegrams flew up and down the line, notifying all that the bridge was gone. While Miss Shelley lay yet unconscious, the express train came rushing into the depot.

When the passengers learned what perils the brave girl had passed through to save them, and saw her still lying in an unconscious state, they took her up tenderly, and bathed her torn and bleeding limbs, and soon brought her back to consciousness. Oh, how the scene beggars description, as the men and women gather about this brave girl of sixteen, looking upon her pale face, her torn and bleeding form. As they think how she went through all this to save their lives, words are too weak and lean to express the deep gratitude of their hearts. They laid a substantial expression of their appreciation at her feet. Then, as the best they could do, they embalmed her memory in their warmest affections, while the world placed a wreath of lasting honor on her brow. And Kate Shelley, living or dying, with her approving conscience, can say:

"I did what I could."

What an example to all Christians, who see so clearly the dark abyss just a step before unconverted men, and they rushing with great speed towards it. Let us swing the lamp of truth before them, and cry, with great earnestness:

"Danger ahead! Bridge gone! No crossing but through the bleeding victim of Calvary!"

May we all learn a lesson of sacrifice and effort to save others, from this incident, that, in the coming day, Christ may say of us:

"They have done what they could."

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### **035 -- HE NEEDED FIVE CENTS TO CROSS THE BRIDGE**

From "Illustrations And Experiences" (hdm0482) by Richard G. Flexon

We were living in our home just off the Bible school campus at Shacklesford, Virginia. It was located seven miles from West Point, Virginia. The Mataponi River was between us and West Point. There was a long bridge over the river. The toll for a car or horse and wagon was fifteen cents. The toll for walking across was five

**cents. One day I needed to go to West Point. It was a must. I did not have one cent to pay the toll. I asked my wife if she had any money and she said she did not. I drove with horse and buggy to within a quarter of a mile of the long bridge and tied my horse to a post in front of a member's home, who was my church treasurer. I was walking toward the bridge, praying every step of the way for five cents for my toll. I had reached the end of the bridge and I stood looking down. There, lying against the first plank, for it was a wooden bridge, was a nickel. I picked it up and crossed the bridge praising God for His interest in the smaller things in my life.**

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### **036 -- DIVINELY DIRECTED FROM THE BRIDGE**

**From "God's Ford On The Go" (hdm0502) by Luella Marsh Ford**

**With the telephone connection made, Bro. Laurence informed me, 'I have felt led to contact you and see if you will start a Sunday School at Raymond, Washington, thirty miles south of Hoquiam. There is a Nazarene couple with two small children who have been driving back and forth from Raymond to Hoquiam twice each Sunday. They don't want to drive that much over the crooked highway during winter months.'**

**Before the telephone connections were shut off, I had promised to pray about it and let him know if it was God's will for me...**

**During a drive to South Bend, three miles south of the church, we observed many empty buildings. Brother Laurence suggested we at least look at the Sunday School rooms in the Lutheran Church.**

**As we drove back that direction I couldn't believe that it was the place to start the Nazarene Sunday School. I prayed mentally and said, "Lord, if it isn't your will for a Sunday School to be started in that church building, don't let Brother Laurence get the door unlocked."**

**We three went to the door. Brother Laurence tried and tried to unlock the door. "What's wrong with this key? I've unlocked this door a number of times with this key."**

**I didn't tell him but I knew God had answered prayer.**

**Getting back into the car, he said, "There is another district called Riverdale. To get to the home where we are to have dinner, we drive through it."**

**As we crossed a long bridge, I observed hundreds of houses to the west. "This is the locality, Brother Laurence."**

He was quick to respond, "You will find no buildings for rent. If there are any empty buildings, they will have 'For Sale' signs."

"If God wants a Sunday School, there will be at least one building for rent," I said. "One is all we need."

Cooperating with my contention, he said, "I will drive slowly and you keep your eyes open and look for empty buildings." We saw a number. He would drive around the block and sure enough 'For Sale' would stare us in the face. We kept on looking and it was the same story.

"There's another empty building," I called as we came to Cedar Street. One more drive around the block. What a thrill to see "FOR RENT" on the sign.

Obtaining the telephone number, Brother Laurence soon made contact with the owner, an elderly man. After learning why we wanted the building, he told Brother Lawrence, "That building has been empty since March. I have had several opportunities to rent it, but for some reason I couldn't. Just today I was walking through Riverdale vicinity and I said to myself, 'Why doesn't someone start a Sunday School? There is no church or Sunday School in this district. You can have it for \$30.00 a month!'"

The young Nazarene couple lived within a few blocks of this building and I was to stay with them.

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### 037 -- HORRIBLE BRIDGE MARTYRDOMS From "Fox's Book Of Martyrs" (hdm3340) by John Fox

At Barre great cruelty was used, even to young children, whom they cut open, pulled out their entrails, which through very rage they gnawed with their teeth. Those who had fled to the castle, when they yielded, were almost hanged. Thus they did at the city of Matiscon; counting it sport to cut off their arms and legs and afterward kill them; and for the entertainment of their visitors, they often threw the Protestants from a high bridge into the river, saying, "Did you ever see men leap so well?"

Jacob Birone, a schoolmaster of Rorata, for refusing to change his religion, was stripped quite naked; and after having been very indecently exposed, had the nails of his toes and fingers torn off with red-hot pincers, and holes bored through his hands with the point of a dagger. He then had a cord tied round his middle, and was led through the streets with a soldier on each side of him. At every turning the soldier on his right hand side cut a gash in his flesh, and the soldier on his left hand side struck him with a bludgeon, both saying, at the same instant, "Will you go to Mass? will you go to Mass?" He still replied in the negative to these interrogatories,

and being at length taken to the bridge, they cut off his head on the balustrades, and threw both that and his body into the river.

Mary Pelanchion, a handsome widow, belonging to the town of Vilario, was seized by a party of the Irish brigades, who having beat her cruelly, and ravished her, dragged her to a high bridge which crossed the river, hung her to the bridge, and then going into boats, they fired at her until she expired.

A young man of Bobbio, named Michael Grove, was apprehended in the town of La Torre, and being led to the bridge, was thrown over into the river. As he could swim very well, he swam down the stream, thinking to escape, but the soldiers and the mob followed on both sides of the river, and kept stoning him, until receiving a blow on one of his temples, he was stunned, and consequently sunk and was drowned.

Afterward, when some papists were merry over their cups, who were come to congratulate their wicked brethren for their victory over these unhappy creatures, those Protestants who survived were brought forth by the White-friars, and were either killed, or precipitated over the bridge into a swift river, where they were soon destroyed. It is added, that this wicked company of White-friars went, some time after, in solemn procession, with holy water in their hands, to sprinkle the river; on pretence of cleansing and purifying it from the stains and pollution of the blood and dead bodies of the heretics, as they called the unfortunate Protestants who were inhumanly slaughtered at this very time.

Upwards of one thousand men, women, and children, were driven, in different companies, to Portadown bridge, which was broken in the middle, and there compelled to throw themselves into the water, and such as attempted to reach the shore were knocked on the head.

One hundred and fifteen men, women, and children, were conducted, by order of Sir Phelim O'Neal, to Portadown bridge, where they were all forced into the river, and drowned. One woman, named Campbell, finding no probability of escaping, suddenly clasped one of the chief of the papists in her arms, and held him so fast that they were both drowned together.

As the river Bann was not fordable, and the bridge broken down, the Irish forced thither at different times, a great number of unarmed, defenceless Protestants, and with pikes and swords violently thrust about one thousand into the river, where they miserably perished.

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038 -- JESUS BUILT NELLIE A BRIDGE

From "The Sunny Side Of Life" (hdm0528) by C. B. Fugett

On the 29th day of November, at 11:30 P. M., Dr. Stimson, chairman of the staff of doctors that had so loyally stood with us, said, "Rev. Fugett, your wife is in a coma and will never know you again." I thought I was ready for the shock, for I knew she couldn't live; but you know, friends, we are never ready. I slipped out into a little adjoining room and had prayer. I asked God to allow her to talk with me one more time. When I returned, I picked up her hand, and she opened her eyes. I said, "Nellie, did you know that you came almost going to Heaven a few moments ago?" She said, "I know it." I said, "How close to Heaven did you get?" She said, "I saw Jesus. He is the most beautiful being my eyes have ever looked upon. There is a little river out in front of me, and while He was here with me, He built a bridge across that river for me to cross on!" Then she folded her hands and began to sing,

"The toils of the road will seem nothing,  
When I've gone the last mile of the way."

I kissed her good-bye, and said, "Nellie,

'If you hasten off to Glory,  
Tarry just inside the Eastern gate.  
For I'm coming in the morning,  
And you won't have long to wait!'"

These memories linger with me. Nellie was a close friend of my present wife, Elizabeth. I pray God this message will encourage some discouraged heart.

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**039 -- DEEPLY THANKFUL FOR THEIR BRIDGE OF DELIVERANCE**  
From "Foot-Prints Of An Itinerant" (hdm0730) by Maxwell Pierson Gaddis

During my stay in the mountains in the latter part of the month of July there was a most remarkable freshet in most of the water-courses for a distance of more than fifty miles around. It swept off houses, mills, bridges, and fences, and spread devastation, dismay, and death along every stream, rivulet, or mountain ravine. I frequently passed by the spot between Lewisburg and the White Sulphur Springs, on one of the tributaries of Greenbrier, where a most remarkable and deeply-affecting incident occurred.

A brother and sister who had the entire charge of a carding-machine and fulling-mill on this stream, after having finished the toils of the day, retired to enjoy the repose of innocence for the night. They both slept in separate apartments in the second story of the building. During the forepart of the night the rain fell in copious showers. About midnight they were suddenly aroused from their peaceful slumbers by the frightful roar of the mountain torrents. They immediately lighted a candle, and found, on examination, that the stream had already overflown its banks and the water was up to the second story of the machine house. Every hope of escape to

the shore was cut off. To add to the horror of their perilous situation, the night was fearfully dark and the rain still descending in torrents from the clouds. They were soon driven by the swelling flood into the third story of the building. Here they kneeled down and prayed together as they supposed for the last time in this world. After committing soul and body into the hands of a merciful God, who "sitteth above the water floods," they held a consultation as to what they should do farther in order to save their lives. The brother was for remaining in the mill, but the sister proposed to take refuge in the strong arms of a large tree near the northeast corner of the building. The brother argued in this way, "If we remain in the house, when it is swept off we may possibly escape on some part of the wreck; and if," continued he, "we go out upon the tree, when the house moves off the foundation it may swing against the tree, and our ruin will be inevitable." His sister replied, "I think if we remain, our destruction is certain, for when the mill is swept off the foundation it will fall on its side and plunge us into the water before we can escape from this room. For my sake, my dear brother, do let us go out on the tree; by this means our lives may yet be spared."

Thanks be to God, she at length prevailed. He then opened the roof close to the tree, took the cords from his bed and went out on a limb of the tree, and made it fast to the main trunk. He then took his sister and tied the cord around her body, under her arms, and easily succeeded in lashing her fast to the limbs of the tree. He then took another cord and tied himself fast to the main body of the same tree, near to his beloved sister. It was only a few minutes after they had made their escape from the house before it was raised from its foundation by the violence of the waters and dashed into a thousand fragments upon the rocks below. In this exposed and perilous situation they remained all night, while the brave old tree waved to and fro when struck by the surging waves and drift-wood, occasionally drenching their feet in the angry waters. Every moment they expected to be submerged in the turbid flood or dashed to pieces on the rocks below. O how dark and cheerless would their situation have been but for the cheering words of Him who can still the tempest and hush its roar! While thus waiting to pass the "awful flood,"

"When every scene of life  
Stands ready to depart,"

the eye of faith pierces beyond the darkness that surrounds the entrance to the grave, and enables the Christian to sing,

"When tempest clouds are dark on high,  
His bow of love and peace  
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,  
A pledge that storms shall cease."

When the morning dawned, their friends and neighbors rushed to the bank of the stream, but could not afford them any relief; but God was their refuge, and

suffered no harm to befall them. The alarm was given, and kindhearted persons from the surrounding country rushed to the rescue; but till the angry waters began to subside nothing was accomplished. Their friends about one o'clock in the day effected their deliverance by cutting down a number of large trees above the mill, letting them float down near the one to which the unfortunate sufferers had lashed themselves. In this way a bridge was formed, which extended across the stream to the shore. Over this, by the aid of ropes, the brother and his sister passed in perfect safety. Overcome by fatigue and excitement they sank down at the feet of their deliverers; but as soon as they recovered from their exhaustion they arose and fell upon the necks of those who had effected their rescue, wept aloud, and kissed them, and exclaimed, "We are saved! We are saved! we are saved! O, how shall we ever be sufficiently thankful to our kind deliverers!"

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#### **040 -- LAURENSEN DASHIELL'S BRIDGE INTO HEAVEN**

From "Last Words And Old-Time Memories" (hdm1566) by Maxwell Pierson Gaddis

Laurenson Dashiell, senior secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at his residence, Roseville, (a suburb of Newark, New Jersey,) on Monday evening, March 8, 1880.

In the death of Dr. Dashiell the Methodist Episcopal Church has lost one of its most eloquent ministers and most honored and useful servants. He has fallen, after having just entered the youth of old age, being about fifty-three years old. He was born and raised in Somerset County, eastern shore of Maryland. He was but twenty years of age when he joined the Baltimore Conference, in 1848, having received a furnishing for his duties at Dickinson College, from which he graduated in 1846. Nature, grace, and culture, all conspired to give him success in the work to which he was called. He was tall and erect in person, and commanding and graceful in his manners. He was possessed of an expressive countenance, and a voice of rare flexibility and power, capable at once of the softest and sweetest tones, and also of the loudest and boldest. His style was perspicuous, forcible, and even elegant. His information was very extensive and accurate.

At the General Conference of 1872 he was elected to the office of missionary secretary, with the Rev. Drs. T. M. Eddy and J. M. Reid as colleagues. Such was the acceptability with which he administered this important office that at the ensuing General Conference of 1876 he was reelected by a large majority on the first ballot.

He went out from the office one day expecting that a slight touch of the surgeon's knife would restore him in a few days to his desk; but he came back with the sentence of death upon him. The fortitude with which he met this unexpected conditions of affairs, and adjusted himself to it, was truly amazing. He at once surrendered his work and cheerfully addressed himself to the dreadful struggle, hoping all the while for the best. He lay upon his couch asserting continually the



power of divine grace for even these dreadful emergencies, and commending to saint and sinner the religion of Jesus Christ as sufficient for all the ills of life. But when he came to lay himself down on the table for the operation that was performed for his temporary relief, the grace within him shone out with richest luster. The surgeon, about to administer the anesthetic, said to him, "Now, doctor, you must loose sight of all of us for a little while;" and he replied, "I know it; but my heavenly Father will not for one moment lose sight of me." Then, too, when in his dreams he came to the cold river, and found no way of crossing, neither bridge, nor boat, nor plank, and the bleeding hand of Christ spanned the river with a bridge, over which he crossed in safety, he tells us what he thought. First, he thought of his whole life spent in the service of God, of his labors, sacrifices, and sufferings for Christ; but these gave him no hope. Then he thought of results, of the many souls he had brought to the Redeemer, and the many other good works he had done in the great name of Jehovah; but there was no hope there. But when the atonement, full-orbed, arose upon his darkness and despair, then hope and joy dawned upon his soul. So he died, in great physical suffering, but in the abundant comforts and hopes of the earth weep for him, for the monuments of his toil are in all lands.

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**041 -- TRIUMPHANT PASSING OVER THE FARTHER END OF THE BRIDGE**  
From "Saintly Women And Death-Bed Triumphs" (hdm2178) by Maxwell Pierson Gaddis

Jennie E. Green, wife of Rev. E. T. Green of the Genesee Conference, and daughter of Benjamin H. and Esther Key, was born in Sherman, New York, January 16, 1837, and died in Lockport, New York, March 15, 1880. At the age of twelve years she gave her heart to God, and commenced the Christian life. On October 4, 1860, she was married, and proceeded at once with her husband to his first appointment in the pastoral relation. Without intermission she continued in the pastoral work which she then began for two decades, until her last and fatal illness compelled her to retire from the chosen field of her earthly toil. Her religious life and professions were modest and undemonstrative, and yet her relations with God were undoubted, and her confidence unwavering...

On the morning of her death, after a great struggle that threatened to end her sufferings at once, she exclaimed, I have been to the farther end of the bridge; and the stream is narrow, after all! I want to tell you that the Lord has taken away all my fears." She then added, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." And thus, with utterances of prayer and praise, and farewell to her loved ones, she passed safely and joyously to her home in heaven. In Sherman, the home of her childhood and the homes and graves of her kindred, she was laid to rest.

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**042 -- AFTER A HORRIBLE BRIDGE MISHAP, WALKER STILL PREACHED**

From "Brief Recollections Of George W. Walker" (hdm2304) by Maxwell Pierson Gaddis

Not long after dark, in attempting to cross a swollen stream, over which a temporary bridge had been erected, he came very near finding a premature and watery grave. A portion of the bridge near the opposite shore had been swept away by a recent freshet, and before he was apprised of any danger, or that any part of it was missing, horse and rider were plunged head foremost into the turbid waters. The horse struck the bottom after a rapid descent of about fourteen feet, and stuck fast in the mud, with the young itinerant holding fast to the saddle. But, fortunately, while Mr. Walker was trying to disengage himself from the stirrups to make an effort to ascend, the noble horse made a severe struggle, and bounded upon his hinder legs, and arose to the surface, and reached the shore in safety, with Mr. Walker on his back, firmly seated in the saddle. After properly adjusting his rigging, and emptying his pockets of a surplus quantity of water, he resumed his journey with a cheerful heart. The road became more difficult and dangerous to travel the farther he pursued it. At last he found it almost impossible to get his jaded animal along, but still he urged his way onward, plunging through water and frozen ice till he reached the cabin. It was now just 10 o'clock. The congregation, which had assembled at 11 o'clock, was still there, waiting, with patience, the arrival of the intrepid missionary. They all felt confident if it was possible for any one to make his way over such bad roads, Mr. W. was the man to do it, and would not disappoint a congregation, if he could help it. The people at that early period were glad to have the privilege of hearing one of the heralds of salvation, and this little company, it seems, were determined not to return home that night without a sermon, should the minister be able to reach there before midnight. But on the arrival of Mr. Walker, his clothes were frozen stiff, and they found him so cold and worn out by traveling all day, without food for his horse, or any thing to eat himself, they no doubt had good reason to fear that they would be disappointed after all.

On procuring a light, Mr. Walker found that his horse's feet and legs were badly cut by the ice, and that one thing which had retarded his progress, and rendered it so difficult for the noble animal to travel, was the large quantity of ice that was frozen fast to his long tail, after taking the cold bath in the river, and that swept the water so often while crossing the swollen streams. "A merciful man regardeth the life of his beast;" therefore, Mr. Walker resolved to attend to his horse first, and make him as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. After changing some of his garments, he procured a kettle of hot water, and with the aid of some gentlemen, thawed off the frozen ice from the tail and bleeding ankles of his horse. He then procured a buffalo robe, with which to shield him from the piercing wind, tied him to a tree -- a stable was out of the question -- and fed him. During this process without, the kind-hearted sister within was busily preparing supper for this heroic minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. As soon as Mr. W. felt satisfied that he had done all that was in his power to make his faithful horse comfortable, he sat down to this table with a glad heart, and partook of a hearty supper. Feeling now much refreshed in body and mind, he preached his patient

auditors a sermon between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock at night. After the sermon was ended, the little company lighted their bark torches, and started for their homes in the surrounding neighborhood.

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**043 -- FAIRY CHISM MADE HER LIFE A BRIDGE OF SALVATION IN AFRICA**  
From "Touched By The Divine" (hdm2626) by Carol Gish

As Fairy was preparing to go home, one of the girls in the school, Lillian Bhembe, wrote a letter to Mr. and Mrs. Chism, expressing for the other members of the school and the Endingeni church their appreciation for their missionary. I quote in part from the Other Sheep of June, 1936:

"Dear Parents:

"I am with shame and pain of heart because of your child, who came from you with a young and beautiful body; her hair was pretty and curly. But now when you see her she does not have the body she had when she came to Africa. Your child is very, very much hurt because of the heavy work which we people of Africa have put upon her. It has taken the blood of this person. She has worked day and night she working for our souls and bodies. She has shown us the way which goes to heaven.

"She has made her life a bridge where many Swazis have crossed and where they can continue to cross even until they reach the Lord Jesus.

"She has been the mother of orphans....

"She has cared for them all with patience and kindness. She has clothed them until their needs no longer appeared.... The needs of their hearts she has met. We have eaten (or partaken of) rich soil (I mean your child), hence we should blossom forth as a tree sends forth beautiful green leaves when it grows in rich soil....

"You gave her to us, and now she comes back to you worn and given out. We return her to you that you again make her to live, and that you again send her to us if our great Father wills....

"May the Lord bless you with a great and beautiful portion in the kingdom of Heaven because of your child who has worked and carried so many heavy things among us, we of Africa.

"Good-by, parents, who are blessed indeed.

**"It is I -- one of the plants who has taken from her, and who has green and beautiful leaves (in heart) because of your child."**

**Fairy sailed for home by way of Australia in late December of 1935. At the beginning of the voyage, she was desperately ill with a complication of malaria and seasickness. After she recovered, however, she enjoyed the trip to the full. In Australia she met again a former friend of N.N.C., Mr. Ed Klindworth, who with his wife entertained her with rare hospitality while she waited eight days in Sydney for the boat to the States.**

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#### **044 -- FAITH IS THE BRIDGE INTO BOTH WORKS OF GRACE**

**From "The Fullness Of The Spirit" (hdm0449) by William M. Greathouse, and From "Holiness Or Hell?" (hdm0394) by W. B. Godbey**

#### **Faith, The Bridge Into The New Birth -- Greathouse**

**Faith is the bridge over which the penitent believer passes from the death of sin to the life of God. All which precedes faith -- awakening, conviction, repentance -- is simply a clearing of the way for the soul to put its trust in Christ. Faith alone brings pardon and new life.**

#### **Faith, The Bridge Into Entire Sanctification -- Godbey**

**I am now writing in Missouri. Gradually I approached this great State; I suddenly reached the Mississippi river I crossed it very quickly as the train ran through the suspension bridge. I approached sanctification nineteen years. I suddenly entered it twenty-three years ago. Got under the blood. In the twinkling of an eye Jesus' blood can sanctify.**

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#### **045 -- WHY THE BRIDGE OF FORGIVENESS MUST NOT BE BURNED**

**From "Climbing" (hdm1509) by Rosalind Goforth**

**He that doth not forgive burns the bridge over which he himself must needs pass, for the Lord hath said, "If ye forgive not neither will your Father forgive you." (Matt. 6:15). -- Selected**

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#### **046 -- REMOVE THE BRIDGE TO GET THE HOLINESS OIL FLOWING**

**From "The Fire Of God" (hdm0478) by Glenn Griffith**

Along about midnight, he was drilling away -- he was about half asleep , when that old pump-jack, down it went -- down, down -- and all of a sudden that thing looked like it didn't have any bottom, it just dropped in. Then, down in the bottom of the hole, he heard a roar like thunder! and he turned around and shoved that old steam engine in reverse, and started to wind that wire line out and it couldn't wind it out. It was coming out faster than the engine was going! It was just coming out, and old Harry said, "CLEAR THE DECK!" and that meant for everybody to get out of there. SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN AROUND HERE!

