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**A SNAKE INFESTED GRAVE**  
**(Sow Infidelity -- Reap Snakes)**

**By Charles Brougher Jernigan**

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Entire Sanctification  
The Glorious Church  
The World War in Prophecy  
The Great Red Dragon  
The Social Sin  
Pioneer Days in the Holiness Movement of the Southwest  
From the Prairie Schooner to a City Flat

Printed Book Copyright 1930 By  
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Nashville, Tennessee

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Part 1  
**FOREWORD**

Modern preaching has lost its teeth, until seldom do we hear a message with point and purpose in it. Preachers shoot blank cartridges, and paper wads; saying "as it were," or, "so to speak," but if men are saved from the [wicked] sowing of this, and past ages, there must be some very definite preaching, of the old-fashioned type. Much of the up to date preaching reminds me of a mischievous boy that was my classmate in school. He would catch a big red wasp, and with tweezers would extract his sting, then with a string on him, would throw him on the girls in the class, to hear them scream. The wasp was as harmless as a bluebottle fly. The average preacher has no STING in his sermon, for the people say: "give us smooth things."

This book has a sting, that I hope will spur people to action, and save the rising generation from wreck and ruin. The Church is dying with "sleeping sickness," and must be aroused. Ordinary things will not arouse it.

Here is a message that I have been constrained to give my people both in pastoral, and evangelistic work. Read it. Digest it, and pass it on to others.

C. B. Jernigan  
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## Part 2 INTRODUCTION

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

"For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

"And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." -- Gal. 6:7-9

Here is one of the most remarkable texts in the Bible, one that presents a clear concise statement of facts. The one underlying, outstanding principle of all times, ages, environments and conditions.

There are some statements in the Bible that higher critics reject, as not authentic; others are criticized or doubted; and some that atheists turn aside in ridicule, but I have given you a statement from the Word of God that all will agree is correct, whether saint or sinner; scientist or fool; agnostic, atheist or infidel. On the proposition set forth in this text all the business of this world depends, whether commercial, agricultural, scientific, social, political or religious. If this were not an absolute truth we would then be living in a world of uncertainties, and chaos. This text has stood the test of ages.

We are not living in a world of chance. Things do not happen. If it were not so, we might shake pumpkins from a persimmon tree, or dig potatoes at the root of a gourd vine. There is a certain law of gravity that pulls every thing to one common center; if it were not true, then you might walk off into thin air.

This is God's eternal decree, heaven's inflexible law, as unbending as Jehovah himself, and as stable as the rock of Gibraltar. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." It holds good in the material, physical, and spiritual world alike. There is a God of nature, the framer of nature's laws: He is also the Enforcement Officer of all nature's laws. Therefore "be not deceived;

God is not mocked." You will reap your own sowing with increase. You think, others get caught, but you will get by! You may be deceived in many things, but here you are face to face with the God of law.

There is a cause back of every effect. There is a background to every action, and a reason for every result. We are not living in a world of chance, but a world of law and order. Young man, you may sow your "wild oats" in your youth; but be sure that you will reap the harvest in old age, and, in sorrow will you bind your bundles, and thresh out your grain in distress. Your youthful dissipations will surely meet you in after life.

Your chickens may pick grain in other people's fields, but they will come home to roost. Many a person carries a diseased body to the grave, all the result of his youthful sins and wrecklessness. The worst is yet to come; he will transmit to his children the effects of his youthful lusts. Many is the imbecile, the idiot, the half-wit, the dwarf, the feebleminded child, who is the direct result of the law of "Sowing and Reaping."

No man ever sowed wheat and expected to reap barley, or planted corn and expected to gather cotton from cornstalks. Sow to the flesh and reap corruption. Sow "wild oats," and reap a whirlwind along down the ages to come. An infinite God can uproot the effects of the sowing, if appealed to in time before the crop has taken deep root. No man ever expected to reap exactly what he has sown, but an increase of 30, 60 or 100 fold. Just so with your sowing to the flesh.

Nature always punishes an offender, but never forgives a violation of her law. God alone forgives. The mercy of God may save us from an awful crop that otherwise would be gathered.

