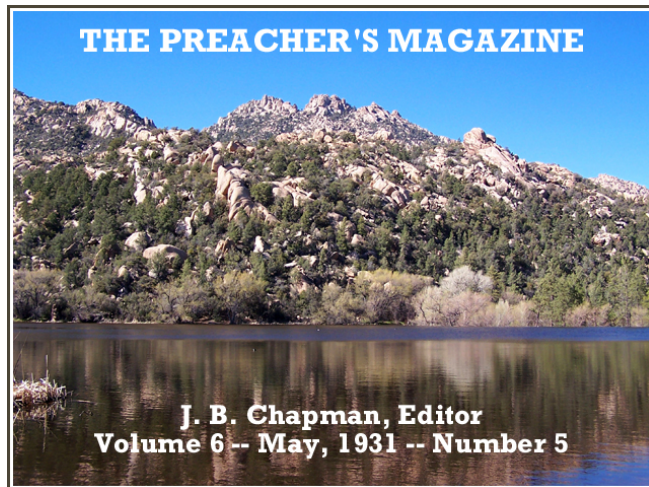


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**THE PREACHER'S MAGAZINE**  
J. B. Chapman, Editor

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## CONTENTS

- 01 -- An Address To Local Preachers -- By J. B. Chapman
- 02 -- Existence Through Conquest -- By J. B. Chapman
- 03 -- Suddenly Destroyed Without Remedy -- By A. M. Hills
- 04 -- The Prophet Amos -- By Olive M. Winchester
- 05 -- Illustrative Material -- Compiled By J. Glenn Gould

**06 -- Various Items -- By W. G. Schurman**

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**01 -- AN ADDRESS TO LOCAL PREACHERS -- By J. B. Chapman**

Just as I was leaving Kansas City for my long missionary tour District Superintendent Gibson of the Ohio District handed me a sheet which he said I might read at my leisure. I found on this sheet a suggestion that this or something of the sort might be printed on the back of the local preacher's license. The suggestion, I think, is a good one, but whether it will soon be carried out or not I cannot tell. The address itself is so good and so well adapted to those who are taking the first step toward entering the ministry that I want you to read it. The address is as follows:

"We hereby hand to you this local preacher's license which brings to you certain authority and privilege in the church. This is a sacred token and an honored hour to you. You have herewith the initial recognition by the church of what both you and the church believe to be your calling in the work of the Lord. In accepting this honor you are to keep before you several things: First the honor which God and the church have placed upon you. Should there ever come a shadow in your experience that would hinder the church or a mar upon you that would disgrace it, you should bring this parchment back with all haste. Two courses are before you, either of which you may pursue: you may do good as you have opportunity, preach where there are openings, follow no certain course of study and trust that from year to year the church may see fit to renew this license, although you are warned that the church may fail to so renew it without assigning any reason for such failure. The second course which you may pursue is to go forward with the prescribed course of study and prepare yourself for license from the district and for entrance into the permanent ministry.

"You will keep in mind that the whole course of the local and district licensed preacher is one of probation. And at any time the church may fail to recommend or the District Assembly may fail to grant renewal. Also it is expected that as you examine yourself, even as others examine you, you may find sufficient reason and cause for your dropping out.

"You are entering one of the most misunderstood of callings -- that of the sacred ministry. From now on you must not view the ministry as an outside layman, but as a member of the ministry and under the load. You must now view problems from the minister's point of view. You must defend the ministry and not accept railing accusations against it or any of its members. You must defend and not prosecute. You are a scholar yet, rather than a teacher -- otherwise you would already be in the eldership. In the tomorrows you will call for loyalty, therefore you should be above reproach in supporting your own church with your presence, means and prayers.

**"Always by study and prayer give the people the best that is possible to you. Walk into every open door that may come to you in harmony with this message. Be alert to Satan's hindrances and keen in faith for God's support. And the God of love and peace be with you."**

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

## **02 -- EXISTENCE THROUGH CONQUEST -- By J. B. Chapman**

**It was the fabled belief among barbarian forefathers in the forests of northern Europe that the hunter and the warrior took on the strength of his captured game or of his slain foe. And thus it happened that the stripling went forth to hunt and fight and in time became the seasoned Nimrod and the veteran Hercules.**

**And as regarding the Church, we know that Solomon describes her most triumphant attitude as being "terrible as an army with banners." And we are told that in the beginning of its career an army had no banners. Each banner commemorated a victory. One banner meant one victory and a hundred banners meant a hundred battles and a hundred victories. So in time the army with many banners became the terror of the land and marched on in the face of every foe.**

**During the American Civil War General Thomas was shut up in Nashville. Lines of communication with his base of supplies were poor and food for the army was scarce. Then one day came orders for the army to move. But to move meant to fight, for General Hood waited just outside. But the army moved, defeated and practically annihilated the army of Hood and saved its own existence by conquering.**

**But we are thinking particularly today of the situation of the Christian and of the Church. Perhaps we have all dreamed of victories without conflicts and of crowns without crosses, but it is doubtful if we ever saw any such. And likewise we have thought of a truce in which we left the devil alone on condition that he leave us alone or in which we waged no warfare against the forces of evil on condition that they too cease their ravages upon the coasts of the true Israel of God. We may even have imagined that such a truce had been struck and under this impression we may have unstrung our bow and laid our arrows upon the shelf. But we were mistaken; there is no discharge, furlough, or truce in this war.**

**King David was the idol and active leader of his own army. But after a while he thought his days of anguish and exposure to danger should cease, and so he let the army go to war while he stayed at home in Jerusalem, and there the man whose name was the synonym of purity and honor fell prone into adultery and murder.**

**Israel was given power over the ancient inhabitants of Canaan and the countries round about. But her toleration brought her thorns in the side and led her to humiliation and removal from her patrimony.**

**And in the Christian life it is fight or fly; conquer or be conquered; enlarge the borders or draw in the tent stakes; take new ground or lose what you have; press on into the more abundant life or sink into the most oblivious death; it is go on or go back. It may not be that we take on the strength of the spiritual foes which we destroy, but at least we gain strength by means of the exploit so that we "go from strength to strength." "Each victory will help you some other to win." David practiced on the lion and the bear and thus became a match for the Philistine giant. Samson was nerved by his ability to lay the foundation for the riddle, "out of strength came forth sweetness," to lay low a thousand enemies of the Lord.**

**But it is not the development of spiritual muscle and sinew in the exercise of conquest which makes the big difference. Neither yet is it the mere arising of human confidence in one's ability to do and to dare. Rather God bestows His grace and power upon him who makes the best use of them. "To him that hath shall be given and he shall have abundance." The old word was, "God helps them who help themselves." But this is not the case exactly. God helps those who rely upon His help and who seek to be used of God in the extension of His kingdom. Sometimes it has been suggested that passivity is the highest attitude attained in prayer. But this too is a mistake. Rather the highest attitude of prayer is the struggle for conformity to the will of God. It is not enough for us to say, "I am willing that God shall have His way." Nay, verily, we must say, "I am determined that God shall have His way." Passivity is the road to atrophy and defeat. Volitional conformity to the will of God is the path to growth and enlargement and triumph. Sanctification has erroneously been set forth as the destroyer of the human will -- rather it is the corrector of the will. From willing counter to the will of God, full consecration brings us to willing parallel to the will of God, and entire sanctification is the divine purifying of the affections so that we love the thing we will.**

**The Christian and the Church do not therefore ask for toleration -- they live by conquest. They cannot sit down before the citadel of Satan and wait for the attack -- they are called to aggressive and offensive service. If the situation is difficult the call is so much the louder. If the issue is humanly uncertain it is the opportunity to win glory for King Jesus. Where sight is weak faith has its play.**

**Joshua could not live without possessing the land of Canaan and he could possess it only by setting his foot upon the soil. Spiritual progress by proxy is impossible. If we tarry here we shall perish. We must conquer to exist. A tie is defeat for us. The devil is a usurper, sin is an abnormality, and as the weeds soon choke out the uncultivated crop, so evil succeeds when righteousness is static. Arise my brother and hold your ground by taking new territory today. The land is before us. Israel in her best day possessed no more than half the territory included in the promise of God. And there is no way for us to describe the boundaries of the possibilities which are ours in Christ Jesus. But their very limitlessness beckons us on to fuller grace and wider conquest.**