He left that old engine running. What did he care for an engine?! What did he care if it tore the bit all to pieces?! What did he care now?! That old stamping bit came out and went clear through the top of that rig and knocked the crown blocks off and the top of the rig off -- and the oil just spewed everywhere! Brother, out from under that truck came that casing crew, and they began to get ahold of hands and play "ring-around-the-rosy"! HALLELUJAH! [Loud demonstration from the crowd!] The old tool-dresser got ahold of the driller, they just hugged each other. Oh, brother, they just stood there with their hats off! "OUR OIL! "TAKE A GANDER! WHAT DO WE CARE!" It just spewed everywhere...

But [later] it got a bridge in it. Down there somehow in that gas pressure and that heavy flow it blew a boulder loose or something down in there, and clogged the hole, and it quit pushing against the control-head and they got it on. But they had to take it off.

Old Harry said, "She's got a bridge in it boys. We're going to have to drill it out." That's what we've been trying to do. Amen. How many know what I'm talking about? If you've got a bridge in your experience, DRILL IT OUT! Something's wrong. It isn't flowing. The joy isn't going. Have to pump it now a little, and testimony isn't fresh. Got a bridge in the hole.

They hitched that thing on and ran that steel line down as soon as they got that rig mended -- ran it down there -- it didn't take but about three pokes, and out went the bridge and out came the crude [oil]. They didn't have to bother about wiring them out; it brought the tools out again for them. You just get that bridge out, and it will work again. You just mind God, and get all that stuff out of the way, and brother that old oil, that experience of yours will still work. It isn't because God's gone. It isn't because God's gone; its because you've got a bridge in your well, that's all. You get that thing drilled out, whatever it takes, be honest with God and I'll tell you, the old thing will flow again! Hallelujah!

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047 -- THE WEAKNESS IN THE BRIDGE, LIKE THAT IN THE UNSANCTIFIED  
From "A Voice In The Midnight Hour" (hdm0649) by Glenn Griffith

**They tell about a great bridge in the eastern part of the United States that carries not only the railroad trains and the fast mail trains, but lifted up by the same girders is the highway where hundreds of cars drive over. One day while the heavily loaded train was rolling over, one of the girders gave way. There was a crash and the train toppled into the murky waters of destruction. It was discovered, when the dead were tolled and the wreckage was gathered up, that within the girder there was a bubble. It hadn't had enough fire. It needed to be put in the fire again. Because it failed in the crucible, it caused destruction and death and sorrow. I am trying to say that there is only one kind of Christianity and that is the Christ-centered Christianity. That is the Christ that never fails. Holiness will take out the bubbles and take out the unholiness and take out the failures that are within us and take out that which would turn in the crucial moment and become a coward.**

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**048 -- A VIEW FROM UNDER THE BRIDGE, AND REVELATION 6:15-17  
From "A Voice In The Midnight Hour" (hdm0649) by Glenn Griffith**

**"15 And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains;**

**"16 And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb:**

**"17 For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"  
(Rev. 6:15-17)**

**In the dens and caves of the mountains, they are going to pray -- not to God, not to the Lamb, but to the rocks. Listen to this! "And (they) said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us." They cried and prayed, but not for mercy. I walked out six miles west of the little city of Canon City, Colorado -- carried my lunch out there and took my Testament. I went out to the gash between the mountains. There are 1500 feet between the bottom of the high extension bridge -- that swinging bridge, the highest one in the world -- and the Rio Grande Railroad and the old rolling Arkansas River. I looked up at the jagged, penetrating walls of solid granite -- those towering heights -- and it seemed to me that I could see where there had been an avalanche. Trees had been knocked aside by great boulders that weighed tons. And I said, "Oh, God, is it possible that civilized men and women from Canon City, Montrose and Salida, Colorado, will be in this Royal Gorge praying to the granite cliffs to fall upon them?" And God told me on my knees in impressive language that down in the Black Canyon that is deeper than the Royal Gorge there will be those who will be praying for the great gash to close and hide them.**

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**049 -- WHY HE BUILT THE BRIDGE  
From "Contending For The Faith" (hdm1836) by Glenn Griffith**

The following little poem has been a source of blessing to me as God has helped our crowds to make a place for the blessed Holy Ghost and lost souls:

An old man, going a lonely way,  
Came at the evening, cold and gray,  
To a chasm vast and deep and wide;  
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,  
The swollen stream had no fear for him;  
But he turned when safe on the other side  
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old Man" said a fellow pilgrim near,  
"You are wasting your strength by building here;  
Your journey will end with ending day,  
You never again will pass this way;  
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide;  
And built a bridge to span the tide."

The builder lifted his old gray head,  
"Good friend, in the path I have come," said he,  
"There followeth after me today  
A youth whose feet must pass this way.  
This chasm has been naught for me,  
To the fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;  
He too, must cross in the twilight dim;  
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."

-- Author Unknown

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**050 -- REES HOWELLS' VOW WHILE STANDING ON A LITTLE BRIDGE**  
From "Rees Howells -- Intercessor" (hdm2474) by Norman P. Grubb

Rees Howells was standing on a small wooden bridge across a little stream, and the Lord asked him, "Will you give your word to Me that you won't look to another person to keep you? If so, put up your hand and repeat, 'I shall not take from a thread to a shoe-latchet from any person, unless the Lord tells me.'"

Just as Abraham made that stand when he refused the spoils of war that were justly his, lest men should say his prosperity came from natural sources, so God was asking His servant to take this same stand for the rest of his life; and on that bridge he raised his hand and made the solemn vow, adding, "I do believe You are able to keep me better than that Mining Company." It was no mean stand of faith, because Mr. Howells had long since ceased that active ministry in the mission

and among fellow Christians, which might have led people to give to him; and the moment he made this vow, the Lord drove home the reality of it to him by saying, "Remember this: you must never take a meal at home without paying for it, or your brothers could say they were keeping you." It was not that the family would have minded helping him, but the Lord was impressing" on him that the real life of faith meant receiving all that he needed from God, and being enabled to pay his way, while using all his hours for God; and not being dependent upon any man, most of all his family.

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**051 -- SHE SPREAD HOLINESS AS A BRIDGE TOLL-GATE COLLECTOR**  
From "The Heavenly Race" (Hdm0786) By John Marvin Hames

[To read a much more detailed account of this story open hdm0798, "The Holy Influence Of Mary McAfee" compiled by Duane V. Maxey.]

Some years ago there lived a little woman in Kentucky who kept a toll-gate. As she stood at the entrance of the bridge to collect fares of those who crossed in vehicles, she would greet them by saying, "Good morning, beloved, our Heavenly Father is good to us in giving us such wonderful rain." The people had just been complaining about the muddy roads. "May God bless you," she would say as they passed on. Then she was ready for the next person with the same words. She kept this up and was the talk of the whole country.

Dr. H. C. Morrison was sent to this town near the toll-gate and became this woman's pastor. As he went in and out among the people, everyone was talking about the little woman who kept the toll-gate. The new pastor called on an infidel doctor in his visits, who told him that he did not believe in religion, but said the infidel, "There is a little woman who keeps the toll-gate who has got it." Finally a city editor sent one of his reporters to interview her. He asked her the secret of her Christian life. She told him that she was sanctified. That was a rare experience fifty years ago. He wrote an article stating: "Mary McAfee who keeps the toll-gate in Kentucky says she is sanctified." This paper went over the different states.

Rev. W. W. Hooper, a Methodist minister in the Mississippi Conference, read this account of her marvelous experience and immediately took the train for Kentucky. He inquired for Mary McAfee, and she taught him the more excellent way and prayed with him until he obtained the blessing. Rev. Hooper helped Rev. B. Carradine in a revival meeting and told his experience and made Dr. Carradine hungry for the blessing. On the morning of the third day of seeking the fire fell, and the blessing rolled into his soul with such billows of glory until he had to ask God to stay His hand or he would die of glory. Dr. Carradine entered the evangelistic field and preached full salvation in every state in the Union and in Canada. It would take volumes to tell of all that happened as the result of this great blessing for thousands point to Dr. Carradine as the one who led them into the experience of



sanctification, but it all started back with a little woman, Mary McAfee, who kept the toll-gate. We shall never know until time is no more, and the books are opened what one Spirit-filled life has meant to a broken-hearted world.

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**052 -- 15 CENTS FOR BRIDGE FARE, THE REST TO HELP SAVE A SOUL**  
From "Israel, O My People" (hdm0950) by Irene Hanley

From this patient I went out to the City Hospital to visit an elderly man who was dying with cancer of the throat. The City Hospital is for the indigent, the poor. The ward to which I went held about thirty patients. Beds were placed very close to one another. I did not see how any sanitary methods could be carried out there. Nevertheless, it is a good hospital.

Every time I had gone to see this man with throat cancer I noticed a Chinese man in the corner of the ward. There was something so clean about him that it gripped my heart. A compassion for him was born within me. On this day I saw him get out of his bed in his pajamas and start to shuffle barefooted towards the washroom. At the same time I noticed broken glass on the floor, so I hurried over and stopped him while I tried to pick up what glass I could and brush back what I could. He went on to the washroom, and I said to the nurse, "How is it that there is broken glass all over the floor? This ought to be cleaned up."

"O," she said, "we dropped a test tube and thought sure we had cleaned up all the glass."

"Besides," I continued, "that man is walking around barefooted. Why doesn't he have bedroom slippers on his feet?"

"Look, lady," she said condescendingly, "this is the City Hospital. We're doing well to provide him with medical care and pajamas. We can't afford to be buying him bedroom slippers. As far as I know he hasn't got a penny to his name. I've been here three months and I don't think he's even got a friend. I've never seen anyone visit him. And he doesn't speak a word of English."

Compassion for this man grew in my heart. The Holy Spirit whispered to me, "Buy him a pair of bedroom slippers."

I went out into the corridor and looked into my billfold. I had just one dollar. "Lord," I reminded Him, "I can't spend this dollar on a Chinese man. You sent this to me to be used for Jewish people."

But the Lord very sweetly, tenderly, and gently rebuked me. "My child," He said, "do you think I love the Jews better than I love this Chinese man? Go buy him a pair of bedroom slippers."

I left the hospital hurriedly then and stopped at the nearest dry goods store. I went in and asked for the cheapest pair of bedroom slippers they had. The clerk brought out a pair.

"How much are they?" I asked.

"A dollar."

"But, ma'am, I can't pay a dollar. That's all I have, and I must have fifteen cents out of this dollar for a bridge toll to get home, for I live on the other side of the river. I must have a cheap pair of bedroom slippers though. Do you have a pair that's perhaps torn or soiled that you can't sell?"

"What do you want them for?" she asked.

I told her the story.

"O," she said, "take these for eighty-five cents."

I hurried back to the hospital. The Chinese man was sitting on the edge of his bed. His feet were so dirty that I opened the door of his little wash stand, got out his wash basin, got some water and washed his feet the first thing. What a blessing came as I washed his feet! Then I slipped the little stretch bedroom slippers on his feet. He looked at them, stood up and looked at them again. He then folded his hands without smiling. He bowed several times in thanks to me for those bedroom slippers.

My heart sank. Here he was thanking me for the bedroom slippers. And it was not my dollar. It was not my idea. But how could I tell him? He did not speak English. I did not speak Chinese. I said, "Lord, how can I tell him that Thou didst tell me to get those bedroom slippers? That the money was sent in by a Christian to get him these bedroom slippers?"

I did the best thing I knew. I pointed heavenward to God and then I crossed my arms over my chest to show him the word "love." Then I pointed my forefinger at myself indicating that God loved me.

He nodded his head in assent.

Next, I pointed to God again and folded my arms to show that God loved -- then I pointed to him.

Again he nodded his head as though saying, "Yes, yes."

I was telling the message to him in signs and the Holy Ghost was translating it to him in Chinese. A third time I pointed to God, then I made piercing motions into my hands and into my feet and into my side. O I knew these were feeble efforts. I marvelled within myself that he could understand what I was trying to get across. The Holy Spirit was leading me and in the best way I knew how I was trying to show him that God had come down and was pierced.

Once more he nodded his head that he understood.

I was getting through! Then I pointed to God, the shoes, and then to him. His face broke into one of those ear-to-ear smiles. He clasped his hands and began to move them up and down while his eyes and face were heavenward. He was thanking God for those bedroom slippers. I was overjoyed!

That afternoon when I got home I called up a missionary to the Chinese and said, "I wish you'd go out to the hospital and see Mr. Lun-Bun. I think he's ready to be saved. Then will you please call me when you get home? I want to hear how things went."

He did call later that evening. "Mrs. Hanley," he reported, "I went out to see Mr. Lun-Bun, but I was too late. He was saved already. He said he was saved this afternoon when you were there -- when you told him about Jesus."

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#### **053 -- MERCIFULLY SPARED WHEN A BRIDGE WASHED OUT**

From "Running From God, Life Story of Rev. J. W. Morgan" (hdm0432) by S. P. Hawley

[This apparently occurred while J. W. Morgan was unsaved.]

I was going from Quanah back to Ft. Worth over the Ft. Worth & Denver Railroad. Just as we pulled out of Wichita Falls we came to Wichita river about a quarter of a mile from the station. This river was all out of banks and very swift. It was spanned by a bridge about two hundred yards long. Just as the engine reached the center of the bridge, the engineer felt the bridge move. Realizing that his train was behind and that only four coaches were on the bridge, he immediately reversed his lever, opened the throttle, and backed off the bridge. Just as the engine came off the bridge the tide took the whole of it and swept it down the river. And as we all realized that the engineer by his quick thinking had saved our lives we all gathered around him to praise him for his thoughtfulness. And about three hundred dollars was made up for him at once by the passengers. Thus I was snatched again from the clutch of the Grim Reaper through the Providence of God.

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**054 -- GREATLY BLESSED BY "EVERY BRIDGE IS BURNED BEHIND ME"**  
From "My Life Story" (hdm0837) by Amos L. Haywood

After the Lord had taken my first wife, Grace, home to be with Him, I was doing evangelistic work and happened to be home for a few days. They were having a tent meeting down in a pine grove across from the church. A young lady evangelist, by the name of Mary Mieras, later became my [wife and] co-worker in the vineyard of the Lord, and has labored faithfully by my side on several circuits and one district. For over twenty years she has gone with me in the evangelistic work across the United States and Canada, ever praying and holding up my hands. That day she sang as a special, "Every Bridge is Burned Behind Me." She used as a text, "Launch out into the deep." I was wonderfully blessed in the service. After the service closed, the blessing and power still lingered. When I started for home, the blessing and power of God surged and throbbed until it seemed I scarcely had to put forth any effort in lifting my feet and putting them down again. Thus I walked about a mile and a half in the strength of that blessing, and if I had not reached my destination at that time, I suppose I might have been going yet.

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**055 -- AN IDOL BURIAL SERVICE FROM A HIGH LEVEL BRIDGE**  
From "My Life Story" (hdm0837) by Amos L. Haywood

As the Holy Spirit began to talk to these girls they saw they were too worldly in their dress. They also saw in the Bible where it read, "We must adorn ourselves in modest apparel with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with gold or pearls or costly array. We believe all will see and feel if they follow the Holy Spirit and read the Word of God. These girls talked it over and agreed they could not wear these worldly ornaments, but how to get rid of them was a problem. One suggested they dig a hole in the ground and bury them, another said no, for some one might dig them up and find them. Another said, "I will tell you what to do with them, let us take them down to that old high level bridge and bury them in the bottom of the old muddy river." The others said, "Amen" to that. They then asked us to go with them and hold a sort of a burial service. That was one time I enjoyed going to a burial service. The girls had been quite worldly and had a lot of trinkets, such as bracelets, rings, broaches, necklaces. There was such a wonderful spirit there and we were having such a wonderful time. They decided not to drop them all at once but decided to drop them one at a time and make the service last as long as possible. How God did bless us there and after the rest walked away I lingered loathe to leave the spot, it was so much like heaven. I felt like building some tabernacles and staying there. The next year when we came back to the camp meeting I asked Dora. "Are you sorry you gave up your idols?" She answered, "No," I asked, "Have you ever wanted them back?" She answered, "No, not once and no doubt, one reason was she couldn't get them back if she had wanted them. They were buried out of sight in mud in the bottom of the river.

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**056 -- MCCLURKAN'S HOUSE TO HOUSE MINISTRY WAS A BRIDGE**  
From "A Man Sent Of God -- The Life Of James O. McClurkan" (hdm0703)  
by Merle McClurkan Heath

This house-to-house ministry, which bore such splendid fruitage in San Jose, was a phase of personal evangelism so uniquely his own that somewhere down the years it came to be called Father's "doorstep ministry." It was far more than the present-day church canvass. It took more into account than the mere counting of noses. Indeed, it was the heartbeat of his ministry, the warm personal touch which reached out to people and spanned the gulf between them and the church, the bridge over which they found their way to the house of God.

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**057 -- THE ONLY WAY TO CROSS THE BRIDGE**  
From "The Lure Of Divine Love" (hdm2036) by Kathryn E. Helm

Not long ago I lay down upon my couch, with my Bible, to receive some truth revealed, and to pray for the prayer meeting in the evening. In my regular course of reading I read the thirteenth chapter of Luke. Looking up the references on the twenty-fourth verse, and meditating upon them, I realized with regret that my weariness was too great for study or prayer. I laid the Word across my breast with a half-formed wish that I could absorb some precious truth, when tired nature gave way to sleep. I slept but a short time, and in those moments of returning Consciousness a picture like a passing panorama crossed my mental horizon. The personal figure was myself, while at the same time I seemed to be a spectator, and saw as from a distance, yet feeling it all as a living reality. Since then, in the unfolding, I have been taught helpful lessons which I would pass on, trusting an interpretation may be accorded to the reader.

The Picture: A smooth, well-beaten road, on either side a high stake and rider fence; not a broad highway, but abundantly wide for every necessity and comfort; and it lay through a slightly rolling country in a gentle ascent toward a city away in the distance. The whole country was divided into fields, large and small, some with waving grain of one kind, some of another, in all stages of development. Others were fields of grass, waist high; some were only short, soft and green; others were dry and brown waiting for the match to burn the useless waste, while still others already lay burned, black and hard.

I was a traveler going through -- the city was my destination. I had an inheritance there. I could see it in the distance as it lay on an elevation enveloped in a light of peculiar pearly whiteness. The towers, glimmering in their soft beauty, seemed to reflect the light along this pathway, bringing such restful contentedness and assurance that I had made no mistake, but was on the right road. Later my

attention was drawn to a seeming curve in the road, and at the same time to a perfectly straight route across a field of short, velvety grass. Then came the suggestion that it was not only a little nearer, but so much pleasanter. Clouds with beautiful silver lining hung low, casting pleasing shadows; trees were here and there, and it did look inviting. I debated the question for some time, feeling I had better keep in the old paths -- the well-worn roadway--and yet I did not see any reason why I should not take the shorter way. There surely could be no danger, for I could ever keep my eye on the city. In my longing and indecision the way that at first had been so satisfactory began to seem hard; the fence seemed like prison walls instead of protection as before. The air seemed hot and oppressive. I could almost feel the cool, soft grass beneath my feet, and I longed for the sheltering shadow of the clouds, when to my astonishment there was a gap in the fence as if someone had laid a part of the rails back from one corner for my special benefit. "A providence, perhaps," thought I, as unhesitatingly I tripped over the remaining rails, onto that carpet of green, with such a sense of self-gratification as would be difficult to express. A glad exuberance, a childish glee for desires obtained, that I was fain to call assurance.

"How much pleasanter this is[ How I enjoy it! I am glad I chose this way; it is so much easier. How wise I was," I kept saying to myself reassuringly, to drown that still, small voice that would bring a little uneasiness in spite of the oft-repeated assertions that my eye was on the city and that the miraculous opening in the fence showed that it was all right.

So much reasoning greatly marred the pleasure I had anticipated. There was not the poise of the soul, that perfect rest that comes with an unquestionable knowledge of being right; but instead a hurried restlessness to reach the city, to escape that tiresome reasoning, and the many things so different from what I had expected.

The grass was soft, but hid many a stone and many a thorn that bruised and pierced. The clouds' soft shadow that looked so inviting caused a haziness in the atmosphere, a dimness that was perplexing instead of comforting. Many strange, unheard-of difficulties attended my course, I lost the clear view of the city, and I missed the light that had so illuminated the road before me. But I was so sure I knew the direction that I thought only of enduring, and endeavored to find comfort in complimenting myself for having a martyr spirit to endure such hardships, with self-complacency and much self-pity.

In great haste to reach the city and escape it all, I was hurrying along with rapid strides when, to my horror, I nearly took the one step more that would have plunged me down the perpendicular bank of a narrow, dark, swift stream that wound like a serpent across my path. With a shudder I fell back; and as I lay with averted face and closed eyes, to shut out the terrible sight, the restful picture of the plain, smooth road, the protecting fence, the clear light, began to dawn upon my vision with an answering longing to go back, but I thrust it aside and with great

effort arose to my feet, and began to look for a way to cross this sullen stream that sent the horrors through me with every glimpse of its death-dealing waters.

So occupied had I been with the perplexities of the wax that I had scarcely given a thought to what lay before me. At this sudden halt I looked beyond; the shadows lifted like a curtain, and a gradual slope of green stretched out. But beyond were barren plains, and a low range of rugged, forbidding mountains shut off the view, and in reverie I wondered how many death-traps wound serpent-like across that emerald green. And what was there anyway at the end? I shuddered, and sick at heart turned away from it all, when lo, away on my left, far above where I had been looking, shimmered an atmosphere of light that I knew must envelop the city so long lost to my sight. Oh, how glad I was for the glimpse once more; and the eagerness was so intense to cross that it seemed that with one mighty bound I could clear that narrow chasm, escape those angry waters, speed over that trackless mountain side, and soon reach the city; but fear clutched at my heartstrings, and I dare not venture.

I knew the road that I had left lay near, for I had diverged only a little way as yet, but I was loath to leave my chosen course. While still hoping for a way to cross, involuntarily I went in the direction of the fence. I saw a well-built bridge was on the highway, if I could only get to it. But here I was in a corner, that dreaded stream on one side and the fence on the other. It was impossible to get through or climb over, for I tried again and again with all my strength and energy born of desperation, and I realized that I was helpless.

