

G. C. Brewer

One of the very last pictures made of G. C. Brewer. Taken on the front of Jackson Avenue in Memphis.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C; Brewer standing in front of Central Church' of Christ, Los Angeles, California.



A happy day together during the last few months of his life. This picture taken in Memphis, Tennessee, 1956.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
G. C. BREWER

*A Story of Toil and Tears
of Love and Laughter*



BEING
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
of
G. C. BREWER
1884-1956



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INTRODUCTION

Just a few men are, by the very nature of things, picked for greatness in each generation. G. C. Brewer will certainly be numbered among the great of his generation. Not great perhaps as men count greatness, but great in his deep understanding of Christian principles and his ability to impress others with the beautiful simplicity of Christian truth. It is said by those who knew him well that his grasp of New Testament teaching has scarcely been equaled and seldom surpassed.

Perhaps every person who knew G. C. Brewer would write a different version of his most outstanding characteristics, but to me one of his greatest virtues was his deep and abiding love for his fellowman. He lived by the now forgotten code that every man is an honest man and worthy of respect and human dignity until he proves himself otherwise. No gospel preacher ever carried more heavily upon his shoulders the burdens of the entire brotherhood. Such deep concern for the welfare of the Lord's church often caused him to withdraw himself from the small and common things that so much make up the lives of human beings, and lead some to feel that he was cool and indifferent to the sufferings of those about him. Nothing could have been farther from the truth.

As will be readily seen by the readers of this book, G. C. Brewer was a product of his times. He began his career as a gospel preacher at a time, and in a section of our country, when denominational error had become so strongly entrenched that it seemed impossible ever to plant simple New Testament Christianity. No gospel preacher of that day could hope to get through a revival meeting without being challenged several times. He was forced to keep himself prepared to answer every religious error that might rear its head. Such conditions forced G. C. Brewer, and all gospel preachers of his day, to make a deeper study of God's truth than many of us are forced to do today, and is no doubt the one reason why Brother Brewer became one of the greatest debaters of his generation.

G. C. Brewer was a great friend of our Christian colleges and schools, and was not as opposed as some to many schemes and methods so prevalent in the brotherhood today, but his early training had taught him that nothing could, ever take the place of sound teaching by honest and sincere gospel preachers. He dearly loved the old-time gospel meeting of fifty years ago and grieved much that such meetings are not possible today. In what was perhaps the last article he ever wrote for publication,

which appeared in the Gospel Advocate of April 12, 1956, he had this to say: "Sometimes we have men who are predicting another division in the church and a wholesale digression of churches. This well may be feared. But the love of success, the ambition for big programs, the tendency towards making a preacher an executive with such a multiplicity of activities to supervise that he has to have a dozen secretaries and helpers can easily cause the creation of an 'institutional' church that has little resemblance to a New Testament congregation. It would be a glorious thing if all the so-called members of the churches over the country were forced to sit at the feet of a gospel preacher for a series of six weeks' preaching each year. Gospel preaching would stave off any departures and would create and educate some real Christians to carry on the work of the Lord. There is no substitute for gospel preaching. Therefore, there is no substitute for our old-time meetings."

Such a strong character as G. C. Brewer would by his very nature become a controversial figure. Many of his own brethren disagreed with him on many things, but he possessed the rare ability to respect and continue to love those who could not see things just as he did. No one could ever say that G. C. Brewer was anything but a Christian gentleman in the many debates which he held. Now that he has passed to his reward, and his deep concepts of Christian truth can be viewed free from personality and prejudice, he will no doubt become a greater man in death than he was in life.

Most men desire to write the story of their own life, but few are ever able to do it. Just as soon as Brother Brewer knew he had but a few months to live he laid aside every thing else and gave himself completely to the writing of this book. Had he written this book a few years before it would no doubt be a little different in color and tone, but the reader will understand that it was written by a man who was already under the shadows of the grave. This, to those of us who loved Brother Brewer, will make the book all the more valuable. One who could face the end of this earthly life with such courage and faith in an eternal God, and then put his thoughts upon paper as he has done in this book, will never cease to be an inspiration to all mankind.

It was the desire of the members of Brother Brewer's family that the DeHoff Publications of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, be given the task of publishing this book, and we wish to express our sincere appreciation for a task well done.

Leon C. Burns

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TO A SKELETON

(The following lines were found near a skeleton in a great medical school. No signature was attached, and it was never known who wrote them.)

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this moldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye,
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright,
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth and fame,

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled
To seek affliction's humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bride they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

* * *

Who knows but life is that which
men call death
And death is what men call life?
—Euripides the Greek tragic poet

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand sweet song.

—Kingsley

CHAPTER I

BEFORE MEMORY DAWNED

In giving the story of my background and the lives of my antecedents, I must depend upon that which has been told me, rather than that which I remember. I am a long way from by grandparents and I never saw but one of the four. My mother was the only child of a second marriage and her father was forty-eight years old when she was born and her mother was forty-four. On my father's side of the family, he was the youngest child of fourteen children, eight boys and six girls. This put his parents well along in middle life when he came into the world. His father died during the Civil War and his mother died before my father was married. This took my paternal grandparents away from the earth before I came upon it. My maternal grandfather died after I was born, but before I can remember. My maternal grandmother lived until I was about nine years old. I remember her and also remember her funeral. Some of the stories that she gave us of her people I heard, but I remember them but faintly. I am dependent upon my oldest sister for most of these stories. I shall try to give the names and some facts about each of these four grandparents.

DAVID FRANKLIN BREWER, my paternal grandfather, was a small man with red hair and blue eyes and he lived in Lauderdale County, Alabama. He came or else his father brought him into that part of the world from North Carolina. He was married to Elizabeth McGee whose parents had come from Scotland or from Ireland. She was said to be a beautiful woman with black hair and with blue eyes. They were the parents of fourteen children as we have already said, and seven of these children had red hair and blue eyes; seven of them had black hair and blue eyes. There was never a brown-eyed Brewer in that family or in any of the grandchildren, so far as I know. These fourteen children, most of them at least, lived to be very old men and women. My father is the single exception. He died at the age of forty-seven. Most of these fourteen children had large families and many of the children of the older Brewers

were older than my father. Most of these children are now gone from the earth and I have very few first cousins left and the ones that are here are now very elderly people. The story of my father who was Hiram Spinks Brewer will be given in another chapter. It would be impossible to give a detailed and personal story of all his brothers and sisters and of his family. We will pass, therefore, to my maternal grandparents.

ISAIAH THOMAS MAXEY seems to have come from England to the United States when he was a child. He lived in Lawrence County, Tennessee, with, a part of his farm extending across the line into Giles County. Although he was reared in the state of Tennessee, he seemed to retain some of the characteristics of his English ancestors. He was reported to be a man of high ideals and one who believed in strict and correct deportment on all occasions. I have heard my mother say that when women who were not dressed properly as they thought they should be might not hesitate to see and to talk to other men of the community, they would run when Mr. Maxey came on the scene. They did not want to be seen by Mr. Maxey when they were not properly attired.

Isaiah Thomas Maxey was a Calvinist in religion, a primitive Baptist preacher. He took the wording of the Bible in such literal fashion as to oppose having his picture made or having pictures made of his family. He would not allow my mother to play with dolls when she was a little girl. He drew this conclusion from the second of the ten commandments—that we should not have the likeness or the image of anything before us. He failed to see that that commandment forbids us to fall down and worship any such likeness or image.

Isaiah T. Maxey was married to a Miss Higdon and to them were born several children, four of whom seemed to live to be men and women. The sons were James, John and Thomas. The daughter that lived to be a woman was named Mary. John and Thomas Maxey were lost in the Civil War. They either died in prison or were killed. However, Thomas, at least, left a wife and children and we shall see a connection that again is formed in this family later on. James Radford Maxey went to California in 1849. He escaped the Civil War because California was not then one of the states of the United States. He never returned and he and my mother were the last two members of the family left and they used to correspond. However, they never saw each

BEFORE MEMORY DAWNED

other and James Radford Maxey was lost in a flash flood in about the year 1892 or 1893.

Some years after the death of his first wife, Isaiah T. Maxey married a Miss Eliza Warden and of this union was born Virginia Maxey who later became Virginia Maxey Brewer and the mother of all Hiram Brewer's children. ELIZA WARDEN MAXEY was born and reared in Maury County, Tennessee, not far from Lynville. Her parents, however, came by covered wagon from Pennsylvania into Tennessee. Their parents had brought them to this country from Scotland. My grandmother tells the story of how they came across the mountains in their wagons and how they had to preserve fire from one encampment to another. This fire was placed in an iron pot and tied under the wagon so that they would have fire for their cooking at the next encampment. She said when they reached Tennessee they cleared out the canebrakes and cut away the forests and established a home. The first year, however, after they had come to Tennessee she was told there was a tremendous earthquake which shook down the trees and wrapped the cane in a vast entanglement and did other damage to their properties. This was the earthquake that formed Reelfoot Lake and I believe it occurred in the year 1812. Eliza Warden was born in 1813.

While it is reported that they came from Scotland, they must have either had some of the blood of the Dutch in them or else they partook of the habits of the Dutch people with whom they had formerly been living. My grandmother was a very industrious woman, a tireless worker and an immaculate housekeeper and one who seemed to be capable of doing any type of work that the household needed. She picked the seed out of the cotton, carded the cotton, spun it into thread and wove the thread into cloth. Likewise, she took the wool cut from the sheep's back and carded it and spun it and wove it and made great varieties of woolen blankets, woolen cloth which later was cut and made into suits, both for men and for women. She also made buttons. She made these out of flax thread, wrapped tightly around the cane until it made the desired form and she whipped this thread together with a needle until the cane was removed and kept whipping it until the hole in the center was well filled. She said that one set of buttons would wear out two suits of clothes.

Eliza Warden had brothers and sisters and these, with possibly one or two exceptions, had large families. I have met some of my cousins and second cousins who descended from this family, but I never had any intimate acquaintance with any of them and

I could not give any facts concerning them now. The Wardens were members of the New Testament church and seemed to be strong in the faith. I think it is said that they read the papers that were put out by Alexander Campbell and possibly they had heard him preach. Eliza Warden Maxey remained true to the faith despite the fact that her husband was a Primitive Baptist preacher. There was a difference between them but so far as anything was reported to me, there was no conflict. My grandmother Maxey subscribed to the Gospel Advocate when it first began to be published and she continued to read it up to the time that I can remember myself. Always on Lord's Day mornings, whether they were going to worship or simply remain at home, my grandmother put things in order and dressed in her Sunday best and then sat down with her New Testament upon one knee and the Gospel Advocate upon the other, and spent the Lord's Day "in the spirit." To her should go the credit for the faith of Virginia Maxey Brewer and her husband and their eight adult children. Eliza Warden Maxey has two grandsons who are preachers of the Gospel and at least three great grandsons who are now preaching the Gospel. This shows what the strength of one's faith may do and it proves the power of mother and grandmother over their children and grandchildren. I like to pay this tribute to my Grandmother Maxey in addition to the point that she was strong in the faith. As is said above, she is the only one of my four grandparents of whom I have any recollection.

CHAPTER n

ANCESTRAL HOME AND EARLY YEARS

It has been stated in the former chapter that my Grandfather Maxey owned a farm which lay across the Lawrence and Giles County line. It seems that he had had a home near Lawrenceburg when mother was born. The place in later years became known as the "Old Black Place." This was some two miles northeast of the Court House at Lawrenceburg, Tennessee. Whether Grandfather lost this place in the raids that were made on him during the Civil War or whether he sold it before the place was destroyed I am not able to say. I have been told always that the soldiers seesawed back and forth across his place, the Blue and the Gray fighting each other and I, myself, picked up "minnie balls" on that old farm after I grew to be a big boy. I have also been told that either the soldiers or some raiders or "bushwhackers" destroyed grandfather's barns and buildings and that the war killed his sons, freed his slaves and devastated his home.

At any rate, the home that I knew as our ancestral home was the one down on Gimlet Creek in the "hills and hollers" where there were abundant springs of good cold water, copious timber and enough land at least to support the cattle and sheep and to make the bread and the meat that a family needed in those days. Grandfather erected the house which afterward became the Brewer Home and in which most of the Brewer children were born. A portion of this old house is still standing and the brick chimney seems to be about as good as new. However, at the time I was born, my mother and father were living in a tenant house on the farm and this house was across the line in the Giles County portion of the farm. A drawing of this house will be used as an illustration in this book.

After the death of my grandfather, my father and mother moved into his home and this is the home that I remember. They took care of grandmother until her death which occurred some eight years after the death of my grandfather. Then the property all descended to Virginia Maxey Brewer and her children.

This house was built of logs but it was well built and it had ample room for the way that people lived in those days. My grandfather and my grandmother had a barn, a smoke house; they had spinning wheels and looms; they had an ash hopper by which they obtained lye and home made soap, and some of these things were kept up by my father and mother after grandfather was gone. All people who have lived over the same years that I have lived have seen the world undergo many changes. But those who were not born under the old regime and who did not know how the people lived in the good old "home spun" days of the pre-Civil War period cannot possibly be aware of how radical some of the changes are that have come in the last three-quarters of a century.

In our early days, my father had sheep, cows, horses and hogs. He not only sold wool and lambs on the market, but we had mutton at home when we wanted it. And up to the death of my grandmother, some of the wool was still carded and spun in our home. I distinctly remember going to sleep with the hum of the spinning wheel as grandmother spun the wool into the thread which would later be knitted into our stockings and socks and perhaps into such garments as coats and sweaters.

Each year my father fattened and killed anywhere from six to ten hogs and put up the meat in the old ancestral smoke house. That house, as I remember it, always contained lard and meat and potatoes and turnips and various other things that would serve to supply the table for a growing family. We never wanted for anything while we lived in the ancestral home. It is true that we did not want much, but we did not know what there was in the world to want. But we were considered better off than many of the neighbors that lived around us. This was because of the old furniture that we had in our home and because of the well-supplied smoke house and because of the type of horses my father always managed to own and some of it probably was attributable to an air which my mother had inherited from her father and some of which perhaps from her mother. Even in her hardest days, Mother had the appearance and the air of an aristocrat.

Eight near our home was a school which was known as "Snead's School." This school seemed to teach all grades from the first reader up through what would now be called high school work. Children of the community attended this school and grown young men and women came into the community to board and attend Snead's School. Two of my first cousins,

Malachi Brewer and his brother Charles or Stuart Brewer who were sons of my Uncle Cal Brewer came and stayed with us and attended the Snead School. One of them became an expert penman and also became a teacher and for a good many years taught school. The other became an efficient surveyor and for a number of years he was the county surveyor of Lawrence County, Tennessee. All of this simply shows the type of school that was conducted at Snead's School House. This school, however, had closed its doors before I was old enough to attend school. The first school that I attended was at Champ's Branch and one of the first teachers that I recall at Champ's Branch was Frank Walls.

The only church building that was near our ancestral home was also a school building and the people who worshiped in this school building were Baptist people and I am sure that it was the Primitive Baptist denomination. The Baptists held associations there at times and my father and mother's home was always the home of many of the visiting delegates. They remembered this as Brother Isaiah Maxey's home and they came there in great numbers, some of them just to visit the place and others to find a home with us during the time of the convention. We early learned what it meant to make a Baptist "pallet." Such pallets were, made all over the house.

We attended the services at the Baptist Church but none of us Were Baptists. Mother had obeyed the gospel which she had been taught by her own mother when she was yet an unmarried girl. Father was taught the gospel through the influence of his mother-in-law, Eliza Warden Maxey, and his wife, Virginia Maxey, and he too had obeyed the gospel and was baptized at Rural Hill by Brother W. B. McQuiddy, and all of this happened before my memory had dawned. There was a church of the Lord over on Weakley Creek and I remember going to that place of service two or three times in my life. It was there that I first saw the Lord's Supper but I heard no preaching. As yet I had never heard the simple gospel of Christ preached. I remember to this day some of the songs that they sang at Greenwood on Weakley Creek, at least sixty-five years ago. One song was:

"Oh wait, meekly wait and murmur not."

Another song was:

"I want to be more Like Jesus and follow Him day by day."
These songs I later heard my father sing because he obtained a

copy of the old Christian hymns and I am sure I heard him sing every song in the book.

My father was naturally musical; he could play several instruments by ear, and he had a good voice, for singing. When I was but a babe in arms, he attended a singing school taught by James D. Vaughan in the old Snead School House. He learned to read shape note music and to teach it also. He didn't fail to put into practice what he learned. He bought every hymn book that came off the press within his knowledge and he would sit down and sing the songs just as they came in the book and then, just as one does in reading a book, the next leisure time he would take up where he left off and go on singing the songs. He taught us children to sing. He also taught us to read music. We were all a singing family but we sang nothing but religious hymns.

I remember sitting, out in the wagon which was left standing in the barn lot and imagining that I was driving a team. I would sit up on the high spring seat, pop the whip over the imaginary horses and sing to the top of my voice such religious hymns as Father had taught me or I had heard him sing day by day. There was no member of our family that could not sing and some of them were excellent singers.

This part of the country was at that time, because of the school, a community center, but later, when the new highway was built and this section was left off the highway, it became very much a backwoods section. It is reported that new roads are being built, new land cleared and that this section of the country is coming back into prominence once again. It could be another indication of seeing things that are up, go down and come up again within a short span of a lifetime.

CHAPTER III

WE MOVE AND MOVE AND MOVE

When my grandfather, Isaiah Maxey passed away, he left a will bequeathing everything he had to his daughter, Virginia Maxey, my mother. He had no other children except James Radford Maxey who was then in California. His son Thomas Maxey who was lost in the Civil War had left some children but these children had died and not even a grandchild was living at the time of Isaiah Maxey's passing. However, one of Thomas' daughters had married and was the mother of several children before she was deceased. These were great grandchildren of Isaiah Maxey, but they had come from his first marriage and since a good deal of his property had come through the second wife, Eliza Warden Maxey, together with the fact that Virginia Maxey was to take care of him and her mother in their old age, the property was all willed to her. However, the father of these great grandchildren threatened court action to break the will and get some of the property for his children. In order to keep from having a suit in court, my father and mother agreed to compromise with the man and give him a portion of the estate. Instead of dividing the acreage, they put a mortgage on the farm and paid him in money, the portion that it took to satisfy him. This was the beginning of sorrows for Virginia Maxey Brewer and Hiram S. Brewer. They could not make enough money on the farm to live and to pay off this mortgage. Therefore, after the death of my grandmother in 1893, Hiram and Virginia decided to sell out completely and move away and go into business in some other place. They did sell the entire estate and move to Wayland Springs which is still in Lawrence County, Tennessee. At this time this little place was a summer resort and a watering place. They had a variety of mineral springs at the place and there was a good deal of activity, at least a portion of the year, in this little town. Hiram and Virginia Brewer had taken as part payment for their estate some valuable stock and Father therefore had a stock stable at Wayland Springs to which people

came for breeding purposes both for mules and colts. However Father also attempted to operate a little general store in this town. There was not much money in circulation and high prices were not paid for anything at that time. This, together with the fact that many people failed to pay him whom Father had trusted, caused his business to be a losing proposition. Therefore, after about two years, they decided to move again. This time they moved into Lawrence County, Alabama and settled on the south banks of the Tennessee River. Father had leased about a twelve hundred acre farm and expected to make money raising cotton on this level land which seemed so much easier to till than was the rocky hills in Tennessee. This old home into which we moved was an ante-bellum colonial residence with some ten rooms or more. It was a beautiful place and but for the fact that we had no way of controlling mosquitoes to protect ourselves from the malaria which troubled people in that area, it would have been a delightful place to live. The home was on the famous Muscle Shoals and our house was located not more than one mile from where the Wheeler Dam is now situated. There were no dams on the river at that time anywhere and we could hear the waters roaring like a train both by day and night as they went over the rocky ridges that compose these Muscle Shoals. The roaring was more pronounced by night than by day but it could be heard for a mile back from the river even in daytime if one would stop to listen.

It was in the Fall of 1895 that we moved to this place and those who care to look back into history will remember that the famine came during this time. It extended through a good portion of Grover Cleveland's second administration. In addition to famine, we had a severe drouth and crops that gave promise of giving great harvest withered and burnt up in the fields. The cotton that was finally picked and ginned would bring only two and a half cents, or for the best, three and a half cents on the market. This meant the complete undoing financially of Hiram and Virginia Brewer.

This was one of the most delightful places to live for us children but for the fact as has been mentioned, that we suffered with malaria. We were not old enough to realize the great loss Father and Mother were taking. We enjoyed the fishing and hunting, the social gatherings, and fish fries and other types of entertainment that were had in this community. Giggling for

fish from a boat was a pleasant as well as a profitable sport. My job was to feed pine knots to the bucket in the center of the boat that furnished the light.

Most of our neighbors and all of those who lived near us were negroes. But white people came from miles away to visit in our home, to have parties on our lawn, and to enjoy themselves by their own methods of entertainment.

There was no church of any denomination that was meeting regularly anywhere within eight or ten miles of our home. There was a Methodist church right on the farm adjoining us, but they only had service when the circuit rider came around and this was not very often. I remember that my father and Mr. LeMay who was one of our nearest white neighbors decided to try to conduct prayer meeting and to have regular worship at this Methodist church. They did meet for a while, my father led the singing and I have also heard him lead in prayer, at that Methodist church. The only other man in the community who seemed to take any particular part was Mr. LeMay.

After our complete failure on the Muscle Shoals and with practically everything we had gone, Hiram and Virginia Brewer decided to move to Florence, Alabama in the hope that Father could get work in some of the public works of Florence and make a living for his family. This was the third move we had made and we did reach Florence and establish a home and began to go on our happy way once more. Father obtained work at about a dollar and a quarter a day or something like thirty dollars a month and yet, some way, we managed to live on that income.

While we now certainly knew the "short and simple annals of the poor" we were still together and we were still a happy, singing family. However, the way in which this situation was changed and how the day turned to night again will be told in another chapter.

CHAPTER IV

HIRAM SPINKS BREWER AND HIS UNTIMELY PASSING

The untimely death of my father, Hiram Spinks Brewer, has been referred to in many articles I have written about other members of the family and some of the things concerning my early life and concerning my mother and brothers and sisters will be found in "Brewer's Sermons"; "Contending for the Faith"; "Forty Years on the Firing Line"; and the story of my mother's life which was written at the time of her funeral. But I have never written a story of my father before at all. In this life story, although he has been gone from the earth for more than half a century, I feel that it is due that we give him some introduction to our readers and tell something of his life as well as of his untimely death.