Adam sowed disobedience in Eden's beautiful garden, and reaped a crop of thorns and thistles, sickness, sin, sorrow, misery and death; and his posterity is still reaping the harvest, and will until satan is bound in the pit, and God gives us back the renewed earth.

Jacob sowed deceit the day he robbed his brother of his birthright blessing, when he feigned to be his brother Esau, when he was covered with garments of goat skins, and he in turn was deceived the night of his marriage when Leah feigned to be her sister Rachel, while she was covered with her bridal veil.

Joseph's brethren sold him into bondage to cover their sin, and hatred, but years later, had to get on their knees in a prison house in a strange land, and beg him for bread. They said: "We verily are guilty of the blood of our brother."

David committed adultery with Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah the Hittite, and his own son Ammon, committed adultery with his own daughter Tamar; and for the slaying of Uriah, the sword did not depart from the house of David.

Ahab slew Naboth for his vineyard that grew hard by the palace of the king, and dogs licked his blood on the very spot where he slew Naboth.

Haman built a scaffold and had the Emperor to sign the death warrant of Mordecai the Jew; but before the day of execution, the tide turned, and Haman was hanged on the very scaffold that he had built for Mordecai.

Peter smote off the ear of the servant of the high priest, and Jesus told him to put up his sword, and said: "They who use the sword will die by the sword:" and legend tells us that Peter was crucified in Rome, head down.

Saul of Tarsus, ordered the stoning of Stephen the first Christian martyr, and in after years, when he had become the chiefest of the apostles, he was stoned in the city of Lystra, and dragged outside the city wall and left for dead.

France in the days of Hume and Voltaire, sowed infidelity, and soon after she reaped one revolution after another until her streets literally ran with blood. Germany sowed rationalism and modernistic criticism of the Bible, and brought on the Great World War, and has been wrecked as a nation. America, in her money-mad, and pleasure-crazed nightmare, is sowing to the flesh, and her day of reaping is in the near future. Read the following story carefully, and prayerfully, before you utter criticism, and remember, that God said, "Whatsoever man soweth, that shall he also reap."

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### Part 3

#### HE SOWED INFIDELITY AND REAPED SNAKES

Ever and anon for some years we have heard of an infidel who lived years ago, to a ripe old age, and when he died, his grave was infested with a den of snakes. Some time ago I was holding a meeting, and this story was repeated to me, by a Nazarene preacher who had seen the grave and had killed snakes crawling over the grave. I, at once requested that I be carried out to see this notable grave. I spent half a day driving out to see the cemetery, and taking a Kodak along made the picture of the monument as you see it on the cover of this booklet.

We were told that this man especially delighted in ridiculing the Bible, calling it superstition, and ghost stories. He took special delight in deriding the story of Eve in the Garden of Eden, and the snake talking to her. He was often known to say that "any half-wit could write a more credible fairy tale than that given in the Bible. The idea of a dirty slimy snake crawling into the garden on its belly, and entering into a controversy with Eve. The most bungling blunder, of ancient Hebrew superstition, that an ugly snake could outwit a shrewd woman, and deceive her by his logic. Preposterous! Take a snake story like this to prove the authenticity of your Bible. The very first story in the book is ridiculous. I had rather have snakes crawl all over my dead body than to believe such rot." Such are the current stories about this man and his grave in the neighborhood where he lived.

Note the picture [see both hdm0553a.jpg, a drawing on the booklet cover, and hdm0553b.jpg, the picture to which C. B. Jernigan here refers] standing on a granite base fourteen feet high, with a life-size statue of the man, holding in his right hand, above his head a scroll, on

which is inscribed: "UNIVERSAL MENTAL LIBERTY," lifted up. He has his left foot on the Bible, and the finger of his left hand pointed to it, on which is inscribed "SUPERSTITION." (Up with universal mental liberty, and down with the Bible.)

This monument with its statue was made by him, and erected before his death, overlooking the grave of some very devoted Christian people we are told. The picture with the snakes in it was taken by a minister, who had killed these snakes off the grave lot at the foot of this monument.