I then began to call upon God, whom in my perplexity and haste I had almost forgotten. He seemed a long way off. At last He drew near, and I began to tell Him what a place I was in, of my haste to reach the city, and of my helplessness. I acknowledged His great power. He could so easily lift me over. But to all my reasonings and appeals, the answer was a silent pointing back to the gap in the fence where I had left the highway. My head dropped; I felt the hot blood tingle in my face, and I sank to my knees as I remembered with awful clearness the roadway, the restful certainty, and the longing, the reasoning, the choosing, and the disastrous results. But it was humiliating to go back; besides I had wasted too much time already, I argued, and I must go on. I sprang to my feet, and lifting my hands high above my head cried out to God in almost commanding tones born of a frenzied haste and desperation, to lift me over just where I stood; but the only answer to my cry that ended in a wail of despair was that silent pointing back.

I melted before the Lord, and in deep contrition of soul acknowledged my error, and on bended knees, with tear-stained face, I humbly pleaded with Him to lift me up, with a solemn vow upon my lips, wrung from the very depths of my being, that I would never leave the dear old path till I entered the gates into the city. Yet still in tenderness and love that silent pointing back.

At last, with a truly humbled spirit and an utter yielding of will, I crept slowly and painfully back, wounded and weak, but with Divine assistance reached the place and tremblingly clambered over the rails and stood once more on the well-beaten road.

Oh, how good it was to be back in that path of certainty again! The evenness of the roadway, the clear, soft light were all so blessed, even the air was freighted with life-giving power and fragrance. I lost that tiresome eagerness to reach my destination, so calm and restful was the way. The city was in view, and the path before me was all ablaze with reflected glory. I wondered how I could ever have been tempted away from such a heavenly atmosphere. As Solomon says: "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." (Prov. 14:12.) "But the path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." (Prov. 4:18.)

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**058 -- THE BRIDGE OF SALVATION BUILT, IN SPITE OF HUMAN FAILURE**  
From "Rubies From Ruth" (hdm1580) by W. G. Heslop

Ruth 2:3 -- And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers: and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech."

Ruth left all, said good-bye to Moab, entered Canaan and her hap happened. Her hap happened to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz. Her hap happened, and he reached her parched corn. Her hap happened, and so Boaz took Ruth. Her hap happened and Obed was born, and David, and Christ! An arrow was shot across the centuries and in due time a bridge spans the chasm and men may now pass from earth to heaven. God watches over His truth and His children and marches on to the ultimate goal, despite men and devils. Elimelech may fail but God never fails. Naomi may fail and become bitter but God never fails.

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**059 -- L. L. HAMLIN NEARLY KILLED IN CROSSING A BRIDGE**  
From "The Biography Of Leonidas Lent Hamline" (hdm0291) by Freeborn  
Garrettson Hibbard

Here again, from the biography of Bishop Leonidas Lent Hamline, is another story of the perils early Methodist circuit riders and leaders faced in their ministerial work -- often perils from which most modern "Heralds of Holiness" would shrink.

In the later winter Mr. Hamline set out for his appointment, fifteen miles away, at a time when the traveling, especially in crossing streams, was perilous, His friends earnestly advised against, but to him engagements knew no compromise. A



recent freshet had swollen the streams, which, on a sudden freeze, were covered with ice, so that when the water subsided the ice stood above the water. He came to a bridge, the planks of which had been swept away, and there was no crossing but on the sleepers. He had hitherto been compelled to walk much of the time on the ice along the banks of the stream, leading his horse and holding to the fences. There appears to have been no house or help near, and he must cross here or renounce his journey. Shelving ice was cleaving to the sleepers on both sides, the banks were almost perpendicular, and the stream impassable except by crossing this fragment of a bridge. Having confidence in the sagacity of his horse, and hoping that possibly the ice would not fall till he had reached the opposite shore, he solemnly committed himself to the care of God, and started to lead the horse across one of the sleepers. He was certain that should the ice give way the horse would take fright and spring, in which case only providential interposition could preserve him. When almost at the other shore the ice fell with a loud crash. He threw himself to the shore, and the horse sprang quite over him, his corks hoof striking as near as he could ascertain within one inch of his head. At dusk he reached another stream which he must cross by ferry. After great difficulty in rousing the ferryman on the opposite shore he at length crossed and reached the place of destination, but in a state of complete exhaustion. He preached, however, sitting in a chair. This effort came near costing him his life. A long sickness ensued, in which for a time, little hope was entertained of recovery. The effects of that day's adventure he felt through life. His system was not robust, and could not sustain such treatment. But in the sickness that followed his soul was lifted above his infirmity and triumphed in his Savior.

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#### **060 -- THE UNIVERSALISTS' FALSE BRIDGE TO HEAVEN TORN DOWN**

From "History Of The Late East Genesee Conference Of The Methodist Episcopal Church" (hdm2360) by Freeborn Garrettson Hibbard

"The next Sabbath my critic had but three persons to hear him. We started a protracted meeting at my next meeting there, and in two weeks fifty souls were converted and received on probation. At Athens Valley, one of my Sunday evening appointments, there were regular Universalist preaching and a large number of professed Universalists. One of them interrupted me in my first sermon. At my second appointment a dozen or more of them stayed to class-meeting. We told them the class-meeting was designed for each to tell how the case stands between God and his own soul, and then invited each to speak. But none of them responded. At the close I exhorted them all to repent and seek pardon of sin. At the next appointment many wept while I was preaching, and I started a series of meetings. In three weeks seventy were converted and received on probation. Not a Universalist was left in the neighborhood. Their minister was discharged, they telling him they had no further work for him. We held five protracted meetings on the charge with good results, and received one hundred and sixty on probation. In 1843 I was appointed to Springfield, Pa., having three appointments. At that village, one of my

preaching places, we commenced a meeting, and a Universalist minister came in and put an appointment for one evening in the same school-house. I asked if he did not know I had an appointment there at the same time? He answered yes, but added, his people claimed the right to occupy the house there half of the time. I then asked him if he would commence his meeting at 6 p.m., and close at 7:30 p.m., and give me the balance of the evening; and he consented. He came out at the time with a large force and a choir, and preached his doctrine, At the conclusion of his time I insisted upon his closing his meeting. I opened our meeting with prayer, and then gave out my text: 'These shall go away into everlasting punishment,' and preached two hours on future punishment, closing each argument with an exhortation, and thus endeavoring to clinch what had been said. As a result of this meeting three of his prominent Universalists renounced their doctrine and were converted. One was the chorister of his church. On Sabbath following, in class-meeting, he said that on that evening his bridge to heaven was torn down, and not even a string-piece left. There were fifty received into the church on probation.

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#### **061 -- THEY ATTENDED -- EVEN WHEN THE BRIDGE WAS OUT!**

From "History Of The Late East Genesee Conference Of The Methodist Episcopal Church" (hdm2360) by Freeborn Garrettson Hibbard

Below, is another example of how the early M. E. Circuit Riders defied the elements to attend to their ministerial obligations, overcoming formidable barriers which would prevent most modern ministers from doing their duty.

The only church edifice and parsonage on the circuit were located where the Big and Little Seek unite, and in seasons of high water they are quite isolated. Our quarterly meeting was to be held there. It was the fall season, and the June flood of the Big Sock had swept away the bridge. But amid the storms and almost impassable roads the Rev. A. N. Fillmore, presiding elder, reached the place. He had forded the streams and breasted the tempests. In looking out upon the boiling waters of the Big Sock and up to the mountains piled toward the clouds, he said, "It was the wildest and most sublime scene I had ever witnessed. Who can get here to quarterly meeting?" was the question. But at the hour, by the use of boats, they came, representative men from nearly every appointment. A fair congregation assembled, and the Lord crowned the meeting with his presence and blessing.

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#### **062 -- WHEN EVERY BRIDGE TO THE WILDERNESS IS WASHED AWAY**

From "Holiness, The Pride Of God" (hdm0883) by Lawrence B. Hicks

Here is an old skinflint that has deprived everyone about him of their money, has gambled on the dog races and the horse races and the auto races and the prize fights and has drunk beer and cursed and committed adultery and has been guilty

of too many other sins to catalogue! He, under the slaying conviction of the Spirit gets to an Altar. He quits the dog racing, the horse racing, the prize fights, the beer drinking, the adultery and all other "works of darkness." God saves him instantly! Yet down on the inside he still carries a twisted, warped, dark bent to evil. A "prone to wander." A constant warfare within, His pride was a constant thorn in his flesh, always demanding the attire of the sports world, or the wasteful habits of "high living," or the defeats in testifying to the lost! Many were the failures. Many the bitter tears over the inability to glorify God with a positive, victorious life and testimony. One day he saw his need. He set his resolution to seek God's face to satisfy that need. He fell at a Holiness Camp Meeting's penitent form and laid bare his heart and innermost soul before God! Soon the swelling, sanctifying rivers of Heaven's sweet waters broke over Jordan's stormy banks and swept away his "old man with his deeds," uprooting every foul weed of habit and tree of sin, washing out deep gorges in his soul! Every bridge to the wilderness was washed away, every tie to "life's other side" was broken. His little barque was lashed far over in a bottom in Canaan Land and left there forever by the receding flood! He uttered the heart moving cry, "Lord Save, I perish!" Jesus moved in, stilled the storm, removed carnality afar off, turned his heavy purse wrong-side out, implanting the Tithing desire at the same time within him and gloriously sanctified him! His joyous whoops and shouts rent the air of the vanishing storm. Sanctified by the Spirit, he was truly satisfied! Again we have seen the power of the Sanctifier.

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**063 -- FALSE HOPES CANNOT BRIDGE THE IMPASSABLE GULF**  
From "The Uttermost Salvation" (hdm0494) by Aaron Merritt Hills

Men show their madness of heart by absurd attempts to achieve impossibilities. Suppose that the head of the Vanderbilt family should give orders to all our iron firms for structural iron of such vast weight and size as it is impossible to construct, and should assemble thousands of workmen on the ocean shore to construct piers vaster than the pyramids and high as the mountains. And when questioned about the strange proceedings, he should inform the astonished world that he was building a suspension bridge across the Atlantic to make a European connection for the New York Central! How soon his heirs would shut him up and stop his insane folly! But God sees sinners doing things quite as absurd. They are seeking blessedness by defying the holy laws of God. They try to get life in a career of sin, forgetting that the wages of sin is death! They try to bridge the impassable gulf between them and heaven, by false hopes, false doctrines, and worse practice. Only moral madness could pursue such insane folly.

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**064 -- WHY HER FATHER WAS SAVED AFTER THE ROCK-BRIDGE FELL**  
From "Food For Lambs" (hdm1616) by A. M. Hills

Rev. E. P. Hammond, the children's evangelist, tells of a little girl who had lived on a mountain in Switzerland, near a deep chasm, across which was a narrow bridge formed by a rock that had fallen from the high mountain above and lodged across the chasm. Her mother had often told her about the Savior who pitied us and poured out his life's blood that he might wash away the black stains of sin on our souls, and she had given her heart to Jesus. But her father was not a Christian. He never gathered his loved ones around the family altar. He was kind to provide for the good of his children in this world, but he seemed to care nothing about their laying up "treasures in heaven." One day when about to cross over the deep ravine by means of the rock, the mother saw that it was just ready to fall. The frost had loosened it. She told her little girl that if she ever crossed it again it would fall, and she would be dashed in pieces. The next day the father told his child that he was going over to the other side across the bridge. She said to him that it was not safe, but he only laughed at her. He said he had been across it before she was born, and that he was not afraid. When the dear child saw that he was determined to go, she asked if she could not go with him. While they were walking along together, she looked up full in her father's face, and said: "Father, if I should die will you promise to love Jesus, and meet me in heaven?" "Pshaw!" said he, "what put such a wild thought into your head? You are not going to die, I hope. You are only a wee thing, and will live many years." "Yes, but if I should die, will you promise to love Jesus just as I do, and meet me in heaven?" "But you are not going to die. Don't speak of it," he said. "But if I should die, do promise, father, you will be a good Christian and come up and live with Jesus and me in heaven." "Yes, yes," he said at last. When they came near the crossing place she said: "Father, please stand here a minute." She knew that her father was not prepared to die. She loved him dearly, and was willing to run the risk of her dying for him. Strange as it may seem, she walked quickly over the loosened rock, and down it went with the little girl! She fell and was crushed to death in the bottom of the deep chasm.

The trembling parent crept to the edge, and with eyes dim with tears, gazed wildly upon the wreck. Then he thought of all his little child had told him about how Jesus had died to save us. He thought he never loved his child so much. But he began to see that he had far more reason to love Jesus who had suffered much more to save him from the "bottomless pit." And then he thought of the promise he so carelessly made to his daughter. What could he do but kneel down and cry to God for mercy on him? How precious now to the father's heart was the memory of the dear little daughter who deliberately accepted death that she might save her father's life, and save his soul forever.

O, how wicked he would have been if he had not felt a tender, grateful love for such a child. But we all have a thousand times more reason to praise and adore Jesus with all the tender love of grateful and obedient hearts. And it is a thousand times more wicked not to love and trust the blessed Son of God, who left heaven and came down to die for us, that a way might be made whereby we could be saved. The way is all made. We are only asked to repent of sin and abandon it as a hateful, deadly, destructive thing, accept Jesus in faith as our Savior, and consecrate our

future lives to his service. It is only three steps -- repentance, faith and consecration -- from the wickedest sinner to the loving arms of a sin-pardoning God.

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**065 -- POWER GREATER THAN THAT WHICH COLLAPSED THE BRIDGE**  
From "Gospel Dynamite" (hdm0628) by Oscar Hudson

Jesus said in John 7:38 -- "He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water."

I am not sure that I can comprehend the greatness of His meaning here. If He had said this blessing would be like a spring branch or streamlet flowing out of the soul, I might have been able to understand it; but He said "rivers." I stood on the bank of the gully which the rains had cut in the hillside. I watched it just after a heavy downpour, as the waters gathered in its narrow channel and rushing, tossing, foaming, roared in a torrent on their way. I thought of the force and power manifested, then I said that is nothing to compare to this metaphor -- rivers. I stood on the bank of a river as the spring freshets caused it to rise to an unusual height. I watched that great railroad bridge tremble as the torrent bore down upon its massive pillars. I saw the bridge sway and collapse and float away on the bosom of that turbulent tide: and I thought, My, what power! The Lord seemed to bend over the battlements of the skies and say, "Yes, son, that is great, but not as great as the blessing that I have prepared for the church. It shall be like rivers flowing out of the soul."

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**066 -- CHRIST FINISHED THE BRIDGE OVER HELL INTO HEAVEN**  
From "The Glory Of His Mission" (hdm0658) by Will Huff

Jesus Christ came into the world and laid hold of sin and sin laid hold of Jesus Christ and they fought it out in the dark until he said: "It's finished," and put a bridge over hell and shut the very jaws of damnation and threw open the gates of gold.

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**067 -- MAN COULD NOT BRIDGE THE CHASM CAUSED BY SIN**  
From "Upper Room Messages" (hdm2346) by Jasper Abraham Huffman

Much as man might regret his loss, and long for a restored relation to God and heaven, there was no resource at his command, no power by which he could span the great chasm caused by sin. The world was ransacked for material to span the chasm between God and man, but to no avail. Perhaps the highest culmination

of this effort was heathen philosophy, which was a desperate, determined, death-gripping effort to know God, but which resulted in keen and bitter disappointment.

Knowing from the beginning that all of man's efforts to span this great chasm would result in failure, God early found a solution for the great problem. It might be noted, in this connection, that God only does for us the things we cannot do for ourselves. No doubt if earth had had any resources to bridge the great distance between man and God, He would have left us to our own resources.

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#### **068 -- WHEN TWO GOATS MET ON A BRIDGE**

From "Daily Guide For The Sanctified" (hdm0912) by J. M. Humphrey

Pliny informs us of two goats meeting together on a narrow bridge; where neither of them could either proceed or recede; at last one of them lay down, that the other might go over him. How much of the man was there in those two beasts, and how much of the beast is there in some men!

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#### **069 -- CONCERN ABOUT CROSSING A BRIDGE BEFORE COMING TO IT**

From "Fragments From The King's Table" (hdm2204) by J. M. Humphrey

This lesson contains two valuable thoughts which every sanctified soul should know at this point. First. It teaches us that life is to be lived one day at a time. Satan often comes to the newly-saved soul and tries to get him to cross the bridge before he reaches it, by saying, "How will you manage to live holy every day of your life? Suppose you live fifty years?" But, dear one, you must ever remember that life is to be lived only one day at a time.

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#### **070 -- GEORGE PECK SANCTIFIED WHERE THE BRIDGE WAS OUT**

From "Holiness Miscellany" (hdm0374) by John S. Inskip

Below, author John S. Inskip tells of how George Peck was sanctified wholly.

Tuesday, October 1, I rose, in the spirit of prayer, and resumed my homeward journey. I crossed the Susquehanna at Tunkhannock, and rode forward in inexpressible anguish. When passing through the forest and solitary places, where there was none but God to hear, I uttered aloud my burning supplication for a clean heart. I came to a stream where the bridge had been swept away in a recent flood, and as I was preparing to ford it these words came with power to my soul, "O that

thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea."

As my horse entered the water, and went in deeper and deeper, the great deep of my soul was broken up, and I wept aloud, with exclamations of self-condemnation and self-abhorrence. My whole being seemed dissolved in a torrent of godly sorrow; but in a moment I caught encouragement from the language of the prophet. It implied a Divine wish that men would hearken. I was most assuredly willing, eager to hear the voice Divine. Quick as lightning I felt that God would bless me and write his commandments on my heart. An indescribable change passed through all the avenue of my spirit. God seemed to be there, in the glory of his grace. I melted like wax in the presence of the Lord. I sank into nothing. Christ was all, elevated upon the throne of his holiness. As my horse gained the shore I felt that I, too, was emerging from troubled waters and gaining the land of rest. In the fullness of my joy I wept aloud and gave glory to God in the highest.

I went on my way exulting in God, the holy and adorable God, whose glory I now saw, as never before, impressed upon mountain and rock, forest and river, and whose presence and favor I felt so powerfully that I seemed almost in heaven. In this inexpressibly happy state of mind I reached my home in the evening, scarcely knowing how I had passed over the road.

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#### 071 -- JOHN NELSON'S REPLY WHILE GOING OVER A BRIDGE

From "The Lives Of Early Methodist Preachers" (hdm0344) by Thomas Jackson

About this time William Shent was converted: and there began to be an uproar in Leeds, about his saying he knew his sins forgiven. Some, however, believed his report, and had a desire to hear for themselves; neither could he be content to eat his morsel alone, for his heart panted for the salvation of all his neighbors.

The Christmas following, he desired me to go and preach at Leeds; but when I gave notice of it to the society, they advised me not to go till we had kept a day of fasting and prayer. So we humbled ourselves before the Lord on the Friday, and on Sunday night I went to Leeds, several of the brethren accompanying me. As we were going over the bridge, we met two men, who said to me, "If you attempt to preach in Leeds, you need not expect to come out again alive; for there is a company of men that swear they will kill you." I answered, "They must ask my Father's leave; for if He have any more work for me to do, all the men in the town cannot kill me till I have done it."

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#### 072 -- NELSON GOT OVER THE BRIDGE -- BUT WAS GRAVELY WOUNDED

From "The Lives Of Early Methodist Preachers" (hdm0344) by Thomas Jackson

The following account from Jackson's "Lives of Early Methodist Preachers" is another story of the great persecutions and sufferings endured by those godly men. After faithfully preaching the gospel, John Nelson "got over the bridge" at Hepworth Moor, but not before being gravely wounded.

On Easter-Sunday I went to Hepworth Moor at the time appointed, and found two companies of people assembled: the one came to hear the word, and the other to mob. After we had sung a hymn and prayed, I opened my book on these words, "God having raised up His Son Jesus Christ, sent Him to bless you, in turning every one of you from your iniquities:" and I went on to prove that this was His business in this present evil world, actually to save all true believers from their sins; and that it was neither sect, party, nor opinion, that made a man a real member of Christ's church; but the real Christians are those that are saved from their sins by Jesus Christ, -- from sins both of omission and of commission: and everything short of this, was not Christianity. "Therefore," I said, "be not deceived: for whosoever is defiled, or unclean, cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven, but must be cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. And as this day is kept in the remembrance of God's raising His Son up to bless us, let every one cry out, 'Lord, bless me, and turn me from my iniquities!'" Then a gentleman, a Papist, that brought the rebels to mob, cried out, "Knock out the brains of that mad dog!" and perfectly gnashed with his teeth. Immediately a shower of stones came, and hit many of the people; and they continued to throw, till not one could stand to hear me. Nevertheless, not one stone hit me, though I stood as a mark on the table, when all were fled from me; and I talked to the mob. But, as I was going away, a piece of a brick struck me on the back of my head, and I fell flat on my face, and must have lain for some time, had not two men lifted me up; but I could not stand for some time. The blood ran down my back quite into my shoes; and the mob followed me through the city, swearing that they would kill me when they got me out of it. I said unto the Lord, "Lord, Thou wast slain without the gate, and Thou canst deliver me from the hands of these blood-thirsty men." When I was got over the bridge, a gentleman came and took me by the hand, saying, "What is the matter, you bleed so?" Some of the mob answered, "This is but little to what we will do to him." Then the gentleman pulled me into his house, and told the mob, if they did not disperse immediately, some of them should be in the Castle before an hour was at an end. Then they fled away; and he sent for a surgeon to dress my head.

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073 -- DRAGGED FROM THE BRIDGE, THROWN INTO THE WATER  
From From "The Lives Of Early Methodist Preachers" (hdm0378) by Thomas Jackson



The following account again shows what awful persecution many of the Early Methodist preachers endured. In this case, both Thomas Lee and his wife were brutally assaulted!

In the year 1752, and during the winter following, the work of God prospered exceedingly; but persecution raged on every side. The malice of the devil was chiefly leveled against me, as I was the first that disturbed his servants in these parts. So that wherever I went, I was in much danger, carrying as it were my life in my hand. One day, as I was going through Pateley, the captain of the mob, who was kept in constant pay, pursued me, and pulled me off my horse. The mob then soon collected about me; and one or other struck up my heels (I believe, more than twenty times) upon the stones. They then dragged me into a house by the hair of the head; then pushed me back, with one or two upon me, and threw me with the small of my back upon the edge of the stone stairs. This nearly broke my back; and it was not well for many years after. Thence they dragged me down to the common sewer, which carries the dirt from the town to the river. They rolled me in it for some time; then dragged me to the bridge, and threw me into the water. They had me mostly on the ground, my strength being quite spent.