\* \* \* \* \*

### **03 -- SUDDENLY DESTROYED WITHOUT REMEDY -- By A. M. Hills**

**Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil. He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy (Eccle. 8:11, Prov. 29:1).**

**It seems not to be the usual plan of God to cut off sinners at the beginning of a sinful career. Probably He would have a right to execute the penalty against sin after the first conscious, willful sin. The penalty is, "The soul that sinneth shall die," and "The wages of sin is death," and God would doubtless have a moral right to pay the wages right at the start and send the soul to its doom. But He does not do it. He waits to offer mercy, to show the graciousness of a loving God. He waits to give the sinner time and space for repentance, to see if He cannot win the heart from its folly and its wanton wickedness, 'and bring it back to the loving favor of heaven. He waits also, probably, to give people an opportunity to show their character to themselves and to the universe. Moral beings might condemn God if He cut a sinner off the first time he sinned. They might say, "If God had given that soul a chance he would have repented and turned from his evil ways, and would have found mercy and grace and heaven at last." And so God appears to give a sinner a chance to show himself to himself, and let him understand by his own conduct and his own persistent and willful choice just how bad he is, and let the universe know it, so that when the sinner stands before God in judgment every soul will be speechless and without excuse. Not a person can point a finger at God and say, "You did not give me a chance."**

**God announced, through Noah, to a wicked antediluvian world, that there would be a deluge. He waited one hundred and twenty years to give them time and space for repentance. He did not send it immediately, but let that preacher of righteousness preach one hundred and twenty years, and he did not make a convert outside of his own family. Do you suppose that all the other families except his own that perished could say to God that they did not 'have a chance? They had a hundred and twenty years of chance.**

**God sent prophets to warn Israel that if they did not stop their idolatry God would sweep them away, and at last the prophet moans out, "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone." And yet God gave him years after to repent and avoid the retribution.**

**God sent Jeremiah to mourn over the southern kingdom of Judah. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." And yet God still waited for years to give them a little more chance to avoid:the sweeping doom.**

**Jesus stood on the mountain side and looked down on the fair city of His fathers that had been so blessed above every city of the earth, and He wept the patriot's tears, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, if thou hadst known," etc. But God waited forty years before the last drop was put into the cup of its overflowing iniquity, and then doom came, swift and irremediable.**

**I. Let us, in discussing this subject, notice how often and in how many ways God reproves the sinner.**

**1. He speaks through the conscience; He has put a representative of Himself in every human bosom. Every person that sits here under the sound of my voice has God's ambassador and under-judge in his own breast. When you sin, God, who inhabits your conscience, speaks to you and warns you and gives you a prophecy of the judgment that is to come.**

**2. God speaks through special providences. The world ought to learn the lessons of God's special providences. One time Korah, Dathan and Abiram thought it would be fine and 'amusing to make fun of Moses' holiness, so they proclaimed, "Why, we are all holy." You can hear that nowadays, "Everybody is holy." Well, their case was tried by God Almighty. Moses modestly said, "God will show," and the next day God said, "Let Korah, Dathan and Abiram and their kindred be separated from everybody"; and in a moment of time the earth opened and came back again like a crocodile's jaws and they were gone. God had pronounced the judgment. That ought to teach people not to mock at holiness. But it does not.**

**When Nadab and Abihu went into the temple to officiate before the Lord drunk, God struck them dead and said, "Let the priests that appear before God keep from strong drink." But they do not. There is the special providence; but we have got reeling priests today that stand and minister before God in the holy place, and are drunken. They have not learned the lesson; but God has taught it to them.**

**When Miriam, the sister of Moses, hatched up a little family conspiracy with Aaron, and beset Moses, that wonderful man of God, with ugly criticism, Moses took it with the meekness of a holy soul. But God came down and overshadowed the little family, and when the cloud lifted Miriam was a white leper. These providences come down alike to nations, and families, and cities, and people.**

**One Monday morning the newspapers of San Francisco came out and boasted that they had 'had the most open and defiant wickedness in the city the Sabbath before that they had ever had; and one newspaper boldly announced that San Francisco had no use for God Almighty. But God Almighty stepped down that week and put His foot on the city about five o'clock in the morning, and shook it so that it fell to the ground with one touch of His foot, and then the elements came and swept the accursed place from the earth, and six hundred millions of their wicked money went up in flames. Oh, brother, sister, God has not left this world yet, and He**

shows us in various ways that He is still around, looking on at the sin and vice of the people!

3. God speaks:through the Bible, that blessed Book which is holy on the outside and the inside, which advocates holiness on every page from cover to cover, and represents mercy and grace and pardon, 'and offers holiness, and commands holiness, and exhorts to holiness, and tells us that Jesus died that we might be holy and sanctified, and without spot and blemish. The whole Book is but one great, long, blessed, loving story of God's hatred of sin, and of His trying to save us from sin and death, and to prepare us for His eternal heaven.

4. God speaks to us through parental instruction and admonition. Oh, these holy fathers and mothers, who prevent the night watches by their prayers, who lie and wet their pillows with their tears over the ungodly conduct of wayward, wanton children! Oh, that voice of prayer, that mother's wail, those family altars, those blessed pleadings, they are all the voice of God, reproving the soul for its sin, and trying to win you back to sanity and life!

5. And then there is the admonition of friends, these friends who come down from the platform to the audience, or lay their hands on somebody they know and beg them to come to the altar; and the boys and girls, and the young men and women that know God, as I saw a boy this morning bring another boy to the altar; and the boy that brought him, I think, was not above fourteen years of age. Oh, the hand of God Almighty is in that touch, and in the pleading of your friend who knows Jesus! Don't treat it lightly; don't despise it, God is in it; it is His touch and His voice that would win your soul.

6. There is the pulpit reproof. There are preachers who preach about everything but religion; about poetry, the philosophy of socialism, of politics, of this and that. But there are places where God's gospel is still preached from pulpits that will tolerate nothing else, and by men whose lips pour out a stream of God Almighty's gospel reproof; pleading, warning, commanding, entreating. They teach the thunders of Sinai and the tears and blood of Calvary. They preach a full gospel, and proclaim a full salvation; and when you hear that it is God speaking to your soul.

7. And over and above all, and better than all else, is the Holy Spirit that promises these things, and whom Jesus, when He went up to the skies, left to take His place and to plead with men to be reconciled to God. The Holy Spirit has come that flashes the searchlight of God's truth on your soul, that illuminates your conscience that lets you know that you are going to the bad, that your conduct is wicked, that you are defying God; that Holy Spirit that guides every man that will ever get to heaven, that steadies your goings and leads you on to salvation and sanctification. The Holy Ghost is here, and His mission is to convict the world of sin and convert sinners, and sanctify God's people.

## **II. Notice that sinners harden their necks.**

**It evidently means setting their hearts to do evil in spite of the protests and pleadings of God. The figure of speech is drawn from the hardening of the neck of steers under the yoke. They get so hard and callused under the yoke that you cannot hurt them. And when the steer pulls, the animal will lower its neck and it will be pliable; but when they become obstinate and refuse to pull they throw up their head and harden their neck and set themselves, determined not to do what is wanted. Well, that is the picture of a sinner who hardens his neck; he braces himself when God wants him to forsake his sins, and go forward into the lines of duty through the pathway of repentance, and faith, and regeneration, into divine love. The sinner pulls back, throws up his head and holds himself, and resists God Almighty's pleadings and warnings and woings. That is hardening the neck. And oh, the awful consequences of it! My friend, Dr. Chapman, was preaching in Lincoln, Nebraska, and there sat before him one night a father and 'his wife and daughter, about grown up to womanhood. The father was in the middle, the wife at one side and the daughter on the other. Under the movings of truth the wife pleaded with that husband to rise and accept Jesus; and the daughter became so moved that she rose from her seat, threw her arms round her father's neck, and sobbed as if her poor young heart would break. But he sat as unmoved as a stone:. And after the service was over my friend said to him, "Brother, how could you do it?" and this was his answer: "For ten years I did nothing but fight the Holy Ghost, and now nothing moves my dead soul." Why, you might just as well preach to an audience of tombstones as preach to such people. And our 'hope is tonight that nobody in this audience has gone quite so far in hardening his neck against the Holy Ghost.**