The grave lot is full of snake holes that undermine the monument, and other places on the grave lot. We saw a dead snake on the grave the cold winter day that we visited the place. The cemetery is more than one hundred years old, as we found tombs there where people were buried in 1817, and many before 1830. It is one of the most beautiful cemeteries that we have ever visited, covered with blue grass, which is kept closely mowed, and we did not find a single snake hole any where else in the whole graveyard except those on this grave.

It is currently reported that any summer day one may find snakes crawling over this grave. The snakes in the picture were all killed on the grave, on a sunny November day, and hanged on the stick leaning against the monument where the picture was made, by this minister.

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#### Part 4 EXPLAIN THIS STRANGE PHENOMENON?

All that I know is what I have seen, and heard about it. He certainly sowed infidelity and reaped snakes.

"Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after. Likewise also the good works of some are manifest beforehand; and they that are otherwise cannot be hid." 1 Tim. 5:24-25

The dry bones of that good prophet Elisha had power enough in them long after he had been buried, to bring life to the dead man who was laid in his sepulcher by his side.

Herod, that reprobate king, arrayed in his royal robes, and seated on his throne, was making a mighty oration against Peter and the early church, when smitten by an angel of the Lord as he sat, and was eaten of worms, and died. Ananias and his wife Sapphira were smitten of God and fell dead in the very presence of the church, because they tried to deceive the church in keeping back a part of the price of their estate. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

Note: "And they that are otherwise cannot be hid." But you say, surely such a thing is altogether incredible. May I give you two Bible instances, which are very much like this? One a curse placed on Babylon for her witchcraft and sin. The other on Zion, that beautiful city of David.

"And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. 20 It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be

dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. 21 But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. 22 And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged." -- Isaiah 13:19-22

"For it is the day of the Lord's vengeance, and the year of recompenses for the controversy of Zion. 9 And the streams thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch. 10 It shall not be quenched night nor day; the smoke thereof shall go up for ever: from generation to generation it shall lie waste; none shall pass through it for ever and ever. 11 But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it: and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness. 12 They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing. 13 And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof: and it shall be an habitation of dragons, and a court for owls. 14 The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr shall cry to his fellow; the screech owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest." -- Isaiah 34:8-14

In the curse of Babylon, it is said: "The wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, the satyr shall dance there." Of Zion, it is said: "It shall be an habitation of dragons, and a court for owls. The satyr shall cry to his fellow, and the screech owl shall rest there." This is a horrible picture. Pretty much like the snake infested grave, and these prophesies have been confirmed by travelers in the Orient.

Parents today are sowing toy pistols, and Indian costumes, and they are reaping a lot of daylight bandits, who with gun in hand stage a hold up. Did you ever watch that child of yours play with his toy pistol: "Bang! I killed him." My son, when a boy, found a toy pistol in the street, and brought it in in his glee, showing it to me. I told him that pistols were made for only one purpose -- to kill people with. He looked amazed, but this is the truth, and if your boy plays bandit, it will be the reaping of your careless sowing.

Picture shows with their nude forms are planting lust in the hearts of our young people. and our young people take liberties with each other today that would have made our mothers blush with shame. Picture shows are responsible for more wreck and ruin than any other one thing in this age, because more young people attend them. Your son, or daughter who attends these, and watches the kissing scenes put on the canvass, where men kiss unmarried girls, and other men's wives; and hold-ups are staged, can never be the same pure innocent boy or girl they were before you allowed them to attend the shows.

You sow short skirts, and bare arms and legs, and in the future years you will reap harlotry and wring your hands in shame. Hear the apostle to your young women: "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel which becometh women professing godliness." 1 Tim. 2:9

"When the snake into the garden went,  
Mother Eve hustled off and bought her some clothes.

From the sight that I saw on the street today;  
We need more snakes: goodness knows."

The preaching of a cheap gospel today, without repentance, restitution, confession, or a supernatural revelation, is damning the race. The preaching of "Sinning Religion" is wrecking America, and making a set of outlaws, and bandits, bootleggers, rum-runners, and anarchists.

Teach a man that he cannot keep God's laws, and you have taught him that he cannot keep the laws of our state or nation. You have undermined the very foundation of all civil government, and made lawlessness rampant. I charge it home to the preachers of "sinning religion." Sowing cheap religion, and reaping anarchy.