Hiram S. Brewer, it has been said in another chapter, was the youngest child in a family of fourteen children. He was born on April 25, 1854. Some of the older members of this family were already grown and married and some of them had children older even than my father. He was about seven years old when the Civil War began and some five or six of his seven brothers were enlisted in the Confederate Army. All of these returned, in contrast with the fact that Mother's half brothers were lost in the war. I have been told that during the battle of Shiloh which was fought at Pittsburg Landing through April 6 and 7 of 1862, my grandfather, David Franklin Brewer, walked the floor and the yard for the whole day and night when that battle, was raging. The roar of the cannons and the popping of the guns could be heard at his home in Lauderdale County, Alabama. He knew he had at least two sons, if not three, in that very battle. As he walked, he wrung his hands and exclaimed, "Oh my poor boys, my poor boys!" Before he had time to have any report, however, from the battle, he died of a heart attack. This left little Hiram Brewer a fatherless boy at the age of eight years. His brothers were gone to war, his father was dead and he and

his sisters had to make a living for themselves and for their mother. The soldiers or the guerrillas or marauders of some type robbed them of all of their cattle, their chickens and their hogs and left them nothing with which to plough the land except the ploughs themselves. I have been told how that little Hiram Brewer and his sisters cultivated the soil by hand with hoes and pickaxes and managed to make a living for themselves during the bloody days of the sixties.

Hiram Brewer had practically no opportunity at all for education and never went to school for many days in his whole life. He said that all his mother taught him that he could remember was "never to steal or tell lies." Nature, however, had been in a happy mood when it created Hiram S. Brewer. He had a cheerful disposition and was always as playful as a boy even up to the time of his death. He had many talents and he had a bright mind. He stood out in nearly every crowd in which you would find him. He could play musical instruments by ear, he sang beautifully and he was an impersonator or a mimic by nature and he never failed to be on any community program where entertaining had to be done by somebody capable of doing that type of work. He would sing songs, play the fiddle and act out stories that he had to tell. Concerning him we might say what Hamlet said of his Brutus:

"His life was gentle
And the elements so mixed in him
That nature might stand up
And say to all the world:
'This was a man.'"

Hiram S. Brewer was a man of high ideals and he had a cultured manner even though he had never had any training. He did not use tobacco in any form; he never indulged in coarse or profane language and he hated beer and whiskey worse than a rattlesnake. When I was only four years old, my father took me to the county school where they were having the pupils to say speeches on Friday afternoon. He carried me down the aisle in his arms and set me on the step and had me to say a little speech which he, himself, had taught me and I really suppose which he had composed. It fits so exactly the members of pur family and taught so exactly what my father always inculcated, I am inclined to think that father himself composed this rhyme:

"I'm Mama's little darling,
I'm Auntie's little joy,
I'm sister's little torment,
And Papa's cunning boy.

"I do not drink beer nor whisky,
There are some folks who do;
I'd rather have cold water
I think best, don't you?

"I do not use tobacco,
Cigar nor even snuff.
I don't intend to either;
I do not like the stuff.

"I am now a little Templar
Just entering into life.
But when in years I'm older,
Please count me in the strife."

My father used to attend temperance rallies and sing temperance songs and pray for the time to come when alcoholic beverages would be abolished. A part of one song I quote from memory which I heard him sing so often:

"Oh the happy time is coming
It was long, long, long on the way.
Oh the happy time is coming
When all Christians will vote as they pray."

He was looking forward to the time when we would have prohibition.

True to the pledge which my father taught me to make in my little speech, I did enter into the strife when I grew older. I wrote and lectured and debated on prohibition. We secured prohibition by state law in thirty-two states before we ever had national prohibition by means of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. Prohibition worked, too, as long as it was confined to states that voted it out of their own accord. Those who say that prohibition did not work either are willfully ignorant of conditions before we had prohibition laws and the conditions that prevailed under these laws, or else they are malicious falsifiers. This is said by one who could tell and

describe conditions in pre-prohibition days and then could describe the conditions that we had during the time of prohibition because of his actual experiences and contacts with men in the various walks of life.

The Eighteenth Amendment was added to the Constitution according to the due legal process. The amendment was submitted by two-thirds majority of Congress to the states of the United States. We already had thirty-two dry states and we needed only four more to give us the required two-thirds vote of the states. We got more than this, however. Forty-six of the forty-eight states ratified the Eighteenth Amendment. Only two states abstained. These were New York and Rhode Island.

It is true that conditions got bad under the Eighteenth Amendment and the sentiment of the people completely changed to the extent that the Eighteenth Amendment was abolished by the Twenty-First Amendment; This, however, is no reason to say that the prohibition laws occasioned the change of sentiment in the people. The Eighteenth Amendment just came at the time that the whole world underwent a revolution. The Nineteenth Amendment gave to women the right to vote and about the time the Nineteenth Amendment went into effect, the attitude of women toward life and men toward women changed completely. We had more profane women, more drunken women, more lewd women, more divorcees than we had ever had in the history of the United States following the enactment of the Nineteenth Amendment. Do we mean to say, therefore, that the Nineteenth Amendment occasioned this degradation of womanhood? No, we would not be illogical enough to make that charge against the Nineteenth Amendment. This is just another case of where the world underwent change that completely revolutionized the thinking of our people.

Anyone who would like to analyze that age and see what the cause of the great change was should look into the statistics and see how many Roman Catholics we had in the United States when the Eighteenth Amendment was enacted and how many we had when it was repealed. They might also consider how many Jews we had in the United States before and after the prohibition period. Also, but not least in importance, such an investigator should try to see how many Communists we had in this country before prohibition and how many when the Eighteenth Amendment was repealed.

The United States passed completely under the control of Roman Catholics, Jews and Communists under the reign of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Other pressure groups have now been added to these and the United States will never see the day that it will recover from these foreign influences and return to true Americanism.

A superficial thinker might decide that I, because of these statements, am anti-semitic; that I do not believe in religious liberty, nor in liberalism in politics. This is not true; I believe in Americanism and all the freedoms that the Constitution of the United States guarantees to us. But I do know that facts are facts and whoever wants to misunderstand them or pervert them may do so to his own heart's content—they will still remain facts. Not all Jews, of course, are un-American; not all Catholics are disloyal to our ideals, but all Communists are un-American and anti-American. The Jews are internationalists, the Catholics are subject to a foreign power and the Catholic system is contrary to American ideals.

It may be thought out of place to divert our attention from the stories of Hiram S. Brewer while we discuss these things concerning the history of the United States. But the strife that was referred to in the little speech that my father taught me is the strife that came after he was gone from the earth, but in which his son did stand up and was counted.

Hiram S. Brewer had fine coordination in all the members of his body and fine coordination with his mind. He was athletic by nature. He was quick to think, quick to act and just as ready to laugh with those who laughed as he was to weep with those who wept. He was a fine marksman and he could shoot well with a rifle, shotgun or pistol. When he was at work, he was constantly whistling or singing and I learned early in childhood's morning to know when Father was well or in a good humor by hearing him whistling out in the barn or in the barn lot or down in the field..

I have told, in the chapter on my mother, something of the financial condition in which our family was found when Father passed away. We shall omit that from this story and simply say that Hiram S. Brewer, only forty-seven years of age, became so saturated with malaria while working in the timber woods that he died suddenly of a congested chill. He came home from his

woods on Friday, had chills on Saturday and Sunday and on Monday he had a congested chill and died. With us this was as if the sun had gone down at noon. The sadness that came over us and the tears we all shed together will be told in another chapter. Hiram S. Brewer was laid to rest in the cemetery of Florence, Alabama on July 16, 1901. For fifty-five years we have visited that grave, marked it and kept it as a spot where our hearts bled so many years ago.

CHAPTER V

OUR SONGS WERE TURNED INTO MOURNING

It has been mentioned in other chapters of this book that we were a singing family; that our father led in the singing and taught us to sing early in life. He loved to sing at the table after we had finished our meals. We liked to sit out under the trees and sing in the evening hours when the moon was bright. We sang around the family hearth on winter evenings. Our songs were chiefly religious songs and some of them were of the melancholy type. We were not at first a melancholy family but there was a tone of pathos in most of our songs and we were all of a spiritual nature. Our songs suddenly turned to mourning and this was occasioned by the visit of death to our home three times in three years.

It was noted in the chapter preceding this that Hiram S. Brewer passed away suddenly July 15, 1901. It will be found in other chapters of this book that little Mamie Sula, the youngest child of the family, the tenth to be born to Hiram and Virginia Brewer, passed away in the early part of 1900. Then in September of 1902, Ada Florence, the sweetest singer in the family, was claimed by death. This cast a shadow of gloom over our home and gave us a feeling of helplessness and dependence that bound us closer together in the ties of love and suffering and also drove us in our helpless state to God, our Father, who has ever been our refuge in time of trouble.

In addition to the sadness that came to our souls because of the death of these loved ones, there came upon us the dark shadow of want. Father had been the only supporter of the family and he was suddenly taken away. Some debts had accumulated before his death and we were put to the necessity of giving up the house in which we lived and to seek one that we could get at a lower rental price. Also some of the creditors came and claimed some of the things that were in our house in

payment of the debts. Among other things that they took, I remember distinctly that they took away two side saddles which Mother and our older sisters used in riding the horses to Greenwood Church when we lived in Lawrence County, Tennessee.

We children found work in the public works of Florence, Alabama. About four of us were old enough to be employed as the laws were then. Child employment as it is regulated today would have ruled us out and would have made it impossible for our family to stay together. We worked for a very small wage, paid for our father's funeral and managed to feed ourselves and keep a roof over our heads. We would bring our small wages home to Mother and all of us would put our money in her lap as we knelt around her knees and prayed to God to continue to guide and help us and we thanked Him sincerely for the blessings that we were receiving.

For some months, as I recall it, we didn't sing together at all. Afterward we began to sing and those songs were those that tell of saddest thought. We missed the voice of Father and the sweet alto of Ada, but we sang songs of mourning and songs of praise.

We would work all the week and then on the Lord's Day morning we would prepare to go to worship. Every member of the family with no exception would go to the place of worship and we were worshipping at that time with a little church at East Florence, Alabama. Then we would come home from Services and have our noon day meal and then all of us would go together to the cemetery in the afternoon. We would visit the graves of those we loved and would carry flowers to mark their resting places. Oftentimes we planted shrubs that we would dig up in the wild woods on that lot. I remember distinctly, too, that we spaded up turf or grass and placed it on our little red express wagon and then pull that wagon through the streets and all the way to the cemetery to try to sod the graves of our loved ones. Our interests were entirely in each other, in the memory of our loved ones and in the service of God. We gave no thought to worldly things and did not attend worldly affairs at all. Not only did we visit the cemetery each Lord's Day, but if we had leisure hours during the days of the week we would go together to the cemetery. Or if any of us chanced to go alone, we would visit the graves and stand and meditate upon those who had gone and left us. Our attitude toward that cemetery for at least twenty years or more may be seen from what I wrote in the

Cleburne Christian in 1923. I lived at that time at Cleburne and was editor of a little paper called the *Cleburne Christian*, but I went away during the summer to hold meetings and I filled my part of the paper each month with reports of what I was doing and where I was going and I wrote under the title "The Rambler." Here is what I said concerning the cemetery:

"Rambler had set apart the days between the fifth Sunday in July and the first Sunday in August as a rest period. So leaving Corinth at 11 o'clock Monday over the Southern railroad, he came to the Muscle Shoals towns of Sheffield and Florence, Ala. Florence is where Rambler lived when he was a boy and his father, brother and two sisters lie buried in the beautiful cemetery of that town. No living loved ones are there now and it was to visit these graves and to spend a few hours with the memories of these departed ones that Rambler came here. And, although he has many old acquaintances and friends in his boyhood home town, he slipped, off the train, registered in a hotel and went immediately to the "silent city of the dead." He will not attempt to tell of his thought while here. It is enough to say that no look of welcome, no voice of greeting seemed to come to him from the four pathetic mounds that mark the spot where the bodies of dear ones, have long lain in death's captivity. Their very lowliness and silence seemed to speak of defeat and helpless surrender. Yet there was a patient waiting air, a hopeful expectancy about them and some day those graves will burst and those whom we "have loved long since and lost awhile" will smile upon us again.

"Leaving Florence on Tuesday, Rambler came on to the twin towns of Decatur and Albany, where his mother and oldest sister now reside, and where he has held several meetings. Here he spent two days and nights with his home people and preached for the congregation on Wednesday night. Of course this was an enjoyable visit and a refreshing rest even if he did rest by preaching."

Those days immediately following our father's death were days of sorrow and sorrowing but they are sweet to remember because of the effect that they had upon binding the family together in closer union, in bringing us to a sense of our utter dependence upon the Lord and of inspiring us with the hope of seeing our loved ones in a life beyond if only we would serve the Lord until our summons comes. To borrow an expression

which was often used by our Brother T. B. Larimore, I look back upon those days now as "the sad, sweet, long, long ago."

As we have referred to our dependence upon the Lord for our blessings during those days of sorrow, and since we had never lived where there was a New Testament church until we came to Florence, it may be of some interest to the readers to know how we had come to be Christians at this period in our lives. Some of these facts are told in the book, "Forty Years on the Firing Line" and it has been my effort from the beginning of this story to repeat as little as possible of what has been published in other books. But all of us who were old enough to obey the Gospel were in Christ at the time of our father's death. There was no church even in East Florence where we lived at the time we moved there and I, with some other members of the family, attended regularly the services of the Presbyterian church and we would go occasionally to the Methodist and Baptist churches.

While we lived at Wayland Springs, Father and Mother sent the two oldest girls, Elia and Lillie, down to Iron. City to visit with friends and to attend a meeting that was being conducted by Brother C. E. Holt. These two girls were baptized into Christ during that meeting. A little later, through my father's solicitation, Brother Holt came to Wayland Springs and preached a few nights. During that period, Ada, the third member of the family as to age, was also baptized into Christ, I remember hearing the sermons and I wanted to be baptized also, but as I was only nine years old, Father and Mother thought I was entirely too young. They believed I was wanting to do this because my sister had been baptized. It is very true I didn't know much as these were the only simple Gospel sermons I had ever heard. Naturally at my age I could not take them in completely, but I believe that I could have obeyed the Gospel acceptably even at that time.

It was some six or seven years after this before I ever heard another Gospel sermon or heard an invitation song urging people to come to Christ in the Gospel way. At East Florence there was a group of Christians that began meeting in private homes and after some months, they even began meeting in my Father's and Mother's home. As I already had my associations in the Presbyterian church, I did not stay at home for worship hours, but went on to the Presbyterian Sunday School and

engaged in the other activities of that church. But this little group of East Florence arranged to have a meeting under a big lumber shed or tabernacle which they secured and prepared for such a meeting. John J. Castleberry was a young preacher just out of school under J. W. McGarvey. He came to Florence to conduct this tabernacle meeting. The meeting lasted more than a month and he baptized more than two hundred people. Two of this number were G. C. Brewer and Robert Larimore Brewer. This, therefore, brought all members of the family who were old enough to understand the Gospel, into the Lord's body even before our father had passed away. Following the Castleberry meeting, the East Florence group built a church building and we therefore worshiped with the East Florence church from that day until our home was broken up and we moved away from that section. The East Florence church was very loyal to our family and offered us any assistance we needed in the days of our sorrow. They gave financial assistance as well as giving sympathy and love to this broken-hearted mother and group of fatherless children. The East Florence church is held in grateful remembrance by all of us who can remember the privations and sorrows of this melancholy period in our life's story.

Editor's note:

During the hard years right after the death of their father the children obtained work as mentioned. The girls worked in the laundry.

: For a time Dad worked in the pump factory. He fired the boiler at the Thale Stove foundry. The younger boys carried his lunch to him and would watch the boiler gauges while he ate.

At the Florence Wagon Works he ran the trip hammer, which drove spokes into a hub for wagon wheels. The working day was from 7 to 6. Robert Brewer says people have asked him through the years when G. C. memorized so much Bible. He says he knows he did so while working at the Wagon Works. He would be quoting scripture and thinking so much that he would forget himself and stack wheels so high that they would fall over.

For a time G. C. clerked at the Surprise Store which is now called Rogers. Here he worked late closing the store after 10, and walking home. They called home the "high house" because it was 38 steps above the street. Of course as stated the children turned their salaries over to their mother to provide for the entire family. But one week, Mrs. Brewer gave G. C. his salary for himself. Two whole silver dollars. He carried them in his pocket for about three days then returned them, saying he couldn't find anything to spend them for.

During the years at home G. C. was always known as Cleveland. He gained the initial name at David Lipscomb—Charles R. Brewer.



Hiram Spinks Brewer and Family
(Note young G. C. in front row)



G. C. Brewer baptizing at Liberty Hill, Walker County, Alabama in 1906.

G. C. Brewer as he appeared speaking during the famous debate with Judge Ben B. Lindsay conducted in Memphis, Tennessee in 1928.



Years later as he appeared during another debate. Dignity, fairness and loyalty to the truth were evident in all his debates.



CHAPTER VI

LEAVING HOME—NOSTALGIC DAYS

It had now been three years since our father had passed away and many changes had taken place in our family. Ada had died and the two oldest girls had now become twenty-one and both of them had married. This left me the next member of the family in age and I had not been to school a single hour since the death of my father. It was definitely known by all the family and by all the members of the church that I wanted to be a preacher of the Gospel of Christ. I had already been preaching some in the communities around Florence and had taken an active part in the public services of the East Florence church. However, we all realized that my education was deficient and that I was behind all the others of my age. There was a good State school at Florence, but to stay at home and be supported by my younger brothers and sisters and go to school seemed out of the question. My mother told me, therefore, that if I could make my way in any school anywhere, they would release me, and the other members of the family could take care of themselves. I began then to investigate schools and to see what opportunity I had for working my way through school. I wrote to the Nashville Bible School and to Brother David Lipscomb personally, but the replies came back that they had no opening for working students now and that they had many more applications than they could fill. I made other efforts to get to school, but each one of them met with defeat. Brother John J. Castleberry who had baptized me told me about Ashley Johnson's school at Kimberlin Heights, Tennessee. That school was known as the School of the Evangelists and its special purpose was to train men to preach the Gospel of Christ. I consulted Brother John Boley about the school and he knew about the school and said he had at times sent a contribution of a dollar or so to Ashley S. Johnson. I spoke to Brother E. C. Fuqua about the school and he was well acquainted with Johnson's work, but he told me the school was "digressive." But I

wrote to Ashley Johnson and told him what I desired to do and asked if there was any opportunity for me to enter school without any money. Johnson wrote back in the following words:

"Come on, Son Timothy; we never turn down any boy who wants to be a Gospel preacher. If you don't have any money to pay your way, walk. When you get here, we will take care of you."

Mother was a little disturbed about my plan to go to Ashley Johnson's school. She went out to Mars Hill during Brother Larimore's meeting and talked to him about the matter. Brother Larimore sent for me to come to see him and I rode a bicycle out to attend his service. He told me that he would much prefer that I would go up to Brother Lipscomb's school. He felt that was the best place for me. He said nothing harsh or derogative of Ashley Johnson or of his school. He said Johnson was doing a great work and making a great sacrifice, trying to prepare boys for the preaching of the Gospel. But he still insisted without giving very definite reasons, that I should go to Brother David Lipscomb's school. However, I had tried to get entrance into the Nashville Bible School with no success.

It was no determined that I should go to Ashley Johnson's school. Brother Fuqua wrote me a letter of recommendation and so did some other brethren from East Florence. The time had come for me to leave home and it seemed almost equal to another funeral in the family. I was to take the night Southern train from Florence over to Tuscumbia and I would connect with the main line that would take me right on in to Knoxville. Some of our friends gathered in the home and stayed up with us until it was nearly time for the train to go. Brother Morgan Matthews, a member of the East Florence church and a man from whom we bought our groceries was there with his little delivery wagon to take my little oval-top, tin-covered trunk to the station. In the conversation among the friends that night, the expression was fully bantered about that when a boy once leaves home, he will never be back again to stay. Mother probably realized this but such expressions as that were not very helpful to our feelings at that hour. However, some of them said, "If he succeeds, he will never be at home much more." This "if" phrase made the very thing that was undesirable seem desirable. We all wanted me to succeed and yet if success comes, the home ties will be broken, in a sense, forever.

The hour came for us to go to the train. The entire family went over to catch the eleven o'clock train. Brother Matthews took us in his spring wagon with my trunk to the depot. There were conflicting emotions in the souls of all of us. Mother briefly encouraged me to go on, told me that I could succeed and that I would succeed. She said that they would miss me but that none of them wanted to hold me back at all; but that they would continue to pray for me, to write to me and she knew the Lord would take care of us and bring us together again sometime. When I took the train, I sat up all night and could think of nothing else than that parting at the station and the advice and suggestions made by our friends and neighbors. I wondered what I would do in a strange place where I was not known to anybody. But I remember the words of Brother Johnson and I felt sure I would be taken care of and that in a little time he would have me turned into a full-fledged Gospel preacher.

The train reached Knoxville in the early morning hours. I came out into the streets of that city, no one there to meet me and I had no knowledge of how to obtain a conveyance out of the school. I had read in the catalog and had learned from the letters Johnson had written me that the school was out twelve miles from the city. I knew I could walk that twelve miles but I couldn't carry my little trunk. So I walked up the street, a stranger in a strange city, and as timid as any boy of my age could ever be. I kept thinking of how I would inquire from somebody about how to get out to Kimberlin Heights, but then as everybody passed me by and gave me no attention, I felt too timid to speak to anyone about my problem. However, as I went up Gay Street, I saw a colored man going into a barber shop with some shine brushes in his hand. I had been reared with negroes and I wasn't ashamed to ask him how to get out to Kimberlin Heights. When I addressed him and asked him how to get out to the school of the Evangelists at Kimberlin Heights, he said: "Oh, School of the Evangelist! Umph, you going to be an evangelist?" I told him I hoped to be an evangelist and I said, "It is twelve miles out at a place called Kimberlin Heights." "Ah, Kimberlin Heights! I expect I know where that is." Of course, he didn't know anything about it but he invited me to come into the barber shop and he would make some inquiries from the barbers. When he told them what I was seeking, they said I could get a buggy from the livery stable that would take me out there with my trunk. I asked them how much it would

cost. They said, "How much money have you?" I reached in my inside coat pocket and drew out the envelope I had my money in and found I had five dollars. The barber said that would be more than enough to get me out to Kimberlin Heights. They began to tell me how badly I needed a hair cut and shave (whereas I had never shaved up to that time). They told me to get into the chair and get me a hair cut and a shave and a shine and then the colored boy would go to the stable and get a man to take me out to the school. They managed to do this and to divide the money so that the livery stable boy got what he charged and the barbers and the shine boy got the rest of it.

We drove out to Kimberlin Heights leisurely along and the boy who was driving me smoked cigarettes constantly. He also showed me all the yellow stains on his fingers and he affected a cough constantly and made his hands to tremble. He was an unfortunate victim of the cigarette habit he said and he knew there was no cure for him. I asked him why he didn't quit smoking the thing. He declared he could not possibly quit; that he was already a victim and was hopeless. I didn't show too much sympathy for him because I told him promptly that he had no business ever beginning a habit that would wreck him like that and that he was foolish to say he couldn't quit even now if he wanted to. And thus we managed to pass away the time arguing about cigarettes, he never defending them at all but declaring they had been his ruin and he was sure he could not live very much longer.