## **III. Such conduct is highly displeasing to God.**

**All these means of grace and reproof are God's agencies. It is God that touches the conscience; it is God that flashes the light of duty upon your pathway; it is God that illuminates your dark soul and shows you where your steps are going; it is God that sends friends to plead with you, and maybe to rebuke you; it is God that inspires the mother's prayer, and touches her sensibilities, until her heart nearly breaks over the sins of her son or her daughter; it is God that makes a tremor come into the father's voice When he is talking to you and begging you to come to the path of duty. Oh, it is God who commissions the Spirit to knock at;the door of your heart and give you God's message of Solemn Warning if, peradventure, He may stop your wayward feet on the way to death.**

**And do you know, brethren, as I stand before this audience and think of this place, and think of that saintly man of God of the nineteenth century who founded this institution, and of his child who carries it on; when I think of these things and reflect that for nineteen years this message of the gospel, that 'has been preached here for the last week, has been sounded out in your ears, and that God has blessed it with marvelous displays of grace; that noble preachers have preached from this platform, and that this place has witnessed the salvation of hundreds and**



thousands of souls -- I say," as I stand here, what spot in the United Kingdom has witnessed such things and heard such a gospel preached as has been preached here? Do you think it will amount to nothing if you sin against it, since He brought you here to live in this oasis of a moral desert? God intends that the services in this place shall be the open gate of heaven to these poor souls. God wants this to be your Bethel, your house of God, where you will meet God face to face. Oh, brother, sister, if you sin against all this light and knowledge and inspiration, God help you? You may cross, the dead-line before midnight tonight.

IV. My text declares that God punishes the hardnecked sinner by destroying him without remedy.

1. He does it by withdrawing His Spirit. No man ever got to God without the Holy Spirit, and when God's Spirit is finally grieved He leaves you. You are as certain to go to hell, though you live fifty years, as though you were already locked inside the bottomless pit.

I want you to see how God works in His providences. Mr. D. B. Strouse, of Virginia, is a converted lawyer. He has given himself to preaching. He used to have a great income from law practice, which he has given up. He was speaking to a business man one day about his soul, and the man was offended. He said to him, "Tell me why so sensible a man as you are' about everything else should be so unmindful about your soul." The man said, "I will tell you. When I was a youth in my early teens there was a revival meeting in the country church, where I attended, and I was under conviction by the Holy Ghost; but I would not go to the altar, and I kept on resisting till I felt I could not trust myself, and I would rise up and leave the house when the altar call was made. And the last night of the meetings I resolved that I would not go to church till after the preaching was over. I arrived when the pastor was speaking, and I stood a considerable distance off away from the church in the darkness, and leaned on the top rail of a fence, with my face in my hands and my foot on the rail and I listened. God spoke to my heart, but I said, 'I will not be a Christian.' The Holy Ghost left me that instant, and I have never had an impulse from God since." He was on the way to hell; and though this happened forty years before, he was as certain to go there as if already in the pit. Why? Because the Spirit had finally left him.

In March, 1905, a former theological student of mine wrote me as follows: "Mr. William B\_\_\_\_, a well-to-do farmer, lived near New Holland, Ohio. He was recently dying with asthma. He begged and pleaded with doctors to save him. I visited him and talked with him about his soul. He said, 'It is too late. Years ago, when a young man, I fairly ran out of a schoolhouse to keep from going to the altar. I have wished many times that I had obeyed the voice of the Spirit. But I refused the opportunity, rejected the invitation, and I am now lost forever.' That man had a sanctified daughter who had prayed for her father; a minister had talked to him, but all to no purpose; he had crossed the dead-line; the Spirit had left him never to return."

The day I got the letter telling me the above, I took it to the theological class and read it as an illustration of how God works on the souls of men. There was a young Englishman in that class, who is now a preacher of holiness, and he gave this illustration: "When I was in England there was a revival in a Baptist church in London. There was a young girl there twenty years of age who had been a subject of many prayers: The Spirit came down upon the audience, and she passed out of her seat and stood in the aisle, looking forward to the altar and then back to the door. Every eye was upon her, and a volume of prayer was going up for her; but, with white face, She lifted up her little fist and said, 'I will not, Jesus,' and started for the door. A few weeks after the pastor was sent for; he thought surely God had subdued her wicked soul. But when he got to her room he was shocked to see her in the last hours of life, and she said, 'Pastor, I have not sent for you to lead me to Jesus; it is too late for that. It has been too late ever since that night I said 'No' to Jesus. I have sent for you to 'ask you to warn others of my folly.' And before his eyes the girl died, and her last words were, 'I am slipping into hell.'"

How do you suppose God works with Christians, and even preachers, who refuse to be sanctified? Well, I will give you a couple of illustrations. Dr. Carradine told us on our platform at one of our meetings that he was one time holding a campmeeting out West, and there was a man sitting in the audience who was a minister, an evangelist, and a prominent soulwinner. But he resisted the doctrine of sanctification, and set himself publicly against it, and kept people back from getting sanctified, and made the work very heavy. He had been a great soul-winner, but Dr. Carradine said from that hour he began notoriously to backslide. He became irascible, petulant, and in sixteen months it was noised abroad that he had committed an unreportable crime. Police officers and detectives were put to work, and they found out it was true. He was holding a meeting in another state when they came to arrest him. They let him finish his sermon, and at the close they quietly called him to one side and told him he was under arrest. "Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, "let me step into the pastor's study for a moment." They thought he wanted to go in for private prayer, but he turned the key quickly, and in a moment more they heard the report of the preacher's revolver, and it was followed by an unearthly scream. Those that heard it said it sounded like the scream of a damned soul. And such it truly was.

2. God cuts off men without remedy in another way; not merely by withdrawing His Spirit, but by sending them to immediate death. I had a friend of the name of Jeffries, a holiness preacher of Texas. He was holding a meeting one time and a sister went to a brother and begged him to come to Jesus: but he looked at her in an ugly way and said, "I don't want your Jesus and your religion." His precious mother, a woman of prayer rose up and put her arm round his neck, thinking surely he would heed a mother's prayers." Oh, how mothers can plead! Young men, beware how you treat those pleadings. But this sinner put his hand out into his mother's face and pushed her away. That settled it. God resented it. He knew what he had done instantly, and he staggered out into the aisle and threw up

his hands and said, "Oh, Holy Spirit, return and give me one more chance!" But He would not return. The young man rushed out of that tent and fell on the grass frothing at the mouth, and when a doctor arrived he was dead. God struck him with the arrow of death when he pushed his sainted mother away and would not heed her prayers.

My friend, Jernigan, an evangelist of Texas, was preaching one day at a campmeeting and God bore it on him that somebody was getting his last call. It moved his heart so that he sat down on his seat and buried his face in 'his hands and wept. He could not proceed with his sermon. A young man was singing in the choir behind him, and he went out, mad that the preacher should speak so. Three days afterward he was found dead in his bed; the summons had come so quickly that the clothes of the bed were not even disarranged. Cut off without remedy.

My friend, Mr. Williams, who has been preaching in England, Scotland, and Ireland, was holding a street meeting at one time when a similar impression came to him that he was speaking the last message to someone in that audience. He said as much. A fellow standing behind him cursed him for saying it and left the meeting. Next morning, as my friend was going down the street, someone told him that the man was lying across the street in the dramshop, dead. You see he had rejected and cursed, and God cut him off without remedy.

Oh, sinner, beware how you treat God's message in this place! The tenderness of His love, the multitude of His mercies, the richness and fulness of His grace have been declared. Beware how you sin against these wonderful messages. Pray tonight, believers, if you ever prayed, and beseech the very heavens that men do not do this.

I was preaching five years ago in a campmeeting. The last night God led me to say, "I believe there are some here that will remember this message of mine ten million years in eternity." Four young people sat together who had come to the camp in a carriage, and fifteen minutes after I said that they went out of the tent, got into the carriage and not half a mile away the horses ran off, threw them out, severely injuring three, and one girl's skull was crushed. When I left the city the next day two doctors were standing over her, but she never had a conscious moment afterward. Fifteen minutes after my sermon her doom was sealed.