My wife, with some friends, now came up. Seeing her busy about me, some asked, "What, are you a Methodist?" gave her several blows, which made her bleed at the mouth, and swore they would put her into the river. All this time I lay upon the ground, the mob being undetermined what to do. Some cried out, "Make an end of him." Others were for sparing my life: but the dispute was cut short, by their agreeing to put some others into the water. So they took them away, leaving me and my wife together. She endeavored to raise me up; but, having no strength, I dropped down to the ground again. She got me up again, and supported me about an hundred yards; then I was set on horseback, and made a shift to ride softly, as far as Michael Granger's house. Here I was stripped from head to foot, and was washed. I left my wet clothes here, and rode to Greenough-Hill, where many were waiting for me; and, though much bruised and very weak, preached a short sermon, from Psalm xxxiv. 19: "Many are the troubles of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

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#### **074 -- STRUCK BY A BRIDGE TIMBER, YET HE DIED IN TRIUMPH!**

From "The Lives Of Early Methodist Preachers" (hdm0378) by Thomas Jackson

Six or seven people belonging to Mr. Rowland's society were assembled together for prayer, in a house by the side of a river which falls into the Severn at Caresoos. All of a sudden the river rose and overflowed all the banks. The house was built of timber, and was soon swept away, with all the people who were in it, except one young man who got upon the top of the chimney, which was of brick. The neighbors, seeing him in this situation, came to the water-side; but, having no boat in all the neighborhood, they could yield him no relief. Though there was

nothing before him but certain death, for the waters kept rising very fast, yet he continued singing and shouting in Welsh, with all his might, Glogoniant! Glogoniant! that is, "Glory," till a large piece of timber (a wreck of a bridge that was carried off) struck against the building, and dashed it to pieces, on which he fell into the water, and followed his companions into a blessed eternity. But before he fell he told the people on the shore, that all his companions went off praising God in like manner.

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#### **075 -- THEIR FATE WHEN THE BRIDGE WAS PARTIALLY WASHED OUT**

From "Pioneer Days Of The Holiness Movement In The Southwest" (hdm0527) by C. B. Jernigan

At one of these great campmeetings there was a remarkable occurrence. Two young men at Marshall, a few miles away, hired a surrey and, in company with two young women, attended the campmeeting just for an outing. In the company with them were also two young men in a buggy. At the afternoon service one of the young men in the buggy was converted. A terrible rainstorm set in, a regular waterspout fell, until no one could go home. Time for the evening service arrived and the rain still poured, but all found shelter under the great board-covered tabernacle. The service went on as usual, and when time for the altar call came the young man who was converted that afternoon went back to where the young men and young ladies sat, and through his tears invited one of the young men to the altar. This so moved him that he broke into tears, and arose to go, but the young lady, who sat next the aisle, put out her foot and laughed at him, telling him that he would be a pretty looking spectacle stretched in the straw like the ones that they had seen at the other services that day. This stopped the young man, who fell back in his seat sobbing, while the two girls laughed and made fun of him. The other young man turned away, weeping as he went. The services closed and the rain had ceased, and the two young men and young ladies got into their surrey to return home. They attempted to cross a ravine near the camp grounds which was mightily swollen by the recent rains, and the bridge was partially washed out, but in the darkness this was not seen. The surrey suddenly overturned in the stream, and both girls were thrown out of the surrey into the deep water and were drowned. The alarm was given and the campers ran with their lanterns to the rescue, but it was too late. They recovered the bodies of the two girls, in a drift just below the road, and carried them to the tabernacle and stretched their lifeless forms on the mourners' bench, that only a few hours before they had laughed at, and kept their young man friend away from.

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#### **076 -- SEEKERS MUST SET FIRE TO THE BRIDGE BACK INTO SIN**

From "Sam Jones' Gospel Sermons" (hdm0409) by Sam P. Jones

**And I will say right here at this point, I could never lay any claim to the salvation of Jesus Christ until I bundled all my sins up in one common bundle and threw them all down and walked over the river of Resolution, and then turned round and set fire to the bridge and stood and watched till the last expiring spark dropped into the water; and then I turned my back on sin and said "I am in now for the conversion or nothing," and I hadn't got fifteen steps from the bank of that river till I was in the arms of God, a saved man.**

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**077 -- HOLINESS -- THE HEAVY BRIDGE AND TRUSS WORK WITHIN**

**From "In His Likeness" (hdm2667) by John Allan Knight**

**D. I. Vanderpool has said that the baptism of the Holy Spirit, or entire sanctification, does "heavy bridge and truss work" within man. "This is the experience that installs inside braces in strategic places. Thus the soul is fitted to bear heavy loads without caving in, and to stand heavy winds of temptation without folding up."**

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**078 -- HOW THEY STRUCK FIRE WHILE BUILDING THE BRIDGE**

**From "The Departed Lord -- Words That Burn" (hdm0511) by G. B. Kulp**

**When they built the St. Louis bridge across the Mississippi River, the engineer who drew the plan said to the contractors, "You must go down till you strike the rock." And the contractors said to the foreman, "You must go down till you strike the rock." And the foreman said to the men, "You must dig down deep till you strike the rock." And they began, they went down day after day, and one day the man said, "We have the rock." They sent a piece of the rock up to the engineers, who after a look said, "No, that is only sandstone; go down till you get the rock." They dug a few days more and said, "Now we have the rock, and again they sent up a piece; but the engineers said, "No, that is not rock yet; that is only a little harder sandstone." And on they went digging down deeper. But one day they heard a great shout coming up from the men. This time they did not send up a piece to be examined. They said, "We have the rock." The engineers shouted back, "How do you know?" Back came more shouting, "We struck fire!" Sure enough, you will know when you have struck the rock you will get fire at the same time. Never stop digging till you get fire.**

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**079 -- LET'S BUILD A BRIDGE ACROSS THE NIAGARA**

**From "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (D-Topics)" (hdm1041)**

**Compiled and arranged topically by Duane V. Maxey**

**"Let's build a bridge across the Niagara," someone proposed nearly a century ago. Great idea, it would save miles of travel and solve many problems. But how were they to begin? The canyon walls were too steep, and the rapids were too wild to get that first strand across from cliff to cliff. Then someone got a bright idea. They'd offer a ten dollar prize to the kid who could fly a kite from one side to the other. That's how the first string got across. It was then connected to larger string, and it in turn was connected to a slender cable. And the slender cable was connected to the strong cable that made the entire construction possible.**

**When the project was first announced, the critics laughed at the project. When they heard that a "kite was going to solve the problem," the sophisticated engineers had a field day. Well, history had the last laugh. One young boy, Homan Walsh, flew the first string across the chasm with his kite in 1848. He succeeded and the process worked just as it was envisioned. The boy collected his ten dollars; the great suspension bridge was started with a single string.**

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**080 -- CHRIST'S RESURRECTION A BRIDGE THAT FEEDS SPIRITUAL LIFE  
From "The Way Of The Cross" (hdm0332) by J. Gregory Mantle**

**In the illustration below, G. Gregory Mantle likens the Resurrection of Christ to a bridge, across which the vine of a Christian's spiritual life reaches upward into Heaven so as to feed on all that strengthens that life; whereas, it is impossible to obtain that nourishment here in this wicked world.**

**In one of the Perthshire valleys there is a tree which sprang up on the rocky side of a little brook, where there was no kindly soil in which it could spread its roots, or by which it could be nourished. For a long time it was stunted and unhealthy, but at length, by what may be called a wonderful vegetable instinct, it sent a fiber out across a narrow sheep-bridge which was close beside it. Then fixing itself in the rich loam on the opposite bank of the streamlet, it began to draw sap and sustenance, and speedily became vigorous. What that tiny bridge was to the tree, the resurrection of Jesus is to the believer. If the roots of our life are in our Risen Lord, we shall not be stunted and unhealthy, as they must ever be who seek to find nourishment for their spiritual life in the unkindly soil of the world.**

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**081 -- WHY THE CHESTNUT MARE CROSSED THE BRIDGE  
From "The Way Of The Cross" (hdm0332) by J. Gregory Mantle**

**Reckon on God, and throw the responsibility on Him. A gentleman was riding with his host. The host wanted to return home by a certain road, but there was a difficulty. The chestnut mare his guest was riding refused to pass a certain bridge. She had been tried again and again, but always in vain. The host suddenly**

remembered that his guest was what he called "a praying man," and he thought he had an opportunity of testing the power of prayer. Was it worth anything in an exigency of this sort? The man of God was quite willing to trust his Lord, and away they rode. Hastening across the bridge, the host turned to see a struggle and perchance a victory over a nervous horse. But there was victory without struggle. He saw his friend drop the reins on the mare's neck as they came to the bridge, and heard him say, as he looked upwards, "Now, Lord!" and quietly as a lamb the mare crossed the bridge. Let us reckon thus on God, and when the bridge has to be crossed, let us learn to drop the reins, and casting the responsibility on Him, say, "Now, Lord! " and He cannot fail because He cannot deny Himself.

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**082 -- CHRIST HAS BRIDGED THE DARK RIVER**  
From "The Unchanging Christ" (Hdm0202) By I. C. Mathis

Man is the only creature that, "Through fear of death, is all his lifetime subject to bondage." The last and greatest enemy of man is death. Death is the great enemy he has had to dread in every age. From the beginning of the race he has sought to find some way to bridge the dark river, and extract the sting from this last dreaded foe. Christ Himself died "That through death He might destroy him who had the power of death, that is, the devil."

Varied and vain have been the efforts on the part of man to bridge the chasm that separates the future world from this. The impenetrable darkness that broods over the valley of death, and the rising floods of doubt that sweep away the frail devices of human fancy, have rendered hopeless and fruitless the task of spanning the river. Is the grim monster death to mock forever at the wails of anguish that rise from the hearts that it robs of all their cherished hopes, and fondest joys, and dearest objects? No! Jesus Christ has bridged the river, He can scatter the mists, destroy the monster death, deprive the grave of its victory, and throw a light across the chasm to the distant shore.

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**083 -- WHY HE COULD NOT BE HER SAVIOR AT TUNBRIDGE**  
From "Seven Wonders Of Heaven" (Hdm0659) By I. C. Mathis

At Tunbridge, England, there stands a monument erected to the memory of some gypsies who lost their lives in a disastrous accident. They were picking hops in a field on the banks of the Medway, and after finishing their work were being conveyed across the river to a field on the opposite shore. The water was in flood and was flowing across the bridge. As they were passing through the water someone cried out, frightening the horses which became unmanageable and plunged into the side of the decaying bridge, throwing all into the stream. A young man had seized one of the horses and was drifting downstream, when his eye

caught the struggling form of the dearest one in all the world to him -- his mother. He made for her, determined if possible to bring her to shore in safety, but she seized upon him in such a way as to make it impossible for him to save her. He all but gave his life in his determined effort to rescue her, but at last she went down to rise no more. Thirty-nine bodies were taken from the river bed and from among the crowd that gathered at the funeral came this young man, kneeling in grief at his mother's side, crying, "O Mother, Mother, I tried to save you; I did all a son could do to save his mother, but you would not let me."

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**084 -- WHY SHE HELD ON AFTER THE UNSAFE BRIDGE GAVE WAY**  
From "Articles Of Faith" (hdm0123) by Duane V. Maxey

While journeying West to a field of labor with his wife and son, a clergyman ventured onto an unsafe bridge that gave way, dashing them into the cold, fast-flowing stream below. The minister managed to reach shore and went for help, while in the midst of the frigid current, the mother and son clung to some pieces of timber. Finally, benumbed by the icy waters, the woman told her son that she felt she could hold on only a little longer. Her boy was young and vigorous. He might hold out till help came. With loving tenderness, she spoke her words of farewell to her son--But she was not prepared for his response: "Mother," he said, "If you let go, I will!" With almost superhuman strength, that mother kept her hold on the plank, for, she feared that if she loosened her grasp, her boy's life would be lost and that, even worse, his soul would be lost for eternity! In two hours help came, and the were rescued. (adapted from Topical Illustrations, #714) Selah.

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**085 -- JEHOVAH-JIREH WAS ON THAT BRIDGE**  
From "Articles Of Faith" (hdm0123) by Duane V. Maxey

One morning a Christian farmer in Rhode Island put two bushels of rye in his wagon and started to the mill to get it ground. On his way to the mill he had to drive over a bridge that had no railings to the side of it. When he reached the middle of this bridge his horse, a quiet, gentle creature, began all at once to back. In spite of all the farmer could do, the horse kept backing till the hinder wheels of the wagon went over the side of the bridge, and the bag of grain was dumped out and fell into the stream. Then the horse stood still.

Some men came to help the farmer. The wagon was lifted back up to a safe position on the bridge, and the bag of grain was fished up from the water. Of course, the grain could not be taken to the mill in that state. So, the farmer had to take it home and to dry it. He had prayed that morning that God would protect and help him through the day, and he wondered why this accident had happened.

He found out, however, before long. Upon spreading out the grain to dry, he noticed a great many small pieces of glass mixed up with it. If this had been ground up with the grain into the flour, it might have caused the death of himself and his family. Jehovah-Jireh\* was on that bridge. He made the horse back and throw the grain into the water in order to save the farmer and his family from the danger that threatened them. (adapted from Dictionary of Illus.) Romans 8:28--Selah

\*Concerning Jehovah-Jireh, Adam Clarke wrote, "Yehovah-yireh -- The Lord will see; that is, God will take care that every thing shall be done that is necessary for the comfort and support of them who trust in him: hence the words are usually translated, The Lord will provide."

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**086 -- EVERY PROUD BRIDGE SHALL SOMEDAY BE WASHED AWAY!**  
From "Articles Of Faith" (hdm0123) by Duane V. Maxey

"Who hath despised the day of small things?" Zech. 4:10

"Where's the brook?" said the willows to the bridge one day. "Where indeed!" replied the bridge, looking down contemptuously on the threadlike stream beneath its massive arch. "Why, its quite dried up!" said the willows. "Yes," said the bridge; " the poor, contemptible thing! I am really ashamed of standing over it. Any one might step across it. I ought to occupy a position where my value would be felt." Presently the rain fell, and the hills sent down their streams into the little brook and swelled it to a torrent. "Where's the bridge?" asked the willows. "Ah," replied the brook as it rushed foaming by them, "I have carried it away in ruins. I thought the other day, when he and you despised me, that, poor as I was in your eyes when my own simple worth was concerned you ought to have remembered what I might become when I was helped from the hills." (W. E. Rice)

In the above story, the proud bridge overlooked the pent-up potential above and behind the despised, little stream. The Bible records how Goliath despised little David and failed to consider with due respect the Almighty power above and behind him. The proud and boastful giant focused on the size of his opponent and not on the Sovereign strength of the Lord of Hosts which was about to destroy him through the diminutive David.

Changing the similitude, today men are saying, "Where is the contemptible little brook of Christ's kingdom in importance?" However, in the future, when the storm of His irresistible judgment has swept them into the lake of fire, the question will be: "Where is the proud bridge of boastful humanity which disdained His prophecies of final preeminence for Himself and His kingdom!?"

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**087 -- THE BRIDGE OF ONE'S NOSE CAN ALSO BE TOO BROAD**  
From "Striking The Source" (hdm0125) by Duane V. Maxey

I heard of one describing another as so narrow that "if a fly landed on the bridge of his nose it would scratch both of his eyes out." Instead of focusing on the narrowness of his brother, that man had done better to remember that one with "a flat nose" was disqualified for the priesthood under Moses, and one can be too broad as well as too narrow in his views as a Christian.

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**088 -- HE WAS URGENT TO FINISH THE BRIDGE -- THEY WEREN'T!**  
From "Striking The Source" (hdm0125) by Duane V. Maxey

A young civil engineer came to the Northwest to construct a bridge across a mountain chasm. He worked with his crew for days, weeks, and months. Finally, at the close of one day, the project was almost finished. The bridge was nearly secure. There was only about one hour's work left to tie things in solid and finish the job. The young engineer said: "Men, come back after supper tonight, and I'll give you one day's pay for one hour's work, and we will finish the job." "No," they replied, "We have other arrangements." The engineer begged them, making an even better offer: "Men, come back tonight and I'll give you two day's pay for that one hour of work!" Again they replied: "No, but why you so urgent?" Explaining the reason for his concern, the engineer said to them: "If a great storm should break tonight, a torrent of water could wash down that chasm and wipe out the bridge, and destroy all of our labour up to this point!" "No," they said, "it won't rain for months." But it did! The violence of the current which swept down that chasm washed away into destruction all of their progress and construction up to that point!

Oh, the great losses which have sometimes come, all because at the crucial time people fail to "go forward" just a little bit farther, just a little while longer, and finish, while they may, what they have left undone!

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**089 -- HIS PROMISE AT CHAIN BRIDGE WAS NOBLY KEPT UNTO DEATH**  
From "Warm Lake Messages" (hdm0126) by Duane V. Maxey

William Scott was a young Union soldier from Vermont during the Civil War. The Northern Army was at Chain Bridge, an area where it was important that their watchmen be alert. But, Will Scott had been without rest for 48 hours and fell asleep at his post. Because of the danger discipline had to be maintained, and Will was court-martialled and sentenced to be shot. Someone interceded for him with President Lincoln, and the day before his execution President Lincoln appeared in Will Scott's tent. After some other conversation with him, Mr. Lincoln said: "My boy, stand up here and look me in the face. You are not going to be shot tomorrow. I



believe you when you tell me that you could not keep awake. I am going to trust you and send you back to your regiment. But I have been put to a great deal of trouble on your account. I have had to come up here from Washington, when I have a great deal to do; and what I want to know is, how are you going to pay my bill?"

With a deep sense of gratitude, Will Scott mentioned various ways in which he might, in time, be able to repay his debt, at least in part. But, placing his hands on Will's shoulders, Mr. Lincoln let him know that the only way he could repay that debt was by being, in the future, the soldier he ought to be: "If from this day William Scott does his duty, so that if I should be present when he came to die, he could look me in the face as he does now, and say, 'I have kept my promise, and I have done my duty as a soldier,' then my debt will be paid. Will you make that promise and try to keep it?"

The promise was given, and it was kept nobly. Then, in one of the battles in Pennsylvania, William Scott fell, mortally wounded, but before his death he said to his comrades: "If any of you ever have a chance, I wish you would tell President Lincoln that I have never forgotten the kind words he said to me at Chain Bridge, and, now that I am dying, I want to thank him again because he gave me the chance to fall like a soldier in battle, and not like a coward by the hands of my comrades." (from 1000 Ill.G.P.Eckman)

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#### 090 -- ALL AFTER SHADFORD COULD NOT REACH THE BRIDGE

From "George Shadford, Mighty Methodist Missionary To America" (hdm0214) by Duane V. Maxey

"Going to preach one day," says Shadford, "I was stopped by a flood of water and could not reach the bridge. I therefore turned back to a large plantation, and having found the planter, I told him my case and asked him if I could sleep at his house. He said I was welcome.

"After I had taken a little refreshment I asked if that part of the country was well inhabited, and on his answering in the affirmative, I said, 'If it is agreeable, and you will send out to acquaint your neighbors, I will preach to them this evening.' he sent out, and we had many hearers, but they were as wild boars. After I had reproved them they behaved very well during the preaching. When I conversed with the planter and his wife, I found them entirely ignorant of themselves and of God. I labored to convince them both, but it seemed to little purpose.

"Next morning I was stopped again, when he kindly offered to show me another way some miles about, and go with me to preaching. I thanked him and accepted his offer. As I was preaching that day I saw him weeping much. The Spirit of God opened the poor creature's eyes, and he saw the wretched state he was in. He stayed with me that night, and made me promise to go again to his house and

preach there. In a short time he and his wife became true penitents, and were soundly converted by the power of God." This case is not recorded by him for its individual importance alone, but because it became the foundation of a local "appointment" and a Church. "A very remarkable work," he adds, "began from this little circumstance and before I left Virginia there were sixty or seventy raised up in Society in that settlement. There were four traveling preachers that year in the circuit. We added eighteen hundred members, and had good reason to believe that a thousand of them were converted to God."

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#### **091 -- JOHN RING'S INFLUENCE AFTER CROSSING THE BURNING BRIDGE** From "Atheists -- Saved And Lost" (hdm0718) by Duane V. Maxey

He was a stalwart captain in the army during the Civil War. His avowal was that of infidelity and atheism. None of God would he allow in his life. When he told his father, a pious Methodist, that in Yale he had changed his belief, the old man said, "Son, I would rather see you in your coffin, or live in ignorance, than for you to forsake the God of your father and mother." During the war it was his (misfortune to be attended by one John Ring as an orderly.

Noble John did not know much so far as the theories of the world were concerned, but he did know enough to want to read the Bible while in the tent. But the captain would not permit this.

During a battle in North Carolina, Pickett's brigade surprised the Union Army and drove them across the river. During the turmoil, Conwell forgot to carry with him a gold-mounted sword which he prized very highly. When Ring remembered that the captain had left the sword in the tent, at once he ran through the Confederate lines to the tent, and with the sword in his hand, he started back across the burning bridge.

The Confederate officer ordered firing to cease, and commanded, "Tell the boy to jump into the river and we will save him." John did not heed; with clothing ablaze he ran on until he fell. He was rolled into the water but it was too late. He died in the hospital, leaving the words for his captain, "I wanted to give him his sword, and then he would know how I loved him."

Touched by this turn in affairs, Conwell became a changed man. Six months later he was left for dead on the battlefield. When he was finally rescued he said, "I am going to die and meet John Ring and his Master whom I have spurned." Crying day and night to God, finally peace came to his soul. He was never able to return to the field of service again. But he kept the sword, which Ring had retrieved, hanging over his bed, and daily in prayer he would say, "O Lord, help me to do my work and the work of my dear heroic soldier boy also." He felt that upon him rested the life labors of two men.

Ring's work at last was to be rewarded. Conwell started to preach. From fame to fame he soared. He builded Temple University, from which thousands have gone into the ministry. He personally assisted ten thousand young people to secure an education; several hundred thousand were trained in the university. which he founded. He baptized over six thousand converts. He founded three hospitals in connection with his church.

He delivered his famous lecture, "Acres of Diamonds" more than six thousand times, and made more than eight million dollars from it, all of which he gave to educate the poor. Many books flowed from his pen. When he died in 1925 at the age of eighty-two the nations of the world mourned his home going.

With him was buried the sword, which through his life had been a constant reminder of John Ring, faithful orderly of a captain in the war, and faithful servant of the King of kings! John Ring died having touched but one man! But John Ring, when the corridors of heaven ring with the call for Conwell to receive his crown, will also be called. For he bore the torch from the Master, as a faithful servant, that lighted the great man's soul.

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**092 -- CONVERTED AFTER HEARING THE WHEELS ON THE BRIDGE**  
From "Touching Incidents" (hdm0304) by S. B. Shaw

Some two miles from the village of C\_\_\_\_. on a road that wound in among the hills stood a great white house. It was beautifully situated upon a gentle slope facing the south, and overlooking a most charming landscape. Away in the distance, a mountain lifted itself against the clear blue sky. At its base rolled a broad, deep river. Nestling down in a valley that intervened, reposed the charming little village with its neat cottages, white church, little red school house and one or two mansions that told of wealth. Here and there in the distance a pond was visible; while farm houses and humbler dwellings dotted the picture in every direction.