Chief Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, in an address to a graduating class of Harvard theological students said: "Crime has increased in America in proportion that the Judgment of God has ceased to be preached from the pulpit." My God! What an indictment against the American pulpit. Am I clear? This is not the fancy of a preacher, but the mature thought of a noted jurist.

In a second meeting in a certain town, I was sitting in a chair in a barbershop, when a dwarfed, bloodless, shriveled-faced young man stood before me rolling a cigarette, he said:

"You are a preacher, aren't you?"

I replied, "I am."

He said. "You preach holiness, don't you?"

I said "sure".

He then said, "You preach against the use of tobacco, don't you?"

Again I replied, "I do".

Then he said "look me over. How old do you think that I am?"

I replied, "Possibly nineteen or maybe twenty-one."

He replied: "I am thirty-six years old, and have no whiskers on my face, nor never will have; and this thing, holding up his cigarette, is the cause of it."

Then he told me a remarkable story. He said:

"When I was born, they called me the 'cry baby of the mountains,' and they tell me that for the first 18 months of my life, I fought, and kicked and screamed day and night, and no doctor could tell the reason. They could only give temporary relief. At last there came two nerve specialists to our town; and asked to see the 'cry baby', and were directed to my father's house.

"As they entered, the baby was lying on the bed screaming. My father smoking a cigarette picked the baby up holding it in his hands for a time, and the child stopped crying. The doctor then took the baby, and walked out in the open air, and it again began to scream and kick.

"He gave it back to my father and said, 'Blow some tobacco smoke in its face,' which my father did. The baby stopped crying and began to laugh. Again the doctor took the baby out for a long walk in the open air, and again it began to scream, as before.

"Then the doctor asked my father how long he had used tobacco, and he replied, ever since he could remember. Then turning to my mother, he asked; 'And do you use tobacco?' She replied that she had used it all of her life. The doctor said, 'I am sorry to tell you that this child has a pre-natal appetite for tobacco, and the only way to keep it still is to give it a cigarette,' which my father did and from that day to this I have smoked incessantly. I am subject to hard fits, and they grow harder as the years go by.

"The doctors tell me if I do not quit using tobacco it will kill me, and I have tried to quit, and then I have harder fits than ever. I am doomed to die, and I know it, and my father and mother are to blame. They have fastened this awful habit on me. I have a little brother six years old, and if I knew that he would suffer what I have, I would go home now and take an axe and kill him, if I knew that they would hang me the next minute."

I looked at that poor product of the sowing of both father and mother and thought, what a crop they, and he are reaping. He left the barbershop saying, "Preacher, tell this everywhere you go."

Some years ago, my precious wife, was Superintendent of a Home for the redemption of fallen girls. She put her very soul into this work, until I have known her to go seven days and nights without ever taking off her clothes, while she waited on the poor lost girls, that even their own mothers had turned away from home.

She broke down under this strain, and had nervous prostration until our physicians told her she must quit this work or die. While she was engaged in this work I attended with my wife, the State Conference of Correction and Charities, over which Miss Kate Barnard, the State Commissioner of Charities and corrections presided.

One day during this conference she took the whole company out to the Oklahoma State School for the Feebleminded. Here in an open court in the sunshine we looked on 173 inmates, distorted, dwarfed, imbeciles, and epileptics, with minds as blank as a stone wall. While we gazed on this scene, Miss Barnard, said:

"People, I am not a preacher, neither am I the daughter of a preacher, but God has said in His word, that He would visit the iniquity of the fathers on the children, to the third and fourth generation Here are 173 inmates in this school as you see, feebleminded, and all but five of these are clearly traceable to the early sins of their fathers."

Then she turned to the physicians in charge and asked if she had spoken right. One of them replied: "Yes, we have traced the genealogy of each one, and this is what we have found." My! But a cyclone of emotion surged through my being. I said to myself. Yes, here I am a preacher, and know this, and unless I get it out to the needy world, their blood will be on my hands. I have never lost the thrill of that hour.