I was moved to preach this solemn sermon that I am preaching tonight on a previous occasion. A railroad official's wife was present in the audience, trembling from head to foot, in tears; but she would not come to the altar. She never entered a church again. A few days afterward she died, without hope, and her poor daughter threw herself on her mother's coffin, and cried, "O mother, you are gone without God! Oh, if you had only come to Him at that last meeting!" My Jesus, help! Brothers, sisters, don't turn away from God, and hope, and heaven; don't reject sanctification tonight.

Brother L. B. Kent told me, a few weeks ago, of a minister, a doctor of divinity. Brother Kent was most gentle in his demeanor, and had held a meeting in his church, but he sat and rejected sanctification, and the next Sunday 'he preached a tirade against holiness, and announced that he would preach against it again in two weeks. The next Sabbath he turned out of his Sabbath school a blessed sanctified lady who had led twenty-five souls in her class to Jesus. He hated holiness, "the spirit of hell" was within him. He was taken ill the next day and died before morning. When that precious woman heard that he was sick, she fell on her knees before God in prayer for him. A second time She went on her knees in prayer for the poor pastor who had done her wrong. She opened her Bible, and it came open at my text, "He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." She prayed again, and then opened her Bible again at random: it opened at the same place, and the next morning she heard that he was dead.

Will you tell me that you can trifle with these things? When God speaks, as He speaks from this place and offers mercy, and pardon, and love, and cleansing to every soul, and you turn from it, you do it at your eternal peril.

A minister's son, a boy in his teens, a child of many prayers, was at a revival meeting, and the minister went to the boy and begged him to come to Christ. But he gave his father the look of a demon, and said, "I will not have your Christ." He went home, and his mother threw her arms round 'his neck, and said, "My son, come to Jesus." He looked at her 'like a fiend, and said, "I tell you, Mother, I would rather go to 'hell than give my heart to God." He had hardly said it, when he fell at his mother's feet with a scream, crying, "Oh! I am damned! I am damned!"

Oh, the mercy of God that has waited for so long; He has brought you to this place, at this hour, by His sovereign love; let me beseech you to settle your unfinished business with God, and get saved or sanctified tonight.

\* \* \* \* \*

04 -- THE PROPHET AMOS, THE PREACHER OF JUDGMENT -- By Olive M. Winchester

The "First Sermon -- The Pending Doom (Amos 1:1 -- 2:16)

"See, I will cause a tottering  
(Of your steps) beneath you,  
liven as the wagon totters  
That is loaded full of sheaves" (Amos 2:13,  
Duhn).

Forth from the wilderness with heart burning under the mighty inspiring power of God Most High came the prophet Amos to go to the seat of northern

idolatrous worship, even to the place where the king had his sanctuary. Coming unannounced into the gay and mirthful throng, lost in the prosperity of the 'times and confident in their security of divine favor, like the lurid lightning flashing across a clear sky and a sudden crash of thunder, he proclaims the fact that out from Zion Jehovah will come with the ominous cry as that of a lion who has his prey well within his grasp. On will go the sentence of doom and desolation until the very meadows where the shepherds pasture their sheep shall wither and Mount Carmel, that ever verdant peak, "the rich garden ground," shall bow down in shame because of its barrenness.

With this one statement hurtling into their midst, the prophet turns to the nations around about and utters against them a series of oracles. "These oracles are characterized," says McFadyen, "by a fine impressive symmetry. They all begin, 'Thus saith Jehovah, For three transgressions, and for four, I will not turn it back.' They then name one sin, as a specimen, out of the many which justify the doom; then they go on to describe that doom in terms of devouring fire -- 'I will send a fire, and it shall devour the palaces!' There is a certain fierce grandeur about these successive oracles which march inexorably on to the repeated refrain of doom, and culminate in their surprising and incredible announcement of the doom of Israel herself. But the prophet's audience does not yet know how they will culminate, and they listen with complacency and delight to 'the announcement of the blow that is to annihilate the peoples, one after another -- with all the more complacency, as all these peoples had been, either in the remote or recent past, enemies of Israel. To a nation surf rounded as she was by enemies on every hand, no news could be more welcome than their doom was sealed and certain."

In the arraignment the most violent enemy that Israel had ever had is given its sentence of judgment first. The opening refrain that accompanies all the denunciations, indicates an accumulation of transgressions, "three would be terrible, four are intolerable," therefore there will be no alleviation of the punishment, there will be no possibility that it will be turned away. Syria whose capital was Damascus had under the rule of Hazael committed cruel atrocities in the war upon the east-Jordanic tribes with the objective to exterminate them. For this inhuman conduct saith Jehovah:

"I'll fling a fire into Hazael's house,  
It shall devour Benhadad's towers;  
I'll break the bolt of Damascus,  
I'll blot out Bikath-Awen's citizens."

Not only were they thus to feel the hand of the destroyer, but as a people they were to be carried away captive into the land of Assyria.

Passing from the north to the western coast, the sentence of doom falls upon Philistia. In the days of Jehoram, king of Judah, they had made an inroad into that country, devastating even unto the king's house and carrying his sons save the

youngest, with other captives to deliver them to Edom, that bitter foe of Judah. Here they would not be granted even the mercy of serving as slaves from which bondage they might at some time be recovered. They would be ruthlessly slain with the sword. Thus upon the land of Philistia and its cities would fall the fire of judgment.

As Philistia had sinned so had Tyre. Moreover in the transgression of Tyre was added this aggravation that between them and the kingdoms of the Hebrews there had been a friendly covenant which had been broken by these transgressions. Furthermore Edom in connection with both of these countries had been guilty of deeds of blood which could not be expiated. They had received captives and had slain them with the sword:

"He pursued, quenching his own compassion,  
And forever he held fast his rage,  
He kept up unceasing fury."

In his capital city. and upon the towers of the land would fall the fiery doom.

As the other nations around about had been guilty of deeds of barbarity, Moab and Ammon likewise had shared in the general cruelty of the time. Ammon that they might enlarge their own border had sought to annex the land east of Jordan and waging warfare committed unseemly acts. Moab had displayed such a deep seated hatred against the king of Edom that even in death he held not his person sacred. Thus each outlying nation stood condemned before Jehovah.

Before continuing with the arraignment of Judah, we should stop for a moment and consider some of the underlying thoughts suggested by these words of warning. First we note that herein Jehovah is regarded as the God of the nations around about as well as of Israel and Judea. This was a fundamental truth not gained from current thought but from a deeper knowledge and understanding of God than the popular mind possessed. The general belief was that while Jehovah was God of the Hebrews, Dagon was God of the Philistines and Baal god of the Phoenicians. Other nations also had their own deities. "Amos," it has been said, "certainly struck a deathblow at the prevailing 'monolatry! which, while admitting the exclusive right of Jehovah to the service of Israel, recognized the existence of other gods, with a right to the service of other nations. It is worthy of note that he never uses the phrase, 'the God of Israel.' With him 'the Lord of hosts' comes nearly, if not entirely, to stand for the universal Lord of all creation." Again it is to be noted that the sins for which the nations are condemned are sins against their fellow-men, they are sins of inhumanity. Not always are they sins against the people of God. though in most of the cases they are, but in one instance at least they are one removed. Yet they fall under the sentence of divine wrath. Thus early in prophetic teaching we have included the great fact that our fellow-man has a right to a just regard and compassionate treatment. This moreover was beyond the popular conception of the day. Out in the desert wilds Amos 'has learned these

great truths regarding God and Our relation of man to man, truths which should echo today through the depths of every human soul.

While the prophet was thus denouncing the sins of the neighboring peoples, the Israelites gathered for worship no doubt listened with rapt attention. Moreover they also may have felt that here indeed had arisen a great prophet. The Jew in 'his history has ever seemed to possess an unseemingly delight in the triumph and conquest of his enemies. To him the crowning work of the Messiah would be this victory. While thus absorbed in the message of the prophet, they listened once more, and now they are startled to hear the words of denunciation of their sister nation, Judah. Though amazed, yet they could not but experience a certain sense of satisfaction to know that Judah also would fall in the general sentence. This time the occasion is not some atrocious deed but the charge of despising Jehovah's law, and of following after strange gods. Such being the case the very towers of Jerusalem would fall before the destroying fire.