Such was the home of three promising children, who for the last three months had been constant members of the village Sunday School. The eldest was a girl of some fourteen years. John, the second, was a bright, amiable lad of eleven. The other the little rosy-cheeked, laughing Ella, with her golden curls and sunny smile had just gathered the roses of her ninth summer.

The father of these interesting children was the rich Captain Lowe. He was a man of mark, such, in many respects as are often found in rural districts. Strictly moral, intelligent and well read, kind-hearted and naturally benevolent, he attracted all classes of community to himself and wielded great influence in his town.

But, notwithstanding all these excellences, Mr. Lowe was an infidel. He ridiculed in his good natured way, the idea of prayer, looked upon conversion as a solemn farce, and believed the most of professing Christians were well-meaning but deluded people. He was well versed in all the subtle arguments of infidel writers, had studied the Bible quite carefully, and could argue against it in the most plausible manner. Courteous and kind to all, few could be offended at his frank avowal of infidel principles, or resent his keen, half-jovial sarcasms upon the peculiarities of some weak-minded, though sincere members of the church.

But Mr. Lowe saw and acknowledged the saving influence of the morality of Christianity. He had especially, good sense enough to confess that the Sunday School was a noble moral enterprise. He was not blind to the fact, abundantly proved by all our criminal records, that few children trained under her influences ever grow up to vice and crime. Hence his permission for his children to attend the Sunday School.

Among the many children who knelt as penitents at the altar in the little vestry, one bright beautiful Lord's Day, were Sarah Lowe and her brother and sister. It was a moving sight to see that gentle girl, with a mature thoughtfulness far beyond her years, take that younger brother and sister by the hand, and kneel with them at the mercy-seat -- a sight to heighten the joy of angels.

When the children had told their mother what they had done and expressed a determination to try to be Christians; she, too, was greatly moved. She had been early trained in the principles and belief of Christianity, and had never renounced her early faith. Naturally confiding, with a yielding, conciliatory spirit, she had never obtruded her sentiments upon the notice of her husband, nor openly opposed any of his peculiar views. But now, when her little ones gathered around her and spoke of their new love for the Saviour, their joy and peace and hope, she wept. All the holy influences of her own childhood and youth seemed breathing upon her heart. She remembered the faithful sermons of the old pastor whose hands had baptized her. She remembered, too, the family altar, and the prayers which were offered morning and evening by her sainted father. She remembered the counsels of her good mother now in heaven. All these memories came crowding back upon her and under their softening influences she almost felt her self a child again.

When Mr. Lowe first became aware of the change in his children, he was sorely puzzled to know what to do. He had given his consent for them to attend the Sunday School, and should he now be offended because they had yielded to its influence? Ought he not rather to have expected this? And after all, would what they called religion make them any worse children? Though at first quite disturbed in his feelings, he finally concluded upon second thought to say nothing to them upon the subject, but to let things go on as usual.

But not so those happy young converts. They could not long hold their peace. They must tell their father also what they had experienced. Mr. Lowe heard

them, but he made no attempt to ridicule their simple faith, as had been his usual course with others. They were his children, and none could boast of better. Still, he professed to see in their present state of mind nothing but youthful feeling, excited by the peculiar circumstances of the last few weeks. But when they began in their childish ardor to exhort him also to seek the Lord, he checked their simple earnestness with a peculiar sternness which said to them: "The act must not be repeated."

The next Sunday the father could not prevent a feeling of loneliness as he saw his household leave for church. The three children, with their mother and Joseph, the hired boy, to drive and take care of the horse; all packed into the old commodious carriage and started off. Never before had he such peculiar feelings as when he watched them slowly descending the hill.

To dissipate these emotions he took a dish of salt and started up the hill to a "mountain pasture" where his young cattle were enclosed for the season. It was a beautiful day in October, that queen month of the year. A soft melancholy breathed in the mild air of the mellow "Indian summer," and the varying hues of the surrounding forests, and the signs of decay seen upon every side, all combined to deepen the emotions which the circumstances of the morning had awakened.

His sadness increased; and as his path opened out into a bright, sunny spot far up on the steep hillside, he seated himself upon a mossy knoll and thought. Before him lay the beautiful valley guarded on either side by its lofty hills, and watered by its placid river. It was a lovely picture; and as his eye rested upon the village, nestling down among its now gorgeous shade-trees and scarlet shrubbery, he could not help thinking of that company who were then gathered in the little church, with its spire pointing heavenward nor of asking himself the question: "Why are they there?"

While thus engaged, his attention was attracted by the peculiar chirping of a ground sparrow near by. He turned, and but a few feet from him he saw a large black snake, with its head raised about a foot above its body, which lay coiled upon the ground. Its jaws were distended, its forked tongue played around its open mouth, flashing in the sunlight like a small lambent flame, while its eyes were intently fixed upon the bird. There was a clear, sparkling light about those eyes that was fearful to behold -- they fairly flashed with their peculiar bending fascination. The poor sparrow was fluttering around a circle of some few feet in diameter, the circle becoming smaller at each gyration of the infatuated bird. She appeared conscious of her danger, yet unable to break the spell that bound her. Nearer and still nearer she fluttered her little wings to those open jaws; smaller and smaller grew the circle, till at last, with a quick convulsive cry; she fell into the mouth of the snake.

As Mr. Lowe watched the bird he became deeply interested in her fate. He started a number of times to destroy the reptile and thus liberate the sparrow from

her danger, but an unconquerable curiosity to see the end restrained him. All day long the scene just described was before him. He could not forget it nor dismiss it from his mind. The last cry of that poor little bird sinking into the jaws of death was constantly ringing in his ears, and the sadness of the morning increased.

Returning to his house, he seated himself in his library and attempted to read. What could be the matter? Usually he could command his thoughts at will, but now he could think of nothing but the scene on the mountain, or the little company in the house of God. Slowly passed the hours, and many times did he find himself, in spite of his resolution not to do so, looking down the road for the head of his dapple gray to emerge from the valley. It seemed a long time before the rumbling of the wheels was at length heard upon the bridge which crossed the mountain stream, followed shortly by the old carry-all creeping slowly up the hill.

The return of the family somewhat changed the course of his thoughts. They did not say any thing to him about the good meeting they had enjoyed, and who had been converted since the last Lord's day; but they talked it all over among themselves, and how could he help hearing? He learned all about "how good farmer Haskell talked," and "how humble and devoted Esquire Wiseman appeared," and "how happy Benjamin and Samuel were;" though he seemed busy with his book and pretended to take no notice of what was said.

It was, indeed, true then that the old lawyer had become pious. He had heard the news before, but did not believe it. Now he had learned it as a fact. That strong-minded man who had been a skeptic all his days, had ridiculed and opposed religion, was now a subject of "the children's revival." What could it mean? Was there something in religion after all? Could it be that what these poor fanatics, as he had always called them, said about the future world was correct? Was there a heaven, and a hell, and a God of justice? Were his darling children right, and was he alone wrong? Such were the thoughts of the boasted infidel, as he sat there listening to the half-whispered conversation of his happy children.

Little Ella came and climbed to her long accustomed place upon her father's knee, and throwing her arms around his neck, laid her glowing cheek, half-hidden by the clustering curls, against his own. He knew by her appearance she had something to say but did not dare to say it. To remove this fear, he began to question her about Sunday School. He inquired after her teacher and who were her classmates, what she learned, etc. Gradually the shyness wore away, and the heart of the innocent praying child came gushing forth. She told him all that had been done that day -- what her teacher had said of the prayer meeting at noon, and who spoke, and how many went forward for prayers. Then folding her arms more closely around his neck, and kissing him tenderly, she added:

"Oh, father, I do wish you had been there!"

"Why do you wish I had been there, Ella?"

**"Oh, just to see how happy Nellie Winslow looked while her grandfather was telling us children how much he loved the Saviour, and how sorry he was that he did not give his heart to his heavenly Father when he was young. Then he laid his hand on Nellie's head, who was sitting by his side, and said: 'I thank God that he ever gave me a little praying granddaughter to lead me to the Savior.' And, father, I never in all my life saw anyone look so happy as Nellie did."**

**Mr. Lowe made no reply -- how could he? Could he not see where the heart of his darling Ella was? Could he not see that by what she had told him about Esquire Wiseman and his pet Nellie, she meant he should understand how happy she should be if her father was a Christian? Ella had not said so in words -- that was a forbidden subject -- but the language of her earnest loving look and manner was not to be mistaken; and the heart of the infidel father was deeply stirred. He kissed the rosy cheeks of the lovely girl, and taking his hat, left the house. He walked out into the field. He felt strangely. Before he was aware of the fact he found his infidelity leaving him, and the simple, artless religion of childhood winning its way to his heart. Try as hard as he might he could not help believing that his little Ella was a Christian. There was a reality about her simple faith and ardent love that was truly "the evidence of things not seen." What should he do? Should he yield to thin influence and be led by his children to Christ? What! Captain Lowe, the boasted infidel overcome by the weakness of excited childhood! The thought roused his PRIDE and with an exclamation of impatience at his folly, he suddenly wheeled about, and retracing his steps, with altered appearance, he re-entered his house.**

**His wife was alone with an open Bible before her. As he entered he saw her hastily wipe away a tear. In passing her he glanced upon the open page, and his eye caught the words "YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN!" They went like an arrow to his heart. "TRUTH," said a voice within, with such fearful distinctness that he started at the fancied sound; and the influence which he had just supposed banished from his heart returned with ten-fold power. The strong man trembled. Leaving the sitting-room, he ascended the stairs to his chamber. Passing Sarah's room, a voice attracted his attention. It was the voice of prayer. He heard his own name pronounced, and he paused to listen.**

**"Oh, Lord, save my dear father. Lead him to the Saviour. Let him see that he MUST BE BORN AGAIN. Oh let not the SERPENT CHARM HIM!" Save, oh, save my dear father!"**

**He could listen no longer, "Let not the serpent charm him!" Was he then like that helpless little bird, who fluttering around the head of the serpent, fell at last into the jaws of death? The thought shot a wild torrent of newly awakened terror through his throbbing heart.**

Hastening to his chamber he threw himself into a chair. He started! The voice of prayer again fell upon his ear. He listened. Yes, it was the clear, sweet accents of his little pet. Ella was praying -- **WAS PRAYING FOR HIM!**

"O Lord, bless my dear father. Make him a Christian, and may he and dear mother be prepared for heaven!"

Deeply moved, the father left the house and hastened to the barn. He would fain escape from those words of piercing power. They were like daggers in his heart. He entered the barn. Again he hears a voice. It comes from the hay-loft, in the rich silvery tones of his own noble boy. John had climbed up the ladder, and kneeling down upon the hay **WAS PRAYING FOR HIS FATHER.**

"O Lord, save my father!"

It was too much for the poor convicted man, and, rushing to the house he fell, sobbing upon his knees by the side of his wife and cried:

"O Mary, I am a poor, lost sinner! Our children are going to heaven, and I -- I -- **AM GOING DOWN TO HELL!** O Wife, is there mercy for a wretch like me?"

Poor Mrs. Lowe was completely overcome. She wept for joy. That her husband would ever be her companion in the way of holiness, she had never dared to hope. Yes, there was mercy for even them. "Come unto me, and find rest." Christ had said it, and her heart told her it was true. Together they would go to this loving Saviour, and their little ones should show them the way.

The children were called in. They came from their places of prayer, where they had lifted up their hearts to that God who had said "**WHATSOEVER YE SHALL ASK THE FATHER IN MY NAME HE WILL GIVE IT YOU.**" They had asked the Spirit's influence upon the hearts of their parents, and it had been granted. They gathered around their weeping, broken-hearted father and penitent mother, and pointed them to the cross of Jesus. Long and earnestly they prayed, and wept and agonized. "With undoubting trust in the promises, they waited at the mercy-seat, and their prayers were heard. Faith conquered. The Spirit came and touched these penitent hearts with the finger of love; and then sorrow was turned to joy; their night, dark and cheerless and gloomy, was changed to blessed day.

They arose from their knees, and Ella sprang to the arms of her father, and together they rejoiced in God.

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**093 -- AS I CROSSED A BRIDGE OVER THE COLUMBIA RIVER**  
From "Illustrative Sketches From My Life" (hdm0888) by Duane V. Maxey



The following incident occurred in about December of 1976, when I was an unmarried pastor.

My pastorate in Portland, Oregon began on my 35th birthday, June 4, 1972, and I left in 1977. The accident about which I now write occurred during that period of time. It was the Christmas Season, and I had planned to visit with my Mother and Aunt in Parkdale, above Hood River, Oregon. Mother was remarried to Walter Watson, a Nazarene minister. Uncle "Mac," Finley McNaughton, had retired from the U.S. Forest Service, and he aunt Jean bought a pear ranch with a spectacular view of Mt. Hood in Parkdale, above Hood River. I planned to drive the 70 miles or so from Portland to be with them for a short visit.

I was driving a Volkswagen Van that had a poor tire on the left rear wheel. By the time I got to Hood River that evening, there was quite a snowfall already down and it was continuing to snow. Finally I decided to abort the trip on up to Parkdale. I called and notified them that I was returning to Portland, and then started back -- snow still coming down.

As I crossed a bridge over an inlet from the Columbia River -- a bridge that had a bend to the right -- suddenly! the left rear of the VW Van swung left, and I began to skid broadside, perpendicular to the roadway, at perhaps 55-60 miles an hour -- and it was no laughing matter. That VW Van had a narrow wheel-base and the body was built rather high on that narrow wheel-base. Broadsiding down that concrete roadway at the speed I was, with nothing but a low barrier at the edge, there was a real danger of starting into a roll and/or flipping off into the dark waters of the Columbia below.

For quite a long distance that Van shot down that bridgeway. I uttered a quick prayer. I kept my front wheels turned left, and managed to keep the Van from going into a spin. It was Freeway, so there was no oncoming traffic, and there was nothing close behind me, but that Van continued on and on in its broadside skid, until at a point where the right side of the roadway sloped right, my forward momentum ceased and I shot front-bumper-first toward the low guard-rail overlooking the Columbia. I hit it, but by that time my speed was slow enough and my angle such that I did not flip over the rail into the dark waters below. -- Whew! I forget what my words of thanks were to the Lord, but I was very glad to be out of that one still alive! without any injury, and with only minor damage to the vehicle.

When I reached my apartment back in Portland, I opened my Bible, there was a portion of Scripture that I have never forgotten -- one that led me to believe that I may have come extremely close to death: Job 29:13 "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me..." Judging from this, I would have died if God had not kept His hand on the rig as I rocketed broadside down that bridgeway!

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**094 -- A. D. ZAHNISER NEVER BUILT A BRIDGE OF COMPROMISE**  
From "Servant Of God, Well Done!" (hdm1515) by Duane V. Maxey

The following is written of Free Methodist Bishop, A. D. Zahniser:

At the base of the life of A. D. Zahniser was a radical conversion, so deep and thorough that it separated him once and forever from the world and set him apart for God. And he never joined that chasm of separation by a bridge of compromise. To him there were two colors -- things were either white or black. His black and white never faded into a neutral gray.

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**095 -- REPORTEE -- IN A NARROW PASSAGE-WAY AND UNDER A BRIDGE**  
From "Striking Coincidences" (hdm1529) by Duane V. Maxey

I will write in my own words, with a brief quotation of John Wesley, an incident that is related in hdm0688, "Makers of Methodism" by W. H. Withrow: As Wesley was walking one day, he came to a narrow passage-way that allowed only one person to pass through. At the same time, a man who was belligerent toward him reached the opposite side of the passage-way so that he and Wesley would have met in the middle. One of them had to give way to the other.

Refusing to back up and make way for Wesley, the belligerent called out to him, "Sir, I never make way for a fool!"

Whereupon Wesley replied, "I always do," and politely stepped aside!

In the December, 1999 issue of Reader's Digest I read last night an incidence of striking similarity -- a coincidence that occurred close to 200 years later: A single-lane of passage ran under a bridge construction with a traffic-light at each end. Two friends waited till the light turned green and proceeded to pass under the bridge when they met a vehicle traveling from the opposite direction. Perhaps the lights were not properly synchronized. Anyway, the driver of the other vehicle lowered his window and shouted: "I don't back up for idiots!" The friend driving the other car replied: "No problem, I do!"

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**096 -- WHY COWPER DID NOT ARRIVE AT LONDON BRIDGE**  
From "Going In Circles" (hdm2009) by Duane V. Maxey

The hymn "God Moves in a Mysterious Way" has been a source of great comfort and blessing to many of God's people since William Cowper wrote it in the 18th century. Yet few people know of the unusual circumstances that led to its composition. William Cowper was a Christian, but he had sunk to the depths of

despair. One foggy night he called for a horse-drawn carriage and asked to be taken to the London Bridge on the Thames River. He was so overcome by depression that he intended to commit suicide. But after 2 hours of driving through the mist, Cowper's coachman reluctantly confessed that he was lost. Disgusted by the delay, Cowper left the carriage and decided to find the London Bridge on foot. After walking only a short distance, though, he discovered that he was at his own doorstep! The carriage had been going in circles.

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

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**097 -- AFTER EDDIE JUMPED FROM THE BRIDGE**  
From "Various Topics" (hdm2495) by Duane V. Maxey

In his book "Open the Door Wide to Happy Living," T. Huffman Harris told of a young man named Eddie who became tired of life and decided to leap from a bridge into a turbulent river. Jim, a total stranger, saw Eddie being swept downstream and plunged into the water in an effort to save him. Eddie, a good swimmer, noticed the man floundering desperately in the strong current and knew that without his help he would drown. Something stirred within him. With all of his strength, Eddie swam over to the man and rescued him. Saving that stranger, who had attempted to save him, brought new hope and meaning to Eddie's life.

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**098 -- SHE THREW HER FALSE TEETH FROM THE BRIDGE**  
From "My Life Story As A Mountain Boy Preacher" (hdm0651) By B. H. Lucas

While I worked at the Bible School shop I was pastor of the mission. The last year I worked at the shop I was their pastor. When I started to work there, Charlie Pole was the pastor. When he left I was put in as pastor. I had from 7:00 to 7:30 every morning to sing and preach. We had some good services while there. I left there and went out into the full time ministry. I remember while pastoring the mission, a woman got mad at me for preaching against tobacco and she had false teeth. She got condemned on wearing her false teeth, went out on the L and N bridge, threw her teeth in the river, and went on gumming her tobacco. Well, I didn't say much to her for I thought if ignorance got any through she might make it.

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**099 -- WHY THEY WEREN'T THROWN FROM THE BRIDGE**

From "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (C-Topics)" (hdm1040) by Duane V. Maxey

In the days of war the Japanese policeman who had absolute power said that within three days everyone in a certain Formosan mountain village must come to the police station and swear that he would not be a Christian, or he would be tied hand and foot, and stones tied to him, and he would be thrown from the high bridge into the rushing river below. The Christians met at midnight to decide what to do. Some said, "We'll have to give it up. We cannot be Christians now. He will surely kill us."

Then a young boy arose. "But don't you remember that Jesus said not to be afraid of those who can only kill the body, but to be afraid of those who kill body and soul? If he kills us, it will only be our bodies. Our souls will go to be with Jesus." They all said, "That's true." When the vote was taken, every hand was raised -- all voted to die. Next day the policeman laughed cruelly, and said, "Tomorrow you die."

Now the policeman liked to fish, and waded out into the river. A rock or tree in the current struck his leg and broke it [and he drowned]. While the mountain people were praying, a messenger rushed in, and said, "The man who was to kill you tomorrow has been drowned in the river." -- Child Evangelism

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**100 -- A LESSON FOR THE IDLER ON THE BRIDGE**

From "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (L-Topics)" (hdm1876) by Duane V. Maxey

A poor, hungry man stood idly on a bridge watching some fishermen. Seeing one of them with a basket full of fish by his side, he said, "if I had a catch like that, I'd be happy. I'd sell it and buy some food and clothes." "I'll give you that many fish if you do a small favor for me," said the fisherman. "What do you want me to do?" came the reply. "Just tend this line a while. I've got some business down the street." Gladly the young man accepted the offer. After the man left, the trout and bass continued snapping greedily at the baited hook. Soon he lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling in a large number of fish. When the angler returned, he said to the young man, "I'll keep my promise to you by giving you everything you've caught. And I hope you've learned a lesson. You mustn't waste time daydreaming and merely wishing for things. Instead, get busy and cast in a line for yourself."

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**101 -- HE DIED IN MAKING HIMSELF THEIR BRIDGE OF ESCAPE**

From "Outlines -- Fifteen More From My Store" (hdm3348) by Duane V. Maxey

Years ago a striking incident is said to have occurred in Paris. In a back street of that city a fire broke out at night. It was in a narrow court, and the houses were built with the upper stories overhanging so that the top stories almost touched. In the midst of the night a father sleeping with his children was suddenly awakened by the smoke. In a moment he jumped out of bed, swept away the framework of his window, and the next moment was safe across through the window of the opposite house. But he had forgotten the children. When he saw their terrified faces, without a moment's hesitation he placed his foot against the sill of the house where he was launched his body forward and grasped the window of the burning house, thus making himself a living bridge between the two. One by one his children crawled over his body to the other side, but as the last one was passing his father cried, "Quick! Quick! I can't hold out much longer!" No sooner did the cheer of the crowds announce that the last child was over, than the father's hold relaxed and he fell a lifeless corpse. This is but a faint illustration of that salvation that comes to us poor, helpless sinners through Him Who bridged the chasm, though it cost His precious life.

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**102 -- WESLEY'S WRETCHED MARRIAGE AFTER A BRIDGE ACCIDENT**  
From "At Potpourri Of Eleven Items" (hdm3364) by Duane V. Maxey

Most students of the life of John Wesley no doubt know that his marriage was very wretched for him. Perhaps fewer know that this marriage occurred after he had in the middle of London Bridge.

His marriage to Mrs. Vazeille was hastened by an accident which Wesley had on the middle of London Bridge. In hastening from the Foundery to Snowsfields to take leave of the congregation before he started on his northern journey, his feet slipped on the ice. He fell with great force, the bone of his ankle striking on the top of a stone. With much pain and difficulty, he took his work at Snowsfields and at West Street, but he could not preach at the Foundery. The journey to the north was now quite out of the question. Wesley took up his quarters at Mrs. Vazeille's, in Threadneedle Street, where he "spent the remainder of the week partly in prayer, reading, and conversation, partly in writing an Hebrew Grammar and 'Lessons for Children.'" The conversation interests us most. It no doubt led to Wesley's marriage on the following Monday or Tuesday. He was not able to set his foot to the ground, and preached kneeling on Sunday, the 11th, and on the Tuesday after, so that he must have been a remarkable bridegroom.