Reader, please read these lines carefully, and circulate this book for others to read lest their blood be on your hands.

I lived in Brooklyn, New York, three years, and while there my son visited me. One cool morning, we were driving in the nice respectable part of the city where the best families of Americans lived. At almost every apartment we saw neatly dressed women leading their poodle dogs out to get a breath of fresh air. Not a baby in that section of the city, and among the many full-blooded, American people.

We then turned through Williamsburg, the Jewish section, and the streets literally swarmed with Jewish children, and not a poodle dog did we see. A little later we turned into the Italian section, and here again the streets were filled to crowding with children. Soon we were in the Negro section, and again the streets were jammed with little black children. My son turned to me and said, "How come? Look at the difference in this section and where you live."

Then I said: "If you will look at this picture, and notice where 'Birth Control' prevails, you will see who will soon rule America." Full-blooded Americans, without children, but keeping their affections alive by nursing a poodle dog instead of a baby. In 15 years this foreign, and colored population can easily out-vote the Americans, and then good-bye to American ideals, and American homes.

You may be saved yourself, but O, the reaping that must follow. Thousands of people live on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius, and Mount Etna, and they know full well they have their intermittent eruptions, and the melted lava, rushes down the sides of Etna. About a year ago, [there came] a tide of rolling, boiling fire sixty feet high, one and one-half miles wide, and fifteen miles long, sweeping every thing into flames in its wake, burning towns, and scalding people; but the people who lived in the wake of this monster, fell on their knees and prayed to God to stop this besom of destruction, but did not move from its slopes; and as soon as the lava cooled they proceeded to remove it and replant their vineyards, and farms. Brother, better move off the slopes of Mount Etna.

I copy from a book (Self Knowledge) published by Professor T. W. Shannon. Two stories: of Max Jukes and Jonathan Edwards.

"Vice as well as virtue runs in families. Max Jukes was born in 1703. Both he and his wife were born of inferior parentage, he was a drinking man, and seemed to delight in breaking [the] law. His wife was a common prostitute. We have identified and studied eleven hundred and three of his descendants: 126 were thieves and murderers, and spent most of their time in penal institutions, 90 female prostitutes, 145 drunkards; 285 viciously diseased, and 400 had either

consumption, epilepsy, or were feeble-minded, 1,103 were delinquents. Not one good citizen among them. They cost the state of New York, a million and a quarter dollars.

Jonathan Edwards, was born in 1720. He and his wife had splendid heredity. They were educated. They were converted to Christ in childhood. We have studied and identified 1,394 of their descendants. We find 13 university presidents, 123 college and university professors; 32 eminent authors; 96 physicians; and over 200 ministers; 400 successful business men; one vice president; mayors of large cities, U.S. Senators and Congressmen; ministers to foreign ports; and only one who left a stain on the family name. Aaron Burr, who fought a duel with Alexander Hamilton."

The Bach family of musicians in Germany is a fine example of musical sowing and reaping. Among them were 19 musicians of eminence, 57 of their names are found in the Dictionary of Music. At a family reunion there were 250 church organists and choir leaders.

One day as I sat in the office of my brother, Dr. W. F. Jernigan, a physician, I saw passing by a little dwarfed man, who only measured forty inches in height, with arms about a foot long. I was curious to know who he was, so I asked my brother. He promptly told me that he was the brother of an acquaintance of his who weighed 330 pounds, whose feet were turned in so that he had to walk with a stick, and his legs all distorted. I asked in my astonishment, how can such a thing be? One man a dwarf, the other a giant in stature and weight? My brother quickly replied; their father contracted a nameless disease in his youthful days, and will carry a running sore to his grave, all this the result of "Sowing wild oats."

But the worst is yet to come: This man who was overgrown, was the father of a large family, one of whom, while I write is spending her life in a madhouse a raving maniac; and one of her sisters, became an early nervous wreck. Sad, sad, that children all over this fair land are reaping the "wild oats" that their fathers sowed, while future generations will suffer for the dissipation of their fathers.