With Judah condemned, the prophet does not cease, but once more reiterates the refrain and announces the certainty of oncoming judgment. This time, however, it is none other than Israel herself who is called to answer for her sin and iniquity. Yea, moreover, it is not one sin, but many that have filled her cup. They are named one by one. First is their oppression of the poor, then their immorality, corruption of justice, intemperance and what is more they even carried on their Shameless deeds in the house of their god. As says Pusey, "So this dreadful assemblage of cruelty, avarice, malice, mockery of justice, unnatural debauchery, hard-heartedness, was doubtless smoothed over to the conscience of the ten "tribes by that most hideous "ingredient of all, that the house of their god was the place of their purchased revelry. Men do not serve their idols for nothing: this costly service at Bethel was not for nought. They did all these things; but they did something for 'the Deity' or 'nature' or 'Asteroth:' and so 'the Deity' was to be at peace with them. Amos, with wonderful irony, marks the ghastly mixture of sin and worship, they drank the wine of the amerced -- where? in the house of their God, condemning in five words their luxury, oppression, perversion of justice, cruelty, profaneness, unreal service and real apostasy. What hard-heartedness to the willfully forgotten poor is compensated by a little churchgoing!"

While these sins were grievous enough in themselves, yet there was further aggravation in the fact: that for Israel's sake the Amorites had been dispossessed from their land, the Amorites who were a strong people. Nevertheless Jehovah had driven them out. Furthermore Jehovah had brought the Israelites up out of the house of bondage in the land of Egypt and for forty years had kept His guiding hand upon them during their wanderings through the wilderness. Moreover He had sent unto them prophets and had raised up their young men for Nazarites. They were all witnesses of these things. Yet despite all this they sought to defile the Nazarites by inducing them to drink wine, and they would seek to silence the prophets bidding them, "Prophecy not." Even though all these blessings had been vouchsafed unto them, yet they had heeded them not, now the sentence of doom was upon them from which there would be no reprieve.

**"Then shall vanish the refuge of the swift,  
The strong man shall not summon up his strength,  
The archers shall make no stand,  
The cavalry shall be no shield,  
And the very bravest of all heroes  
Naked shall he fly on that day!  
Jehovah has said it!"**

**With these words which set forth the sin of Israel as still more grievous because it had repudiated the expression of divine love and care as well as being iniquitous in its own essence, and with a closing word of the finality of the judgment that would follow, Amos. concluded his first message to the Northern kingdom: With what consternation such a message was received we will learn as we follow his other denunciations of the sins of the nation.**

**In reviewing this discourse from the standpoint of homiletical instruction, we would note first as mentioned early in the article, its symmetry of construction. There is a balance maintained throughout. Then again we would note the method of approach. Amos does not at once with direct and pungent attack denounce the sins of Israel. He deals with surrounding nations. He gains the attention and interest of 'his audience, he has their assent that Jehovah will punish sin, then he turns to self-complacent Israel, and proclaims that they also are sinners. Like Nathan in the parable before king David, he receives the consent to the justice of punishment, and thereupon announces, "Thou art the man." In this case, it is "Thou art the people." From this message we learn a lesson of tactful and forceful approach in a message of condemnation and judgment. Finally having made the particular point desired, he concludes for this time to take up the theme from a different point of view on another occasion. To carry on a denunciatory sentence to an excess length often causes it to lose its force. To stop at some pivotal point would often leave the mind in a thoughtful mood.**

**From the two chapters texts may be chosen. Hastings in the "Speaker's Commentary" has taken the words found in the preface to the discourse, "Two years before the earthquake, and in a unique way develops a sermon on the subject, 'The Dark Days.' He continues by suggesting how we may deal with these dark days in life. The refrain that occurs with each new prophecy might be taken for a text, "for three transgressions, for four, I will not turn it back." The theme could be "The Danger of Multiplied Transgression." On this point Wofendale comments, "With what patience God bears with man's sin! Three transgressions are followed by a fourth; sin is multiplied by sin before He inflicts punishments; but impenitent sinners may be sure, that if divine patience lingers, not willing that any should perish, yet their judgment lingereth not, and their damnation slumbereth not!" Then the passage in Chapter 2, verses 9-12, as a whole might serve as a text with the topic deduced, "Religious Advantages Make Sin the More Grievous." These**



religious advantages as given here might be classified as special religious opportunities, special guiding and the privilege of special religious teachers.

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## 05 -- ILLUSTRATIVE MATERIAL -- Compiled By J. Glenn Gould

### Epitaphs

Near the village of Leamington, Warwickshire, in a small country churchyard connected with a beautiful ivy-covered church, may be found a stone on Which is this inscription:

"Here lies a miser who lived for himself,  
And cared for nothing but gathering pelf.  
Now, Where he is, or how he fares,  
Nobody knows and nobody cares."

Another epitaph is in St. Paul's Cathedral in London. Among the many monuments to England's heroic dead which this building holds is one which at once arrests attention by its simplicity and beauty. It is a plain sarcophagus on which rests a recumbent statue of noble presence. Beneath the figures are these words:

"Sacred to the memory of  
General Charles George Gordon,  
Who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his heart to God."

Was there ever a more beautiful and significant epitaph? -- Youths' Companion.

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### Be Ye Therefore Perfect

Traversing one night a city street, I was startled by a sharp clanging above my head. On looking up, I found myself directly underneath a huge clock which was striking the midnight hour. I took my watch from my pocket, and lo! the slender, overlying hands were pointing exactly to the hour of twelve. It scarcely seemed possible that tiny bit of mechanism in my hand could keep time with the huge machinery that filled the whole room of the tower; but the proof was before me, and as I gazed at the two pairs of hands of such diverse proportions, I understood as never before that the most insignificant human being needed only to be clean, in running order, and divinely regulated to keep time with Divinity itself -- to be perfect even as the Father is perfect. -- Christian Advocate.

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## **Believe On The Lord Jesus Christ**

**One night in St. Louis, Dwight L. Moody preached on the Philippian jailer, and the next morning the Globe-Democrat reported the sermon under a sensational headline, "How the Jailer at Philippi Was Caught." A copy of the paper was carried into the city jail and fell into the hands of a notorious prisoner named Valentine Burke. The result I condense from Mr. Moody's words.**

**This man was one of the worst characters known to the St. Louis police. He was about forty years old at that time, had spent about twenty years in jail, and was then awaiting trial on another serious charge. As Burke glanced over the morning news the headline caught his eye. Thinking that it was some jail news, he began to read it. He was so anxious to see how the jailer was caught. He thought he had once passed through a town called Philippi, in Illinois, and supposed this was the place referred to.**

**Every now and then he came across the words, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." That text was quoted nine times in the sermon.**

**Burke wondered what had happened to the Globe-Democrat, and looked at the date. It was that morning's paper all right. He was disgusted, but he could not shake off that text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." God used it to convict him, and a sense of his responsibility before God rushed upon him. There in his cell at midnight he prayed for the first time in his life. On the following Sunday he talked with the Christian friends who held service in the jail, and was led into the light of the gospel.**

**From that night Burke was a changed man. For some months after his release he tried to find work, but no one would take him, knowing his past history. He went to New York, but was unsuccessful and returned to St. Louis. One day Burke received a message from the sheriff that he was wanted at the courthouse. He obeyed with a heavy heart. "Some old case they've got against me," he said, "but if I'm guilty I'll tell them so. I've done lying."**

**The sheriff greeted him kindly. "Where have you been, Burke?" "In New York." "What have you been doing there?" "Trying to find an honest job." "Have you kept a good grip on the religion you told me about?" inquired the sheriff. "Yes," answered Burke; "I've had a hard time, sheriff, but I haven't lost my religion."**

**"Burke," said the sheriff, "I have had you shadowed ever since you left jail. I suspected your religion was a fraud. But I am convinced you are sincere, as you've lived an honest life, and I have sent for you to offer you a deputyship under me. You can begin at once."**

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## **"Thou Shalt Love Thy Neighbour"**

**A remarkable illustration of the principle of loving one's neighbor as one's self was once given by the great zoologist, Cuvier. He had planned a scientific work when he learned that another great zoologist, Louis Agassiz, was making investigations in the same direction. What did Cuvier do? Did he go ahead and publish his book? He did nothing of the kind. He handed over to Agassiz the sketches he had made and his memorandum, and begged him to accept and use them.**