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**103 -- CARNAL ANGER, AND MURDER AT THE BRIDGE**  
From "We'll Get To That Later" (hdm0129) by I. Parker Maxey

**The Mother That Killed Her Child. I was her pastor. Her first husband died leaving her with two children. A man about her age had lost his first wife in death leaving him with two children. These two met and married, combining their families into one. They moved to the area where I was pastoring and started attending church. They were both professed Christians. The woman, however, was plagued with a vicious temper. On slight provocation she would throw an anger tantrum. She realized this, faced up to it and began seeking God for deliverance. The four of us, Wife and I, she and her husband, spent time together in prayer for this woman's deliverance. The woman wept and said, "I am afraid of myself, what might happen if I cannot get rid of this violent temper."**

**While she was still seeking for deliverance but before she had prayed clear through to victory and deliverance from that sin nature that was causing her so much grief, they moved to another town and no longer attended where I was pastoring. The four children (his two and her two) were close to the same ages and one of the older ones (still preschool age) had a bad bed wetting weakness that the older child that age had conquered. The bed-wetting child would anger the mother when he would wake up wet. One afternoon she was outside when this child awakened from his nap wet and came out to where she was. Her temper flared. She picked this child up by his feet and holding him upside down dashed his head up and down in a nearby irrigation ditch nearly drowning the child. Then she slammed his head against the side of a bridge that crossed the stream and finally threw him down on the bank unconscious. The child died from the injury inflicted on him.**

**The authorities were called in. Her husband tried to take the rap for her but when the truth came out the woman was convicted of murder and sent to the Idaho State Penitentiary.**

**Yes! Carnality is a killer. Carnality in the soul will not necessarily make an actual murderer out of everyone but will cause one to do things he will regret and if not cleansed out by faith in the blood of Christ will send a soul to hell!**

**[As horrible as this heinous murder was, it is really no more murder than are the millions of abortions being performed today! -- DVM]**

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**104 -- HE FOUND NO BRIDGE, BUT THEN FOUND CHRIST  
From "Therefore, Choose Life" (hdm2518) by Irl V. Maxey**

**I once read of a man whose life was given to the broad way. He was a business man. He had only one daughter -- Gretchen. She was the idol of his heart. His wife was a good, kind woman, but Oh! Gretchen was so much to him. She would run out to meet him every noon and evening when he came home from work.**

One day he came home and Gretchen did not meet him. He hurried into the house to find her awfully sick and the doctor there. For several weeks they labored hard to save her from the inroads of fever, but to no avail. The doctor did his best, his last, and then plainly told her father the end was near.

Death soon flapped his sable wings and claimed her body, but a bright angel from heaven bare her soul away to God's Home. She was tenderly laid away midst profuse flowers. Time passed. Day after day when he came home he looked for her at the spot where she always met him.

One day he came home at noon, tired and sleepy. He missed the girl at the accustomed spot. He went in and waited a while for his wife to get dinner. He slept. He dreamed. He was going somewhere and came to a dark, rolling stream. He looked just across the waters and there was Gretchen waving her hand and saying, "Oh, papa, come this way." He ran up the stream looking for a bridge, still keeping his eye on Gretchen -- then down the stream, but no bridge. All of a sudden the Savior stood before him and said, "I am the way." The dark waters fled, he got to his child, he woke.

He quit the way of death and became converted.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 105 -- WHY HE WAS KILLED BY HITTING THE BRIDGE

From "Irl V. Maxey -- A Herald Of Holiness" (hdm2542) by Duane V. Maxey

This illustrates the danger and tragedy that can occur when one is distracted from duty. This is true spiritually as well as physically.

The village had a blacksmith shop, two stores, a depot; wagon scales and an evaporator to dry supplies. It became a practice for girls to toss apples from the nearby orchards to railroaders when Southern trains went through on a line that passed under a bridge for an overhead road. One day a brakeman, on top of them moving train-cars, was fielding apples tossed his way when he failed to duck and was killed when he hit the underside of the bridge.

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#### 106 -- HE GRASPED THE TRUTH AND GOT ON THE BRIDGE

From "Christ In You, The Hope Of Glory" (hdm1866) by J. B. McBride

Some years ago we were holding a meeting on the streets of a Georgia town, and our crowd was large, being composed of both whites and blacks. We were preaching on sanctification by consecration and faith being an instantaneous work of divine grace, and this illustration came to us. I said: "Suppose I were going down that street, and several blocks away the street crossed a deep canyon and it was

bridged. The approach to the bridge would be gradual, but there would come a moment when I would instantly set my foot on the bridge and I would know it," and an old colored minister of years cried out, "Brudder, I is on de approach." The next Saturday afternoon we were preaching again from a farmer's wagon, on the same street, from the same text, on the same subject, and while I was making my point on instantaneous sanctification, the same old colored minister cried aloud, "Brudder, thank the Lawd, I is on de bridge. The Lawd sanctified me this week, and I knows when it was done." We may be a time on the approach to holiness, for we are to walk in the light as He is in the light, and we are to consecrate as God shows us, but when a full, complete consecration of all we have, soul, body and spirit, for time and eternity is made, then by faith in the cleansing blood of Jesus we are sanctified instantaneously. Glory to God!

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#### **107 -- HOW THE PREACHER CAN BRIDGE THE CHASM**

From "Personal Work" (hdm1567) by James O. McClurkan

The preacher can do nothing else that will so bridge the chasm between the working people and the church as to keep in close personal touch with the masses. Thousands are alienated from Christianity by assuming that the ministry is standing in with the rich and that the church is after money more than anything else. If the preachers will do as Paul did, go from house to house warning every one night and day with tears, the attitude of the masses will soon be changed.

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#### **108 -- THE FOURTEEN-FOOT PLAY IN THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE**

From "Conquering The Unconquerable" (hdm2369) by J. C. McPheeters

Some one has said: "God gave us humor to save us from going mad." In a world where nerves are racked and strained to the breaking point, humor is a tonic for relaxation. When a patient's nerves are about to snap, it is not uncommon for the doctor to recommend some form of relaxation. This treatment is necessary to keep intact the strained cables which hold life's load. Do not the builders of our great suspension bridges make allowance for contraction and expansion? The Golden Gate Bridge in California has a play of fourteen feet in which it may swing in time of storm. This seemingly vacillating rebound from the fixed order saves the bridge from wreckage when the storm breaks. Serving as a protection in the stresses of life, humor is the divine provision. He who in the pressures of life retains a wholesome sense of humor will be the last in life's casualty list.

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#### **109 -- WORDS THAT LAID DOWN A BRIDGE FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN**

From "Twelve Early Nazarene Leaders" (hdm0221) by Basil Miller



**"Just as I am without one plea --" came the heaven freighted words from the golden voice of Sankey, as he led the altar workers in hymns of surrender and consecration. Those words laid down a bridge from earth to heaven.**

**And on that soul-bridge William H. Hoople walked into the arms of Jesus! The work was done. That glad January night in 1886 was hallowed with the angels' song, for a sinner had come home!**

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

### **110 -- THE PREACHER'S 21-WORD MESSAGE ON THE BRIDGE**

**From "Still On The Throne" and "Trumpets In The Camp" (hdm0935 and hdm0936)  
by Nettie A. Miller**

**"Guess you don't know who I am", the elderly gentleman asked our Nazarene preacher.**

**"Yes, I do. You are one of the richest men around here. I've seen your picture in the papers off and on for some time."**

**"Preacher, I have been searching for you for over an hour. People whom I have asked to tell me one man in the city who would not lie, have all told me to find that Nazarene preacher. So I have found you."**

**Our preacher said, "Imagine how good I felt, Sister Miller, when he told me that."**

**"Preacher, my doctors have just informed me that I have only three weeks to live, only three. I have been planning what I am going to do with the three weeks of my life. Last night I lay awake making my plans, and I decided that I am going to drink all I can hold and spend all the money I can spend; but there's one thing that bothers me. I am afraid of the judgment. That's where you come in, preacher. I am going to have this down in writing so that there can be no mistake. Just as soon as I die I want the folks to send for you. I want you to go to the crematory and stay there until they hand you my ashes. Then I want you to get into the car and go and dump my ashes into the river, and then I will not be afraid of the judgment."**

**"You will be at the judgment, brother, whether I throw your ashes in the river or not. 'It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment.'  
Regardless of what is done with that body of yours you can't escape meeting God to await your final reward or punishment."**

**"I shall count on you, preacher, and you don't lie." Then he departed.**

In less time than the old man had anticipated, he died. Our good preacher stood by the hot ovens as the rich man's body burned to ashes. They handed him the urn. He stepped into his car and drove to the bridge. He stood on the bridge with his overcoat collar pulled around his neck, for the wind was blowing furiously. With his right hand he reached down into the urn and took out some of the ashes. Some blew back on his feet, some went into the water, and some fell back on the bridge. After the last bit of ashes was gone, he turned to the spectators and said, "This man did not want to be at the judgment bar of God. He will be there, and you will, too."

\* \* \* \* \*

**111 -- BRIDGE-BUILDING CAN ALSO BE PART OF SACRED DUTY**  
From "Guide To Holiness Articles" (hdm0566) Edited by Dexter S. King

The principle of sympathy, as it exists in a holy mind, is not limited in its exercise to occasions furnished by men's physical sufferings, or by their spiritual wants.. there may be occasions, on which the most devoted Christian may as truly sympathize with his neighbors in building a bridge or a road, or in some other work connected with the ordinary wants of men, as in building a church.

\* \* \* \* \*

**112 -- CHRIST BRIDGED THE GREATEST CHASM EVER KNOWN**  
From "Evangelize Now" (hdm0695) Edited by R. V. DeLong

Not once did He say He was a civil engineer. His announcement to all was, "I am the way, the truth, and the life"; and He constructed the Highway of Holiness, over which millions have found a means of escape from the ravages of sin. Men have spanned the Royal Gorge of Colorado with a hanging bridge suspended at the dizzy height of over one thousand feet; but Christ bridged a bottomless abyss, the greatest chasm ever known, with the grandest superstructure ever erected and anchored it on the Rock of Ages. The fiercest storms of all ages have never shaken nor weakened her undergirdings.

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**113 -- NOT A BRIDGE-SUICIDE, BUT A GLORIOUS CONVERSION**  
From "Selected Articles From The Pilgrim Holiness Advocate" (hdm0793) Compiled by Duane V. Maxey

Below is part of the testimony of Oscar Lund of Cottonwood, Arizona which appeared in the April 24, 1954 issue of "The Pilgrim Holiness Advocate."

One day I decided that I, too, could be a real man. Quitting my job and going to Minneapolis, I determined to start life anew.

On Saturday night of the first week there, someone woke me up at midnight, where I was sitting on the lower step of a cheap lodging house, dead drunk. I said, "It's no use. I can't keep from drinking."

Right there I decided to end my life on Monday night, at 11:00 p.m., by jumping off the bridge that crosses the Mississippi. Sunday afternoon, as I was leaning against a railing, I said to myself, "Just so many hours now, and it all will be over."

A young man came along handing out tickets and gave one to me. It had a verse of the Bible on each side. I read it over and over, wondering if there was something to it. I looked up and saw a mission across the street on the second floor of a building. Obeying a sudden impulse, I entered the service which was in progress. At the close, a visiting preacher, sitting by the door, shook hands with the men as they filed out. When he shook my hand, he said, "Young man, are you a Christian?"

"I should say not!"

"Don't you want to be a Christian?"

"You go out and try to help others before they get to where I am," I told him. With that I started downstairs. But that preacher stopped me, and asked for a chance to talk. He finally led me back into the mission. By this time all had gone but the workers. They talked and prayed with me. I tried to pray but could not. One man said, "Will you pray after me, and say the same words?" I did, to the best of my ability.

"If you have done all you can, just believe you are a Christian," they said. [This strikes me as having been a shallow way of trying to lead this man into a real experience of salvation. Nonetheless, God helped him to get beyond it. -- DVM] I went to my room and to bed. The next morning, I said, "Well, I am a Christian. Them people told me so, and they ought to know." Later, after thinking it over, I said, "If that is religion I got last night, it's no good!" Then I went right back to the mission to find out for sure if that was religion. I waited and waited, but no one showed up. An inner voice kept saying, "You did not do what the mission people told you to do. They told you to go to your room and read and pray. You had better go back to your room and pray."

Returning to my room, I took off my coat and hat and read from the tracts and the gospel which the workers had given me. Then I got on my knees to pray. After a bit the tears began to come. I prayed on and on until I came up against some sins; and the Lord said, "Will you give that up?"

"No," I said, "I don't have to."

**The Lord said, "If you jump into the river you will have to give it up."**

**"Yes," I said, "I will give it up." And so it went on all afternoon. I stayed on my knees close to seven hours. Tears flowed, and plenty of them. After a while, my tears dried and I could not pray any more. So I got up from my knees, sat down in a chair, and said, "I have gone too far." Then I arose to go out, saying, "No use!"**

**To my surprise, I seemed to hear an audible voice saying, "Thy sins are forgiven."**

**From here on words fail to tell what happened. I received a real baptism both inside and out. Old things passed away and all things became new. Glory be to God!**

**Thus in July, 1905, at 32 years of age, I was born again. About two years later, I went through the process of heart cleansing. Also, I made restitution to the authorities and the folk whom I had wronged.**

**Once I was young, now am old, but I am living for the One who rescued me from a suicide's grave about five hours before the hour in which I had determined to take my own life. Sinner friend, come clean in confessing your sins and your need to Jesus Christ. He only can get you out of what the devil got you into.**

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

#### **114 -- THE OLD COVERED BRIDGE**

**From "Missionary Revivalist Selections -- January, 1962 Issue" (hdm1713) An Article by Ann Baldwin**

**A picturesque landmark of eastern U. S. A. is the old covered bridge. These old bridges are a colorful and fitting reminder of early American days. For years they have stood, sturdy and strong, with their huge hand-hewn frameworks spanning various rivers, creeks, and trout streams.**

**Just such a bridge is located about a half mile from our home, deep in the Appalachian mountains. A twisting, turning, frisking stream meanders around the foot of our mountain, winds through a meadow, and picking up momentum in its journey to the ocean, dashes beneath the framework of the old covered bridge. Through many decades, the old bridge has been faithful in arching this stream. With winter's icy fingers tossing her decorations of snow, sleet, and icicles upon the venerable old roof m it has stood firm and steadfast. During the spring and summer months, it has faithfully accomplished its purpose, its sturdy old floor feeling the soft pad of barefooted boys upon its rough surface, and the weather-beaten walls echoing a "merry whistled tune" from a young, puckered, strawberry kissed mouth. It has heard the sing of the reel as fishermen played beneath its shadows for trout.**

Through the years, the old bridge has probably felt the tired clop-clop of the circuit rider's horse down to the heavy rumble of farm machinery and modern day trucks. Through fair weather and foul, it has stood!

Recently, some men from the highway department came our way and, after some deliberation, it was decided that our old covered bridge would be replaced: by a new and modern structure of concrete and steel. It seems the old bridge was too **NARROW AND TOO OLD FASHIONED.**

Many people have passed the new construction, and, no doubt, have experienced various emotions. Some are probably glad to see the marks of progress,: Others are indifferent. But a few of us had a sad nostalgic feeling as we watched the progress of the new replacement.

However, something wonderful has happened! The future of the old bridge seems brighter than ever! A new and glorious opportunity has presented itself! Strange as it may seem, the state donated the old bridge to the farmer whose land it occupied. That farmer is a member of the Bible Missionary Church. The church, at the time, had started a fund to build a cabin on the camp ground for their boys and girls.

"I know what I'll do," said the farmer. "I'll give the old bridge toward the building of the cabin."

As a result, plans are now underway to tear the covered bridge down, reassembling it later on the camp ground. Its name will not have to be changed. It will still be, "The Bridge." It's task will be more spiritual than previously, and far more glorious and rewarding. For it will be helping to span that awful gulf of sin, and leading boys and girls safely across to Jesus.

What a lesson in life! If, because you are old or sick, and it seems that your days of usefulness are over, do not be discouraged! Take a lesson from our old bridge! God might merely want to transplant you into another and more glorious sphere of service. And, when this life is over and we've done all that we can do within the limitations of humanity, I am confident that God will simply remove us to that wonderful clime of unbounded possibilities with an unlimited scope of development. Praise His Name!

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#### **115 -- WHY THEY WERE FISHING FROM THE BRIDGE**

From "Missionary Revivalist Selections -- March, 1963" (hdm0727) An Article titled "Fishers Of Men" by J. E. Cook

But perhaps the greatest asset is a Love for the work. Returning home from an evangelistic campaign a few years ago I crossed Lake Texahoma at three a.m. in

the morning. It was cold and damp so that I had the car heater running. And yet, there they were, some standing, some sitting and some kneeling, fishing off the bridge almost one every ten feet apart across that long bridge. "Look!" I exclaimed to wife who was dozing, you would have to say those folk love to fish. There was no other explanation. But that same love for souls must be ours until no sacrifice or no effort would be too great.

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**116 -- A BURNED OUT BRIDGE, BUT UNABLE TO STOP**  
From "The Nazarene Pulpit" (hdm2644) An Article by S. S. White

The sad fact about the downward gravitation of the moral world is that the farther down you go the "faster you move. In the physical world the speed of the falling body increases considerably in each second. The same is true in the moral world. You will continue to fall until your speed and the momentum gathered thereby will make it impossible for you to stop when you do wake up and put on the brakes. Like the engineer of the fast express who becomes aware of the bridge which is burned out when it is too late. He is thoughtlessly racing on and fails to perceive the danger as early as he should. He throws on the brakes and reverses the engine, but all to no avail. The human freight rushes on to wreck and ruin. Thus your life will be swept into the vortex of everlasting destruction by the momentum to which you have already attained.

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**117 -- GOD'S RAINBOW -- LIKE BUTTRESSES OF AN ARCHING BRIDGE**  
From "Symphonies Of Praise" (hdm0724) by Floyd William Nease

Five long months -- the water covered the earth; then gradually they subsided, for "God remembered Noah." And in the midst of the appalling wreckage of forests, farms, houses, human bodies, all the slimy aftermath of the cruel flood, there appeared in the vault of heaven the first rainbow -- like the buttresses of an arching bridge. There it glowed, the red, the orange, the yellow, the green, the blue, the indigo, the violet, hung in the sky by invisible hands, a triumphal arch for the ark to sail through, blessed symbol of God's care for man.

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**118 -- HE CROSSED THE BRIDGE -- LEARNED WHAT HINDERED THE MILL**  
From "A Vessel Unto Honor" (hdm1776) by Orval J. Nease

When I was a boy we lived on a farm outside of Nashville, Michigan. I used to like to go into town on a load of grain. That was back in the days before they sacked the grain. It was dumped in great wagon beds and hauled to the mill. It was a lot of fun to dig a fellow's bare toes down into the warm wheat. I had my ears boxed a

good many times for kicking wheat over the sideboards. I used to like to go into the mill. There was something about that mill and the miller that had fascination for me. The dust of meal, the dust of flour, had settled on the miller's hat and in his beard and on his clothing. There was something about the hum and grind of the mill that indicated power, and I knew where the power came from. It came from the Thorn Apple River. Did you ever hear of the Thorn Apple River? Well, where have you been all your life? The Thorn Apple River! It's a strange thing, but I looked it up in our geography, and there was something the matter with the man who wrote our geography, because he had left it out. They put in that creek called the Mississippi and the little stream known as the Amazon, and that one called the Nile, but they left out the mighty Thorn Apple.

One day I crossed the bridge and came to see our miller, and something apparently had happened to our mill. The thing had settled down to a sort of lazy, monotonous whine, a sort of grind that reminds me of some professors of holiness that have been in the way a long while. They usually go to church on Sunday morning, perhaps Sunday night if the weather is fair, but seldom get out to prayer meeting, Oh, they believe in holiness. They believe we ought to have revivals. They think certainly the pastor ought to have revivals. Certainly. He ought to get an evangelist and have revivals. But of course you can't expect them to carry the burdens like they once did. They're kind of settled in the way, retired. A lot of folk are. Just the humdrum and grind. Haven't shed a tear or carried a burden for a lost world in five or ten years--just humdrum Christians.

I approached the miller and said, "What is the matter with your old mill?" "Not a thing in the world." "But there is. Look at it those wheels are so lazy they hardly turn over, and the belt doesn't have the pull that it usually does. And very little meal is coming out of the spout. What is the matter?"

He said, "Oh, the power is down." I said: "The power is down? You are mistaken. I just came across the Thorn Apple River bridge, and there is as much water in the old Thorn Apple River as there ever was." He said, "Yes, plenty of water in the river, but the intake is stopped up." I said, "The intake?" He said: "Yes. Water isn't getting down the runway to the mill wheel. The power is shut down. Come on, boy, I'll show you what I mean. I was just going out to clear away the debris."

We left the mill and walked to the head of the run. He took down a long-pronged rake from the limb of the tree and put that rake down over the grating through which the water came into the run to get to the wheel, and began to pull things out.

Do you know what I expected that miller to bring out? I thought he would bring out a saw-log and a great hunk of sod and a piece of a board or a bale of hay or a shock of corn--something like that. It was the mighty Thorn Apple River that had been stopped. But do you know what he brought out? Just a little handful! Just about a double handful of grasses, a few pieces of twigs and some leaves, some

torn pieces of paper--not more than a double handful. Just an accumulation of little things --that's all. An accumulation of little things! No church splits, no open wrangle, no scandal. Just an accumulation of little things. And it had stopped the flow of water as effectively as though it had been a granite wall. An accumulation of little things!

He said, "Boy, run back and see how the mill is going now."

I ran back, and there were the throb of power and the singing of the wheels and the whir of the belts, and the grist was grinding at the usual speed. Just the removal of the accumulation of little things! Little things had shut down the power.

That is what has shut down the power in the lives of some good people I know. It isn't church splits, it isn't an open break, it isn't church scandal. That isn't it. It isn't the hypocrite. It is just an accumulation of a lot of apparently little things that have stopped the flow of divine grace and power and blessing and liberty. If we get the channels open., if we get the channels open., if we get the channels open, God is just as faithful as He ever was to get to the hearts of men and women.

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**119 -- A DRAMATIC SIGHT IN GOING OVER A BRIDGE**  
From "Out Of Doors With God" (hdm2357) by George F. Oliver

The following account by G. F. Oliver illustrates powerfully the need of getting an unbreakable grip on the promises of God.