Brother Fuqua had not only written a letter to Ashley Johnson recommending me, but he had told me about a boy who was there in Kimberlin Heights from Pontotoc, Mississippi. He said this boy went there only because he had to as he couldn't find another school and that he was a loyal faithful member of the church. He wrote a letter to him and gave it to me to hand to Charles Edwin Coleman. When the cigarette addict and I reached the grounds, I got out of the buggy and he was helping me to take the trunk out of the back part of the buggy. We saw a boy come walking toward us and as he approached he said, "Coleman is my name. Are you a new student arriving?" I exclaimed, "Charles Edwin Coleman from Pontotoc, Mississippi?" He said, "That is my name." I reached in my pocket and said I had a letter for him. And he said, "For me? Where did it come from?" By that time I handed him the letter and he said, "Oh, from Brother Fuqua and you are from Alabama," and that was

the beginning of a friendship that has lasted until this day. After some weeks, when there was an opportunity for Brother Coleman to make me his room mate, he did so and we were room mates through all of our school days, not only at Kimberlin Heights, but also at Nashville.

Brother Coleman took me down to Brother Johnson's office and introduced me to him and I handed him the letter from Brother Fuqua. Brother Johnson read the letter and then looked over at me and said, "Well, young man, if you live up to the recommendations in this letter, you are a good one." However, he seemed to have some doubt as to my ability to live up to those recommendations. The plan was for me to work six months and then go to school and be given two years of schooling for six months' labor. And, of course, I was to have room and board during the whole two years and a half. I was not a large, strong boy and I had had very little experience in farm work. So Johnson had some difficulty in finding places that I could fill. But he managed to keep me busy all the time. At first I think he gave me the hardest work he could in order to test me out to see if I was genuine or whether I would faint in view of the labor that was laid upon me. I stood the test and it wasn't long until he gave me an easier place.

Naturally, our parting scene at the station at Florence, the farewell words of my mother, the tears of my brothers and sisters lingered with me. I was homesick and heartsick when I saw what was ahead of me. I wept and prayed by night and by day, but I worked so faithfully and as hard as I could work. Brother and Sister Johnson had learned to like me by this time and they seemed to believe in me. They were, therefore, kind and this made a hard situation more endurable. Also I made friends among the other work boys and students at the school and soon I began to enjoy my situation there. I worked out my six months and was ready to enter school at the September opening. I had arrived on the hill in the early part of March.

During the six months of my working period, I had not one penny in the world. It is true that Johnson fulfilled his promise and took care of me, but when Mother wrote to me she would have to send stamps for an answer since I did not have the money to buy a two cent stamp to write home to mother.

On December 3, 1904, after I had been in school only from September to that date, the boys' dormitory burned to the

ground. Naturally the school was scattered. Some went to their homes, those who had money to pay their way, went to other schools, and the rest of us were left to do the best we could for ourselves. Brother Coleman had been out during the summer period, while I was working on the farm, in some type of agency business and he had returned to school with some money. Since I had entered the school, I had had a few odd jobs, earned a few pennies of money for myself. My work for the school was done and I now only had to keep up my studies and I did these odd jobs on the side for the other students and made a little money. When the school burnt down, Brother Coleman and I decided to use his money, with what few dollars I could supply to go to my home in Florence, Alabama and there we would both work at public works, make some money and he could then go on to his home in Mississippi. Or we could return to the school at Kimberlin Heights when the new building was erected. But he and I both believed that if we could get to the Nashville Bible School that probably they would allow us to enter or would make a place for us, since we both had come from Kimberlin Heights and yet both of us had preferred the Nashville Bible School in the first place. So we made investigation to see how much it would cost to go from Knoxville to Nashville and from there on down to Florence, my home. We found that Brother Coleman had enough money to pay our railroad fare via Nashville to Florence. We decided, therefore, to go to Nashville. It took us all day to get from school to Knoxville and then all the early part of the night to get from Knoxville to Chattanooga and then we changed to the N.C. & St. L. road and arrived in Nashville on Sunday morning. We had had nothing to eat since we left Kimberlin Heights. We hadn't slept any and we were a pretty worn and hungry two boys. Brother Coleman decided that we must have something to eat. And I said, "How can we spend any money for food and then have enough to get home?" But we finally solved the problem. We decided we would go into a restaurant and get a breakfast and then go out and see if the school would admit us and if they would not, we would walk down the railroad towards Florence until we got to the place where our money would pay the rest of the way. So we went into a restaurant and ate up about fifty miles of our journey to Florence.

After this breakfast, we went out to the old Nashville Bible School. The first man we met on the ground was John T. Lewis.

He went and notified Brother O. W. Gardner and Brother Gardner received us kindly, prepared a room for us in the dormitory and said our question would not be decided until all the members of the faculty could be together and that Brother Anderson, President of the school, Brother Pittman and some other members of the faculty were off preaching that day and that they would be home Monday and then they would hear our plea. No doubt the Lord was guiding in all of this because the faculty met the next day and decided to keep us there and give us whatever work they could find for us to do and let us pay our way through the school.

Brother David Nickell, now of Pateras, Washington accompanied Brother Coleman and me from Knoxville and, of course, shared the experiences of that trip to Nashville and the Nashville Bible School.

We attended school there then from December on until school was out in the Spring of 1905. In the Fall of 1905 we went back to Kimberlin Heights and took the schooling that we had already worked out before the building burned. After we had gotten what belonged to us at Kimberlin Heights, we returned to Nashville Bible School and completed our work there.

CHAPTER VII

LIBERTY

The word liberty has charm for almost all classes of people; it has a certain indefinable ring that all delight to hear. Poets have sung of it, Christians have prayed for it, and warriors have died for it. It has been the theme of the author and the orator, and the hope and aim of the soldiers in times past; and we today are enjoying a great degree of it, no doubt. Both political and religious liberty have been the cause of many a hard-fought battle and have cost much blood and the sacrifice of many lives.

All men love liberty, but there are many men who would promptly and vehemently resent the suggestion that they are slaves or servants of anybody, who are the most ignoble and servile slaves to their own passions and lusts. Not infrequently do we see the drunken debauchee fighting moral prohibitory laws under the sacred plea of personal liberty. Again, there are many men who contend and even fight for liberty, who would, if they had the power, bind their fellow-men and make slaves of them. In other words, they are opposed to despotism or slavery as long as they are the subjects of such power; but if they could be the despot or controlling power, their convictions in the matter would be different. Even in this country there is much that borders on autocracy. Every form of centralization or usurpation or monopoly in politics, or priestly power in religion, is opposed to and ruinous to either political or religious liberty. Voltaire is the reputed author of the following paradox, which seems to be true even in this age: "All men love liberty, and seem bent on destroying her."

The only true and real liberty is that which Christ gives. God created us free agents and placed both good and evil before us, or allowed evil to be placed before us, and left us to make the choice.

**"Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill:
And binding Nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will."**

But man chose evil and sold himself in bondage to Satan, from whose service he could never extricate himself. So helpless was he that it is even said that he was without hope. But God saw his lost and pitiable condition and sent His Son to redeem him. He not only made him free from the law of sin and death, but He removed the "yoke" of the fathers—the law of Moses. He raised him from the condition of a servant to that of a child and an heir. Where there was conflict, He brought peace; where there was fear, He brought hope; where there was bondage, He brought liberty, and where there was a curse, He brought a blessing. How grateful we ought to be, and how careful we ought to be to heed this admonition: "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." (Gal. 5:1.) "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." (Rom. 8:2.)

But to what extent are we free? Is there no limit to our freedom? We are not wholly immune to sin. Then, are we left free to commit sin without receiving the punishment? God regarded the free will that He gave man in the beginning and provided a way for man's freedom through Christ. Man must accept and appropriate the means. Christ, the Physician, has prescribed; man must apply. As we became free, then, by compliance with the conditions or laws of Christ, so we are kept free by complying with His laws.

But some one is ready to ask: "Free and yet under laws?" There is no such thing as liberty or freedom except as guarded by just laws. Liberty is a misnomer outside of law and morality. We boast of our free country, yet are governed by laws. Without law we would go to the other extreme from despotism, which is anarchy. The civil rights and moral dignity of the people must be protected by law. Liberty ceases when it infringes upon the rights of another. The law allows me to fire a gun if I choose, but not if another man is in front of it. I may exercise my vocal organs by hallooing at my utmost capacity, but it would hardly be thought proper for me to arise in an assembly of worship and begin such exercise.

So our freedom in Christ is governed by law. Paul calls it "the law of faith," and James speaks of the "law of liberty." When a question as to the propriety of anything arises, it must be settled by that law. To what else can we appeal? Our opinions will always differ. But if the law says nothing about the things in dispute, then stay within the limits of the law. That is the only way to have peace; for when we get beyond, we will differ, and who will settle the dispute? A man may legitimately hold an opinion about a thing not revealed; but when he forces it upon others, it then ceases to be an opinion and becomes a law. The man who enforces it is an autocrat and the others are his subjects. Thus liberty is destroyed. (Written in 1909)

CHAPTER VIII

GRADUATION AND MARRIAGE NEW FAMILY TIES FORMED

After we had finished taking-up the work at Kimberlin Heights, Brother Coleman and I returned to the Nashville Bible School. We remained there from 1905 to 1911. The struggles of the first two or three years have been described somewhere in things I have written. It is not necessary now to recount all the hardships that we endured in getting our studies lined up and classified so that we could be credited with work which we had lacked. After about two years at the Nashville Bible School during which we did any kind of drudgery that was to be done in order to pay for our schooling, and took up more studies than would be allowed in any course now, I began to find things easier. I had been preaching around where appointments had been made for me by Brother S. P. Pitman and some other members of the faculty. It became noised abroad that I was a preacher and soon I began to receive calls for preaching every Lord's Day. Some of these appointments were with the old churches like Dixon Springs, Hartsville, Winchester and some other places. These congregations paid me for my preaching much more than I had received ever before, but it would be nothing compared with what they pay these days. These enabled me to pay tuition at the school and gave me more time for work on my studies. Then as soon as school was out in the Spring, I went out in meetings. I continued to hold meetings up until the first of November and sometimes even to December. This threw me so late at school that it caused me to have to stay there additional years in order to finish my course. Eventually, however, I did finish the required courses and was graduated with a B. L. degree in 1911. Of course this degree was not from a standardized school and did not receive the full recognition from other schools. This, however, made me in the light of many people where I had preached, a college made preacher. In those days many of our brethren had not escaped from the idea that a

preached ought to preach the Gospel by a divine call. We did not expect the call to come in the same sense that some denominationalists thought of as a vision or an audible voice calling and commissioning one to preach the Gospel. But the idea prevailed that a man ought to preach because he was compelled to preach by divine conviction. He should preach because he was under divine compulsion. The idea was that if a man went to college and learned to preach that he was an artificial preacher, a man-made preacher of the word and a good many brethren for whom I had preached from my earliest days thought of me now as above them and out of their class—a college preacher.

This idea influenced me in the further studies that I pursued. I studied in some other colleges but I didn't work for any degree and didn't care whether or not my work was balanced and standardized. I thought to go on and get higher degrees would even make more prejudice against me than had already been stirred by my graduation from the old Nashville Bible School. This did not hinder me, however, from avidly seeking after learning. I wanted to study. I read and studied and tried to understand every issue that I met in my preaching work. If it was new, I got busy and prepared myself to meet the issue, to understand it and to be able thoroughly to discuss it. This has been my course in life and this is the way the Lord prepared me for the accomplishment of the things I have accomplished through his help.

I must not neglect to say that I thoroughly believe that the providence of God worked out my education. I am profoundly convinced that I obtained what education I have not only by the goodness of God, but I am also profoundly convinced that the Lord guided in the affairs of my life to keep me from becoming a teacher and attaining high academic degrees. For I verily believe that had I followed this course I would probably never have done very much Gospel preaching to the poor and to the needy and to those who needed the Gospel most of all.

The reason I believe this is that in the days of my hardship and mourning, after the death of my father, I desired earnestly to become a Gospel preacher. I never had had any thought of being anything but a preacher in all of my life. But then it looked impossible for me ever to have an education. I saw no opportunity whatever of going to school. But I prayed the Lord to prepare me and to enable me in some way to obtain education

enough to preach his word and I vowed to him with all my soul that I would preach that word to the end of my days. I read in the first chapter of James where the Lord says: "But if any of you lacketh wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." I believed this passage and begged the Lord to give me the wisdom that he had promised. If, therefore, I have manifested any wisdom, any knowledge, or any analytical thinking in all of my preaching and writing, it goes back to that prayer. And, of course, the way that the Lord gave it to me was through the schools that I attended, through the men with whom I came in contact, through the books that I read and studied and nothing supernatural about the gift at all, but it came nevertheless and the providence of God should be given the credit for the whole thing.

In October of the year 1911, I was united in marriage to Miss Mary Hall, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Hall of Huntingdon, Tennessee. This gave me some new family ties as we had had no home since all of the children had reached adult age. Mother had been going from place to place with us and served one year as matron of the boys' dormitory of the Nashville Bible School. We established a temporary home, but we did not have a home for some years after this. The home of my father-in-law now became home to me. Brother Hall was an elder of the church at Huntingdon, Tennessee, and he and his faithful wife held the cause of Christ from being completely taken over by the digressives. In an 1897 volume of the Gospel Advocate will be found a letter signed by Ed and Betty Hall in which they told how they had been driven out of the church by innovations and that the building which they had themselves helped to erect had been taken from them. The cause of Christ was then at a low ebb in Huntingdon but through the faithfulness of Brother and Sister Hall and a few others, the cause of Christ was sustained there and it has grown now. The digressive church has no existence there, but we have a strong, faithful group of New Testament Christians worshipping as the Lord directs.

In an article which I have included in the list to be printed in this book will be found a statement with reference to Brother Hall and how he came out of error and yet how he thoroughly understood the truth even before he had severed denominational

connections. I shall let that suffice for the story concerning him. Also, in another chapter, there will be the story of Sister Betty Hall which will include much of the work that Brother Hall assisted in doing. These parents-in-law became known to all of us after the birth of my daughter as "Grandpappy" and "Grandmammy." And Chapter X will give the story as we want to tell it for generations yet unborn.

CHAPTER IX

A WORK FOR WOMEN

This is an age of woman's prominence. Never before in the history of the human family did woman occupy such a conspicuous place in the affairs of the world. It is true that woman has been an important factor in almost every question that has ever agitated the minds of men, but hitherto, in most cases at least, she has been the silent subject of his protection and the dependent object of his heroic struggles on many a bloody battlefield. She has been the inspiration of his grandest efforts in the legislative halls, and a sacred regard for her has impelled him in many noble deeds of knighthood. But to-day she holds a different place. In a social and business realm at least she sustains a relation to man different from that of any past age. She is no longer the "caged bird" of man's affection. She is no longer willing to reign in queenly serenity in the narrow limits of the domestic circle. She is no longer the dependent, trustful, clinging, confiding keeper at home; the embodiment of saintliness and angelic innocence, the adorable object of home life. No, she is independent, aggressive, active. On her own responsibility she launches out on the sea of human activity. She is prominent in the commercial and political world. She holds public offices and practices in nearly every profession known to man.

Sentiment is growing in favor of the public woman, especially in the business world, if not in the political, and many who are naturally averse to such a life are by circumstances and sentiment forced into it. Relying upon her own efforts, she battles for self-support against a reluctant world. She is brought into touch with the evils of the world and exposed to the grosser temptations to her before unknown. She becomes acquainted with the fraud, the intrigue, and the corruption that is in the world. Her confidence in humanity is shaken and her own virtue is endangered. She is forced to face and deal with many questions that are repulsive to feminine delicacy. Even though her

chastity is never marred, her natural modesty and womanly reserve are destroyed, and she must constantly battle against the tendency to become masculine, coarse, and brazen.

Whether the place that woman occupies in the world today has produced the appalling immorality of the woman of this age, judge you. But that there is much vice, corruption, and immorality among our women, no one can deny. Within three months' time the newspapers report three cases of murder among the women right here in our own fair State of Tennessee. In all three of the cases both the murderer and the victim were mothers. (Merciful God, pity our rising generation!) In each case it is charged that the crime was the result of immorality. At this moment there is held at the police station of this city (Chattanooga, Tenn.) a young woman of about twenty years who is charged with conduct too black to publish. She will not tell the name of her people, and says she is from "any old place." She placed herself among respectable people of this city, but was found in company with a negro when arrested. This is horrible, but the most alarming thing is that many such cases can be cited.

How to save the fair sex from the bad influence now abroad is, in my mind, the greatest question of the present day. If the magnitude of the work is measured by the degrading effect upon the entire community of such crimes as are here mentioned, it is inconceivably important. Nothing is so demoralizing to youth as an impure woman. Even the reports of such shames as the last mentioned, when published in full, are detrimental in the extreme. Girls that are inclined to go wrong learn the "ways that are dark and tricks that are mean" from such reports, and the unsophisticated male youth whose ideas of woman have been formed by a godly mother and chaste sisters reads with a morbid curiosity being aggravated with every line. He wonders if it is possible for a girl to be guilty of such sins. Then comes the subtle suggestion that there are thousands of them and that he himself has let many an opportunity go by. His confidence is shaken, his respect for woman is lessened, and he is poisoned almost beyond remedy.

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But what shall we do with such women? "Ay, there's the rub!" Can they be restored? Never. One out of a hundred may be to some extent *reformed*, but never restored. Man sometimes stoops to vice with a mental protest and a moral

reserve, expecting to reform; but when woman goes wrong, she turns all holds loose and falls to the depths, consequently there is little hope of ever reaching her. She can never be a wife or mother. Perish the thought! She can never be worth anything to the world, and, so far as its good is concerned, it were better for her to go immediately to the electric chair. Only the faint hope of saving her soul suggests the establishing of a rescue home. Her life is not worth saving, but her soul is precious.

What is our duty, then, in this line? *To save them before they fall.* And this is preeminently the work for our Christian women. There are many thousands of pure, godly women today who are puzzled as to what attitude they are to maintain in this age of progressive and working women. Sister, the ancient admonition of that grand man of God comes to you with redoubled force. The exigency of the time makes the duty more imperative. Be teachers—"teachers of that which is good." (Tit. 2: 3, 4.) Shall women teach? Yes, verily, teach the women. Read the reference. O, how many millions of young women need some wholesome instruction—need to be taught "that which is good!" Mothers, do not allow your daughters' ideas of life to be formed by the corrupt novels and cheap magazines of this degenerate age. O, do not allow some "society belle" to become their ideal of womanhood! Do not pet and perfume them and prepare them to "shine in society." Do not fill their heads with vanities and nothings and make them dreamy and visionary. There is perversity enough in the human flesh without nursing and nurturing it. Teach your daughters realities. Teach them the true principles of life. Teach them to 'be wives and mothers, and not dolls and invalids. Teach your daughters' associates, teach your neighbor's daughters, teach all young women. O, in the name of God and for the sake of humanity, "train the young women to love their husbands, to love their children, to be sober-minded, chaste, workers at home [not in clubs], kind, being in subjection to their own husbands, that the word of God be not blasphemed," and that divorces and suicides be stopped. Any Christian woman can engage in this work, and nothing is more noble or important. For the sake of the coming generations, let us pray for more workers in this line of human redemption, (*Gospel Advocate*, Oct. 24, 1912).

CHAPTER X

GRANDPAPPY AND GRANDMAMMY

Mrs. Elizabeth Woods Hall, better known as Mrs. Betty Hall, or simply as "Miss Betty," fell asleep in Jesus on the night of January 30, 1932. She was in her eightieth year, having passed the seventy-ninth anniversary of her birth in September, 1931. She left four sons, three daughters, two brothers, one sister, eleven grandchildren, one great-grandchild, and a host of friends, to remember her and to miss her—not to mourn her departure, for with her, to "die was gain." She had fulfilled her mission, finished her course, and was gathered as a sheaf ripe for the harvest.

To all of the grandchildren she was "Grandmammy," as she herself had taught them to call her by this affectionate designation. One of those grandchildren, is the daughter of the editor of this department, and therefore this editorial is affectionately inscribed to the memory of "Grandmammy."

"Grandmammy's" life was unpretentious and humble. She did not have a "career," in the popular acceptance of that term; she did not belong to any clubs; she never sought prominence in public affairs; she never attained either fame or fortune. But it would be difficult to conceive, and much more difficult to describe, a life that more accurately and faithfully accomplished the purpose of life. No woman could better fulfill the mission of a woman, and hence meet the requirements of her Creator, than did "Grandmammy." And no mother and grandmother could leave to her children a richer legacy than she left to her loved ones—the memory of a tender, affectionate, devoted, self-sacrificing, Christian mother whose whole joy in life was seeing her children well and happy and whose daily prayer was that they might be faithful in the service of the Lord.

She was eleven times a mother. Eight of her children lived to be grown and seven survive her. She was for nearly half a

century the wife of one man, and, in addition to being the mother of these children and in caring for them and keeping the home, she helped her husband make a living for the family. And this was before labor-saving machines had been invented or modern conveniences had brought comfort to the home. Her days went back to the time of the tallow candle and the spinning wheel. Her memory recalled trips to church in an ox wagon, and yet she never remembered being late at the service. The facts that have here been given are sufficient to cause any one to know that in this life there were some toils, hardships, and sufferings; yet she bore it all, not only willingly and uncomplainingly, but cheerfully. She was a sunny soul and never seemed to complain at the world or to find fault with what life held for her.

"Grandmammy" was born, reared, lived, died, and was buried in Carroll County, Tennessee. Her father was a prominent citizen of that county, and served one or two terms as a representative of the county in the State Legislature, in the long, long ago. He rode horseback to Nashville to help make the laws for the State. Some of her ancestors served in the Revolutionary War, and government markers at their graves tell of their achievements in that war for the freedom of the republic. In girlhood she attended church at Old Roan's Creek, and there she obeyed the gospel early in life. For some forty years or more she had lived in Huntingdon, the county seat.

When "Grandmammy" was married to E. G. Hall, he was a member of the Baptist church. No doubt she did what she could to teach him the way of the Lord more perfectly, but he had a more argumentative nature than she did. He was a more analytical thinker than she, but he was an honest soul and strong in his convictions. He went with her to hear the gospel preached, and that began to upset his Baptist views. Then there came a religious debate at Huntingdon between Brother James A. Harding and Mr. J. N. Hall, Baptist. "Grandpappy" knew that his Brother Hall would clear away his difficulties and completely rout "Campbellism." (Hall was a Baptist giant.) That debate did clear away his difficulties, but it did so by bringing him to a full knowledge of the truth and completely out of the Baptist denomination. From that time until his death in 1919 separated them, "Grandpappy" and "Grandmammy" were not only one flesh, but they were of one faith. They were

charter members of the church at Huntingdon, and helped to build the first house of worship that was ever erected by disciples in that town. For many years he was an elder in that church and she prepared the emblems for the Lord's table. When digression came, they were ruthlessly robbed of their house and shamefully mistreated and persecuted; but they, with a few others—the only ones who had helped build the house—remained faithful to the Lord. For years they struggled and were a pathetic and persecuted little band of "old fogies." But they never faltered, and "Grandmammy" lived to see the faithful far outnumber, outdo, and outshine the "digressives." However, her heart never ceased to bleed over the cruel hurt that was given it by those who were supposed to be Christians. She also grieved to see the house she helped to build, now in the hands of the "digressives," practically turned over to the bats and owls.