**That was loving one's neighbor as one's self. The true scientist, in fact, works for truth and not for himself. If truth is discovered and proclaimed, he is happy. Whoever discovers and proclaims it. If the boundary of human knowledge is extended, he rejoices, whether he is "the instrument of this extension or another. -- Christian Herald.**

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## **Modern Prodigals**

**Once a year the police commissioner of New York City publishes a list of persons who have disappeared. Last year nearly four thousand dropped out of sight. Many were found, yet there remained at the end of the year seven hundred and twenty-five to be set down as "still missing."**

**What chapters in the book of life this record holds! From North and East and South and West, over thousands of miles, the great candle of the metropolis draws its human moths. They dance a little while in its light, and some find places of permanent safety and happiness. Others, perhaps less wise, perhaps only more tender, are scorched by the flame, drop with singed wings, and crawl away to hide in the first dark, friendly corner that presents itself.**

**And this is but one side of the tragedy. The other end of the thread leads, it may be, to some far-off country home, where a chair, still placed at the table, remains unoccupied, and a name, although never out of mind, remains unspoken.**

**Police captains in any large city will tell you of quiet, patient figures that go from station to station, and from hospital to hospital, asking their pathetic questions, peering ever hopefully at prisoner and patient, till at last they bring themselves to walk down the long line of marble slabs and uncover the face of one after another of the sheeted figures in the morgue. The police captains will also tell you that the agony of these searchers that find at last the thing they seek is often less than the suffering of those who are unsuccessful; who must continue to rise up in the morning and tie down at night in the awful shadow of uncertainty.**

For many of these recorded as "still missing" there will be no home-coming. The tide has carried them out and the merciful sea has wrapped its mystery about them. But for those who still live -- who remain hidden because of shame or lack of success, or some fancied wrong or unhappiness in the home they left -- how great is the responsibility! Who shall absolve them if they do not say, "I will arise and go to my Father"! -- Youth's Companion.

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### Transforming Power

Professor Drummond was in the habit of giving Sunday night talks to a large audience of students at Edinburgh, and always asked those who had any moral or spiritual difficulty to write him about it. One night he read part of a letter from a medical student who had fallen into deep sin. As he read the concluding words, which one who heard it said were weighted with the hopelessness of a lost soul, Professor Drummond said, "Gentlemen, if this man had given me his address I would have come over to Edinburgh by the next train to see him. I would fain hope he is here tonight." And then after telling what Jesus had done for the penitent woman and what he would do for the depraved today, he added, "As I walked through the city this morning, I noticed a cloud like a pure white bank resting over the slums. Whence came it? The great sun had sent down its beams into the city slums, and the beams had gone among the puddles, and drawn out of them what they sought, and had taken it aloft and purified it, and there it was resting above the city, a cloud as white as snow; and God can make His saints out of material equally unfavorable. He can make a white cloud out of a puddle."

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### 06 -- VARIOUS ITEMS -- By W. G. Schurman

I was very much helped recently by the reading of a book written by Wimberly on "Beacon Lights of Faith." I was also much blessed by reading the "Life of Rev. P. F. Bresee," by Dr. A. M. Hills. Dr. Hills' booklet contains only 96 pages, paper cover, and costs the small sum of 25 cents. It should be read throughout our denomination until every member becomes thoroughly familiar with the life of the founder of our church. Every preacher ought to send for a number of copies, as many as his church needs, and get this good book into every home, and I was wishing that some similar method might be followed with reference to Rev. Wimberly's book, i. e., a paper covered edition, selling for from 20 cents to 25 cents, each book dealing with the life of one of the heroes of Mr. Wimberly's book. It would be a source of information to every lay member as to the outstanding characteristics in the life of such men as Wesley, Mueller, Savonarola, Luther, and other "Beacon Lights of Faith." It could not help but be a great blessing to the reader, and it seems to me that with the aid of the pastors, would be a great money-maker for the Publishing

House. For years I have been convinced that something should be done about supplying our people with paper covered books and booklets at such a price as would put within the reach of all of our people these good books. I shall be happy indeed when that day approaches when there is a union between our pastors and the Publishing House which is bound to result in so much good. If one thousand of our preachers would write in to the Publishing House asking for such booklets, I believe it would be certainly something that would fill a long-felt want by our people.

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### **The Right Spirit**

I recently received a Christmas card from a young man who attended the Sunday school class in the old Hudson, N. H., M. E. Church, of which I was teacher, that brought to my mind the early days of my Christian life, before I became acquainted with the holiness movement. I told in a previous article about working for the W. D. Brackett Shoe Company in Nashua, N. H. I immediately took up membership with the M. E. church in the little town across the Merrimack River in Hudson. The big church in the city did not appeal to me, first because they were seemingly so very worldly, and second, because there did not seem to be any place where I could fit in and do much for the Lord. There was a little struggling church on the other side of the river that needed help, and the pastor urged me to unite. My chum and roommate, who is now an M. E. pastor in New Hampshire, attended the church with me. They heated the building with wood. They had no prayermeeting in the church, and I was very soon elected on the church board and suggested having prayermeetings. Their argument against the prayermeeting was that they could not afford to pay a janitor much money, and as the wood had to be sawed before it went into the furnace, they did not want to go to any extra expense. Impulsively, I immediately offered to do the work of janitor and heat the church for every religious service they conducted, with the understanding that for all the suppers, fairs, festivals and "shindigs" in which they indulged, someone else would have to cut the wood and heat the church.

They took me up on it very quickly, so I became duly appointed janitor of said church. A crowd of youngsters known as the Merrimack Bridge gang, but shortened by me to "The Dirty Dozen," presented promising material for a Sunday school class. I succeeded in getting fourteen or fifteen boys and organizing them into a class, which I taught for two years, and they professed to think a great deal of me. They were not overly enthusiastic about religion but did give me \*heir good attention during the thirty-five minutes I taught them. I offered a prize to the one who would come for six months without missing a Sunday. Only one fellow made good, and I remember going to the jeweler and buying him a gold ring and presenting it to him before the class as an inducement to the other scholars to attend more regularly, but he was suspicious of such a present and went to a jeweler in town and had the ring examined as to its worth. The jeweler informed him

that it was genuine and named the price which he considered the ring worth. It so surprised the young man that I had not fooled him that he became my staunchest friend, and his boosting for me as being a regular fellow gave the boys a more kindly feeling toward the "religious nut" who conducted the Sunday school class at the M. E. church.

I held this class, as I said, for about two years when I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and went to the holiness mission in the city of Nashua. As I look back I am not sure that I acted wisely. The pastor of the church came to me personally and pleaded with me that if I could not see my way clear to attend the services and listen to him preach I at least would continue to hold the class of boys, for he said that when I was away they would come around the door at the Sunday school hour and look in, and then go away like sheep without a shepherd. I think if I had it all to do over again I would have stuck by them, and yet there seemed to be such little gospel preached by those men who have gone to their reward long ago that my soul was hungry to go out and accomplish something for God. A number of those boys made good and I am sure I am not boasting when I say I think I helped them to see that there was something better than 'hanging around the corner and smoking cigarettes and raising mischief in general. One of the boys is in business for himself, another is the cashier of a bank in the city of Nashua, N. H.; there were two or three Catholic boys among them but I lost track of them when I started preaching in the little holiness mission.

Shortly after that we were led to ask for our church letters, and Mrs. Schurman and I went up to the parsonage one night and told the pastor that we felt we wanted to worship with the holiness people. He granted them very courteously and asked us to join hands with him and his wife while they sang, "Blest be the tie that binds." Somehow we felt that the hymn was not appropriate. It is true we were professing to worship the same Christ, but it did not seem as though our hearts were bound very closely, and yet I felt at the time that I was doing the will of God. I am not sure at this time but what I did the right thing. The church owed me a year's salary for janitor work and I handed the pastor that night a receipted bill. Many of those people thought I was too religious and over-zealous, but they never could say that I did not contribute liberally to the church, and when the pastor told the church board that I had handed him a receipt in full it brought forth many kind expressions from those people who could not understand Why my religion did not permit me to indulge in suppers, fairs, festivals, minstrels and such like. I often wonder what would have become of me had I stayed with them. It is barely possible I would have been without God tonight, and one thing is sure I would never have been in the ministry. I do not regret the step I took but I wonder if I could not have done it just a little differently. That church had, to my knowledge, pronounced Unitarians, Universalists and Christian Scientists among its members. I never saw anything in the lives of many of those people to make me believe that they 'had ever met the Lord. They loved the world, and the things of the world. My soul was on fire for God and the salvation of men. They did not support the pastor, to my knowledge. I was Sunday school superintendent, president of the Epworth League and district

steward. I went out from home to home the last month of the church year and solicited from the members money to pay the pastor's salary. He was to receive \$500 a year and the parsonage, and at the end of eleven months they were \$268 behind in his salary. No appeal could be made to them from the standpoint of consecration and when they gave money they gave grudgingly. Most of them have gone to their reward. A few remain. We will meet them at the judgment. While the Lord may not approve of all my actions, I am sure He will be bound to say if the course I pursued was not best, it was attributable to my head rather than my heart.