I grew up on a cotton plantation in Texas, and one market for cotton was one hundred miles away. One fall when all the cotton had been picked, my father put me on a farm wagon loaded with two bales of cotton to drive to market. I was placed under the care of a long whiskered man, who was my neighbor, and a member of the same church that I was. I was fourteen years old that September.

The night that we reached Sherman, where we were to market our cotton, we put our wagons in a wagon yard and the leader of the party, said we will hurry and feed the teams, and go to a restaurant and eat our supper. (This was the first time that I ever ate in a restaurant.) Then we will "take in the town." My! but my little heart leaped for joy. I had never seen a railroad nor a train in my life. I thought that to take in the town meant to go to the station and see the train come in. But I soon learned different.

As soon as supper was finished, we started on our journey to "take in the town", and I soon found myself in the "White Elephant Saloon," where men were drinking, gambling, and swearing. Then upstairs into a great gambling hall filled the worst characters that I had ever seen. I was

frightened and went to the leader of the party and told him that I was going back to the wagon yard, and that if my father knew that I was in such a place, he would literally skin me alive.

The leader laughed outright at me and told me that I ought to learn the ropes while I had a decent crowd to go with. He said: "You will have to sow your wild oats," and that I had better begin now. "Wild Oats" -- "Decent Crowd" -- I thought: Yes, you old hypocrite, I have heard you testify in the Class Meetings, but will never believe you again.

I ran down the steps crying with a broken heart, and went back alone to the wagon yard and tumbled into bed, but not to sleep. Never in my life was I ever so tempted to renounce all faith in God and the Bible; but I remembered my mother at home, who had taken me alone in a room, and on her knees told me the story of the crucifixion of Jesus while tears rolled down her cheeks; and the prayer that she prayed for me in that room, with one hand on my head and the other lifted towards heaven. I thought of my father with Bible in hand reading from that Blessed Book, while tears came into his eyes. And then on bended knees, prayed for every member of the family, calling them by name. This is all that saved me that night. My parents had sown prayers and tears and reaped a boy saved from skepticism.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." -- Isa. 126:5-6

About three o'clock the next morning, that company of five church members all of whom belonged to the same church that I did came in; but they had left their religion at home in their Sunday clothes. My little heart was sick as I heard them tell of the hell-holes that they had visited that night, and the pretty girls that they had hugged. But there was a reaping later.

Years rolled on, until one night an old friend came to my home and told me the sad story, of a beautiful young woman, the daughter of the leader of that party in the saloons that night, who had died that day in disgrace. My heart melted within me: My first thought was my text: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." This is not the only man who reaped his harvest in shame, and bound his bundles in sorrow, and threshed his grain in disgrace. Immediately all the scenes of that horrible night passed in panoramic view before me, together with the story of visiting the houses of prostitution.

Gehazi the servant of Elisha, sought to obtain money from Naaman for the cure of leprosy, and Elisha pronounced a curse on him, and on his seed forever and said: "The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee and unto thy seed forever. And he went out a leper." -- 2 Kings. 5:27.

Almighty God placed a lasting curse on Ham the father of Canaan, for his sin in exposing the nakedness of his father, and told him that a servant of servants should he be unto his brethren. Gen. 9:24.

The Lord woke little Samuel up one night as he lay sleeping in Eli's house, and told him that he would utterly destroy the whole house of Eli, for the sins of his sons.

"And the LORD said to Samuel, Behold, I will do a thing in Israel, at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle. 12 In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house: when I begin, I will also make an end. 13 For I have told him that I will judge his house for ever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. 14 And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering for ever." -- 1 Samuel 3:11-14

There is no end to this array of facts, both in the Bible, and in every day life.

"I the LORD thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; 6 And showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments." -- Exodus 20:5-6

"Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the LORD, till he come and rain righteousness upon you. 13 Ye have plowed wickedness, ye have reaped iniquity; ye have eaten the fruit of lies: because thou didst trust in thy way, in the multitude of thy mighty men." -- Hosea 10:12-13

The sand-covered, grim Pyramids of Egypt stand in dumb silence along the river Nile; yet they speak in thunder tones of a once mighty nation who oppressed Israel the chosen seed of Abraham, and afflicted them with torturous task masters until they cried to God for help. The drifting sands of Sahara now cover the ruins of this once mighty nation.