The Hall home was the preacher's home, and many of the older brethren now living, and many more of those who have passed on, enjoyed its hospitality. Better meals no preacher ever ate than those that were cooked by "Grandmammy." With a houseful of children and without servants, she could "keep" the preacher and attend every service of a meeting. And that was before eugenics, gymnastics, athletics, and swimming had come to make our women strong and robust!

"Grandmammy" loved everybody, and all who knew her loved her. It was said that everybody in her town came to see her during her last illness. Many of the older citizens of the county who had known her in a long ago visited her. She knew her departure was at hand, and she had completely put her house in order. She had requested that her son-in-law—this editor—preach her funeral, that her children sing, and that her sons and her brothers act as pallbearers. All this was carried out. She had told her housekeeper what to have for dinner the day she was to lie a corpse, when the children would all be at home. She had mentioned something that each child likes. She had named the table cloth to be used and designated the place at the table where each child should sit. Her whole thought was for her children, and the only fear and worry of her last days was that some of them might not be faithful in the service of the Lord.

The children are: W. H. Hall of Chattanooga, Tenn.; A. E. Hall, Huntingdon, Tenn.; Joe M. Hall, Nashville, Tenn.; B. H. Hall, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Pearl Hall, Birmingham, Ala.; and Mrs. G. C. Brewer and Mrs. Frank Lawler of Memphis, Tenn. The brothers: G. M. Woods, Huntingdon, Tenn., and W. D. Woods, Houston, Miss. The sister: Mrs. Oscar Holladay, Holladay, Tenn.

Those of us who have seen the machine age come in and the world accelerate its speed a hundredfold and bring prosperity, education, ease, and luxury into the homes of our land, but have witnessed the death, of hospitality and neighborliness, the demise of the home, the breaking down of moral standards, the increase of divorces, the obsolescence of both modesty and morals among women, the fading out of faith in God, and the carnival of crime that has come upon us, would be willing to give up our marvelous inventions and boasted improvements for a return of conditions that would produce men and women and mothers like "Grandmammy."

But "Grandmammy's" race has been run. Her labors are over. She served her generation well and honored her Lord in all her ways. She was tired and deserved her rest. Her crown was laid up for her. Her Master laid his hand upon her and bade her come home.

She will wait to welcome us there, and her mother heart will designate a seat for each child in that eternal home. May the circle be unbroken.

(This article is reproduced as first written. Since that time Grandmammy's brother, W. D. Woods, her sister, Mrs. Holladay, and two children, A. E. and Pearl have joined her in death. Uncle George Wood is still living in his ninety-third year.)

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G. C. BREWER
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Bro. Grover C. Brewer, minister of the Central Church of Christ, Chattanooga, Tenn., is one of our most brilliant young preachers. He is a graduate of the Nashville Bible School, and is a splendid speaker and writer. He has done a great work in building up the Church in Chattanooga. The Central Church is now one of the most active congregations in the South. We gladly welcome Bro. Brewer as one of our editorial staff.

The Christian Youth

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CHAPTER XI

WORDS REVEAL CHARACTER

(Written Especially for Young People)

By G. C. B.

"For the ear trieth words as the mouth tasteth meats."
(John 34:3).

No (quicker can one discern sugar from salt by the taste than can the ear distinguish the educated men from the uneducated by his words. A man may know nothing at all about mathematics and keep the fact hidden from his most intimate friends. He may be ignorant of geography, of science and of many other important branches of learning and still be able to keep from revealing this ignorance, but if he is unacquainted with the laws of language, he will betray this fact in practically every sentence that he utters. His words betray his ignorance, and even if one has been to college and is well-informed in many things, if one has either failed to learn the rules of syntax or has refused to put them into practice, one will never be suspected of having seen a college. Such an one's learning counts for nothing so far as the judgment of strangers is concerned. On the other hand, one who has never been permitted to take an extended course in school, but who has learned grammar and who has by good reading gained a good vocabulary, can easily pass for an educated person. Correct and chaste English gives a polish to a person that nothing else can give him and without which all else seems a failure. How important is the study of our mother tongue and the cultivation of correct habits of speaking!

But my caption states that words reveal character, and we must now consider that postulate. It is obvious to all that profane or obscene language at once declares to all who hear it that the speaker is not a Christian. It is universally understood that the use of such language is inconsistent with the profession of a Christian, and if one who claims to be a Christian is heard speaking profane or vile words, his hearers at once brand him

a hypocrite and no longer respected his claim. But no more certain is it that such language proclaims a man irreligious or a non-Christian *to all* than that to polite and refined people it also proclaims him coarse and uncultured. So distasteful and unpleasant is such language to refined people that there is a law on our Statute Books that prohibits public profanity. If a man swears in the company of men only, he is subject to arrest and fine. While this law is probably never enforced, there are cases on record where men have paid fines for swearing in the presence of ladies. There have probably always been *men* and *some* women who swear, but *gentlemen* and ladies never did swear, nor do they now. In summing up a man's character biographers never fail to tell of his habits and ability in speaking or writing. In his "Beacon Lights of History" John Lord said of Andrew Jackson:

"Here, then, I bring this lecture to a close with a brief allusion to those things which made up the character of a very remarkable man, who did both good and evil in his public career. His private life is unusually interesting, by no means a model for others to imitate, yet showing great energy, a wonderful power of will, and undoubted honesty of purpose. His faults were those which may be traced to an imperfect education, prejudice, a violent temper, and the incense of flatterers—which turn his head and of which he was inordinately fond. We fail to see in his the modesty which marked Washington and most of the succeeding presidents * * * In his conversation he used expletives not considered in good taste, and which might be called swearing, without meaning any irreverence to the Deity, although in later life he seldom ever used any other oath than 'By the Eternal'."

Thus we see that one of the presidents of the United States leaves a blot on his page in history by his habit of using "expletives not considered in good taste, and which might be called swearing." But we observe, too, that in extenuation of this fault the historian attributes it to "an imperfect education." This proves our statement that polite, refined, educated people do not swear or even use expletives. But in contrast of what is said of the uncouth Jackson let us hear what the same author says of the most loved son of the South, the honored leader of the Lost Cause, Robert E. Lee:

"Most striking among the characteristics of General Lee which made him so successful was his exalted and unmatched

excellence as a man, his unselfishness, sweetness, gentleness, patience, love of justice, and general elevation of soul. Lee much loved to quote Sir William Hamilton's words: 'On earth nothing great but man: in man nothing great but mind.' He always added, however: 'In mind nothing great save devotion to truth and duty.' Though a soldier, and at last very eminent as a soldier, he retained from the beginning to the end of his career the entire temper and character of an ideal civilian. He did not sing the man in the military man. He had all a soldier's virtues, the 'chevalier without fear and without reproach,' but he was glorified by a whole galaxy of excellences which soldiers too often lack. *He was pure of speech and habit, never intemperate, never obscene, never profane, never irreverent.* In domestic life he was an absolute model. Lofty command did not make him vain.

"The Southern army had one prominent officer with a high ecclesiastical title, the Rt. Rev. Lieutenant-General Leonidas Polk, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Louisiana, commanding a corps in Bragg's army. He was killed in a battle at Pine Mountain, Ga., during Sherman's advance on Atlanta. Stonewall Jackson was so famed for his rather obtrusive though awfully real piety that men named him the Havelock of the Army. But none who knew the three will call Lee less a Christian than either of the others. He prayed daily for his enemies in arms, and no word of hate toward the North ever escaped his tongue or his pen. He had the faith and devotion of a true crusader. His letters breathe the spirit of a better earth than this. Collected into a volume, they would make an invaluable book of devotional literature. No wonder officers and men passionately loved such a commander, glad, at his bidding, to crowd where the fight was the thickest and death the surest."

The only point that is really pertinent in this study is the declaration that, "He was pure of speech and habit, never intemperate, never obscene, never profane, never irreverent." But I could not refrain from letting our young people see one more paragraph of this great man's history and now I cannot refrain from exclaiming, God grant a return of the age that would produce such men!

These quotations are sufficient to show that swearing and obscene language do not belong to a gentleman. But some modernist is ready to reply, "Oh, yes, but times have changed since the days of Lee and Jackson. Even girls swear now I To

this we say, Yes, times have changed much for the worse, but *moral principles* have not changed and *cannot change*. Harlots swore in the days of Lee and Jackson and so do they now. If swearing among women has become more common, so has harlotry. To the extent that our morals have changed since the days of Lee to that extent we have lost our American, and especially our Southern, customs and ideals, and have fallen under the influence of foreign looseness and immorality. Do the boys who went across the waters to fight want our women to take up the habits of foreign women? No, they do not. No man, who is a man, respects a woman who will swear publicly. And a man who is not a man would not hesitate to make any advance of her that opportunity allowed. If he failed he would attribute his failure to her *fear* or to some personal whim and not to her regard for moral principles. And in that judgment he would be correct. She has demonstrated that she has neither culture nor morals. Therefore, a self-respecting woman will not swear nor will she permit a man to swear in her presence. Gentlemen do not swear anyway or anywhere.

This may seem to be a radical statement to the ultra-modern youth, but it will have the endorsement of all preachers, teachers and leading business men. Put it to the test.

But we cannot close this article without giving some quotations from God's word on this subject. Read them carefully and consider what they say if you "would love life and see good days."

"A soft answer turneth away wrath, but *grievous words stir up anger*." Prov. 15:1.

"The words of the pure are pleasant words." Prov. 15:26.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Prov. 25:11.

"Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God; For God is in heaven and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few." Eccl. 5:2.

"Shun profane and vain babblings, for they will increase unto more ungodliness; and their *words* will eat as doth a gangrene." 2 Tim. 2:16, 17.

"He that would love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil and his lips, that they speak no guile." 1 Pet. 3:10.

"Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying that it may minister grace to the hearers." Eps. 4:29.

"Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt." Col. 4:6.

"But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment. For, by thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." Matt. 12:36,37.

"And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day,
For every vain and idle thought
And every word I say?
How careful ought I then to live!
With what religious care,
Who such a strict account must give,
For my behaviour here!"

(Published in *The Cleburne Christian*, October 1922.)

CHAPTER XII

WORLD WAR I: THE DEATH OF OUR YOUNGEST BROTHER

Nothing that has ever happened since I was born into this world has affected my life as much as the coming of World War I. War had played a large part in the lives of my parents and of my grandparents and through the devastation of war, I was probably deprived of a considerable inheritance. And I had heard my uncles talk of war and I had heard other men tell tales concerning the Civil War by hours, for I was born just twenty years after the war was over and practically all the men who were living then and during my boyhood days had themselves been through the war. It was always a topic of great interest and men could tell stories that would stir the very depths of my soul. Sometimes it horrified me at the thought of what they did; at other times I was thrilled by the stories of courage, heroism and suffering. But I thought that was all long past. I didn't think that the human race would ever again engage in such a thing as a bloody and cruel war.

I had been reared under the teaching of Brother David Lipscomb and I believed it was wrong for Christians to participate in civil government in any sense. I didn't want to buy bonds or savings stamps or contribute one penny toward the shedding of blood. This was the teaching under which all of us had been reared and no member of our family had ever voted. Woman Suffrage was not here then but there were four of us boys and all of us old enough to vote but not one of us had ever exercised this privilege.

Then the war came and we were called to answer roll call. I had no trouble at all in getting a deferred classification first of all because I was a preacher and had been preaching for about twelve years. I had a wife and a daughter. Moreover I had just passed my thirty-first birthday on Christmas Day preceding the declaration of war in April. The first draft call included men from twenty-one to thirty-one and I was, therefore,

not in the first call. This, however, did not excuse me from what the brethren expected me to do and the Government required of me. I must buy liberty bonds, savings stamps; I must make speeches for the Red Cross, for the selling of bonds, etc. I tried to confine my speaking to Red Cross speeches and did not make very enthusiastic speeches on any other point. But my greatest trial came when I was called by boys who were conscientious objectors and did not want to answer roll call. I was, as I have said, called upon to defend these boys before the draft boards.

Congress had passed a law that allowed any person who belonged to a church whose creed forbade them to bear arms to claim exemptions. This took care of the Seventh Day Adventists, the Quakers and some others. But those of us who had no formulated creed, did not belong to a denomination, were not given the advantages of this law. If we went before the Board and claimed exemption because of conscientious objections and if we said we had been taught that all of our lives, we were faced with the fact that some members of the board were members of the church of the Lord and they had not been taught that and they would reply that they had never been taught any such doctrine. And so the difference between our own brethren on this point made it almost impossible for young men in World War I to obtain even noncombatant service on the ground of conscientious objections.

My mother was then living in Huntsville, Alabama and she was keeping house for my brother Robert and my brother-in-law, Eulous Key, and taking care of two of her grandchildren, Sister Lillie, the mother of these children having died in 1913. My youngest brother Will or William Calvin, although he was away from home and working at other places, had called Huntsville his home and had registered there. He had signed as a conscientious objector, but this had been given no consideration. The day that he answered the roll call, I went with him before the board to appeal for them to recommend that he be given no combatant service. The board would not hear us but said that the Appeal Board, the District Board was meeting in the city now and that we might take the case before the board to see what action we could get. We went to the room where this board was in session but they would not admit us. We waited in the hall until they adjourned for noon. When they went out of the room to get their lunch, Brother Will and I went into the room and sat down on the front row of seats. As the men came

back in and just before they called order and went into formal session, the chairman asked us what we were there for. And thus began the debate. Without their having called order or declared themselves in regular session, we argued for some two hours. Brother Will and I both had something to say but I was acting as attorney for him and made the plea. If there has ever been a time when the Lord gave me what to say at the moment, it was on this occasion. I whipped those men down and brought them to tears and, whereas they had been very harsh and abusive in their first arguments, their attitude changed and they showed great respect and even some sympathy for me and for my brother. They finally said that it was not in their place to give the boy noncombatant service but that it would be the place of the commanding officer in the camp to assign whatever work he wanted him to do. Thus we took our leave of the committee or the board and all of us in good humor.

Then we got the elders of the church at Huntsville and some preachers who had known Brother Will all his life to sign a statement that he was a Christian, that he had been reared in a sheltered life and knew nothing of the rough outside world and didn't want to become a combatant.

These papers, however, seemed to do no good and Brother Will was assigned a place in the camp. He later went into officers' training as he wrote me that he had discovered that a commissioned officer would not be sent overseas to engage in actual fighting unless he was able to buy several uniforms and officer's outfit and that he would have to have at least five hundred dollars extra in money. Brother Will knew that he had none of these things and he believed that by being a commissioned officer he would be left in this country to train men to drill and give them other training in preparation for their duties. He didn't write us he was in the officers' training school until he was nearly ready to graduate and then he wrote me and asked me to let him have one hundred and fifty dollars to let him buy this officer's outfit. I was getting ready to get this money to him when a telegram came to Mother notifying us that Brother Will was seriously ill. The awful influenza epidemic had struck the camp and men were dying by the hour. I went to camp and was with Will in the hour of his death. The story of his death, the story of my experiences by his bedside have been told in another book that I have written. There-

fore I will spare the reader the emotional stain that would be placed upon him if he read again this heartrending story.

Will was the baby of our family—he was the youngest child of the family to reach adulthood. He had known very little of our father but he had considered me as an older brother and also as a father and I had looked upon him as a son and a dependent. This made his death all the more sad for all the family. And as for my life, it has never been the same since World War I, and this sad experience of loving a brother who was so violently opposed to going into war in any sense.

I have not had less faith in God, but I will have to confess that I have had less confidence in my fellow man since that experience than I had before. I will also confess that life has not seemed as precious to me since that experience. Human life has become progressively cheap as war and tragedies have multiplied and I now hear talking of many of our fellow men being expendable. This may belong to war and war moments but it can't have any part in the feeling of a man who loves life, believes that every individual is one of God's own creatures and that God holds that individual responsible for the way he spends or the way he loses his life. Sherman has been quoted as saying that "war is hell." If we had the conception of hell that some of our ancestors held this would be an adequate description but hell itself has become obsolete in the thinking of the modern world; But as we have tried to abolish hell for the future, they have done all they could to turn this world into a hell itself.

CHAPTER XIII

PROHIBITION AND POLITICS

It has always been the policy of the Gospel Advocate to keep out of politics, and I, as a department editor, sincerely hope ever to abide by and to help maintain that policy. This has ever been my own policy. I have never taken any part in political affairs. I have never even voted in my life. But when moral and Scriptural principles become political issues, we who have been all our lives contending for these principles cannot, if we are true to God and humanity, abandon these principles to self-seeking, office-hunting politicians and allow them to delude, degrade, and damn millions of souls. We cannot stand aside and keep silent while political demagogues make campaign issues and party shibboleths out of eternal principles. But there are those who seem to think that a preacher of the gospel should surrender his position on vital issues when those issues get mixed into a political campaign. *Even some professed Christians take that view.* And this is the strongest argument that can be made against Christians' taking part in politics. The fact that they—some of them—will surrender vital, fundamental Christian principles in favor of a political party nominee is enough to prove that Christians should not be politicians. They will even crucify Christ at the behest of political bosses.

Does this seem to be an exaggerated statement? It is not. Years ago I heard Brother David Lipscomb make a similar statement, and I thought at that time that he was wrong, but I have now lived long enough to see that he was right.

My debate with Judge Ben Lindsey on "companionate marriage" has been indorsed and commended by Christians everywhere. I have been urged to lecture on this subject at many places. Yet in one sense this is a political question. Our proposition for debate was: "Resolved, That companionate marriage as advocated by Judge Lindsey should be legalized." Of course I was on the negative side, but the issue involved the repeal of such laws as now interfere with the practice of companionate



Grandpappy and Grandmammy Hall
(Parents of Mrs. G. C. Brewer
and pillars of the church at Hunt-
ingdon, Tenn.)



Mrs. Virginia Maxey Brewer
(Mother of G. C. Brewer)



(J. C. Brewer
(In Austin, Texas, Feb., 1921)

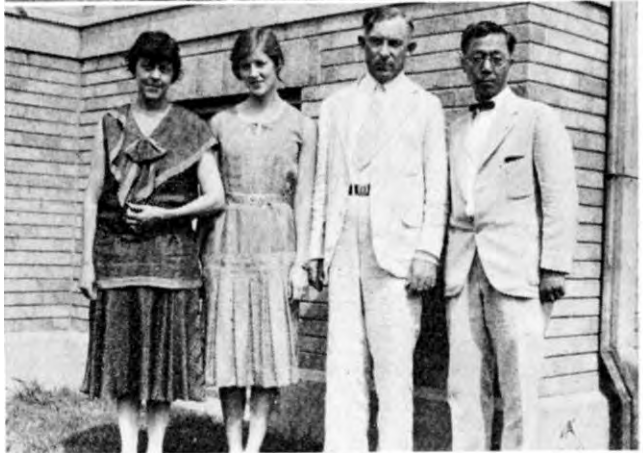


(J. C. and Will Brewer

(Left to right): Mother Brewer, Liza Brewer Burns (Sister) (I. C. Brewer, Bob Brewer, Rose Brewer Wells. (Photo made at sister's home, July, 1926).



The Brewers with S. K. Dong, Korean evangelist, beside Union Avenue Church about 1931.



Horace Busby, (J. C. Brewer, J. Leonard Jackson. (Photo in front of church building, Columbia, Tennessee, October 19, 1938.)



marriage and the enactment of such laws as would make the practice legal, convenient, and regular. At the present time no political party has championed this issue and no party nominee is an advocate of the theory, and therefore all my brethren agree with me and support me in the fight against this gross evil. But just wait till it gets to be a question in a political campaign. Just let Judge Lindsey get some money sharks and some political demagogues behind him, and let them seize some political party by the throat and force the nomination of Judge Lindsey for office, and then I shall expect the political bosses and the newspapers, and even a few of my brethren, to tell me to hush up on this question, to keep out of politics, to preach the gospel, to confine myself to the pulpit, etc. They will forget that marriage is a holy ordinance, that the home is a sacred institution, and that any corruption or perversion of marriage is disobedience to Almighty God and will result in the condemnation of immortal souls. But gospel preachers must not forget this, and they must continue to teach the truth on marriage, regardless of what politicians say or how angry some brethren who love party more than principle, and who bow to demagogues rather than to God, may get. The truth on this question cost one faithful servant of God his head. But the politicians who beheaded him lost their *souls*. So John the Baptist was the winner, after all. So will it ever be.

Whatever laws any State or nation may have or may not have on the question of marriage and divorce cannot change the laws of Jehovah, and Christians must always obey God rather than men.

This same principle applies to the question of drink and drunkenness. *Prohibition* may be a political issue, but *temperance* is a moral law. Drunkenness is a social question and a problem for criminologists. Alcoholism is a problem for medical men and psychologists, and sobriety is a divine requirement. We sadly need an educational campaign on the dangers of drink and the ruinous and damning effects of drunkenness. Ahtiprohibitionists are organized to the nth degree, and they are expending millions of dollars to create sentiment against prohibition laws and to popularize drinking. The whisky flask has become an essential part of the paraphernalia of a society man or woman, and it is the "regular thing" to serve drinks at all society functions. At college banquets and even at high school picnics and class suppers whisky is usually present and drinking is done by

both the boys and the girls. And even drunkenness on the part of both sexes is not unusual. The young people say that a boy or girl who does not drink these days is almost as rare and quite as unpopular as a boy or girl who does not dance. Dancing, smoking, and drinking are all prevalent and popular, and those who do not do all these things are the exceptions and not the "regulars" of today.

This situation is lamentable! Yes, it is appalling! What has brought about this state of affairs? The antiprohibitionists will all answer at once: "Why, the prohibition law. The Eighteenth Amendment." They are howling that from the housetops, blaring it over the radio, flashing it on the screen, and preaching it through the press. They unhesitatingly declare that conditions are worse now than when we had open saloons. They blame the increase of crime on prohibition and point out that the Eighteenth Amendment has engendered a general contempt for law and authority and has corrupted officers of the law by bribes; that it has resulted in "racketeering" and "gang" rule; and that it has taken whisky out of the saloon and put it in the home, and has therefore made drunkards out of women. They say that many more women drink now than when we had saloons. They aver that there is much more drinking among the *youth* now than formerly. O, they make out a bad case, and the serious part of it is that they do not have any trouble in proving that these conditions exist. We have to admit that these conditions do exist, but we question their argument at two points:

Are conditions really worse than when we had legalized saloons? And (2) is prohibition the cause of these conditions?

Before we attempt to answer these questions let us consider some countercharges that are made by prohibitionists. They say that our present bad conditions were brought about by organized "wet" propoganda and by the absolute lawlessness, lack of patriotism, and the un-Americanism of the "wets;" that the prohibition laws were made in regular order according to the fundamental principles of our government; that our government is "of the people, by the people, and for the people," and that, therefore, when a majority of people want anything, the minority must submit or else be untrue to our democratic form of government. The Eighteenth Amendment was added to the Constitution by due process, according to constitutional provisions. It was ratified by the legislatures of *forty-three* States,

when only a two-thirds majority was needed. *No other amendment was ever ratified by this many States.*

But those States that did not ratify, and those individuals and organizations that were against the amendment in the States that did ratify, all with one accord refused to accept the law and began to declare that it was unfair, not regular, a war measure; that it was not representative of our people; that only fools and fanatics wanted this law. They discounted, scoffed at, belittled, and defied the lawmaking bodies of our country and all our constituted authorities, even the Supreme Court of the United States. They raised the voice of *rebellion* throughout the land, and seemingly no single "wet" in the whole United States has ever for one moment *willingly* submitted to the law. They have never even said: "Our opponents have beaten us and the prohibition law is now a part of our national system of laws, a part of our American government, and as patriotic citizens we will submit to it and help to uphold it until such a time as we can change the sentiment of our people and secure the repeal of this law." No, indeed, they have not said that. They have defied the law from the beginning. They have held it in contempt in others. They have spread a propaganda of contempt. They have spent millions of dollars to popularize drinking, to burlesque the law, and to make it appear as evidence of independence, of superior intelligence, and of modern liberal thinking to defy the law. Thus they have corrupted our immature, unthinking, unrestrained girls and boys.