I loved God. Nothing would turn me back in those days. I would take issue with my own father and mother or the preacher as quickly as I would with a stranger. God had saved me -- saved me from some habits which would have ruined me long ere this, and I have never knowingly shown the white feather since the night God saved me to the present time. The only thing that arises is the question of my spirit.

The lodge room was a menace to the church in that town. There was a lodge meeting every night except Saturday and Sunday in the town hall, and our poor church could not even have a supper, to say nothing of a revival meeting, if it conflicted with the program of the lodge. I opposed it and fought it; I hated it; I denounced it publicly and privately, I could see it was a cancer eating into the vitals of the church, and I denounced it in words of no uncertain sound. Of course it made enemies. They would take the children from our Sunday school and rehearse them Sunday afternoons for some play that they were putting on to raise funds for the lodge. I cried out against it in the church services.

When God sanctified me He reminded me of some of these things, and I remember going to the head of the lodge and saying something like this, "God has sanctified my soul, and I feel that I want to come and say something to you men because of what I have said. Not that I have any condemnation for saying what I did for I still feel that I was right, but God has shown me that my spirit was not good and that I have not manifested Him to you people in some of my speeches that I have made against the lodge." You never saw such nervous 'people in your life.' They did not want to talk to me. They said, "That's all right, Mr. Schurman, we forgive you if that will make you feel better," but you never saw people so anxious to get away. I look forward to the judgment when we shall stand before the King and give an account of our stewardship, and again I repeat that I am not fearful of the result in that day even though, as I look back, I wonder why I could not have shown more wisdom in dealing with these problems. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." It is a wise man, indeed, who knows when to fight and when to gracefully retire from the fray.

I am not trying to tell anyone how to do it, but after being in the way for over thirty years, and observing the different tactics of different Christian workers, I am convinced in my own mind that the only way to judge a Christian man or woman is by the spirit he manifests, and to manifest the spirit of Christ always, under every

circumstance, is something that any Christian might well covet. I do not know it all, but I have learned some things.

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### **Was It Not The Better Way?**

A man came to me in the early days of my ministry in Chicago First church, and said, "It does not seem as though I am going to be able to worship with you. You do not seem to give my wife the opportunity to carry on her work as in years gone by." I tried to show him where I wanted to help both him and his wife, but every so often he would come to me with a grievance. At last I took him by himself and said, "Now my brother, I believe you are a good man, I believe you have good religion, but I do not believe you will ever be able to work with me. I would advise you and your wife to take your letter and unite with another Church of the Nazarene in this city and let us be friends. Go where you think you can work and do the most good, and we will pray the blessing of God to follow you." They did so. He has gone on to his reward but long before he left this world it was proved that my course was a wise one. He was my friend until death. Many the time I have gone to his home and sat down to a fine table that was groaning under the good things provided by him and cooked by his good wife. Why fuss with men because they cannot work with you? Why say that they are backslidden or have no religion because they cannot seem to yoke up with you? A thousand times better to have him working for God and be your friend while the member of another society than to be continually irritated and eventually turn out to be your enemy in your own congregation.

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### **Community Interests**

A number of preachers have asked my opinion about taking an active part in community interests, such as Ministerial Associations, Y. M. C. A., Union Thanksgiving services and such like. I think much depends upon the caliber of the men who dominate the life of the community. I preached once for a Y. M. C. A. crowd in New England, and that was the last chance I ever had. I held a number of noonday meetings in another Y. M. C. A. building with the commendation of the secretary but the "powers that be" made it very clear that Mr. Schurman got too personal in his dealings with men. My services were required no longer. In the local Y. M. C. A., where I now reside, one of the best friends I have is the secretary. No finer crowd of pastors ever lived than those composing the Englewood Ministerial Association. I had the privilege of being president of the said Ministerial Association in Englewood for two or three years and they always extended to me the greatest courtesy.

Our local church always takes part in the union Thanksgiving service, and the Englewood Preachers' Association has a "Watch at the Cross Service" on Good



Friday from 12:00 o'clock noon till three o'clock in the afternoon, and one year the Vaughan Radio Quartet did the singing. We believe that Chicago First church has the respect of every other church in \*he community, but this Englewood Ministerial Association is not dominated by Unitarians, Universalists and such like. While the door is open for all, I do not know of any that attend except evangelical preachers, and a finer body of men cannot be found anywhere. I have heard of places where this Unitarian element predominated, but I have never, knowingly, sat on the same platform in a religious service with a man who denies that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, nor do I think I ever will unless the Lord brings me to see differently from what I do tonight.

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### **If We Fail What Then?**

A careful perusal of the newspapers reveals the fact that Russia is sending her communistic missionaries to China, and filling their minds with their pernicious teaching. I am made to feel that if Christian missionaries do not evangelize these heathen nations, these heathen nations will, in turn, be a very costly proposition to Christendom. The Church of Jesus Christ, in her failure to present Him to these darkened nations will yet, I fear, pay dearly for their neglect, just as the failure of the home church to evangelize our own country and be a spiritual melting pot for the great influx of emigrants, now pays millions of dollars to fight crime prevailing generally among this alien element. Think it over, pastors, and then ask yourself if you think the Church of Jesus Christ is top-heavy on missions.

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### **Ready For His Coming Again**

In looking over a preacher's library recently, I found a number of books with names in them other than the pastor's, and asked him how he happened to have them. He frankly told me that they were borrowed books that had not been returned, but said, "Brother Schurman, how about your library haven't you got some?" I said, "I think not. I think there are very few books in my library but what are my own." One day while rearranging them, to my surprise I found over 25 books in my library that did not belong to me. Needless to say, I laid them aside and got them back to their owners as quickly as possible. How about you, brother pastor? How many books have you in your library that have been borrowed from someone else? I wonder if you have any of mine? If so, kindly return them. Let us do our best to get these books into the hands of their rightful owners during 1931. The Lord may come this year.

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### **Examining A Candidate For Church Membership**

I never saw the Statue of Liberty but once, and that was from a distance, but as I looked at it, I interrogated it as to its eligibility for membership in the Church of the Nazarene. I said, "Do you use tobacco?" and it seemed to answer "No." "Do you drink home brew?" "No." "Do you belong to a lodge?" "No." "Are your robes unbecoming a Christian?" It seemed to say "No." "Do you rouge your cheeks or use lipsticks? Do you wear beads? Do you wear flesh colored hose? Is your 'hair bobbed?" It seemed to meet me with the proper answer to every question I asked. But though it seemed to meet every requirement as per the standard held up by some holiness preachers, I still hesitated giving it the right hand of fellowship. I found that the Statue of Liberty never attended prayermeeting and stayed out nights; its excuse was that it was there to give light to those in darkness. I awaked instantly, to the fact that the religion of Jesus Christ was not made up of negations. The statue qualified in every one of those, but it had no life, and I remember that the Scriptures did not say that we should hate everything that hurts our cause but "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind and with all thy strength, and thy neighbour as thyself." On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." As the Statue of Liberty could not qualify along these lines, she is still out in the cold, and though possessing many of the qualities that good Nazarenes possess, she is still ineligible for membership. Think this over, brethren of the membership committee.