The mighty heaps of dirt piled along the banks of the River Euphrates, are the only evidences of a once mighty people. [the Babylonians]

"And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar. 4 And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth. 5 And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded." -- Genesis 11:3-5

But in spite of all their care to burn brick, not a name of all the builders of the Tower of Babel remains. "And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah." -- Isa. 13:19 Today that magnificent city, once the glory of earth, lays in mounds of dirt, with her once wonderful palaces and magnificent hanging gardens buried in ruin: She sowed to the flesh, and has reaped corruption.

Reader: Stop now, and ask God to plow up that awful crop that you have sown, before the reaping day comes.

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Part 5  
THE HELL BOUND TRAIN

Having drank so much he could drink no more,  
Tom Gray lay down on the bar-room floor  
And fell asleep with a troubled brain,  
To dream that he rode on the hell-bound train.

The engine with blood was red and damp,  
And brilliantly lit with a brimstone lamp;  
The imps for fuel were shoveling bones,  
As the furnace roared with a thousand groans.

The boiler was filled with booze and beer,  
And the devil himself was the engineer,  
The passengers made such a motley crew --  
Church member, Atheist, Gentile, Jew.

Rich men in broadcloth, beggars in rags,  
Handsome young ladies and withered old hags;  
Yellow and black men, red and white  
Chained all together, one horrible sight!

Faster and faster the engine flew.  
Wilder and wilder the country grew;  
Louder and louder the thunders crashed;  
Brighter and brighter the lightnings flashed.

Hotter and hotter the air became,  
'Til the clothes were burned from each gruesome frame;  
And, in the distance they heard such a yell,  
Ha! ha! cried the devil we're nearing hell.

O! how the passengers shrieked with pain,  
And begged the devil to stop the train;  
But he capered about and danced with glee,  
And laughed and joked at their agony.

My faithful friends you've done my work,  
And the devil can never a pay day shirk;  
You've bullied the weak, you've robbed the poor,  
And the starving brother you've turned from your door.

You've gathered up gold where the canker rusts,  
You've given free vent to your fleshly lusts;  
You've drank and rioted, murdered and lied,  
And laughed at God in your hell-born pride.

You've paid full fare so I'll carry you through,  
For its only right that you get your due.  
For every laborer is worthy his hire,  
So I'll land you safe in my lake of fire.

Where your flesh shall roast in the flames that roar,  
And my imps will torment you forever more.  
Then Tom Gray awoke with an awful cry,  
His clothes soaking wet, and his hair all awry.

And he prayed as he never prayed before,  
To be saved from hell and the devil's power;  
And his prayer and his crying were not in vain,  
For he never more rode on the hell-bound train.

\* \* \* \* \*

Part 6  
STORY OF THE SNAKE-INFESTED GRAVE CONFIRMED

In the month of March, 1930, I was assisted in a revival meeting in the great Church of the Nazarene, in East Liverpool, Ohio, by the Vaughan Radio quartet and one night in an audience of 800 I offered this book (A Snake Infested Grave) for sale, and while a member of the quartet was distributing the book through the congregation, he met a gentleman who told him that he had married the granddaughter of this noted infidel, and that he desired and interview with me.

After service, a fine looking man came up, introducing himself as Mr. B\_\_\_\_, the manager of one of the great chain stores in the city. He said my first wife was the granddaughter of the man whose statue is on the monument on the cover page of this book. She is now dead, and is buried along side this monument. The infidel he said was a very noted character and very rich for his time, being worth at least five hundred thousand dollars. He was notorious in his hatred for the Bible; calling it a bundle of ignorance and superstition, publicly defying people to discuss the question with him. The grave lot where he was buried was on a hill side, and filled in with stones and other rubbish, and was literally a den of snakes.

The next day the Vaughan quartet drove out 40 miles to look at this monument, and the grave of this man's wife, and found it as he had said.

The next night Mr. B\_\_\_\_ brought us a photograph of this noted character, and the next, night Mr. B\_\_\_\_ was at the altar, and was gloriously converted.

Truth is stranger than fiction.

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THE END