This in part answers the two questions submitted above, but they shall have a fuller consideration in our next issue. It is not the political aspect of the question that we as Christians are concerned about, but it is the effect upon our youth that this political propaganda and these political controversies are having that gives us deep concern. And that our youth may not be deceived by the fallacies of the political howlers and thus led into habits that will wreck and ruin them, we must expose these fallacies. Readers, bring these things to the attention of the young people. Ask them to read the Gospel Advocate.

—*Gospel Advocate*, April 16, 1931

CHAPTER XIV

VIRGINIA MAXEY BREWER GOES TO BE WITH HER LOVED ONES

Virginia Maxey Brewer was born near Lawrenceburg, Tenn., March 16, 1857; and passed away in the home of her eldest child, Mrs. S. M. Burns, at Decatur, Ala., March 12, 1944. She lacked only four days of having lived in this beautiful, but wicked, world eighty-seven years. In compliance with a request which she had made many years ago, her funeral service was conducted in the Poplar Street Church, at Florence, Ala., and she was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery of that city beside her husband and three of her children. Included in her request was the desire that her eldest son, the writer of these lines, preach the funeral sermon and direct the whole service. She desired also that her grandsons be the pallbearers. Eleven of the grandsons are in the uniformed forces of our country, and some of these are on foreign shores. She also has three grandsons-in-law now in the service. Only two grandsons were present at the funeral. Charles R. Brewer, a son, and Leon C. Burns, a grandson, who are both well-known gospel preachers, helped in the funeral service, and all the family joined in the singing of one song, which had been sung at our father's funeral forty-three years before. Such was the singular service conducted as the earthly finale of a unique person by an unusual family. That this was such a person and that she gave to the world such a family the following life sketch will show.

Virginia Maxey lived as a maiden with her father and mother for twenty-three years. Her father, Isaiah Maxey, was a Primitive Baptist preacher, who was so strict that he did not allow his little girl to play with dolls or to have a picture made (we have no tintage of him), because he thought such would be a violation of the second commandment, "Thou shalt not make . . . any likeness of anything," etc. There was certainly no opportunity for worldly pleasure during this period of mother's life, although she was devoted to her parents and never wanted

to displease them in anything, and they adored her, she being the child of their old age—the only child of this marriage. For twenty-one years she was the wife of Hiram Brewer (November 27, 1879-July 15, 1901), during which time she became the mother of ten children. This fact alone will give some idea of the cares and sufferings of that period. The children in the order of birth were as follows: Mary Eliza, Lillie Belle, Ada Florence, Grover Cleveland, Robert Larimore, Rosalie, Charles Richard, William Calvin, Emma Pearl, and Mamie Sula—six girls and "four boys.

Then for forty-three years she was a widow (1901-1944). During the early years of this period she had the task of rearing her fatherless children, and the last five or six years of which she was an invalid. Truly, mother had a checkered career and a life filled with sorrows. Yet she was a proud soul, and she never bowed her head under the buffetings of misfortune, nor did she falter in her faith in the dark hours and the trying experiences through which she passed.

Isaiah Maxey came from Virginia and settled in Tennessee in the early part of the nineteenth century. His people had come from Scotland, whether before he was born or when he was a child, we do not know. He reared a family in Tennessee, consisting of four sons. (This writer thinks there were two daughters also who died in childhood, or at least unmarried). The eldest of these sons, James Radford Maxey, went to California in the gold rush of 1849. The other three sons, though they were married and at least one of them had a family, enlisted in the Confederate Army and were lost in some of the battles of the sanguinary sixties. The armies of the blue and the gray seesawed across grandfather's farmland some of them or guerrillas or "bushwhackers" burned his barns and other buildings, drove off his cattle and hogs, and rode away on his horses. When the frightful carnage was over, the war had killed his sons, freed his slaves, robbed him of all his livestock, and burned all his buildings. Grandfather was left, an old man, with only some acres of devastated land and with a little girl to rear. Mother remembered those days, and often spoke of the bitter tears that her father and mother shed over the tragic experiences through which they were passing. She recalled with what hard labor her father who before the war had more or less retired, rebuilt his home and endeavored to recoup his fortune.

Mother remembered the very day when Sam Davis was hanged. She was in Pulaski with her parents that day.

Thus Isaiah Maxey was robbed of the family of his first marriage. James Radford, although he had gone out of the borders of what was then the United States before his father's second marriage and eight years before the birth of his little half sister, Virginia, the subject of this sketch, continued to write to his father as long as that father lived, and then he and mother, although they never saw each other, carried on a correspondence as long as he lived. His wife's name was Sierra Nevada Maxey, and among mother's keepsakes we find letters from her in which she describes the death of James Radford Maxey. He was a miner, and was swept away and drowned in a cloudburst near Ventura, Calif., in about 1893 or 1894. If any persons who knows about that incident or who knows any members of that Maxey family chances to see these lines, this writer would be glad to hear from that person.

In his second marriage, Isaiah Maxey, from the viewpoint of Baptist doctrine—though according to his belief it must have been decreed—made the mistake of marrying a woman who was a simple Christian—a member of no denomination, but a faithful member of the body of Christ. She was Eliza Warden, a maiden lady of middle life when she married the Baptist preacher, a widower well beyond middle life. As said above, mother was the only child of this marriage. We Brewer children know nothing of Eliza Warden and her people, except we know that she had a bachelor brother, Richard Warden, with whom she lived till the time of her marriage. He was a merchant near Wales Station. He died a bachelor, and is buried on the farm he owned at the above-named Giles county town. But we know that Eliza Maxey never accepted the religious views of her husband, but lived and contended for the New Testament simplicity in doctrine and life. She faithfully and thoroughly taught her little girl, and as a result she now has grandsons and great-grandsons preaching the gospel. She has been dead more than fifty years, but she "yet speaketh." Mother was visiting away from home—probably through grandmother's design—when she had the opportunity of hearing T. B. Larimore through a series of sermons. She accepted the gospel and was baptized by T. B. Larimore in Richland Creek, Giles County, Tenn. The name of Brother Larimore was ever a household word with us.

Mother attended only the country schools of her girlhood, but she mastered the elements of an education. She was an excellent grammarian and an expert speller. We children never used a dictionary when mother was around.

Some ten years or more after the war, an ex-Confederate soldier by name of Joe Brewer, who was said to be a brilliant young man with good education, came from Lauderdale County, Alabama, into Lawrence and Giles Counties, Tenn., and began teaching schools which were supported by subscriptions from the patrons. Virginia Maxey was one of his star pupils. In course of time, Hiram Brewer, the youngest child in a family of fourteen children, came over into Tennessee to visit his older brother, Joe Brewer, the honored pedagogue of the community. On this visit Hiram met Virginia Maxey. The wedding which followed and the ten children who were born to this union have already been mentioned.

The Brewer family in Alabama had suffered from the war in the same way the Maxey family had been reduced. There were more Brewer boys in the war than Maxey boys, however, but fewer of them failed to return. Grandfather Brewer, however, died from grief and anxiety over the fate that had befallen him. Hiram, his youngest child, was reared without a father, and he and his sisters wrested a living from the earth with only hand tools, the livestock having been stolen or killed by soldiers or marauders.

After their marriage, Hiram and Virginia lived on Isaiah Maxey's farm. Then later they lived in the Maxey home and cared for Isaiah and Eliza Maxey until they were called from the earth. All of the ten Brewer children, except one, were born on the old Maxey farm. As all other members of his family had so long been gone, Isaiah Maxey willed all his property to his daughter, Virginia Maxey Brewer. But after grandfather's death, the father of some of his great-grandchildren—children of a daughter (now dead) of one of the sons lost in the war—laid claim for his children to a share in the property and threatened to break the will in court. This was the beginning of sorrows for mother. Mother and father decided to give the man what he claimed without court action. In order to meet this demand, they mortgaged the farm. Thus the matter was settled, but the farm was encumbered.

Father was unable to make a living and clear enough to pay off the mortgage, so after several years of toil and worry he and

mother decided to sell out, pay off the debt, and take what they had left and go into business. This they did. They moved to Wayland Springs, Tenn., then a summer resort and watering place, where father operated a store and a stock stable. Here the first death occurred in the family. Little Emma Pearl, a bright sweet baby girl, died of pneumonia. The mother's grief over the loss of that babe will never be forgotten by any of us who were old enough to remember it. But at Wayland Springs another girl was born, Mamie Sula.

But father did not do well in business here, and before he lost all he had he decided to go over into Alabama and try raising cotton in the more level and fertile lands of the Tennessee River Valley. Accordingly, he leased a large plantation some eight miles from Town Creek, right on the Muscle Shoals of the Tennessee River. Our home was less than a mile from where the Wheeler Dam is now situated. Because of the fine fishing, hunting, and swimming which we enjoyed here, some of us children look back upon the years we spent here as the happiest of our lives. But we know now that those were the saddest years which our mother ever knew. We were there in 1895-6-7. There was a depression. Lint Cotton sold for three cents a pound. One year there was a drouth and a complete crop failure. Father was cultivating the plantation with the aid of share croppers; and when they made nothing, he could not see them starve, so he fed them from a grocery store in Town Creek. As a result of all this, father and mother lost all they had, every dollar of it.

In wagons, some of them supplied by neighbors, we moved to Florence, Ala. We landed there penniless, but father found work in some of the industries of that town, and somehow we lived on what he made—about \$1.25 a day or \$30 a month.

The third year after we came to Florence little Mamie Sula died with pneumonia. The next year father died with a congestive chill—malaria. The next year the third child of the family, a girl (Ada Florence), just older than this writer, died of typhoid fever. Thus poverty and disease and death did their uttermost to break mother's spirit and throw us all into the discard for keeps. But mother's courage never failed and her faith in God never faltered and her belief in her ambition for her children never waned for a moment. She constantly preached to us that we were not of the beggar blood, not of quitter stock, and that there was not an ounce of surrender inclination in our whole background. She taught us to do right and trust

God, and she never for a moment doubted that we would win the fight both in time and eternity. She never countenanced wrong in any particular, much less compromised with it, and she never in her life tolerated a shady transaction, whatever might be involved. She was a stickler for perfection, and did not always make proper allowance for human weakness.

For eleven years death missed our family. During this time Eliza, the oldest child, had become the wife of S. M. Burns, and Lillie, the second child, had been married to Eulous Key and was the mother of two children, a boy and a girl. Then Lillie fell a victim of the white plague, and mother took her two children and cared for them during their tender motherless years.

Our home was now broken up, all the girls having married, the youngest living girl (Rosalie) having become the wife of Boyd Wells. The boys were away in school, working their way. For a year the four boys were in the Nashville Bible School, and mother was matron of the boys' dormitory. Then because she had to care for the two little grandchildren she gave up this position, and we tried to establish a home where mother could stay and where we could come when opportunity was afforded.

Then came the war of 1914-18. The four boys registered, but only one was drafted (William Calvin), and mother's heart, which had been so hurt in childhood by war, was again thrust through by the cruel shaft of war. Her baby boy (William) died of pneumonia in the base hospital at Camp Pike on October 14, 1918.

Father and five children were now gone, and mother and five children remained, and for twenty-six years death passed us by—the longest period in mother's life in which she was not called upon to weep at the open tomb.

For many years mother made her home with Brother Sam and Sister Eliza Burns, and a better daughter and a more patient and considerate son-in-law no mother ever had. They have the praise and gratitude of all the family. During mother's invalid years the tenderness and the solicitude with which sister cared for her has never been equaled. The neighbors join us in this sentiment and statement.

Mother is now gone to that land that war can never devastate, death can never invade, poverty can never blight, sin can never

soil, and where sorrow can never cast its shadows over the threshold of her eternal home.

Five children remain, who in the order of age are: Mary Eliza, Grover Cleveland, Robert Larimore, Rosalie and Charles. Richard. There are now also twenty-one grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren to revere the memory of Virginia Maxey Brewer.

This whole family joins in expressing sincere appreciation to all who participated in the funeral service and to every church and to every individual who sent flowers or telegram or letter or card to any or all of us. If anyone does not get a personal note of thanks, it will be because of a mislaid message and not because of intentional oversight. May our Father in heaven—our mother's God—abundantly bless all who loved her or who ever showed her children any kindness.

CHAPTER XV

YOUTH, MARRIAGE AND MORALS

Within a year's time I have received more than a dozen requests to write on the subject of trial marriage, divorces, and kindred matters. These are not pleasant themes for either thought or discussion. But that there is an imperative need of sound, scriptural teaching on all of these issues must be apparent to all students of present world conditions. It seems true that many of us are not students, or even observers, and we are blissfully ignorant of what is going on around us. In fact, the house is falling in on us, and we are so completely engrossed in wrangling with each other about what color we ought to paint the house the we do not know that unless we can check the present disintegration there will soon be no house to paint. Or, to speak without the figure, unless we can check the present tendency to disregard the teaching of the Bible in our moral and social lives, all faith and all civilization will soon be gone. *Then what force will our contention for a scriptural platform have?* We would better bestir ourselves in an effort to teach the practical side of Christianity—to impress the moral ideals of the Bible upon our children and upon other young people of the world. Doctrinal discussions will be necessary as long as error is taught, but a debate on what is or what is not scriptural presupposes that both sides believe the Scriptures and profess to walk by them. But what are we going to do when the people almost universally denounce the oldest and most sacred principles of Bible teaching as "worn-out, valueless banners of virtue?" But do we not have to admit that these banners do "flap dismally in the tornado which sweeps across the world?"

Mrs. Walter Ferguson is a columnist who may or may not be widely read, but the following paragraphs from her pen not only express her views, but they report the efforts of "many noted leaders . . . to study the problems of youth and marriage." We shall not assume that all these noted leaders held Mrs. Ferguson's views, but we shall see that their interest in these problems is

significant. Read what this woman columnist says and wake up:

"They'll Live in Sin"

"Assembled in New York City recently were many noted leaders, the ubiquitous Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt among them, to study the problems of youth and marriage.

"The opinion seems to be unanimous that girls and boys should be able to marry when they fall in love, somewhere in the early twenties, let us say. Only, as conditions are now, they can't marry, most of them, because they haven't either money or jobs and very small prospect of obtaining them soon.

"It should, then, be obvious that the only way of getting around such a condition—shocking as it may sound—is for them to live together without being married. I assume, if they are normal beings, this, at least, is the solution which will first present itself to them. As alternative there is trial marriage, which to certain old-fashioned souls is only another name for the looser relationship.

"I can hear some of you gasp. It is a gasping subject. But, just the same, there it is—plain, blunt, and inescapable. No use to cover it up with platitudes, no use to preach, no use to cry.

"Whenever a society is so badly arranged that young people cannot marry they will do the next best thing. Nor will the next best thing appear to them any evasion of the moral codes. Neither will it mean that they particularly like having to resort to what must seem sometimes a shabby subterfuge.

"For there is a vast difference, sensed by most boys and girls, between the happiness which comes from illegal or im-permanent unions and that derived from a sharing together of home and life—from merely living together and being husband, wife, and parents. Those who have been cheated of the latter state have, in my opinion, a legitimate grudge against society, and you can be perfectly sure society will pay some way in the end.

"We babble meaningless nothings when we talk about chastity, self-control, and hope to poor and homeless young people. They need new moral codes—codes which will help them in their peculiar and awful predicament.

"Worn-out, valueless banners of virtue which would set a stigma upon the natural and inevitable, and which are now held aloft by an inept society, flap dismally in the tornado which sweeps across the world." Printed in the Press-Scimitar of November 16, 1934.

If this were the first time that Mrs. Ferguson had ever written anything in that strain, or if what she here says did not express a view that is common today, we would not notice it. But let us observe:

1. *That these noted leaders are creating the problems instead of solving them.* At first the uninformed man may conclude that these problems of "youth and marriage" have been brought on by the depression and the consequent unemployment situation, but those who are familiar with this type of philosophy and propaganda know that these same leaders—both noted and notorious—were trying to solve these same problems for the youth long before the depression came upon us. Judge Lindsey put out his books to solve these problems back in our most prosperous period. He advocated "companionate marriage" as a cure-all. Christian people repudiated Lindsey and his theory, and most of them now think that theory a dead issue; but it is a fact in *very common practice all around us*, and now here is Mrs. Ferguson and others going one step further and omitting the formality of even registering as entering a relationship. The brave and clean and high-principled youth of our age did not know that they had any problems except those that had come to all generations before them until these agitators began to try to solve (?) these problems for them and to suggest to them that any rule of restraint or law of self-control was worn out and valueless; that "conventional marriage" is a failure; and that all ideas of purity are "prudery." Certain leaders are determined to overthrow our social order, to wreck our domestic, religious, and governmental systems and institutions. In order to bring about promiscuous sex relations they must destroy whatever natural modesty and reserve and self-protection the untaught may have. This they have done and are attempting to do by various methods. Just a few months ago a college in Ohio dismissed a teacher because he said in his classroom that "*modern men do not want their women pure.*" Another "noted leader" of the same propaganda, in discussing the problems of youth and marriage, tells us that it is necessary that the modern girls marry earlier than their mothers did. Why? Has nature changed? No, but the modern girl is "emotionally prepared" much earlier than was her mother, we are told. What prepares her? Why, he says our modern manners—the *dances*, the *picture shows*, the *modern literature*, and all our habits and education—prepare the girl early in life to the extent that she must not

be expected to live a chaste life! Therefore, she must have some sort of an improved marriage! *What an indictment of our habits and education!*

We have seen that the present agitation and furor in reference to the problems of youth have been caused by propagandists who are determined to overthrow our social order. Of course it would be too much to say that every one who discusses these questions is such a propagandist; for since this new social philosophy has taken hold of the people, we all have to face the changed situation and do our best to meet the problems that the change of ideas and habits has brought upon us. Then there are those who have engaged in the propaganda more or less innocently just because it is popular to discuss these things and because they want to appear to be *modern and liberal*. Millions of people are like the Athenians in that they like nothing so much as to hear and to tell something new. Especially is this true if the "something new" takes the color of religion or philosophy, and, therefore, marks the one who proclaims it as an independent thinker and a bold pioneer on the intellectual frontiers. But the trouble with this social philosophy is that there is nothing either *new* or *intellectual* about it. The only thing that makes it appear new or that gives it any distinction is the fact that it is a *revolt against*, and a *repudiation of* established standards—the same standards that led the world out of paganism and out of the social quagmire into which it is now fast returning. This is the same philosophy that prevailed in Rome, Alexandria, Athens, and Corinth before Christianity was brought as the only hope and remedy of a ruined world. These same social practices were enervating the Roman Empire and destroying the fabric of a Greek civilization when Paul wrote his Epistles to warn Christians who lived in the midst of those adulterous people that "they who practice such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." The Christians of this age are in a position to better understand the Pauline warnings and admonitions than any people have been in ten centuries.

Continuing our examination of this corrupting propaganda as it was voiced by Mrs. Ferguson, we observe:

2. *That the solution offered for the problem creates the gravest problems that society has ever had to face.* If we admit that the youth of this age have problems peculiar to the times, we certainly are not helping them with their problems when we recommend a course that will weight the world with woe and fill

it with crime. If boys and girls are taught to live together without the benefit of marriage, or any other legal or honorable relationship to each other, who does not know that cases of the "American Tragedy" will be multiplied a thousandfold? Who cannot foresee that the number of illegitimate and foundling babies will force society to build a hundred homes where one exists today. How can sane people believe that they can solve the problems of society by throwing away all civilized order and organization and by turning our young people into virtual beasts?

Oh, we know these propagandists will say that they will prevent the above problems by spreading scientific knowledge! But they have been spreading all the scientific knowledge they have for more than a decade, and abortions and diseases have nevertheless increased.

If the depression, unemployment, the "collapse of capitalism," or whatever is wrong with the world, *has* created a difficult situation for young people and thrown upon them problems different from those that their fathers faced, they can never solving their problems by the opposite sexes preying upon each other, by ignoring the time-tried laws of morals and decency. They will have to meet their problems as man and women have always met the problems of life—*by a fair partnership*, by a mutual sharing of life's burdens. Man's experience in the different ages and among all the races has proved that this is best done in monogamous marriages—one woman for one man and the two united for life. The Author of man's being ordained this arrangement, and human experience has proved the wisdom of it. "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and the two shall become one flesh: so that they are no more two, but one flesh." (Mark 10:7,8). "Let marriage be had in honor among all, and let the bed be undefiled: for fornicators and adulterers God will judge." (Heb. 13:4.)

Poverty? The vast majority of the people who go to make up our nation were reared in poverty. Our fathers and mothers married, they made their furniture by hand, built their homes and dug their living out of the earth, or wrested it from the wilderness. They constructed their homes and made their furniture without machinery, and they whipped and fashioned the raw materials into garments for their bodies without any of our modern inventions. Parents reared large families without most of the modern means now used to make the difficult prob-

lems more pleasant and bearable. Just two or three generations back, even from the rising generation, our fathers and mothers had no bathtubs, no furnaces to heat their homes, no heating stoves, no cooking stoves, and no sewing machines. They had no ice in summer and no electric fans. They had no electric lights or automobiles or radios. They had nothing to do but to "fear God, and keep his commandments," to help each other, to fight together, to take a living from nature and to enjoy it together.

But we are told that conditions are different now, and that we cannot live as our fathers did. Certainly conditions *are* different now, and truly *some of us cannot live* as our forefathers did. We are weaklings and cannot survive the crudities and hardships that our fathers conquered. Luxuries have robbed us of our hardihood, and socialistic propaganda has unsettled our souls and made us dissatisfied with our place in life. It has filled us with envy against the more fortunate and hatred for the successful. It has endeavored to poison our hearts against all that is moral and religious. Instead of inspiring us to use our resources to meet the challenge of life, it has a tendency to rendered us helpless and dependent and to claim that the rich or the state or somebody *owes us something*. If we are taught to fight, it is to fight our fellow men, and not to fight the hardships of life. *There is where our trouble lies—it is in our system of philosophy and education.*

But even if the boys and girls do not have any jobs and cannot find any, they are going to live some way—both sexes will live—and it would be better for them to marry and starve together in honorable relationship than to throw away their honor and starve separately. Or it would be better for them to marry and steal for a living than to steal each other's virtue and respectability and thus to rob future humanity of all civilization. Or if the state is going to nourish them with Alphabet Soup, it would be far better both morally and financially to feed them together as husbands and wives than to feed them in licentious liaisons with all the foul progeny of crimes and tragedies that will follow.