Once in going over a bridge I saw a great crowd of people and I stopped to see what they were looking at. There I saw floating down the river a man on a broken piece of wood. There was a falls just a little farther on, and unless the man was saved it was sure death. Someone had run for a rope and stood ready to throw it to the man as the angry torrent should bring him nearer. On he came and everyone watched with breathless interest, for the man's life was at stake. Then as the rope was thrown with unerring aim, everyone cried, "Let go the board, grasp the rope, and you are safe." He did as they told him, for to cling to the board was certain death, but in the rope there was a chance for life. He let go his hold on the board, and caught the rope, and they pulled him finally to the bridge. And when he was safe, they tried to make him let go the rope, but he had taken it with a death grip and it was three hours before they could possibly loosen his hands enough to take away the rope. Oh, if we could only get people to get a death grip on the promises. I will believe and put my trust in Thee, and Thou wilt land me safely in the other world. You and I are doomed unless we take fast hold on Christ and the promises of God. We get eternal life only because we believe in Him. He that believeth in me hath everlasting life. H-A-T-H spells "got it" Salvation is for you and sanctification is for you. As sure as God is in heaven, if you believe in Him you will



**get into heaven. If you want pardon, only believe. Thank God for his Son. Believe He is able to save you. Believe He is willing to save you. Then will you have eternal life.**

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**120 -- HIS CALL CONFIRMED AFTER A LONELY NIGHT ON A BRIDGE**  
**From "Life Of Lucius Bunyan Compton" (hdm0637) by John C. Patty**

**A gentleman, who appeared to be reliable, urged Mr. Compton to go to a gospel-neglected Kentucky community to conduct a revival campaign. He assured Mr. Compton of a cordial welcome by the people, and also, that the prospects for a revival were auspicious. After a journey of forty miles, he reached the community and found that they had no available place in which to hold a meeting, and furthermore, he met no one who seemed to be interested in one. There was a family that consented to open their home for a service that night. A small company gathered and after the service left for their homes without inviting the preacher to spend the night or to continue the meeting. Therefore, at ten o'clock at night, Mr. Compton found himself out under the stars with no place to lay his head and forty miles from home! He had no money with which to pay transportation, so decided to start home on foot. After walking several miles, he came to a covered bridge that spanned a stream. Being very tired, he decided to spend the night in the bridge. Resting (?) his head against a sill, he tried to fall asleep. The chirping insects, the hooting owls, the rippling water, the barking of neighborhood dogs, the scampering wood rats, the flying squirrels and fluttering bats -- all entered into a successful conspiracy to keep him awake. Here the matter of his call to the ministry was reviewed. Was his call real or imaginary? Despite the darkness, the dreariness, the weariness, he told God he would be true.**

**After a night that seemed to be interminable, the eastern day-beams crept softly into the old bridge, yet with sufficient forcefulness to start the weary traveler once more upon his homeward journey.**

**Along in the day he met a man who proved to be an earnest Christian, who told him of a place in his community where he would like to have a meeting, and, if Mr. Compton would go home with him, he would guarantee a place of entertainment, a good house in which to preach, and a good hearing. Compton gladly entered this open door. The meeting was conducted in a schoolhouse and within a week the building would not accommodate the crowds. A great revival of religion swept the country. As the meeting continued for weeks scores were converted. A godless community was literally reformed. Homes that had been strangers to Christ became homes of prayer. A Sunday School was organized, with men for teachers who had been regarded as the roughest characters in that country. Thus entire families became Christian, and a work of grace was started in that country that doubtless will bear rich fruitage in eternity.**

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**121 -- A PLACARD ON A BRIDGE INSPIRED MOFFATT'S MISSIONARY LIFE  
From "Twice-Born Men" (hdm0617) by Hy Pickering**

**This story might be used as an illustration of Isaiah 32:20 -- "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.."**

**Robert Moffat of Kuruman, the Pioneer Missionary of South Africa, was born in East Lothian, in 1795.**

**In very early years serious impressions had been made upon the heart of Robert Moffat. The earnest teachings of his minister, combined with his mother's counsels and prayers, left recollections which could never be effaced. These impressions were now to be deepened, and the good seed that had been sown to be quickened. The Wesleyan Methodists had commenced a good work at High Leigh, and a pious Methodist and his wife induced Moffat to attend some of their meetings. He became convinced of his state as a sinner, and was very unhappy, but after a severe and protracted struggle, he found pardon, justification, and peace, through faith in Christ Jesus, and henceforth his life was devoted to the service of his Lord. Energetically he threw himself into the society and work of his new friends, but by doing so lost the goodwill of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, who were grieved that one in whom they took so much interest should have become a Methodist, so much were these good people despised by many in those days.**

**While at High Leigh Robert Moffatt at had occasion to visit Warrington, a town about six miles distant. He set off one calm summer evening. All nature seemed at rest, and thoughts of God and a feeling of admiration for His handiworks took possession of the young man's mind. His life was reviewed, and with thoughts full of hope he entered the town. Passing over a bridge, he noticed a placard. It contained the announcement of a missionary meeting, over which the Rev. William Roby, of Manchester, was to preside. He had never seen such an announcement before. He read the placard over and over again, and, as he did so, the stories told by his mother of the Moravian missions in Greenland and Labrador, which had been forgotten for years, came vividly to mind. From that moment his choice was made; earthly prospects vanished: his one thought was, "how to become a missionary?" After 65 years of unwearied service for his Lord, he died at Leigh in 1883, in his 88th year.**

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**122 -- NOT ANOTHER BRIDGE SUICIDE, BUT A WONDERFUL CONVERSION  
From "The Power Of God In A Redeemed Life" (Hdm0319) by Pearl P. Poe**

**Brother Everett Allen, a colored boy, and I conducted it in the Mission where we were converted a year before. We met in the mission to pray. We asked the Lord to send in the worst there were in the town to be converted. The meeting lasted for**

six weeks. In the second week, I was preaching when a young woman opened the door. She put both hands out as if she were going to put them against the door casing, but she did not touch it. She found a seat about half way to the front. I saw Everett look at her, then drop his head in his hands, and begin to cry and pray. I could hear him say, "O God, I covet that soul for Thee." His tears dropped on the floor as he wept and prayed. When the altar call was given, about a dozen responded, but I kept holding on for the young woman.

The superintendent of the Mission said, "Brother Poe, the people have to work. We'd better gather around to pray." I said, "All right," and went straight to that woman and asked her to come to the altar. She looked up and said, "I am too low in sin to disgrace that holy place. I am low, degraded." I said, "Jesus loves you and will forgive you." She said, "Nobody loves me." I said, "Yes, they do. Jesus has put love in my heart and Everett's heart for you. Let us kneel here and repent and ask God to forgive you." She knelt and was soon wonderfully converted.

That woman arose and gave her testimony. "I have been in jail more times than I have fingers and toes. Everett and I used to go to school together. He knows me. I just got out of jail and thought I would go out to let the tough men know I am out, but when I left the house I came across the tracks toward the Mission. I thought, 'What am I coming this way for?' But it seemed I could not turn. I heard this man preaching. I said to myself, 'I am not going in there,' but I did. As I opened the door, I tried to put my hands against the door case, and stop, but a strange power gripped me. As soon as I was seated, an awful conviction seized me. I felt so ashamed and sorry for my sins I could not keep back the tears. I am glad that God for Christ's sake has forgiven me, but oh, what will I do!

"I have no place to go but back to a house of shame that my folk are running. You know I had a sister that jumped off the river bridge at the Whitmore mill and drowned. My folk have run a house of shame for years. When we girls were old enough, they asked us to sell our bodies so they could make more money. I sold myself, but my sister said she would rather die than do so, and she was asked to leave home. She left that night and drowned herself. I went into a life of sin and shame, but God has forgiven me. But what will I do when I go back tonight? The bad men will be there. How can I protect myself?"

"Take this along," I said, as I handed her a new Bible that I had just bought, "and tell them that you are saved and are going to live like this Book says." Jesus said that class of people would enter in before the self-righteous would.

The next night the woman returned, bringing with her another woman from that place. She, also, was moved upon by the Spirit and cried all the while Brother Allen preached. She sought God with all her heart and was forgiven. The next night each of them brought a woman from the house of shame, and they were so moved upon just before I was through preaching that they both ran to the altar. The next night those four were all there with one other woman and the man who helped to

get others to that house of shame. The latter both claimed to pray through. The man and woman that ran that place sold out and left the country. Most of those women came into the light of holiness and claimed the victory. The first one claimed her call to preach, and preached her first sermon in that meeting. The last I heard of her, she was in Minnesota preaching holiness.

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**123 -- AFTER CHASE HALL FOUND THE CARD ON THE BRIDGE**  
From "Miracles In The Slums" (hdm0457) by Seth Cook Rees

The subject of this sketch challenges all skepticism and unbelief as to the power of the gospel to renew and reconstruct the most wrecked and ruined life and furnishes a marvelous example of how broken and scattered homes may be made whole and blasted hopes may be restored.

Reared among the hills of southern Ohio in a religious home where there was no salvation, he formed a strong disrelish for a mere form or empty profession of religion. He was often under direst conviction for sin, but there was no one to tell him the way of real salvation. His childish heart often longed for deliverance He wept and sobbed many a lone hour, but no one ever told him how to get rid of sin.

At the age of thirteen he left home and started out to see this great lost world. He had no difficulty in finding it, but it was all so cold his young heart hardened and his feet took hold of the ways of death. When a young man starts down, he finds many to push him lower, but very few are ready to help him on his feet again. He sank lower and lower in sin until life was a great burden. Many times he stood on the border of eternity with nothing in the world to hold him back from suicide but the fear of hell.

After years of wandering and dissipation in drunkenness and revelry, God made a vigorous attempt to turn him back from this awful life by the death of his father. Over the casket he promised God with tears that he would turn and be a better man, but before the day was ended he was trying to drink consolation from a jug of whiskey. It was impossible for him to keep his vows, he was bound with fetters of strong drink until there was no earthly power that could free him.

A second time God warned him by the death of his precious little boy. He says, "As the frozen clods covered the baby casket from my view once more God's Spirit pleaded with me and again I said, 'I will be a better man.' But the chains of sin bound me and there was no power that could break them, it was impossible. Within fourteen hours after the funeral, I was drinking as before. A few weeks later my wife, disgusted and discouraged, took our little girl, then three and one-half years old, and went back to her mother. Without her knowledge I loaded all our household goods in a box car, shipped them to another state, sold them at auction for fifteen dollars and went and got drunk. I have never seen my loved ones since; it has been

almost five years, and in my sober moments my heart has often longed for the fellowship of my wife and baby. I wandered on as a man lost in a trackless desert, until I became a common tramp and brought up in the slimiest slums of Chicago among the bummiest dens of sin, without home, without wife, friends or loved ones and only clothes enough to answer for an excuse, hatless and shoeless, without a garment fit to put on a cur dog, shivering with the winter cold, I was ready for the morgue and the suicide's grave in the potter's field."

After being absent from church for years, he sought relief by attending church services, but all in vain. He went into a Presbyterian church, hoping to find food for his soul, but the preacher preached that night on "McKinley," and his poor starving soul found no food. If the minister had preached "Jesus" instead of "McKinley," the young man would doubtless have been saved. He went into church after church hoping to find help, but nothing was offered but husks. He finally went into the Trinity Methodist church of Cincinnati, oh, so hungry, thinking certainly he would get soul food here, but to his dismay the learned doctor lectures on his "trip through Europe," and the young tramp turned away from all churches in despair. How little the preachers of these times know who is listening when they are lecturing, instead of preaching the gospel! In a recent conversation he said, "I never saw one who was really saved until I was more than twenty years old, not one, preachers not excepted."

He loved his wife and children tenderly, but the demon drink caused him to neglect and desert them. His wife was true to him and remained with him as long as there was hope of bread and water. At one time he braced up long enough to save one hundred and eighty-seven dollars, intending to send for his wife and children, hoping to have a home again, but came to Chicago and in two weeks it was all gone. Each time he went lower and lower in sin. One time he put on good clothes and secured employment in a certain large firm, but stole a large sum of money and fled to another city.

Tired of tramping, he once took employment at a freight house on the dock where ships were unloaded in Chicago. It was night work and late in the autumn and sometimes not much to do. He said: "My conviction for sin was so great that many a time I have rolled on the dirty cement floor of that old freight house and wept and cried for mercy by the hour, but I did not know how to find relief."

One night he was wandering down State Street when he heard one of our preachers preaching the gospel and a sister sang "There is wonderful power in the Blood." He listened enough to hear that there was hope and as the man closed his remarks he announced that there were Apostolic noon meetings held every day at the corner of Clark and Washington Streets at noon. For several days he went around and stood at the foot of the stairs, but afraid to go inside where the services were being held. Finally he ventured in, took a back seat, and for the first time in his life heard the full gospel. His heart was somewhat tendered, but he was powerless to move. He said, "If the papers had been made out, signed, sealed, and delivered

for me to go to hell, I could not have gone forward." The meeting closed and he turned away in despair.

For weeks he wandered through the streets, homeless and friendless. It was coming on winter, his feet were on the ground, his clothes were not sufficient to protect him from freezing. He again thought to commit suicide, but something restrained him.

Standing on the Van Buren Street bridge about four o'clock on the morning of December 20th, his eyes were attracted to a card lying at his feet. He picked it up and scraped off enough of the frozen mud to enable him to read: "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." He turned it over and read: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. 499 State Street, Apostolic Mission." He stood there in the cold and wept like a brokenhearted child. Sin had blasted his life. The world had nothing to offer him. He attempted to cry to God, but could receive no answer. When he attempted to pray, Satan said: "It is too late, you have crossed the dead line, here you are a drunken bum with no place to lay your head, no one will ever take you in." But again something repeated the words of the card: "I will give you rest."

How little our missionary thought when she dropped the card the day before who would read it! That night he went to the mission and three nights later found himself at the penitent form where God gloriously saved him. It was Christmas eve and the most wonderful Christmas eve he had ever seen. For years he had not passed a Christmas without drunkenness, but here he found the gift of God, the Saviour of the world. Hear his testimony: "He who saved the dying thief has saved me. I was a living thief, at the age of twenty-eight a drunkard, a gambler, a thief, a tramp and at last a common bum, and He has saved me from all my sins."

He very soon found employment in the yards of the Rock Island Railroad Company. After a few weeks they asked him to work on Sunday, but by this time he was seeking the experience of entire sanctification and said: "No, I can not work on Sunday." The result was he was thrown out of employment. He soon obtained work in a cooper shop, but after a few days they put him to make wine-casks and he said: "I have been emptying wine-casks for years and I can not aid in making them," and again he was out of a job.

In the meantime, he received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and was sanctified wholly. From that hour God put the message of full salvation upon his lips and he went to preaching the gospel that had so wonderfully saved him from a life of sin. He said: "Brother Rees, I am going to North Dakota where I can get work on the farm and earn honest money and keep the Sabbath." In two or three weeks I received a letter from the trustees of the University buildings of the University of North Dakota, stating that a certain Chase Hall had applied for the position of janitorship and had given me as reference. Many would have thought it impossible to recommend such a drunken scoundrel, but I told them the truth and said that I

considered him perfectly trusty as long as he remained as well saved as when he left us. The next thing I heard was that he had the position and was preaching on the street from three to five times a week. God has marvelously blessed him as a street preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

This is a sample of what God is doing in the slums. He is taking both men and women from saloons, dance halls and brothels, saving, sanctifying, and healing them, and sending them back into those same districts to preach this gospel which is the power of God in the slums.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be all the glory forever.

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**124 -- LIKE RHYTHMIC VIBRATIONS CAN BRING DOWN A BRIDGE**  
From "Articles By Seth Cook Rees" (hdm0784) Compiled by Duane V. Maxey

As the repeated strains of a musical instrument have been known to shatter the solid foundations of a bridge and bring it down with a crash, so the persistent waves of believing prayer, charged with the dynamite of the Holy Ghost, have been known to crumble thick walls of evil and bring about mighty things promised to believing prayer.

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**125 -- MONEY PROVIDED AS HE CROSSED THE BRIDGE**  
From "The Happy Alleghenian, The Story Of Clifford B. Barrett" (hdm1530)  
by M. L. Rhodes

In praying for money, it frequently happened that he received the exact amount he needed, no more and no less, which was a verification of the divine answer to his prayers. A minister one time placed five dollars in his hand. Mr. Barrett then told him that he needed just that amount to pay his way to a camp-meeting, but had no idea as to where it was to come from.

He was once assisting in a revival-meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, and ending his labors there, was led to go to a certain place in New York state. As it was not customary for him to receive collections in meetings where he labored, but was ever honored with the Pauline experience of being "poor yet making many rich; having nothing, and yet possessing all things," he left that meeting without money. But his faith was as firm as Gibraltar, and had a monetary valuation equivalent to the greatest exigency. Following the leading of the Spirit, he proceeded toward the railroad depot. On his way there he had to cross a bridge, and as he walked prayerfully along over the stream he was suddenly approached by a stranger who accosted him and said, "I feel as though I ought to give you five dollars," and

forthwith taking the money from his pocket, handed it to him. Mr. Barrett thanked the gentleman, who without further conversation bade him "good morning."

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**126 -- THE FIRE WAS ON THAT BRIDGE WAS IN HIS HEART!**

From "The Happy Alleghenian, The Story Of Clifford B. Barrett" (hdm1530)  
by M. L. Rhodes

My first recollection of having met the "Happy Alleghenian" was at a district quarterly-meeting held at Oil City, Pennsylvania, about the year 1889. On the following Monday morning, as a company of us were crossing the bridge to the north side to take the train, we were surprised and almost shocked at the sudden cry of "FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!" Others, not of our company, stopped and looked in every direction, trying to locate the conflagration. It seemed difficult for them to realize that it was Brother Barrett's soul that was on fire.

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**127 -- ANSWERED PRAYER LIKE THE POWER LIFTING THAT BRIDGE SPAN**

From "The Golden Stairs" (hdm3299) by John E. Riley

We climb the golden stairs fastest upon our knees, and on our knees we find the power of God coming to us. Along the New England coast one summer they were building a bridge across a river mouth. Everything was in place but the large center span; that was resting upon barges and, when the tide came in, it was lifted and floated into place by the mighty power of the Atlantic Ocean.

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**128 -- PRAYER CAN OPEN PASSAGES SO THAT BRIDGES AREN'T NEEDED**

From "Pungent Truths" (hdm0765) Benjamin Titus Roberts

Bramwell wrote: "Pray! Pray! and continue in it; plead in it, weep in it, groan in it." Christ says that "men ought always to pray, and not to faint." Pour out your complaints freely to God, and you will have fewer complaints to make to your fellow men. More knee work will leave you less head work. The more prayer, the less perplexity there will be. When seas open and afford a passage, a bridge is not needed. Prayer not only supplies wants, but it lessens wants. He who has God has all.

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**129 -- BRIDGE BREAK DOWNS, SCARED UP BY THE DEVIL**

From "Bees In Clover" (hdm0495) by Bud Robinson



The most of our troubles have been brought about by troubles that never existed. The average man sees the bridge break down before he is within two miles of the creek, and he just knows that he will never be able to cross the bridge and behold, when he gets to the place where the bridge looked so dangerous, there is nothing in existence there. But thank the Lord, if we get the fire to burning right good, we will be able to burn our way through anything that the Devil can scare up.

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**130 -- WHEN NOTHING REMAINS BUT THE BRIDGE OF THE SAVIOR**  
From "Dying Testimonies Of Saved And Unsaved" (hdm2029) by S. B. Shaw

Byron Bunson, one of the most distinguished statesmen and scholars of Germany, was born in 1791 at Korbach, in the principality of Wualdeck.

In 1841 he was sent on a special mission to London to negotiate for the erection of an Anglo-Prussian Bishopric in Jerusalem, and was shortly afterward appointed ambassador at the English court. He is known in literature by his Constitution of the Church of the Future, Christianity and Mankind, God in History, and many other works. He was a great statesman and philosopher.

He died at Bonn, in Germany, in 1860. On his deathbed he cried out, "All bridges that one builds through life fail at such a time as this, and nothing remains but the bridge of the Savior!"

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**131 -- WHY HE LACKED PERSPECTIVE WHEN BUILDING THE BRIDGE**  
From "Heart-Searching Talks To Ministers" (hdm0355) by E. E. Shelhamer

A man built a bridge across the gutter in approaching his house and was so dissatisfied with it that he tore up a part of it and built it over again. He said that his mistake was due to his haste and that when he had laid out the simple structure he looked at it from a point too close to it. Had he walked away several rods and looked at the bridge and its surroundings until he had the whole in mind he would not have made such a mistake. God wants His ministers to get the view close at hand and from farther away and He uses one man to help another see the whole. In other words He uses men to reprove and instruct each other.

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**132 -- A BRIDGE WAS OPENED -- THE FERRYMAN LOST MUCH TRADE**  
From "Trials And Triumphs Of A Minister's Wife" (hdm2370) by Julia A. Shelhamer

A large hall was engaged and the meeting began in the little village, which was the booze center for this section. After the first service, we went to the river to

cross but all was dark. The ferryman seemed to have gone home. What should we do? The neighbors searched for him, but to no avail. They said it was strange, for he was always there. It finally came out that he was there, but that he had hidden himself as he did not want to aid us in the revival by helping us home. So we started to walk a distance of over two miles, for there was no street-car on our side of the river. The writer was alone except for her sister, Helen. After we had disappeared in the darkness and had gone down a dangerous road that winds between tall, overhanging cliffs and the river, our ferryman came out and was again on duty. Sister Helen stumbled over railroad ties and cinders and our new shoes were nearly ruined, but we praised God that we were important enough for the devil to notice us.

The next day the ferryman lost most of his trade for the authorities opened a foot bridge near by which had been closed that they might extend it over the railroad tracks. Such a sudden change of mind on the part of the Pennsylvania railroad officials appeared strange, but we knew why it was. It was God's doings. Since the ferryman would not help us, others would.

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**133 -- MUCH FORGOTTEN WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE, BUT NOT THIS**  
From "Contemporary Conversions" (hdm0379) Edited by Bernie Smith

**A Testimony of Basil William Miller:**

Many years have passed since then, not a little water has gone under the bridge of my experience, I have learned and forgotten many things . . . but the memory of my conversion and the very spot where I knelt to give my heart to God are as vivid today as when I first met the Savior. Grace saved me from many crimes, evil experiences, and a life of sin before, not after, I had committed them.

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**134 -- WHY THEIR MINISTRY IS NO BRIDGE BETWEEN GOD AND MAN**  
From "David B. Updegraff And His Work" (hdm3374) by Dougan Clark and Joseph H. Smith

The other evil we note is, that much of the training of our ministers in theological schools is more technical than practical; more theological than experimental; more scholarly than spiritual. The result is a ministry which is neither in close touch with God on the one hand, nor with man upon the other hand; whereas the ministry was meant to be a bridge between the two. These ministers are often more artificial than natural, more human than supernatural. Without presuming to decide whether this evil is a result of the system, or whether it is simply representative of dangers incidental thereto, we can not but feel that the ministry and success of David B. Updegraff should be pondered as proof of the fact

that the Spirit and the Providence of God will combine to utilize the school of life, and the earnest application of one's ransomed powers to the improvement of ordinary opportunities for the qualification of a living man to preach a living gospel to a living people.

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**135 -- THE NEED FOR MEN WHO WILL WARN THAT THE BRIDGE IS OUT!**  
From "When God Taps Your Shoulder" (hdm1543) by Fletcher Clarke Spruce

Our greatest need is men -- not preachers, not statesmen, but men -- men who will hide themselves away in some wilderness of fasting, searching God's will, groaning on their faces for the fullness of the Spirit -- maybe days on end -- until their souls are flaming responses to God's global "Go."

Let these men have moss on their eyebrows and thunder in their voices and fire in their eyes and tears on their cheeks and love in their hearts. Let them be called fanatics, waving red warning lights because the bridge is out and people are plunging to death just ahead.