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### Remarkable Conversions

Mrs. Carrie Sloan is conducting evangelistic meetings at the Woodlawn Church of the Nazarene at this writing. She reminded me the other day that it was at the Lynn church in Massachusetts during my pastorate that she held her first evangelistic meeting in New England, and the law of association made me remember a very remarkable conversion that took place during her meeting in that city. Jack \_\_\_\_\_ was a shoe cutter and advanced to the foremanship in the cutting room of one of the factories in Lynn. For some reason his wife left him and it so affected him that he went to drinking. In those days there were seven saloons in five blocks on Union Street. Poor Jack! he visited them so frequently that he lost his job and became what they called, in those days, "an old rounder." We got acquainted with him first at one of our street meetings held at the corner of Pearl and Union Streets. I think it was around Christmas time -- at any rate I know the weather was cold and chilly -- I was walking down Union Street about half past one in the afternoon and met Jack. He asked for a dime. I refused to give it to him but invited him to our home. Told him we would give him some hot coffee, which would do him much more good than whisky, and that we had the most wonderful woman preacher at our church that it had ever been our privilege to hear and we wanted him to come and listen to her preach.

To our surprise he accepted our invitation and we took him home to the parsonage and Mrs. Schurman brewed him some coffee. If I remember correctly he did not eat anything but drank, I think, three cups of coffee. We then told him if he would take a bath we would supply him with some of our old underwear and pants and a coat, so he could come to church. He agreed and we took him upstairs, filled the tub with good warm water, lots of soap-suds and told him to help himself. He went at it like a good fellow and gave himself a thorough cleaning and we fitted him out in the clean, but secondhand clothing that we were able to contribute at that time. I noted his body covered with sores. I took him over to the service which had just started and sat him down near the register where it was warm. My little boy came over to the church and told me that mama wanted me, and I went out the back door and into the parsonage. She took me upstairs to the bathroom, and such a sight. The little mat on the floor was covered with lice; there were lice all over the place. We remember wrapping the mat up in paper and taking it downstairs and putting it in the furnace. We then went to the drug store and got two sulphur candles and disinfected the room and we had about made up our minds that we would never get interested again in another tramp as long as we lived, but while we were cleaning out the bathroom and making it habitable again, Sister Crowe, for that was her name then, was preaching and laughing and shouting and crying in the afternoon service, and Jack went forward for prayers.

Of course we did not take much stock in it. We figured that was about the thing he would do anyway. We had given him some good strong coffee, some clean, warm underwear, and a suit of clothes that were much better than the ones we had burned, and naturally we expected that he thought to repay us and would go forward for prayers. We never dreamed that it would amount to anything. Yet underneath all of our doubt there was a hope that he might find the Lord. He did not give much evidence of touching the hem of His garment. The reader would not look upon him as a very promising convert, but from that hour until the day he died he never took a drink, and never used tobacco. He was no longer a tramp, but abuse and exposure to the elements had made him a physical wreck, and he lived on the bounty of friends of former days and the church folks who would give him a little assistance.

Shortly after this we went to Haverhill, Mass., leaving the Lynn pastorate for the Church of the Nazarene in that city, and one day on arriving at the transfer station in Lynn, whom did we see but our old friend Jack \_\_\_\_\_, sitting in the waiting room with a cane in his hand. He laboriously rose to his feet and greeted us, and we said, "Jack, how are you getting along?" He said, "God still saves me." Rule Green was the officer who hung around Central Park and he knew Jack as "an old rounder" in that section of the city. He is said to have made the remark that if the Church of the Nazarene never did anything else but get old Jack straightened out and made a sober man of him it had a right to a place in the sun. I asked Jack where he was living and he told me that he lived on Andrews Street, and anyone reading this article who is familiar with Lynn will remember Andrews Street as one of the

undesirable thoroughfares of that day, but in the midst of squalor, wretchedness, drunkenness and vice, Jack never went back to his drink or his tobacco.

His is one of the outstanding conversions of my ministry. While our faith was not large, God smiled upon our works and blessed our efforts to make a human derelict a little more comfortable. We expect to meet him at the Eastern Gate and shout with him the merits of atoning blood.

That incident reminds me of another striking conversion, or shall I say reclamation. This fellow was an old man; I have even forgotten his name. Some of the people in Haverhill will probably recall it if they happen to read this article. I think this man once professed religion and I have it in my mind that he was once a member of the church of which C. J. Fowler was pastor. One arm was partly paralyzed. He had drunk himself into poverty, and I think his wife died with a broken heart. He used to hang around Hannah Dustin Park, near the city hall, opposite the Church of the Nazarene, and sun himself during the day and pick up what help he could get from people who pitied him. I do not know how he happened to come into our church that night, but I was preaching on "Jesus Christ, the Friend of Sinners." The anointing of God was on me that night, and I preached and exhorted as the tears rained down my cheeks. We tried to describe the palsied man, and remember making the statement that someone had said that this man in Scripture whom Jesus Christ cured of the palsy had probably brought on his own wretchedness by excesses in living. I pictured the poor wretch, unable to move hand or foot, and his wife whom he had blighted, cursed and diseased standing by the hour over the washtub, and also ministering to his needs. I went on to say that a consultation of doctors had perhaps met that morning and advised him that he would never arise from his bed, and then the thought of going out to meet God and give an account of his wretched life as he stood at the judgment bar began to trouble him.

It seems that my mental picture was so near the particulars in this poor man's life that he wept bitterly at the remembrance of it, and among a number of others hobbled his way forward and knelt at an altar of prayer. At first we did not get very enthusiastic over his appearance at the altar. There was not much to him anyway, and even if God did save him, he never would amount to much for God. He was an outcast and the community would not get enthusiastic over his coming to an altar of prayer. I have had many a man kneel at an altar of prayer and profess religion for the sake of getting 25 cents at the close of the service to spend for rum. But this poor man asked for nothing but mercy.

He arose to his feet; hooked his cane on his palsied arm and falteringly gave his testimony that God had restored to him the joy of His salvation. He never was able to work much; the church helped him some and friends continued to pity him and provide for him, and we lived in Haverhill long enough to bury him ere we moved to the Middle West. But from the night he knelt at the altar to the day he died he was a living example of what the grace of Jesus Christ could do for a poor, broken piece of humanity.

That, in turn, reminds me of another striking example in the church at Chicago. After being pastor for eight years, I conceived the idea of putting on a revival campaign using what talent I could secure musically, and doing my own preaching. One of our men while on the Elevated on his way to work invited a man to come to church. The man came and gave his heart to God, and he in turn began to live the Christ life in the shop where he was working, and it attracted the attention of a Polish Catholic man, who observed the strange change in his life, inquiring why he refused to do certain things and why he seemed to be so different, the new convert gave his testimony, and told how he had been to the Church of the Nazarene and God had saved him.

The other man's heart, Catholic though he was, was hungering for something in religion that was real. He tells in his testimony that he had purchased a bungalow on the South Side with the intention of making bootleg whiskey in the basement, and had succeeded in making a number of payments on his home through this illegal business, but the heart hunger for peace got the best of him and he came to the service. I will never forget the night he appeared in our church for the first time, and how at the close of the service he came to the altar and in his broken English asked God to forgive him and save him, and God did save him. Then he sought God for holiness and God sanctified him. He then got his wife interested, and she came to the meetings and came forward for prayers. He was only a poor wage earner, and with his income greatly depleted by giving up his home brew business he was unable to meet his payments and lost his home and everything he had put into it.

This affected his wife, who urged him to give up his religion and keep his home, but this he steadfastly refused to do, moving into a cheaper apartment but continuing to declare his faith in God. He never misses a service; he is present at every prayermeeting. While he is able to speak more intelligibly than when he first came among us, he still testifies of the great grace of Jesus Christ that saved a Polish Catholic and made a Nazarene out of him. He is still in the church; he probably will never read this, but God knows his name for we are sure it is written in the Lamb's book of life. It is men like this who make us ashamed of some folks who profess religion, and then give up because some loved ones do not encourage them. Here is a man who lost his wife practically. I do not mean that they are separated, but she could not see the sense of having religion when it did not give them the conveniences and privileges that sin did, but he, true to God and true to his convictions, continues to drive on and everybody believes in him and he is an inspiration and blessing to any preacher and church.

And now others present themselves but if I were to continue I would feel something like John must have felt when he said, "A world of books could not contain all the things that could be written." Jesus Christ can still save men from sin. Let a man give God his determination and God will pull him through anything. He still "breaks the power of canceled sin; He sets the prisoner free; His blood can make the foulest clean, His blood avails for me."

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**THE END**