Having considered this question from the sociological point of view, we may now in the same manner examine—

3. Those "worn-out and valueless banners of virtue." As long as the human race endures, self-control will be a necessity and chastity will be a precious and prized possession. One would as well talk of the principles of honesty and truthfulness being

worn out and valueless as to place purity in such a category. Any man or woman who does not recognize this is a moral pervert, and it is a lamentable fact that the public prints of this age are being gorged with the effusions of morons and perverts. That unbridled lust is ruinous to both the bodies and souls of men, the slums of any city will demonstrate. There are many human wrecks whose behavior is unmentionable and whose ruin is beyond remedy. Our prisons and asylums are full of such depraved specimens—the dregs of the human race, who, as a rule, grow worse instead of better. Their minds feast upon the vile, and they engage in mental debauchery. These are senile criminals, and the institutions of the world are full of them. They practice the most revolting abnormalities.

Who does not know these facts? Will those clamorous propagandists for license and libertinism who denounce and decry the "worn-out and valueless banners of virtue" dare to tell us that men will become such miserable perverts by the practice of self-control? by living true to an ideal of virtue? What one man does, others can do. We are all of one flesh, and what unrestrained passion has done for one man it will do for others. Will these professed champions of the cause of youth advise our young people to adopt a course in life that leads inevitably to the gutter and to the penitentiary and to the insane asylum? That is, exactly what some of them, are doing.

The conference of "noted leaders" which was referred to above agreed that young people should be able to marry somewhere in the early twenties, and the woman columnist whom we quoted said that if they are not in position to get married, then they will live in sin.

If the ideas of virtue are worn out and valueless for young people in the twenties, why are they not also worn out and valueless for those in the teens? *Why teach that which is valueless to anybody?* If chastity and self-control are to be practiced by anybody at all, *by whom and at what age?* When should such practice begin, and when would it become valueless?

Let these corrupters of our youth, these disseminators of sinister ideas, these procuresses of the vice dens, answer these questions. Do they want virtue eliminated from the earth? If not, who should possess it or practice it? Also, why call it valueless?

The nations that have followed the pagan rules of life that these propagandists are now recommending to our youth show

us exactly what harvest we may expect to reap from this sowing. In India children begin lives of lewdness at an unbelievably early age. Because of these things they have millions of "untouchables," and some of them are "unthinkables." It is a race of people who have sunk to a plane of living unspeakably base and vile. That is the state into which society must inevitably come if we regard virtue as worn out and valueless and so teach our youth.

Regardless of what modern purveyors of immoral ideas may think of virtue, and regardless of what effects upon society their teaching may have, *Christian people* cannot give any sanction whatever to the views they hold—*much less adopt and practice them*. Christianity is a remedial system. It came to save the world from the sin, the suffering, and the death into which these very ideas and practices had brought it. It was founded in an age when these dissolute practices prevailed, and some of the early converts had been guilty of these very vices before they learned of Christ, and the inspired teacher warned them not to be deceived by the specious arguments that were made by professedly wise ones of that age, and told them that they had been sanctified and cleansed from these base practices; to return to them would be to forfeit the kingdom of God. (1 Cor. 6:9-20). "Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with men, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortionists, shall inherit the kingdom of God. And such were some of you: but ye were washed, but ye were sanctified, but ye were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the Spirit of our God."

Hear the apostle as he states the Sensualist's arguments and then answers them (the italicized words are the exact words of Scripture; the others we supply by way of comment or paraphrase):

Sensualist: "*All things* (meats) *are lawful unto me* to eat."

Apostle: "Yes, *all things are lawful unto me* to eat, *but all things are not expedient* or proper for food. They may be hurtful to health; or they may be too expensive. All things may be lawful for me, but I will not be enslaved by any kind of meat or any other desire of my flesh.

Sensualist: "*Meats for the belly, and the belly for meats*", the stomach was made to digest foods, and foods were designed by

nature for the stomach. It cannot be wrong to do that which is natural."

Apostle: *"But God shall destroy both the stomach and foods; he is the maker of both, and they belong to him and are designed to be used to his glory. The body does not exist for the sole purpose of enjoying foods, even if eating is a natural function. It is intended to sustain the body while it performs the work for which it is created. It is easy to see the implication of your argument about the stomach and meats, O ye Sensualist, but your conclusion is wrong. Fleshly laws may be natural, yet they must be controlled and limited, else sin follows. The *body is not for fornication, but for the Lord.* (I Cor. 6:13)*

"Or know ye not that your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit which in in you, which ye have from God? and ye are not your own; for ye were bought with a price: glorify God therefore in your body. (I Cor. 6:19-20.)

CHAPTER XVI

CHURCHES FOR WHICH I PREACHED

In listing the churches for which I have preached, I mean only those churches with which I have lived and labored as a regular minister. I have preached for hundreds of churches throughout the United States in special services and in protracted meetings. In my early preaching life I had no thought of ever being what we now call a minister of the church. My idea was that a preacher was intended to "go" and preach and not "stay" and preach. This also was the idea that I had been taught both in school and from the preachers whom I had heard in the pulpit. I preached, therefore, without having any appointments made, just by going into a community and starting a meeting in a school house; or where the brethren had a church building and were not meeting regularly, I would go to that community and preach and just go home with the neighbors, a different one each night. Sometimes we could reestablish the congregation and in some instances I held meetings under bush arbors and before the summer was closed, we would have a meeting house at that spot. I received no stipulated amount for my preaching, nor would I have allowed anybody to pay me in that way. It was my idea that it was wrong for a preacher to set a price and it was even wrong for the brethren to name a price when they employed him for preaching. For ten years I preached without any salary whatever. I accepted the support that was offered to me and in most places, it was very meager. Nevertheless, I lived and was able to finish my schooling and my work went on.

The first congregation with which I agreed to labor as minister was the Central Church in Chattanooga, Tennessee. I had lived at Lexington, Tennessee and preached twice a month for the congregation there and the other two Sundays of the month were given to this or that place in my "circuit." But I still did not look upon my self as a "minister," and did not receive a stipulated salary.

The brethren in Chattanooga decided to establish a Central Church in that city and they rented the Masonic Temple and began meeting in it. The first meeting had only eleven persons present. Brother Elam helped to establish this cause and went from Nashville to Chattanooga to preach each Lord's Day for some weeks. After that he recommended that they get me and he advised me to go preach for this little mission church. For some months I commuted, because I was still in school in Nashville, and preached for the church in Chattanooga each Lord's Day. Upon my graduation from the Nashville Bible School I went to Chattanooga to live and labor in that city. Brother Beall promised room and board in his home if I would come and preach in that city. This was the first stipulated offer I had ever had and it offered no money at all. I accepted the offer, however, and went to Chattanooga. I preached for the Central congregation but I did not confine my labors to that congregation by any means. I held tent meetings in all parts of the city. I established the St. Elmo church and helped to establish some other congregations. When the Central church grew to about one hundred and twenty-five members, they began paying me at the rate of \$75.00 a month. They decided this themselves and didn't ask me about the amount or consult me at all; they began paying me at that rate. It was at this point that I went over to Western Tennessee and brought my bride to Chattanooga. We lived and preached on seventy-five dollars a month. For five years I labored with this congregation. Then I had an offer to come to Columbia, Tennessee and preach for what was then known as the First Christian Church but which is now the West Seventh Street Church of Christ.

This was a fortunate move for us. Because of the fact that we had had such a hard time in Chattanooga, we felt it necessary to have some type of change. The amount that we received at Columbia, Tennessee, not stipulated by me but provided by the congregation, was one hundred dollars a month. This was not paid out of the treasury because some members of the church opposed their having a regular preacher or what they called a "pastor." This was a large congregation and the people were very hospitable and kind to us and our work there was successful and yet it was very much needed. The congregation was badly divided in sentiment and there were two or three elements in the church that didn't get along with each other at all. In the providence of God, however, all of them together supported us and

agreed that I was the very preacher for that place and time. I didn't become involved in any of their wrangles until trouble arose in the Tennessee Orphan Home which was then located in Columbia and the superintendent of the home was one of the elders of the church. This brother had been in a constant fight with those digressive and discordant elements in the church for a good many years. Eventually they got charges against him which they took into the civil court. He declared to me that he was not guilty and I stood by him and publicly defended him. He, however, either was guilty or else he was made to believe he was going to be railroaded into the penitentiary or the electric chair and he ran out of the United States. I felt so keenly this disappointment and felt that I had been so wrong in defending a man who seemed to be guilty that I decided to leave Columbia. All elements of the church came to me and told me that I was not at all to blame, that they all knew that I was sincere in the matter and none of them would hold it against me. Nevertheless I felt I had made a mistake and so I resigned. Looking back on it from this distance, I feel I made the biggest mistake I ever made in my preaching life, in resigning from Columbia.

We then accepted work with the church at Winchester, Tennessee. This was a good church and an old church but it was not as large as the church at Columbia and while it didn't have any discordant elements in it, it was very much set in its way. It had inherited all of its views from Dr. Gizzard who was then deceased and they continued to hold his ideas and to follow his teaching in all that they did. My work there, however, was pleasant and I could have stayed on and they even offered me considerable more money than I had been getting if I would stay. This was during World War I times and prices had soared in nearly everything else and so the brethren felt it would be necessary to pay me at least two hundred dollars a month if I would stay with them. However, I had had a spell of pneumonia in the Spring of 1920 and I decided to move to Texas. I had been in some meetings in Texas, one with Brother G. Dallas Smith at Cleburne. My first call came from the University church at Austin, Texas. We moved there in November 1920. However, about the time we landed in Austin, Brother G. Dallas Smith had died suddenly at Cleburne, Texas. That church was then one of the largest churches in the state of Texas. It offered the greatest opportunities that I had ever had offered to me. So after

I had been at Austin some few months, the call came to move to Cleburne and I accepted this call. The work at Austin was pleasant and we had nothing against anybody in that city and there was no trouble in the church. But we felt that the call to Cleburne was a promotion and offered much greater opportunities than we had ever had before and in that respect we were not wrong. We moved to Cleburne in the Fall of 1921, less than one year since I had moved to Austin and during the greater part of the summer of 1921 was back in Tennessee and Alabama holding meetings. I have never in my life given my entire time, to any congregation. I have always held anywhere from five or six to a dozen meetings every year of my preaching life.

At Cleburne we found it necessary, in order to get a way for summer meetings to employ someone to fill in for me. Therefore, for the two or three summers that we lived and labored at Cleburne, we had some men to fill in during the summer months. Morgan Carter was there one summer; Brother J. N. Armstrong was there one summer, and I think my brother Charles filled in there one summer also. (I did summer work at Sherman, not at Cleburne, C.R.B.)

In the Fall of 1923 we received a call to move to Sherman, Texas and to take up work with the Walnut Street church. Practically all of my life the name of Sherman had had a charm for me. Before I ever began to preach I heard and read about T. B. Larimore's meetings with that congregation which at that time was called the Houston Street Church. Sister Brewer and I visited Sherman. We found it a quiet college town with many more trees and hills than Cleburne had and we felt that it was almost like we were moving back to Tennessee to go to Sherman, Texas. If I had made a mistake in leaving Columbia in 1917, I am sure now that I made a mistake in leaving Cleburne in 1923, as my work there was then in the very height of its success. But I have always believed that the providence of God has guided in my decisions and I am sure that if I made mistakes, the Lord overruled them, not only for my good but for the good of all of his people.

We stayed at Sherman for five years and a little more and had a very happy and successful work with that good church. When I gave up the work, I went into the evangelistic field for full time and was gone from home practically all the time. Then there came a call to Union Avenue Church in Memphis, Tennes-

see. This church at that time had built the largest and the most expensive building that any of our brethren anywhere had yet undertaken. They had been given attention by the whole city of Memphis, had received unusual publicity in the newspapers and some very unfavorable criticism in some of the religious papers. But because I felt that this offered me a real challenge and because my wife's health was so poor, I felt that it was due her that I be at home more than I had been since I quit the church in Sherman. Therefore, I accepted the work with the Union Avenue Church in Memphis.

We stayed with this church for six and a half years and what success we attained may be told by others and has been told numerous times. We had a struggle in the meeting of a heavy debt during the depression years, but in the goodness of God we came out of it and that church has continued to grow and to prosper and is today one of the most active churches in the whole brotherhood.

Again I gave up local work and went back into the field to hold meetings. One reason for every change that I have ever made was the fact that the churches for which I preached objected to my being gone for so many meetings that I held each year. I didn't like to stay where people objected to what I was doing and I had no intention of giving up meetings. Consequently I gave up this church for the same reason I had given up Sherman and went into the field. After preaching in the evangelistic field for a while, I went to California for some meetings and while I was out there I was offered the work with the Twelfth and Hoover Street Church which is known as the Central Church of Los Angeles. Sister Brewer agreed to this move which we both believed would be more or less temporary. We stored our furniture in Memphis, and lived in a furnished apartment, in California. The work at this church was pleasant and it was during our stay there that Pepperdine College was built and some people give Mrs. Brewer and me some credit for getting Brother Pepperdine to build this school. After the school, however, went into operation, I became convinced that Brother Pepperdine and some others who were helping to operate the school had not been thoroughly converted from "Sommerism," and they did not want to make Christians in the class rooms. They felt that this would be the school taking the place of the church. Hence they called for a Bible department—the Department of Religious Education. They taught the

Bible simply as a part of religion, merely as a theory; at least, that is what we saw in their efforts and we were sorely disappointed in this. As to what the school is doing now and what the attitude of the teachers is, I am not attempting to say, I am only telling the problem that we encountered in the beginning of the work.

About this time a call came for us to take work with the church at Lubbock, Texas and like all the others that we had ever received, I, at least, believe that this one was providential. I learned that the brethren at Lubbock, Texas, knew that I had not been in California very long and they thought it would do no good to approach me about coming back to Texas. But one of the elders said; "I am going to take a chance; I am just going to write him a letter and see what he says." As a result of that letter we moved to Lubbock, and began our work with the Broadway Church in that city. This was one of the finest churches I had ever known and our work there grew and prospered and we set in motion the effort to do world wide mission work in the post war period. We were in Lubbock during World War I I . We also began the agitation of building a new church building. We had made some start toward the building but on account of the war conditions, we did not complete it. After laboring with this church about six and a half years, I again faced my old problem of going out and holding more meetings than the church thought it proper for me to do and I turned loose the work and again went out into the field. After I had been in the field some months, the brethren in Memphis, Tennessee decided to establish a new church on Jackson Avenue some two miles north of the old Union Avenue Church. They organized a congregation and began meeting with one hundred and nineteen members in a borrowed hall and got on the wire and began to persuade Mrs. Brewer and me to come back to Memphis and take up the work with the Jackson Avenue Church., We accepted this call and came back to Memphis with the understanding we would help them get the church established and then I would go on with my evangelistic work. We took this opportunity to get back to Memphis because we thought Memphis was one of the most central locations of all for a man who was in the evangelistic field. So we came to Memphis.

Our work with the Jackson Avenue Church proved to be the longest tenure that we had ever spent at any place. We labored with this church for about eleven years. We gave up that work

in order to give time to writing and especially to the editing of the Voice of Freedom.

I have omitted to tell that I was appointed an elder of the church at Union Avenue in Memphis. Then I was made an elder of the Broadway Church in Lubbock, Texas and after coming back to Jackson Avenue, I was asked to be an elder in that congregation and that position I still hold. We still work with the Jackson Avenue Church and I am still considered an elder in that body.

In brief, this tells the story of the churches for which I have labored. Of course, we could go into many details and tell some very hard trials that we had, some very glorious victories that we won, some very touching and emotional circumstances through which we passed; But anybody who is acquainted with a preacher's life knows that it was filled in with things of this nature.

Sometimes we see a man and his wife celebrating a golden anniversary. That is a day of rejoicing and it marks a real achievement. But nobody would attempt to try to tell all the experiences that such a life has held, the heartaches, the care for the children, perhaps the funerals of some of the children, perhaps a tragedy that they may have had in the family. One's imagination could fill in here and know that those fifty years of married life had not been years without trial and tribulation, without tears and sorrows, as well as years of joy and rejoicing. Just so it is in relating the story of a preacher's life. He can tell you of the number of years he has preached, of the number of places he has lived, the number of moves he has made, but he would have to trust the imagination to fill in the details and try to relieve the years that are now "gone with the wind."

CHAPTER XVII

"CONFESSION AND THE PLAN OF SALVATION"

The following letter from one of our soldier boys will state the questions that this article hopes to answer:

"Dear Brother Brewer:

"I am badly in need of a most frank answer concerning the plan of salvation from scholars. I need this for three parties that they might clearly know what is really taught by the Bible and scholars too, as it seems they stumble over scholars.

"It is not a question of a formal confession, but whether or not it pertains to the plan of salvation. Here is the issue:

"Is an unformal confession something one must do as a condition of entering into the church, or is it this, not a must, but *a natural* step in asking for baptism? If we take the last one, we are regarding confession on the same grounds that Baptist regard baptism.

"Perhaps the reason this has not been made clear in the past was due to the fact that no one was known to have taught the plan with only *three steps*.

"We might put it in the form of questions: Does the plan have four steps or three? Or this: Is it essential, in order to have remission of sins, that the confession mentioned in Rom. 10:10 be made before baptism? Brother Lipscomb said that confession was necessary in coming to Christ, but did not make it clear whether or not it was the confession taught in Rom. 10:10.

"A man told me that Thayer says the Greek for 'saved' in Rom. 1:16 and 10:9,10 means eternal salvation. How could this be true when there was another Greek word meaning 'eternal salvation'? (Heb. 5:9) And what is the Greek for 'eternal life'? (1 John 2:25) How about 1 Cor. 15:1,2—is the 'salvation' there taken from another Greek word? Does not Rom. 10:16 and other verses in that chapter show that Paul is talking about obedience to the 'faith which we preach'?"

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"If a person dies following baptism without confession with the mouth, what will Jesus do on the judgment day about it? (Matt. 10:32.)

"One of the men I know uses Thayer and the facts that confession is not in the Great Commission or in Acts as a part of the plan of salvation that one could not give a reason for teaching a sinner that he should confess Christ as Lord or the Son of God with the mouth.

"Pfc. Xenophon W. Morgan, 38561249
 "AAF CONV. HOSP. (ZI),
 "1076th AAFBU, Sec. E,
 "Ft. Thomas, Ky."

R E P L Y

1. Let me say, first; that there seems to be too much emphasis on a "plan" in the mind of the author of this letter. He is not alone in this manner of thinking, either. Some of us have observed this in the writing and preaching of some of our young preachers. It is hoped that the attention of these fine young brethren will be attracted to this article, and that the point here made will be given serious thought by them. Because in becoming a Christian we are not wholly passive and the helpless subjects upon whom a given act is performed, but are instead, moved by divine influence to perform an overt act of obedience, there seems to be a tendency on the part of some to think of this "obedience of faith" (Rom. 1:5, 16:26) as a ritual, a legalistic rite, a ceremony comparable to the "divers washings" or purification processes of the Mosaic law. This is a grievous mistake. To put stress upon a "plan" and the specific items and steps of that *plan* may lead to a wrong conclusion. We are saved by a *person*, not by a plan; we are saved by a Savior, not by a ceremony. Our *faith* is in that divine personage—that living Lord—and not in items and steps and ordinances. We are saved through faith in Christ and on account of our faith in Christ, and not because of a *faith in a plan*. Sometimes we are led to fear that some people only have faith in faith, repentance, confession, and baptism. Think of it—faith in faith, faith in repentance, faith in confession, faith in baptism! That sort of faith can never save a soul. Our faith must be *in Christ*. We must trust his grace and rely upon *his* blood and look for and expect his healing mercy. To trust a *plan* is to expect to save yourself by your own works. It is to build according to a *blueprint*; and if you meet the specifications, your building will be approved by the great In-

spector! Otherwise you fail to measure up and you are lost! You could not meet the demands of the law! You could not achieve success!

That is all wrong, brethren! We have a Savior who saves us. We throw ourselves upon his mercy, put our case in his hands, and submit gladly and humbly to his will. That is our hope and our only hope.

By *faith* we lay hold upon Christ. This faith *acts*, but it is still faith. Faith is not supplemented by baptism, but faith is expressed, actualized, and made perfect by baptism. This baptism—the only overt act in conversion—is faith demonstrated—faith reaching out for Christ, faith taking hold of the outstretched hand of mercy.

The Bible reveals a Savior, not a plan by which man may serve himself. The expression, "plan of salvation" is not found in the Bible. The idea may be scriptural or it may not be; that depends on what your idea is. What men usually mean by the phrase, "plan of salvation," is not merely the steps a sinner takes in becoming a Christian, but the whole "scheme of redemption," the provision God has made for man's salvation through Christ. This may correctly be called a "plan" or a "scheme," but to make a ritual and call it a "plan" is not correct or scriptural. We should strive to use "sound words," "sound speech," as well as preached "sound doctrine." (1 Tim. 1:10; 6:3; Tit. 2:8). And the way some of us use the expression, "plan of salvation," is not "healthful." (See margin of above reference.)

2. No one has ever denied through the Gospel Advocate that we must confess Christ. Certainly Brother Lipscomb never denied this. He taught, and still teaches through his books, that *we must confess Christ if we want him to confess us*. This is just what the New Testament says. That it is essential to confess Christ is made unmistakably plain in many passages. (See Matt. 10:32; Luke 12:8; John 9:22; 12:42; 1 John 4:15; 2 Jno. 7). There has never been any difference of opinion among Bible scholars on this point. But as to *how this confession is to be made is the question* that men discuss, and about which they sometimes differ. Some men seem to think that this is a certain definite confession that is to be made in a fixed form of words just prior to baptism, and that, like baptism, when this is once done it is forever over. Others contend that we must confess Christ all along through life, and that we can do this in word and in deed, in profession and in practice, in

creed and in conduct, in look and in life, in willing and in walking. If we confess Christ, he will confess us. Does anyone suppose that Christ will confess each one of us in a formal statement—the same words in a definite form for each person? If we deny him, he will deny us. Can we deny Christ in only one way, and that in a stereotyped statement? Of course not. It is plain that one who claims to be a Christian can deny the faith—deny Christ—by his conduct when that conduct is only a negative attitude toward the teaching of Christ—an omission or a neglect. (1 Tim. 5:8). In like manner we confess, own, and honor Christ when we submit to his word and conscientiously follow his teaching. We are told that the Pharisees confessed, that there are angels and spirits, and that there will be a resurrection. (Acts 23:8). Are we to suppose that this was a formal confession that the Pharisees made as a part of a ritual? Do we not know instead that this was their well-known creed—a doctrine they avowed? To espouse a doctrine, to align yourself with a view or a principle, is, therefore, to confess that doctrine, view, or principle. When one submits to the word of Christ, lives according to the teaching of Christ, and wears the name of Christ and prays daily in that name, can anyone say that such an one has not confessed Christ?