Let these men stand up and speak out for God. Let them charge us with our carnal complacency until we dread to see them coming. Let them pronounce God's judgments upon us for our selfishness until we know the fear of the Lord. Let them rebuke us for our hypocrisy until we hate them. Let them demand our repentance and restitution and confession until we look beyond them and see God and beg for mercy. Let them warn us of impending disaster until we turn our church lights on every night and fill our sanctuaries with the poor and the fashionable, praying, weeping, repenting together. Let them condemn us for our lying, our cheating, our stealing, our adultery, our drunkenness until we ask forgiveness of God and man. Let them lift high Jesus Christ until we fall at His feet.

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**136 -- HE THREW HIMSELF ON CHRIST INSTEAD OF FROM THE BRIDGE**  
From "The Election Of Grace" (hdm1571) by William Taylor

I heard a man in Washington city say, "When I was awakened by the spirit of God to see my wretched condition as a sinner, I went to a good old man, and elder in \_\_\_\_\_, who listened to my sad tale of woe, and then said that he could give me no encouragement, for he solemnly feared, from my own statements, that I was a reprobate. It drove me to the desperation of despair; I soon determined to end my insufferable suspense in suicide, by throwing myself off the long bridge into the Potomac. The night was dark as pitch, and I had over a mile to walk to the long bridge. Having gone about half that distance, I got so impatient to terminate the struggle, I said to myself, or very likely the devil said within me, 'What is the use of going to the bridge? I'll take out my knife, and cut my throat.' I stopped and

searched my pockets for my knife, but could not find it. At that moment the Spirit of God said, not in an audible voice, but to my spirit, You fool, to throw yourself into the river and into hell! Throw yourself on Jesus Christ. I instantly fell on my knees, and cried to God to help me, a ruined wretch, to throw myself on Him who came to save the chief of sinners. God did help me. I laid hold on Christ by faith, as a drowning man would lay hold of a rope, and I instantly obtained salvation, and was filled with unspeakable joy."

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**137 -- FAITHFUL TO STAY ON THE BRIDGE AS COMMANDED**  
From "Effective Illustrations" (hdm0165) by William Moses Tidwell

W. M. Tidwell wrote the following as an example of "Implicit Obedience." The Christian is to remain where God the Father told him to stay -- however puzzling it may be to do so.

This story of General Havelock gives an example of one kind of waiting. Crossing London Bridge one morning with his son he suddenly thought of something he had forgotten, necessitating his return to a certain street. Leaving the boy on the bridge, he told him to wait there for him. He was detained by business, and, becoming absorbed, he forgot about his promise to the lad, and did not return to the bridge at all. When he came home late in the evening his wife asked him where Harry was. Then it flashed upon him that he had forgotten his promise. "Why, Harry is on the London Bridge," and hastening to the spot he found him just where he had left him in the morning. The boy had waited all the day, not once leaving the spot. His father had given him the command and the promise, and he simply obeyed.

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**138 -- THERE IS NO BRIDE BETWEEN HELL AND HEAVEN**  
From "Questions Of Consequence" (hdm2427) by Harold L. Volk

It is Jesus who employed His tender lips to picture the "gulf fixed" without bridge or cable between Gehenna and Paradise. There is not one passage recorded from His lips that authorizes me to preach probation after death.

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**139 -- A MOVING MESSAGE BY CHARLES WESLEY NEAR A BRIDGE**  
From "Anecdotes Of The Wesleys" (hdm2423) by J. B. Wakeley

In March, 1740, Charles Wesley was beset by a mob at Bengeworth. He says "their tongues were set on fire of hell." One of the crowd proposed to take him away and duck him. He broke out singing, with Thomas Maxfield, and allowed them to

carry him whither they would. At the end of the street, near the bridge, they relented, and left him. But instead of retreating he took his stand there and sung,

"Angel of God, whate'er betide,  
Thy summons I obey."

He then preached to hundreds from "If God be for us, who shall be against us?" The lions were changed into lambs. "Never," he says, "did I feel so much what I spoke. The word did not return empty, as the tears on all sides testified."

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#### 140 -- SAVED AFTER NOT LEAPING FROM SPOKANE FALLS BRIDGE From "God Has The Answer" (hdm2583) by H. Orton Wiley

The test of true mourning towards God is meekness towards men. The meek hold steady when things go hard. The real test of true mourning shows itself in making things right with men. Many of you are acquainted with Jack and Phebe Sanders. They were Roman Catholics in Spokane, Washington, and many times Phebe walked across the bridge over the Spokane Falls trying to get up courage to leap from the bridge to her death. About that time a mission was established in the slum part of Spokane. A theater had provided for a band to play from its balcony previous to the opening of the doors in order to draw the attention of the crowds. Brother and Sister DeLance Wallace opened a mission directly across the street and arranged for Rev. I. G. Martin as one of the evangelists. As soon as the theater band stopped playing, the mission workers opened their doors and began their open-air meeting. As a result they drew large crowds from the street, and this was the origin of the John 3:16 Mission, which later became the First Church of the Nazarene. It was to this mission that Phebe Sanders was attracted one night, and dark as was her mind, she prayed through to victory. She tried to tell Jack about her experience -- a gambler who had scarcely worked a day in his life. She persuaded Jack to go and he prayed through and was saved.

One night the evangelists touched on the subject of restitution. Jack asked Phebe what that meant and in her blunt way she said, "It means to pay back what you have cheated others out of." Jack did not know what to do, but he took a paper and pencil, got down beside a chair in his room and prayed, asking God to bring to his mind the many debts he owed. He stayed there until two o'clock in the morning. Together they began to save all that they could and started in to make restitution. Brother Sanders was manager of the Publishing House in Kansas City; he was with me as business manager both in Nampa and in Pasadena. Just a short time before he died, he said to me, "I have just succeeded in making restitution in full. It has taken years, but it has all been paid." When men show such interest in making things right with men, it is evidence that their mourning toward God is genuine.

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**141 -- THIS WORLD IS A BRIDGE WE ALL MUST CROSS**

From "Holiness Illustrations" (hdm0480) Compiled and Edited by Leewin Bell Williams

Personally, I doubt that traditional saying of Jesus in the following illustration was truly one of His unrecorded sayings. That said, the illustration is interesting. However, it fails to mention that at the end of the bridge of this world one must step off into one of two vastly different abodes: -- Heaven or Hell. -- DVM

One of the unrecorded sayings of Jesus that has come down to us by tradition is this: "This world is a bridge that we all must cross." This sounds like Jesus might have said it. This may be used very effectively to impress upon an audience the journey of life, its uncertainty, the swiftness of the crossing of some and the certainty that we will all soon step off the end of the bridge into a vast eternity. The speaker should start from one side of the platform, this represents our birth, then walk across to the other side, timing himself so that he may reach there as the details of the illustration are finished.

"This is a one-way bridge, you never meet anyone as you go across. Some make the journey quickly, within probably a day, a week, a year. One-third of the human race cross over the bridge in childhood. Some travel slower, lengthening out the span of life to fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty and a few to one hundred years -- but they all must sooner or later take the last step. We do not know where we are on this bridge. If we knew that we had only a few more feeble steps and we would be across, how would we spend the remaining hours? One end of this bridge is in time, the other in eternity; here is a little gap that God has given us in which to prepare for the world to come.

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**142 -- MID-WEEK PRAYER MEETING LIKE A MID-BRIDGE PIER**

From "Overseers Of The Flock" (hdm0942) by Gideon Brooks Williamson

The importance of a successful midweek service can hardly be exaggerated. Its faithful attendance is a great factor in helping church people to maintain their spiritual glow. It is a refueling station. To those who live and work in a worldly, if not a wicked, environment every day, it is like a pier in the middle to support the long bridge that spans the week from Sunday to Sunday. It has ever been considered the indicator of the spirituality of the church. A church may retain an evangelical creed without a midweek service. But it is very doubtful if it can maintain an evangelistic spirit evidenced by souls being saved at its altars without what has been rightly called "The Hour of Power."

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**143 -- NO BITTERNESS ON THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER KWAI**

First paragraph from "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (C-Topics)" (hdm1040)  
Compiled and arranged topically by Duane V. Maxey

In October of 1978, on the 33rd anniversary of the completion of the Bridge of the River Kwai, Dennis Roland of New York and his former guard, Ryuji, walked together arm in arm, over the black, steel-girded span. Said Roland: "I bear no bitterness (toward the Japanese), but I have many memories."

There is a much Greater Reconciliation on the Bridge of Salvation.

At Calvary, God constructed the Bridge of Salvation, whereby all, whether they be Greeks, Jews, Barbarians, Scythian, bond or free, can be reconciled to God and reconciled with one another in Christ, so as to wark arm in arm across that bridge from Earth to Heaven in brotherly love. "For He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us" (Ephesians 2:14).

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**144 -- HE KEPT HIS PROMISE ON THE BRIDGE**

From "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (F-Topics)" (hdm1043) Compiled and arranged topically by Duane V. Maxey

Lord Palmerston, Queen Victoria's Prime Minister, was crossing Westminster Bridge when a little girl ahead dropped a jug of milk. The jug broke into fragments, and she dissolved into tears. Palmerston having no money with him dried her eyes by telling her that if she came to the same spot next day at that hour he would pay for both jug and milk. The following morning, in the midst of a cabinet meeting, he suddenly remembered his promise to the little girl, left the bewildered ministers, dashed across the bridge, popped half a crown into the waiting child's hand and hurried back. -- All Nations Missionary Review

Even thus, we can depend upon Christ to always keep his promises, no matter how unimportant they may seem to some.

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**145 -- FROM GLOOM TO GREAT BLESSING ON LONDON BRIDGE**

From "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (P-Topics)" (hdm1880)  
Compiled and arranged topically by Duane V. Maxey

While the following story does not say it, no doubt Stephen Grellet's gloom as he crossed London Bridge.

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

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

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

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**146 -- THE COTTAGE AT THE FOOT OF THE BRIDGE  
From "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (S-Topics)" (hdm1882)  
Compiled and arranged topically by Duane V. Maxey**

**The following story can be used to illustrate how one must forsake or destroy whatever Christ requires -- even if it be a normally legitimate thing.**

**Pierre Hurlat, they tell us, was the keenest eyed gunner in France, and by his thrift he had saved enough money to buy a little cottage in the village of Severs, just at the foot of the bridge. It was a thing of beauty, all covered over with honeysuckle, and Pierre was looking forward to the time when he could spend his last days with his wife in the little cottage, which was now all his own. Then came the Franco-Prussian War, and Pierre was needed.**

**The Germans were in possession of the village, and Pierre was standing by his gun on the heights of Valeria, and as General Neil came along, he said: "Pierre, do you see that little cottage at the foot of the bridge?" A cold sweat came over the brave old gunner. "Well," said General Neil, "that cottage is a nest of Germans, and I want you to train your gun: on it and see what you can do." All of the old skill of the eye and the nerve were there as the brave old man pointed the yawning embrasure of his gun toward the little house.**



There was a smoke and a roar, and the General cried: "Fine aim, Pierre; it's demolished." But as he looked at the old man, he saw his face was covered with tears and he said: "Why, Pierre, what's the matter:" "Ah, General," said the old gunner, "it was my own house."

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**147 -- WHAT WASHINGTON ORDERED DONE WITH THE BRIDGE**  
From "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (V-Topics)" (hdm1885)  
Compiled and arranged topically by Duane V. Maxey

It is said that during the Revolutionary War, General Washington came up to the Brandywine, near Philadelphia, with his army, and thy crossed over the bridge. Some soldiers went to him afterward and said: "General, what had we better do with the bridge, burn it or leave it there, lest the enemy may drive us back, and we shall want to retreat?" General Washington thought a minute, raised his hands in the great majesty of his mighty generalship, and cried out, "Burn the bridge." It is victory or death. That was the idea. And so the Christian may go through this world burning all the bridges behind him, in no danger of being driven back or overcome by the enemy. -- Albert P. Graves

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**148 -- BETTER DIRECTION ON THE BIG IRON BRIDGE**  
From "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (W-Topics)" (hdm1996)  
Compiled and arranged topically by Duane V. Maxey

It was a dark, stormy night, and a little child, lost in the streets of the city, was crying in distress. A policeman, gathering from the child's statement enough to locate the home, gave directions after this manner: "Just go down this street half a mile, turn and cross the big iron bridge, then turn to your right and follow the river down a little way, and you'll see then where you are." The poor child only half comprehending, chilled by the wind, and bewildered by the storm, was turning about blindly, when another voice spoke, and said in a kindly tone, "Just come with me." The little hand was clasped in a stronger one, and the corner of a warm cloak was thrown over the shoulders of the shivering child. The way home was made easy. The first one had told the way; this one condescends to be the way. -- The Expositor

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**149 -- THE SPAN THAT BRIDGES THE WATERS SAFELY FOR MAN**  
From "The Forks Of The Road" (hdm0283) by Lida (Lisle) Brandyberry

**Song:**  
**The Wayside Cross**

**"Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice in the night;  
"I'm a pilgrim awearied and spent is my light;  
And I seek for the palace that rests on the hill  
But between us a stream lieth, sullen and still.  
"Which way shall I take for the bright golden span  
That bridges the water so safely for man?  
To the right? To the left? Ah, me, if I knew!  
The night is so dark and the passers are few.**

**Chorus**

**"Near, near thee, my son, is the old Wayside Cross,  
Like a gray friar cowed, in lichens and moss;  
And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span  
That bridges the waters so safely for man."**

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**150 -- THE CHURCH MUST'NT FORTRESS ITSELF BEHIND DRAW-BRIDGES  
From "Foot-Prints Of An Itinerant" (hdm0730) by M. P. Gaddis**

**The aggressive spirit of Methodism has attracted the attention and called forth the admiration of many of the greatest minds both in Europe and America. Methodism has always repudiated the idea that the Christian Church was like a besieged fortress only able to defend itself, rendering an attack upon the territory of her enemies out of the question. It is too true that some of our societies remind me of a garrison which has kept out the enemy so long that the draw-bridges cannot be lowered, and they have become so fond of garrison fare and garrison duty that they have lost their courage, and feel no desire to enter the campaign and attack the enemy on his own territories.**

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**151 -- HE BURNED THE BRIDGES BEHIND HIS INVADING ARMY  
From "The Ohio Conference Offering" (hdm2235) by M. P. Gaddis**

**Historians tell us of a certain king who intended to invade and lay waste a neighboring state, who resolved not to return without prosecuting a successful campaign. In the execution of this purpose, that he might supply his soldiers with every motive, and destroy all thoughts of a return, he caused the bridges to be broken down and the way laid waste as they passed. So with the man who approaches the altar and kneels as a penitent seeker of salvation.**

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**152 -- DON'T FEAR THE BRIDGES ON THE NEW JERUSALEM RAILROAD**

From "Holiness Or Hell?" (hdm0394) by W. B. Godbey

The New Jerusalem Railroad is every inch up grade from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. Hence the murderous and suicidal folly of putting the brakes on the gospel train. We should all be firemen. There is no danger of getting the fire too hot. The boiler can't burst, for God made it, not man. Every inch of the road is insured. Fear neither bridges nor tunnels. This road has been in operation six thousand years and has never had an accident.

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153 -- THE BRIDGES OF BABYLON CONNECTED THE HOUSETOPS  
From "Sermon Outlines" (hdm0938) by Orval J. Nease

Babylon The Great, built by Nebuchadnezzar, took two million men, unlimited treasury, unnumbered years to build. Wall 15 miles square, 350 feet high, 86 feet wide, On the top 250 towers; 25 great brass gates on each side, and from them streets ran through the city. Bridges connected the housetops where roof gardens of Oriental beauty hung. A branch of the Euphrates ran through the city arched by the most magnificent bridge of the times, A great artificial mountain was constructed in the midst of the city nearby the Temple of Belus. The golden images of the temple were worth more than fifty million dollars.

Unlike the sacrificial Bridge of Christ's Salvation, which spans from Earth to Heaven, the Bridges of Babylon were only ornamental examples of selfish, earthly pride. Centuries ago, those bridges fell, while Christ's Bridge of Salvation remains, and shall unto the end of Time. Rev. 18:2 -- "And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird."

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154 -- BRIDGES TO WHICH WE NEVER COME  
From "When You Get To The End Of Yourself" (hdm2628) by W. T. Purkiser

There is some truth in the little couplet:

Life is hard by the yard;  
By the inch, it's a cinch.

Really, the hardest burdens in life to bear are the things that might happen but usually don't. God sees to it that we have grace to bear the actual and the present. He does not always give us grace to face the multitude of situations that could come but haven't yet.

Lots of us spend a great deal of effort crossing bridges to which we never come. In effect, we are "pulling tomorrow's cloud over today's sunshine." The Boston Transcript is said to have carried on its masthead for years the words, "I am an old man. I have worried a great deal about many things, most of which never happened."

Someone has said that the epitaph of this age could be written in three words: hurry, worry, bury. One thing is sure, he who broods over his troubles has a perfect hatch every time.

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**155 -- IT TAKES MORE THAN BURNING THE BRIDGE BEHIND ONE**  
From "By Faith" (hdm0854) by William M. Smith

It was of their own free will that they did as they did, for, as stated in verse 15, "if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned" (Heb. 11:15) Too many people who start with the Lord continually look longingly at the things they have left, and many of them do return to what they once left to walk with God in service or ministry. It takes more than burning the bridges behind one: the want to must be taken out of the heart. The goal of faith must be more attractive than the things left behind.

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**156 -- ELISHA BURNED THE BRIDGES BEHIND HIM**  
From "Models For Modern Ministers" (hdm2656) by G. B. Williamson

"19 So he departed thence, and found Elisha the son of Shaphat, who was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth: and Elijah passed by him, and cast his mantle upon him. 20 And he left the oxen, and ran after Elijah, and said, Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee. And he said unto him, Go back again: for what have I done to thee? 21 And he returned back from him, and took a yoke of oxen, and slew them, and boiled their flesh with the instruments of the oxen, and gave unto the people, and they did eat. Then he arose, and went after Elijah, and ministered unto him" (1 Kings 19:19-21).

Elisha was diligently engaged in his vocation when Elijah, at God's command, passed by as he followed the plow (1 Kings 19:19-21). Elijah cast his mantle on the shoulders of one who was to be prophet in his place. The older man made no explanation as to the meaning of his strange act. But Elisha needed no information. Doubtless he had been hearing an inner voice speaking to him of a divine call to perform the duties of a prophet. Therefore, he asked no questions. He did not say to himself, "What does this weird conduct mean?" His ready response was, as he ran after Elijah, "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and

then I will follow thee." There was to be no voluntary delay in his obedience. He was not like the man to whom Jesus spoke, saying, "Follow me." He responded, "Let me first bury my father, then I will follow." His father was not dead. He was actually requesting, "Let me wait till my father dies." (See Luke 9:59.) Elisha's only hesitation was "Allow me respectfully and affectionately to say good-bye to my parents." To that request Elijah gave willing consent.

The young plowman made a complete break with home, family, vocation, and friends. He slew the oxen to make a farewell feast for his friends. He broke up the yoke and the plow to make a fire to cook the meat. He was leaving to answer the call of God. He would not return to the former occupation. He burned the bridges behind him. He left nothing to which to return.

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#### **157 -- THE BURDEN BECAME A BRIDGE**

From "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (C-Topics)" (hdm1040) Compiled and arranged topically by Duane V. Maxey

The Rev. Charles Piggott tells how when he was on a holiday he came to the top of one of the high hills of Devonshire. His attention was attracted by an ant, which he watched carrying a long straw until it came to a crack in the rock which was like a precipice to the tiny creature. After attempting to take its burden across in several ways, the ant got to one end of the straw and pushed it in front of him over the crack till it reached the other side, crossed over on the straw, and then pulled it after him. There is no burden you and I carry faithfully but some day is going to become a bridge to carry us over. -- British Weekly

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#### **158 -- THE CHASM DUG BY THE HOLY GHOST MUST NOT BE BRIDGED**

From "The Sanctified Life" (hdm0058) by Beverly Carradine

Below, Beverly Carradine warns the sanctified against building a bridge of fellowship back to others from whom they have been spiritually separated by "a chasm dug by the Holy Ghost."

A chasm has been dug by the Holy Ghost. Men look across at each other, see each other, but can not touch as of yore, when all were on the same bank or shore of a common experience.

To attempt to bridge or fill up this moral space or gap between yourself and others when it was made by the Spirit of God, is to imperil and lose the grace you enjoy. It is not intended of Heaven that the space should be bridged. The Holy Ghost alone can bring your friends to you. You can not afford to go back where you once were.

Right here is a peril, and here many have lost the great blessing. They felt the loneliness and imagined they could go back and down into the neighborhood of a past grace, that they could discard their Canaan language, hide the new truths they had learned, say nothing of the precious secret, and so ingratiate themselves with their chafed and sore-spirited brethren as to win them. So the logs were hewn, the timbers laid, the passage way constructed and they went back in a sense, and became as one of them. But the distressing result was that while they came over to Moab by their bridge, they could not return to Canaan by it. It seemed to work only one way.

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**159 -- THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW WAS ALL BRIDGED OVER**  
From "Wayside Sketches" (hdm2219) by Mrs. Sarah A. Cooke

"Do you," said a dear friend to her one day, "have any fear of death?" "Oh, no," she answered, "I don't know that I have ever thought of it." The word death was never on her lips. The "valley of the shadow" was all bridged over. She did not see it, for the eye of faith swept over it, and was on Him who is the resurrection and the life. "To be with Jesus" was her oft-repeated expression; repeating on Friday, with tenderest, deepest joy, the whole of that beautiful hymn:

"Forever with the Lord,  
Amen, so let it be;  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'Tis immortality.  
Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam;  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home."

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**160 -- PETER BRIDGED THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN HIMSELF AND PAUL**  
From "Missionary Revivalist Articles" (hdm1799) by Duane V. Maxey

The apostle Peter was indeed a Pillar, but not a stony, cold, and heartless one. He perceived the dramatic change that the grace of Christ had wrought in Saul of Tarsus, transforming him who had persecuted the church into "our beloved brother Paul." 2 Pet 3:15 Peter did not always quickly grasp "some things hard to be understood" of Paul, but he did not base his fellowship on figuring out Paul. He loved him just as Christ had made him, a beloved brother, and like the loving warmhearted Pillar that he was, Peter bridged the differences between himself and Paul with his right hand of fellowship. He made contact, and even let his love for Paul continue after Paul took him to task publicly at Antioch! Gal 2:11-14 This would

have been more difficult for Peter than walking on water before he was sanctified. It was Peter, you remember, who "smote the high priest's servant, and cut off his right ear" before Pentecost when the pressure was on. John 18:10

Now, however, when Paul who might have seemed like a "Johnny come lately" to some rebuked him, Peter didn't even cut off Paul's fellowship, not to mention his right ear!

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**THE END**