3. We are authorized to baptize *believers*. (Mark 16:15; Acts 8:12; 16:31). We cannot know that a person is a believer until he indicates it to us. How can one indicate or make known to us the fact that he believes? The quickest and most direct way that one can assure us that he believes is to tell us in words. Hence, we, except in some unusual case or in some extraordinary circumstances, ask the one who wants to be saved if he *believes*. We do this—at least some of us do—not in order to have the person *meet the demands of a plan* or to take one of the several steps that are required in becoming a Christian, but *that we may be assured of his faith*. Even if we read the King James version of the story of Philip and the eunuch, we will see that Philip did not require him to confess, but to *believe*. (Acts 8:34-40.) In assuring Philip that he did believe—the thing demanded by Philip—he made a confession: a confession of the *faith in Christ*, which, after all, could be thought of as something different from *confessing Christ*. It is evident that many will perforce *confess that Jesus is Lord*, who will not *believe* unto the saving of their souls. (Phil. 2:9-11)

4. The steps or conditions of salvation as set forth in the Great Commission are *three* and only *three*. (Matt. 28:16-20; Mark 16:15,15; Luke 24:46-49; John 20:23; Acts 1:1-8.) And this is all we find in the cases of conversion in the book of Acts. On the day of Pentecost the people who had taken the first step—they were convicted, they knew assuredly or believed confidently—were told to take the other *two*. (Acts 2:26-38.) Saul, who had taken the *two steps*, was told to take the third. (Acts 22:16.)

There is neither precept nor example for a formal confession as a condition for remission of sins. To believe unto righteousness is just as essential the last day a Christian lives as it was the day he became a Christian. Likewise confession with the mouth is essential to the end. "With the lips we"—Christians—"make confession"—*not did make a confession* once and for all. (Heb. 13:15.)

5. The word for "salvation" is the same word in all the passages cited. It is *soteeria* in the Greek. The word "eternal" is an adjective that may or may not be attached to the word "salvation" (*soteeria*) or the word "life" (*zoe*). The Greek word for "eternal" is *ionion*. The word "salvation" frequently means "eternal salvation" even when the adjective is not used. This is true also of the word "life." The context will show what salvation or what life is referred to without the adjective. The adjective only lends emphasis to the word.

6. The position taken herein does not treat confession as the Baptists treat baptism. They make baptism a nonessential, but we see that it certainly is essential that we confess Christ.

7. It is all right to consult scholars as to the meaning of words, or even as to the teaching of the word of God. They usually agree on these points. However, we must not put our faith in scholars, but in the Lord Jesus Christ.

MORE ABOUT THE CONFESSION

Some weeks ago we published and answered some questions on the *confession* which were submitted by Xenophon W. Morgan, who is now serving in the army uniform in an army hospital, but who seems also to be a preacher of the gospel. And it appears now that he is more inclined to argue his point than he is to seek help. He wrote us a cordial letter thanking us for the treatment given his questions, but he submits some arguments on the point of a *formal confession* which he seems to think are definite and conclusive. He says, if we understand him,

that he does not contend for a *formal confession*, but for a *confession with the mouth* before baptism and as a prerequisite to baptism. But from this contention no one dissents, unless the contention is that the confession must be required to be made in a regular, stereotyped, standardized form and manner. No gospel preacher would baptize any person who would not or had not avowed faith in Christ. Baptism itself is the strongest possible avowal of faith in Christ—not only of faith in Christ as a teacher whose word the candidate is then obeying, but also of faith in his death, burial, and resurrection, of which baptism is an eloquent symbol. But a literalist and legalist will rejoin: "Baptism is not done with the mouth!" It is not very probable that one could obtain baptism at the hands of a gospel preacher without *saying something* with the mouth to express the faith in Christ that had led one to ask for baptism. But this will be treated further in the reply to the things Brother Morgan says.

In reply to what Brother Morgan says we hope to be able to help him overcome what seems to be a manifest tendency toward legalism and ritualism, and also to point out how easy it is for one to use a multitude of Scripture citations and apparently to reason logically upon these passages and still be guilty of fallacies. Read the following observations:

1. *Is there a Division Over the Confession?* Brother Morgan has been asking various brethren for their views on the confession, and he thinks that he has found such a difference of opinion as to justify the suspicion that the brethren are divided. If Brother Morgan could read the Gospel Advocate files, he would find that this question has been discussed in these pages for three-quarters of a century. About the last time that it was discussed (we are trusting memory here) was in 1915. It was a part of the old "rebaptism" controversy. The brethren who argued that persons *cannot* or *do not* receive scriptural baptism at the hands of a denominational preacher based one of their arguments upon the fact that denominational preachers do not require and take the right sort of confession. They made, as does Brother Morgan, a formal confession one of the steps of obedience to the gospel, a perquisite to baptism and a statutory law of the New Testament. This contention the Gospel Advocate *denies*. But, despite all this, the *brethren everywhere are completely agreed and are practically uniform in their practice!* This is probably the reason the discussion has been long ago discontinued. And for the same reason it should not be revived.

1. G. C. and Mary Brewer, 1925 Jackson, Memphis, Tennessee, 1944.
2. Christmas, 1943, Lubbock, Texas. Brewers with daughter Elizabeth (Mrs. Perry Mason) and grandson. Perry. Big Perry is overseas.
3. G. C. Brewer, Perry, Joan Hall (now Leland) on campus at DLC in 1910.
4. T. W. Phillips, G. C. Brewer, W. P. Reedy, 1936.
5. G. C. Brewer and Perry, 1944.
6. G. C. Brewer and Perry, 1939.
7. A snap of G. C. Brewer.



1. After a fishing trip in Valdosta, Georgia, 1931.

2. Making ice cream. If one were near he could see (J. C. sticking his tongue out the side of his mouth—a sign of hard work!

3. Happy Grandparents.

4. Made in Tyler, Texas, July 5, 1910.

5. (i. C. Brewer and the light of his life: Perry and Molly, about 1950.

2. *Did the Holy Spirit Add a Condition of Salvation That Is Not Found in the Great Commission?* Our brother contends that the conditions of salvation were not completely revealed—were not all revealed—until the Holy Spirit came. In proof of this he quotes John *14:25; 16:8-13. He also cites Luke 24:46-50 to show that immediately after giving the apostles the Great Commission, Christ promised to send upon the apostles the Holy Spirit. It is easy to see here that the brother has the wrong idea both as to the *commission* and the *promise*. He seems to think that the *commission* was given to name the *steps of salvation*; but that, owing to the weakness of the apostles, the Lord could not now reveal all the steps (he could not tell the apostles that *confession* is one of the steps; that one alone must be left unrevealed now because it was one of the things the apostles could not bear (Jno. 16:12), but he promised to send the Holy Spirit upon them to make them able to bear the truth that *confession is one of the steps* or conditions of salvation! This is pitiable! First, because it assumes that the *commission* is a *ritual of salvation*; and, second, because it assumes that the apostles could not now bear to be told that to confess Christ is necessary, when Christ had told the apostles this long before his crucifixion. (Matt. 10:32; Mark 8:38.)

The *commission* was not a *ritual of salvation*. It was the authorizing or the giving of authority to the apostles to proclaim salvation to the world in the name of Christ; to bear witness of him—witness of "these things"—viz., the death, burial, and resurrection of Christ. Any condition of salvation in the *commission* other than the fact that it is in, by, and through Christ is incidental. That is why the conditions are not named at all the places and not all of them named at any place. (Read all these: Matt. 28:16-20; Mark 16:14-20; Luke 24:44-50; John 20:22,23; Acts 1:1-8; 10:42,43.)

The *promise*, the baptism of the Holy Spirit, was to give them *power*; to witness with them. (Luke 24:48; John 15:26-27; Acts 2:32,33; 5:32; 15:28; Heb. 2:4.)

It is true that the Holy Spirit was to guide the apostles into all truth and to reveal the complete will of Christ to and through them and to make known to them things they could not bear—before the Spirit came. This was all fulfilled, and among the things that they could not bear, but later learned through the Holy Spirit, were the facts that the kingdom is a spiritual, universal realm and rule of Christ and not a national, Jewish

political power; and that the Gentiles are included in the provisions of the gospel; that God now saves both Jews and Gentiles by grace and through faith in Christ. (Acts 15:8-11.)

If the Holy Spirit were to come for the purpose of revealing unto the apostles, to whom alone this promise was made, that a formal confession is one of the steps of salvation, how does it happen that this promise was not fulfilled? Not one of these apostles ever laid down this law, and in no case did they demand that men make such a confession before they baptized them. Yet they were specifically asked, "What shall we do" to be saved? They told these inquirers what to do, and we should feel safe in telling sinners today to do exactly what the Holy Spirit told these sinners to do. He did not tell them to confess. *In solemn fact, they had already done that!*

Since none of the apostles upon whom Christ promised to send the baptism of the Holy Spirit ever taught the law of confession—or made a formal confession one of the steps in the process of becoming a Christian—how dare we to teach such a thing? But our brother says Paul taught it, and he forms an argument that he thinks forces us to the conclusion that Peter also and in like manner taught it. He reverses the telescope. Instead of measuring Peter's teaching by what Paul says, he should understand Paul's statement in the light of what Peter taught, because (1) Peter was the one who had the keys and was one of those to whom the Lord promised the power and the guidance, and (2) Peter was telling sinners what to do to be saved for the first time—laying down the conditions which would be ratified in heaven and would last throughout the Christian age; whereas Paul was discussing the great theme of salvation by faith in Christ with those who had long ago obeyed the gospel and been made free from sin. Paul and Peter preached the same thing exactly. Yea, verily; but neither of them laid down the law of a formal confession as a step of obedience in becoming a Christian. No inspired man ever taught such a thing as that! The statement from Paul which the younger brother relies upon was made many years after the gospel of our salvation had been preached with the Holy Spirit sent down from heaven. (1 Peter 1:12.)

3. *What is a Formal Confession?* Brother Morgan says he does not contend for a formal confession. By formal confession he is probably thinking of a confession made in exactly the same words and in the same number of words each time. For this

he does not contend, but for a confession with the mouth in *some form and number of words* as a prerequisite to baptism. What he contends for is exactly what we call a formal confession—a confession according to an established order; in conformity to a rule; a regular, required step in a process; a part of a ceremony. The brother is so obsessed with this *required step* idea that he thinks if we do not place the step before baptism that we will put it immediately after baptism. The formal confession must be made on one or the other bank of baptism, he thinks. May the Lord help him to get from under this idea of a "plan" and a "ritual," and to see the sublime and glorious truth of salvation through faith in Christ.

4. *The Word of Faith Which We Preach.* The "we" in this sentence included all the apostles and include all gospel preachers in all ages of the world. But our correspondent thinks that the "word of faith" makes a formal confession one of the conditions of salvation. He makes the "word of faith" a *ritual of salvation*, just as he does the Great Commission, except that it takes them both to get the complete ritual. "The word of faith" and "the ritual of salvation" are the very antipodes of thought. Two more incongruous ideas could not be expressed. "The word of faith" is the glorious announcement that we are saved *through faith in Christ*, and not by law, not by works, not by ceremony, and not by ritual. This faith conceived in the heart and openly avowed will certainly bring the blessings of salvation. So Paul taught in Rom. 10:9,10.

"The word of faith" is the same as "the word of this salvation" (Acts 13:26); "the word of righteousness" (Heb. 5:13); "the word" (Mark 16:20; 2 Tim. 4:1,2; Acts 10:36; "the faith" (Judge 3:1 Tim. 1:4,5; 8:2 Tim. 4:7; Gal. 1:23). "The faith" and "the gospel" are just two names for the same thing. Paul declared that if any man or angel from heaven should preach any gospel other than that which he had preached, that man or angel should be anathema. Yet in the same chapter he says he preached "the faith." (Gal. 1:23.) Paul preached the gospel, he preached the word, and he preached the faith. The church is the "household of faith" (Gal. 6:10), because it is composed of those who become children by faith (Gal. 3:26,27).

Paul says the word of faith is nigh thee. With the Jews anything difficult to obtain or to understand was considered far off. (John 8:18-21.) But that which is simple and easy is considered nigh. Hence, Paul says it is not a problem of bringing

Christ down from heaven in visible form to deliver the Jews from the Romans and set up a material kingdom. Neither is there any problem of bringing Christ up from the grave (as some thought he was still dead). No, these problems had all now been solved, and they needed now only to *believe* the testimony of witnesses—accept the word of faith which we preach. We tell you that if you will confess Christ openly and boldly and believe sincerely that God has raised him from the dead, you shall be saved. To confess Christ as Lord would be to admit the error and crime of the Jewish rulers in rejecting and crucifying him. It would be to acknowledge him as Lord and Christ. *Confess* is different from *profess*. To profess means to declare one's faith voluntarily. To confess carries the idea of being brought to an admission or a concession by the force of evidence—made to yield and surrender. This open, outward acknowledgement of Christ as Lord and this surrender and obedience to him would certainly bring salvation. So Paul teaches, and so taught Peter.

But you may say this confession is to be made with the mouth. Exactly. It must be outspoken and manifest. "Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed." But this confession with the mouth is not a step required or a law to obey. It is the spontaneous act of a convinced and convicted person. This confession taught by Paul was made by the Pentecostians as a result of Peter's preaching. We do not have to *infer this* or *deduce it* by a process of reasoning. We read it in the record. When they cried, "What shall we do?" they made a very emphatic and contrite confession.

Peter concluded his speech with these words: "Let all the house of Israel therefore know assuredly, that God hath made him both Lord and Christ, this Jesus whom ye crucified. Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles, Brethren what shall we do?"

This was their acknowledgement that Peter's declaration was true. They believed it and were distressed and desired to be forgiven for their fearful crime. They thus confessed that this Jesus was Lord and Christ.

Is there any wonder that in telling them what to do Peter did not tell them to *believe* and *confess*? They had done both. They believed with the heart so sincerely that they were pricked

and pained in the heart, and with the mouth they *cried* out, "What shall we do?"

Now, if any such expression of faith in the Lordship of Christ as this be accepted, and if any such application and supplication to the Lord as this be counted a *confession with the mouth*, then we can all agree and the confession controversy may cease. But if brethren still insist upon so manipulating the Scriptures as to force a formal confession as a stipulation for salvation into the Great Commission and the cases of conversion where the New Testament is as silent as the tomb of Moses on the question, we shall still demur.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHAT IS A FORMAL CONFESSION? AND WHAT IS A BIBLE CONFESSION?

We have been discussing the question of a *formal confession*—as to whether or not such a confession is one of the conditions of salvation; whether to confess Christ with the mouth is a step that a person must take at a particular time and place in the process of conversion; whether or not such a confession is step number three or four or five in a sequence of steps. But many people fail to get that point; then when we say that such a formal confession is not necessary, they think that we are teaching people that it is *not necessary to confess Christ*—which no one who believes the New Testament could ever teach. The trouble comes from a failure to distinguish between confession as a *legal stipulation* and confession as an informal, voluntary expression of faith or utterance of conviction. It is the purpose of this article to illustrate that difference.

In the book entitled, "Queries and Answers," David Lipscomb tells an experience which he had in this matter. An aged woman called him and another brother to her to request Brother Lipscomb to baptize her. In telling the two men of her desire in the presence of several other persons, she stated that she had long been a believer in Jesus Christ as her Lord and Savior, and had sincerely tried to serve him; but she had never been baptized in the way that she now was convinced is the only scriptural way. She was, therefore, now requesting Brother Lipscomb to baptize her. Having heard this statement and this request, Brother Lipscomb baptized the woman without any unnecessary delay. After the baptizing, the brother who accompanied Brother Lipscomb was greatly perturbed and said in tones of surprise and reproach: "Brother Lipscomb, you forgot to take that woman's confession!" Brother Lipscomb replied, "But she did not forget to make it"; and then reminded the brother of her statement of faith in the presence of them all.

But the brother still thought that the confession should have been *taken* in the traditional way.

The woman confessed with her mouth Christ as Lord, and this is the thing the Bible requires; but that brother wanted a formal confession required and taken by an "official" who administered baptism, and as a part of a ceremony.

I have had several experiences similar to the one Brother Lipscomb relates, and they enabled me to see the idea that some people have in reference to the confession as a ceremonial. I here relate one experience:

In one of the churches with which I have labored we had a family consisting of a mother and five daughters. These daughters were all mature women, and three of them were married and had families of their own. The husband of this good woman and the father of the five fine younger women was not a Christian. He was a man of more than average intelligence, and was highly respected as a citizen; but he was reputed to be an infidel. He came to the services with his family, and had been doing this for many years. He was a respectful listener, but he was a man of few words. I had never heard him say one word as to his faith or his lack of faith. However, from something that he had done or said in the years now long past the people looked upon him as an infidel. Finally this man became ill. The doctors told him that he would have to go at a slower pace and be very careful for the rest of his days, and even then he might fall out at any time. Then the man called for me and some of the elders to come to see him. One of the elders had been a neighbor to him for many years. Then in the presence of his family and of those who came with me the man addressed me in words about as follows:

"Brother Brewer, I suppose you know that my neighbors consider me an infidel? Yes, you have heard that. Well, that is not true, and never was true. I have never doubted either the existence or the goodness of God; I have never doubted that the Bible is the word of God; and that Jesus of Nazareth was and is the Son of the living God and the only Lord and Savior that mankind has ever had or can ever have, I am profoundly convinced. I have read his life and teaching for many years, and I have often said that no man ever spake as he spake and no man ever lived as he lived. I have admired and loved him from my childhood. In my early day there was a great deal of superstition among my neighbors, and because I did not believe their

superstitions they called me an infidel. They used to tell religious experiences and see visions and go off in trances and hear voices, etc. They became hysterical and had spells of Jerks and bodily contortions, and all this they attributed to the Holy Spirit. I know those people were sincere, and I respected and loved them all. My own people were in that number. But I never could see any sense in those emotional revivals, and I could not see why God and the Holy Spirit would treat people as some of them were treated or cause people to behave as some of them behaved. That is why I have been called an infidel, Brother Brewer."

"Then when I got married, my wife was a member of that group of people that I had been taught to call 'Campbellites.' And you may not know it, but my boyhood neighbors regarded the Campbellites as infidels. They, therefore, thought that I would soon join the Campbellites. When I did not do this, they came to think that I was even too much of an infidel to be a Campbellite. They thought that I could not even say that I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God, a fact that I have always believed and never even doubted.

"I went to church with my wife, and we reared our daughters to be Christians. I have heard you men preach for forty years, and some of your preachers I regard as the smartest men I ever met. I learned long ago that in doctrine you are eminently correct and that in argument you are simply unanswerable. But in some way I could not get over the idea that God had to have more of a hand in the converting of souls than you men seem to teach; that he *creates a man* in Christ, and that a man cannot be put into Christ by a ceremony performed by a priest or a preacher. I guess I so imbibed in childhood the idea of a miraculous conversion that I have waited for an expected something that will never happen to me. (Here the man broke down and wept; his wife and daughters were weeping.)

"I could not believe in the hysteria and fanaticism of my parents and their neighbors, and yet I could not seem to accept as genuine religion the cold, mechanical philosophy of my wife's people. It appeared to me to be mere legalism or creedism or ceremonialism. I saw many people accept it in the long ago as a mere reaction and protest against the emotional excitement of the people of that day, but I never could act upon that motive, and, therefore, I have never done anything. (Again the man stopped to weep.)

"But now, Brother Brewer. I cannot face death without God and without hope. I believe in Christ as my Savior, and I want some assurance that he will accept me and that he has saved me. Can I have this? Do you think I have faith enough to obey the gospel? Do I have faith enough to be saved, or am I a hopeless infidel? What shall I do?"

My reply was: "You are, in a measure at least, in the same state in which Saul was when Ananias came to him and said: 'And now why tarriest thou? arise and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord.' (Acts 22:16.) So I say unto you. You say you believe in Christ; do you not believe that he will do what he promises? Can you rely upon him to fulfill his word? Are you not willing to put your case in his hands and trust him to save you?"

He said: "But how will I know that he has saved me?"

Reply: " 'We walk by faith, and not by sight.' When you do what he tells you to do, you trust him to do what he says he will do. When you have complied with the conditions, you have come to the place where you can claim the promise. Your joy and your hope will be commensurate with your faith. If you doubt the Lord, you will doubt that you are saved. If you believe the Lord's word, you will know that you are saved."

The man said: "I have no doubt of the Lord. I only doubt myself, but I am willing to give up and obey and trust his grace and help and salvation if you think my faith is strong enough."

I said: "It is not a question of what I think about your faith; it is a question of what your faith will lead you to do. If you are willing to trust and obey, to surrender and submit to the will of the Lord and trust his promise, that is all it takes."

I then referred to cases of faith in the Bible to illustrate the point.

He said: "I am ready now to give myself to the Lord. It is truly all I can do. I want you to baptize me into Christ immediately."

We then had a brief prayer, and went immediately following to the church building, and I baptized him in the presence of some eight or ten persons.

I had no sooner come out of the dressing room than the elder of the church, who had been present through the whole conversation, came to me in great excitement and said: "Brother Brewer, you did not take that man's confession."

I said: "Did you not hear him confess? Was not the whole talk about his faith? Did he not tell us all that he believes in Christ as Lord?"

The elder said: "Yes, but he ought to have made the regular confession. I would not have baptized him without it."

I said: "What was irregular about the confession he made?"

He said: "Well, you did not ask him the question."

"Well," I said, "which is it that is essential—the question or the *answer*? Why ask a man to state something he has already repeatedly stated to you in unmistakable terms?"

But that elder was still not satisfied, and he tried to make the man dissatisfied with his baptism. He thought a certain ceremony, including a traditional question and a nod for an answer, was essential to salvation.

The man made the confession that the Bible requires, but he did not make the confession that *ritualists* require. Brethren do you see the difference?

CHAPTER XIX

QUESTIONS ABOUT REBAPTISM

In recent weeks questions have come to me from different states on the question which used to be called by some "re-baptism" and by others "sect baptism," etc. Questions on these points will continue to recur as long as people are learning the truth about the New Testament church. There will always be sincere people who have endeavored to serve the Lord, even before they learned "the way of the Lord more perfectly." Among these, we will often find people who have been baptized in their efforts to obey God. Some of these will, no doubt, learn that their baptism was not according to New Testament teaching. Others will insist that they knew the New Testament teaching and obeyed it when they learned it. All gospel preachers have been meeting people of this type through the years of their experience.

Before we quote the letter that submits the question now to be answered, it will be well to give a statement concerning some things that can be remembered by those of us who have been in the service for a half century.

1. What is in Print on This Question? In the long ago there was a serious issue among the brethren on whether or not people are ever baptized scripturally by denominational preachers. The controversy was not without some bitterness, and brethren in some instances disfellowshipped each other because of their differences. Those who care to consult the files of the Gospel Advocate and of the Firm Foundation will find a great deal written by both sides upon this issue. Also the names of tracts that discussed these points may be listed in the catalogues of these two publishing companies. I was myself involved in the controversy to some extent when I was a much younger man than I am now, and there may be found in the files of the Gospel Advocate things I wrote in this controversy long, long ago. However, about eighteen years ago, after the controversy had died, I wrote a series of articles entitled "Denominational Bap-

tism." This series was published on the editorial page of the Gospel Advocate, the editor giving his space to my articles. I had a department in the paper at that time called "Topics for Thought," but these articles, as stated above, were transferred to the editor's space. It was the effort of these articles to avoid controversy rather than to renew it. The articles also endeavored to show that there are limits to which any of us can go in the matter of teaching God's word and getting people to obey it. These articles may now be found in the book called "Contending for the Faith," and this book may be obtained from the Gospel Advocate at the price of \$2.50.

2. A Recent Case and Questions That Have Troubled a Church. The following is the statement of a real case and the questions that have been submitted to me in reference to it. Read carefully what is here said:

"QUESTION ON REBAPTISM"

"Recently, while I was visiting a man who has been meeting with us for sometime here in services at Livingston, the man expressed a desire to identify himself with us as a Christian. He said that he had come to the conclusion that we were nearer the New Testament order than any other group, that he realized he was in the wrong place in the Baptist Church, in which he was recognized as a member. He said he wanted to give up the errors of denominational churches.

"I asked the man if he had been baptized. He answered: 'Yes.'" I asked him why he was baptized. He answered: 'Because Christ commands me to be baptized, and because you have to do it to be saved.' I replied: 'The Baptists certainly don't teach that; they teach that one is already saved before he is baptized.' He answered: 'Well, I have never thought or believed otherwise than that you have to be baptized to be saved.' I said: 'Do you remember what you confessed before the Baptist preacher baptized you?' He answered: 'No, I don't; but as well as I remember I answered "Yes" to every question he asked me.' I then explained that Baptist will not baptize (usually) until the candidate has confessed that he believes 'God for Christ's sake hath pardoned' his sins. He replied that he had never (before, during, or after his baptism) believed this. I then reminded him that he had confessed a lie—perhaps without realizing it, but an untruth, nevertheless.

"Then we went through the New Testament, examining every

Scripture on the subject of baptism. When we finished, I asked him if he believed he had been baptized according to these Scriptures. He replied that he did. I asked him if there was the least bit of doubt as to whether his baptism had been performed scripturally. He replied that there was not.

"I then read him Acts 8:22, and told him he should repent and pray God. He said that he had done so. I then read James 5:16, and told him he should confess his errors before the church, and that scripturally I could require him to do nothing more.

"The following Lord's-day morning (February 26,1950), during the invitation, he came forward to renounce the errors of denominationalism, to ask the forgiveness of the church, and to be recognized as a member of the Livingston congregation. I announced his desire to the congregation, then led a prayer.

"Since, several members here have criticized me severely because I did not require the man to be baptized (which criticism was expected). I have replied that the man, after being taught, says that he has been immersed in obedience to Christ, and that I have no scriptural authority for requiring him to be baptized again, since there is one baptism, that into Christ (Eph. 4:5; Gal. 3:27), and that the man himself is the only being on earth who knows whether or not his baptism is scriptural.

"Will you please answer the following three questions?

"1. What should the church here do regarding this man?

"2. In the light of New Testament teaching, has this man been 'baptized into Christ' (granting that his statements are true)?

"3. Does the New Testament teach that one must meet more than the three following requirements in order to be scripturally baptized: (1) be a penitent believer; (2) be immersed (buried and resurrected) in water; (3) do this act in obedience to Christ?

"Please indicate your answers below or on the other side of this paper or through the Advocate. Thanking you, I am,

"Your brother in Christ,

"Wayne Hargrove."

3. Reply. In answering these questions, we will say in reply to No. 1 that there is nothing the church can do but accept the man's own statement and give him the fellowship and encouragement that any man trying to serve the Lord should be given.

If he is wrong in his ideas as to what he once did, he will not see the wrong by being rejected or rebuffed. He may be led to see his wrong through association with people who teach and practice exactly what the Lord says as best they can. If he comes to see that he was wrong, he will correct his error. This has been done many times.

In answer to No. 2, we have to say that, according to the man's statement, he was baptized into Christ. We should just as well deny that he believed when he tells us that he did believe as to deny that he was baptized when he tells that he was baptized. We would as well deny that he has repented of his sins when he tells us that he has repented as to deny that he has been baptized. When we have some fear that the man does not know what it means to believe, that it means to repent, and what it means to be baptized, then, of course, we should carefully and kindly teach the man exactly what the New Testament means by the use of these terms; and when we have done that, we should have done all that we have any duty or any right to do.

In answer to No. 3, it seems unnecessary to say that the New Testament does not require any more than the conditions stated in this question. Someone might want to insert confession, and to this we would have no objection, although confession is implied in the conditions stated.

4. A Point to Consider. From the statement given above we would infer that the brethren where this trouble is located and all others who face similar problems are seriously lacking in their conception and ideas of the New Testament church. These brethren seem to think that they constitute a denomination, and that they have a right to name the conditions upon which anyone may enjoy fellowship in their "communion," and the members are insisting upon their right to vote upon the candidate or the applicant for membership. What else are they doing when they criticize a preacher who follows the word of the Lord? What else are they doing when they refuse to extend fellowship to one who wants to "join himself unto the disciples" as did Saul at Jerusalem. Saul did not have to meet denominational conditions; all the brethren needed was to know that he had turned to the Lord. When we find a man turning from any error to the Lord, we must, as faithful servants of the Lord, offer him encouragement, instruction, and fellowship. The Lord's church does not vote on candidates for baptism or applicants

For membership. These brethren who are wanting to do this should not be called "rebaptists"; they should be called "Baptists," and spell the word with a capital.

5. A Parallel Case. There is a case in Baptist history that has been used by our brethren to the detriment of the Baptists in many places. In a book called "History of Denton County Baptist Association and the Sixty Churches Within Its Jurisdiction," by Mr. J. N. Rayzor, on page 83, we have the history of a Baptist preacher by the name of J. B. Cole who baptized a man by the name of Jo Ives. Mr. Ives and Mr. Cole had gone fishing together on one fine day, and Mr. Ives told Mr. Cole that he wanted to be baptized on a simple confession of his faith and thus become a servant of the Lord. He made his request in the exact language of the eunuch: "Here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?" Commenting upon this, Mr. Rayzor says:

"Obviously Brother Cole thought of the story of Philip and the eunuch, and, taking that incident as an example, he led Mr. Ives out into the water and baptized him. Reverend Cole had been a Baptist but a short time, and was not up on their conception of baptism, and how and when it should be administered. The news of the incident soon spread among the members, and then the show began. The following Sunday Mr. Ives presented himself to the church, asking membership, and his application was rejected; and he was hurt at the action of the church and turned to another church, which readily accepted his baptism."

From this it is clear that New Testament baptism will not be accepted by a Baptist Church, and that Mr. Cole had not been a Baptist long enough to know that it is not safe to follow a New Testament example, and the church to which Mr. Ives turned was, of course, the church of the Lord. But had that church been as denominational as the brethren who are now quibbling in the case above reported, they would have rejected Mr. Ives also: and if this kind of report gets into the hands of the Baptists, there will be nothing to hinder Baptist preachers from "turning the tables" upon all of us who have been reading from Mr. J. N. Rayzor in the pulpit.

6. What Confession Does One Make Before Baptism at the Hands of a Baptist? In discussing the points involved in the rebaptism issue, brethren frequently say that a man could not be baptized by the Baptists and think that he was doing so in order to be saved because the Baptists require him to confess

before baptism that he believes that God for Christ's sake has pardoned his sins. It must be observed now, however, that all Baptists do not require this confession. I have personally heard them take the confession just as we do, and then baptize the man on that confession after the vote of the church has been secured. But in order to help us in evaluating any case, I wish here, at the risk of making this article too long, to relate something that I have never before committed to print:

My father-in-law, Mr. E. G. Hall of Huntingdon, who died some thirty years ago, was a faithful member of the church and an elder in his home congregation. He was a well-informed man; he knew the Bible from cover to cover, and he read the religious papers and was thoroughly acquainted with the controversy on rebaptism. He read both sides without bias. He, however, was never baptized except by the Baptists. He admitted that he confessed, "I believe that God for Christ's sake has pardoned my sins," before he was baptized by the Baptists, and yet he said he had no thought of being saved before and without baptism. He did not know that the Baptists taught that baptism is because of remission or that it was a door into the church. When he learned that the Baptists teach this, he turned from the Baptists. He said he always believed that baptism was a condition of pardon, and that salvation is enjoyed only after one is baptized into Christ. In explanation of his confession, we have a viewpoint that no one would ever suspect unless he had heard some man express such a view. Brother Hall said that what he understood by the confession was that God had made adequate atonement for his sins in the death of Christ; that God had provided the pardon for his sins when Christ died on the cross. He meant to express implicit faith in the atonement of Christ and in the plan of God that had made this provision for his salvation. He believed his sins were pardoned on the cross in the sense that the debt was paid then and there. He did not think that he, personally, enjoyed the pardon before his baptism. He was being baptized in order to come into the fullness of salvation. He never changed his view and never entertained a doubt as to the scripturalness of his baptism, and yet he was such an informed and outspoken opponent of the Baptists that they feared him more than they would fear a dozen preachers.

This is related in the hope that brethren may see that sometimes a man may even confess that which seems to them to be error and yet the man himself is not in error.

Brethren, we cannot judge; neither can we receive and reject people. We can teach the word of the Lord, and this we should do and stop.

ABOUT BAPTIST BAPTISM

The following letter, which was called forth by our article in the April 27 issue, will speak for itself:

"Lawrenceburg, Tenn., May 8, 1950

"Editor, Gospel Advocate,

"Nashville, Tenn.

"Dear Brother:

"The following is presented for publication if you desire to do so:

"I was interested in the article in the April 27 Gospel Advocate under the heading, 'Questions About Rebaptism,' particularly the portion about the recent cases where a man had been recognized by the Baptists as one of their members and had been taken into the Church of Christ on his statement that he believed that he was scripturally baptized. But was he? This was one of the questions concerning this case. If we answer this one, it will help take care of the other case.

"First, who baptized him? A Baptist preacher. Does a Baptist preacher have the scriptural authority to baptize one into Christ? I say that he does not. My reasons follow: The Great Commission (Matt. 28:19, 20) commanded them to teach and baptize. To whom was this commission given? To those that Christ had chosen and taught to carry out his will under this commission. What were they called? Acts 11:26 tells us that they were called 'Christians'—nothing more, nothing less, and nothing else. They constituted his body. There is only one body (Eph. 4:4) into which one is baptized scripturally (1 Cor. 12:13), which is his (Christ's) church (Eph. 1:22, 23). Now back to the Baptist preacher, a bonafide member of a Baptist Church, an institution which is both unscriptural and nonscriptural. I mean by that, that it is unauthorized by the Scriptures, and that it is not identified in the Scriptures by the name 'Baptist Church' nor by its design. So where does the Baptist preacher or the Baptist Church come in with scriptural authority to teach or baptize? They just don't.

"Let us reason further. If each of the two involved in the baptism being considered knew the belief of the other, the Baptist preacher was a traitor to the Baptist faith and the

other man was an abettor in the act. Such is not morally right, much less scripturally right. Ignorance in a case like this is not excused. There is evidence of it, by the fact stated, that he continued with the Baptists in their doctrine and fellowship and was recognized as one of their members.. Such is not representative of a Christian. I would say that the man was the ignorant victim of a fraudulent administrator with a stolen ordinance. How can such a baptism be scriptural?

"John 8:32: 'And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' The man's actions indicate his desire to know the truth. It is the duty of Christians as the body of Christ to teach the truth. The truth was put in the custody of Christians by the will of God. Surely this man is honest and sincere, but in error. I was once. I was for twenty-two years a Baptist before I learned the truth. When I did, I obeyed it. I was baptized for the remission of sins, into Christ and into his body. It is all one act. You become a Christian. The Lord adds you to his church. You cannot transfer to it from unscriptural denominational institutions.

"In my opinion, a gospel preacher who will take a person into the Church of Christ under the conditions considered in this case needs about as much teaching as the person taken in. Such a practice nullifies the value of truth. If such is to be tolerated, the Church of Christ might as well participate in union meetings and take its share of the profits.

"Your brother in truth and love,
"Chris. Laurence."

REPLY

I. Our good brother tells us that the truth will make us free, and that is what the truth is intended to do (John 8:32), but it is evident that some of us have not learned enough of the truth to make us free from sectarianism and from the use of sectarian phraseology. Our brother speaks of the "Church of Christ" as a denomination and talks of "receiving" people into the "Church of Christ" and of refusing people fellowship in the "Church of Christ."

II. Questions. A few questions may help us to think clearly on this point:

1. What are the rules regulating the reception of or rejection of persons who apply for membership in the "Church of Christ," and where are these rules found?

2. Who does the receiving or the rejecting of applicants? Does the preacher alone perform this official function, or do the elders also participate? Or does the whole church vote?

3. Who received Lydia and authorized Paul to baptize her?

4. Who received the jailer?

5. Who received the eunuch? Could a man be baptized today with no one else present except the preacher?

6. When one is baptized today exactly as persons were baptized in the New Testament, does he then need any other baptism before he can please God or have the fellowship of Christians? He cannot have the recognition and fellowship of Baptists upon New Testament baptism; and if the author of the letter herein reproduced is a qualified representative of the "Church of Christ," one would not be "received" into that denomination on New Testament baptism? No, it recognizes baptisms only when it is administered by a duly-qualified representative of that denomination! Did it borrow this rule from the Baptists, or did the Baptists borrow it from the "Church of Christ?"

III. Does the Question Turn Upon the Point of the Administrator? We have always agreed, even in the days of the flaming war over the rebaptism issue, that the validity of one's baptism does not depend upon the administrator. If we have to know that the administrator is correct in his views and was correctly baptized himself, then we must find a line of succession of qualified administrators all the way back to the apostles. We can never know whether or not the one who baptizes us is a true Christian—pure in heart and correct in all points of doctrine.

However, one of the cardinal points of Baptist doctrine is that baptism cannot be administered by anyone except by a Baptist preacher, and he cannot baptize until he is authorized in each individual case to do by a duly-organized Baptist Church. This is why they teach "succession." There could have been no baptism through the centuries if there had been no Baptist Church there to authorize it, according to their doctrine. Thus they unabashedly make baptism a sectarian ordinance. There is an interesting point in history when some American Baptists sent a representative to Holland to be baptized so he could return and baptize people in America.

IV. Our brother says the Great Commission was not given to the Baptist Church. Verily, We must agree on this point. But he surely knows that the Baptists contend most strenuously

on this very phase of the issue. They say the commission was given to the Baptist Church, and to no one else. That is why they have to argue that the church was set up before the death of Christ. They must have the church there to receive the commission. They are in error on the whole baptismal issue.

Certainly the commission was not given to any sectarian body—therefore, not to the "Church of Christ." The church was not yet established when the commission was given. (Matt. 28:16-20; Mark 16:14-20; Luke 24:44-50; John 20:22-23; Acts 1:1-8.) The commission was given to the "eleven disciples"—"witnesses chosen before of God" (Acts 1:1-4; 10:41); and the church came into existence through their preaching under the power of the Holy Spirit (Acts 2).

V: Our brother thinks that a Baptist preacher who baptizes a penitent believer for the remission of sins is a traitor to Baptist doctrine. But the only point in which we are interested is not what the administrator knows or believes or thinks, but what the candidate believes and desires, purposes and does. That is the whole point that is in question.

The Baptists may not regard a preacher as a traitor when he baptizes a person as Philip baptized the Ethiopian, but they never fail to condemn him as doing something irregular and inconsistent with Baptist "usage"—as witness the case of "Rev. J. B. Cole," who baptized Mr. Jo Ives, and also the case of Matthias Luce, who baptized Alexander Campbell.

VI. What can we do? The Gospel Advocate does not now, nor did it ever, pretend to lay down a law or a rule by which any person may be "received" or "rejected" by Christians. It does not believe, much less contend, the Baptists teach the truth on baptism. It does not even suppose that all who are baptized by Baptist preachers are scripturally baptized. Each individual case must be considered and decided by the circumstances attending the case.

Since we are following the New Testament, and are not governed by an denominational rule, "usage," or practice, and cannot refer a case to the church and decide it by the vote of the members, there is nothing that we can do except to teach just what the New Testament requires and insist that people must obey that. When a person says that he has already done just what the New Testament requires, then we certainly cannot demand that he do something more or something different.

CHAPTER XX

MY LABORS INCREASE

It would be impossible for my work to become more intense than it had been from the beginning. I had preached with all the fervor of my soul at every opportunity I had. I preached during the summer months when I was in school. After I left the Nashville Bible School I moved to Chattanooga and preached not on Lord's Day only, but every night in the week if I could find a place to preach. I preached in vacant stores when the weather was cold, under a tent when the weather was warm; I preached in the out-of-doors, held a debate in the Court House and was certainly as busy during that whole period of my life as I have been all the years of my life. It was during this period in Chattanooga that our daughter was born and Sister Brewer's health was bad as a result of this and two or three operations took place following it. This, of course, was a burden and a weight on my heart all the time. But I nevertheless preached and held meetings as much as I could. For all of this work I was receiving no financial support except a meager salary which the Central Church paid me. They would have paid just as much if I had preached only on the Lord's Day. Some of the brethren from other congregations in town contributed to the expense of tent meetings, but paid nothing to the preacher and he expected nothing.

During this period of time when my expenses accumulated and our burdens were heavy, we resorted to the simple device of sending Mrs. Brewer and Elizabeth to her parents at Huntingdon, Tennessee, during the summer months while I went out and held meetings. This practically took care of all of our expenses and what I got for the meetings was clear profit. There was not enough, however, even then to take care of all of our bills and make it easy for us. There was nothing easy in that period of life. It was a strenuous time!

My reputation grew just by the fact that I was preaching and writing and debating and people were hearing about my work with the results.

I did not write reports. During this early period I was not only writing for the Gospel Advocate, but I was on the editorial staff of two or three other papers which young men had started and then called on me for help. In addition to that, I founded and edited the Chattanooga Christian, but it finally died the death of the righteous.

It was the first day of January 1915 when we moved to Columbia, Tennessee, having lived and labored at the city of Chattanooga for five years. This occasioned some criticism from brethren who did not know me but just knew of me. They claimed that I had quit a mission field to go and become a pastor of an old and rich church, intimating that I was departing from the faith and going the way of digression. These critics didn't know that the church at Columbia paid me only a hundred dollars a month and that had to be paid by subscription because there was opposition there to having a preacher paid out of the treasury. They had practiced this before; such men as George Klingman and others had been their regular preachers. However, when people are factious they always trump up something to use as an argument and the church of Columbia was at that time badly torn by factions. Despite the efforts of critics to discredit me, my influence continued to grow, and I received calls for meetings far and near. And I had opportunities of moving to other churches every year and sometimes several times during the year. But I stayed with Columbia until, as related in another chapter, I found myself on the wrong side of an issue. Being humiliated over this, I gave up the work. When I was yet under thirty, I wrote the book called "The Model Church." When I was about thirty, I had a written discussion with Dr. Spence which was also published in a booklet. Dr. Spence was a Russellite or represented what is now known as Jehovah's Witnesses.

So my work grew and my influence spread and because of my writings, my preachings and my debates I never lacked for an opportunity to do good. In just such a way I have spent my life, laboring for the Lord. As I am coming toward the end of the day, I can say that I have at least a dozen books and booklets to my credit and I have numerous pamphlets and

folders that I have written, some of which are out of print but many of which are still available.

Through all the years and all my labors and in whatever place I was found, I endeavored to be a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed, handling aright the word of truth." (I I Tim. 2:15) I have been ashamed of my efforts at times and at times I have been ashamed of myself; and I must confess that at times I have been ashamed of some of my brethren. But I have never been ashamed of the Gospel message and I have never been ashamed of the principles for which my intelligent brethren stand, especially the principles which were laid down and contended for A. Campbell, Moses A. Lard, Benjamin Franklin, David Lipscomb, F. D. Srygley and M. C. Kurfees. I only wish that the generation of preachers that have the responsibility of the work today will acquaint themselves with the works of these men and get a thorough grasp on undenominational Christianity. The greatest grief of my soul as I face eternity is the fact that brethren have seemingly almost universally denominationalized the church. God have mercy on us!

CHAPTER XXI

ANTHROPOMORPHISMS

Several of our readers seem to have run into the same difficulty at about the same time. From opposite directions questions have come in on the statement that God repented and the seemingly contradictory statement that God cannot repent. The following questions state the problem just as it is presented in the various letters:

Lake Butler, Fla., September 6, 1945

Mr. G. C. Brewer
1925 Jackson Avenue
Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Brother Brewer:

For the past two or three years I have been reading your articles in the Gospel Advocate. I feel that you are a man in whom I can trust to give me the right answer to my questions.

I would like for you to publish your answers in the Gospel Advocate, so that others who are interested in the same questions may also acquire the answers.

The questions in which I am interested are: (1) Does God repent? God repented that he made man. (Gen. 6:6) God does not repent. (Num. 23:19.) (2) Does God know all things? If so, why could he not see that man in the future would become wicked? (Gen. 6:1-6.) (3) Is God ever disappointed? If not, why did he repent that he had made man? (Gen. 6:6.)

Please give careful consideration to my questions. Thanking you in advance for your consideration of these questions.

Sincerely yours,

A brother in Christ,

James L. Denison.

REPLY

It must be understood that the human mind cannot comprehend (go around) God. We are finite; he is infinite. We know but little; he knows all things. We can know a few things

that are past and fewer things that are present, but we can know nothing that is future. There is no past, present, and future with God. He has always existed and evermore will exist. We were born a few days ago and will die in a few more days. We are mortal, material and visible. God has revealed himself unto us. We *believe* what revelation says about him; hence our concept of God and our relation to God is based entirely on *faith*. "We must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." The only way we can understand anything is to bring it down into the realm of human experience. We must perceive of it in terms that are intelligible to us. These terms must describe some sensation or emotion that we are capable of feeling. Anything, therefore, that is said of God must be said in terms of human understanding. Any characteristic or attribute of God must be described as something man is capable of experiencing. If man were incapable of getting hungry, then to speak of some other being as getting hungry or of desiring food would not be comprehensible to man. If it were impossible for man to love, then to tell him that God loves him or that God is love would be meaningless to him. If man never had the experience of *hating* something, he could not know what is meant when it is said that God hates. If man never had a feeling of jealousy, he could not understand what God's attitude toward us is when he is told that God is jealous. So of anything else that is said of God: it must come within the realm of human possibilities. To attribute human emotions and human actions and human physical organs to God is to use figurative forms of speech which scholars designate by the long word that stands at the head of this article, "anthropomorphisms."

Anthropos is the Greek word for *man*. Therefore, anthropomorphisms are *manisms*. It means to describe God as a man or as feeling or acting as a man feels or acts. Surely no thinking man will for one moment take these anthropomorphisms in a *literal sense* or think that God is restricted or limited to the emotions or actions that are attributed to him in these terms that are accommodated to human understanding.

When the inspired writer wants to make us understand that God strongly disapproves of man's behavior or was displeased with the conditions that man had brought about on the earth, what better way could he say it than to describe God as regretting that he had made man?

We even use similarly accommodated terms in reference to ourselves. Suppose a man should say, "I regret now that I was ever born?" This implies that he did not regret being born at the time he was born, but now he does; and if he had to do it over again, he would not be born. Whereas we know that he had no choice about his birth and at the time he had no intelligent feeling about the matter. When a man says he regrets that he was ever born, we simply understand him to mean that he is very much displeased with the state in which he now finds himself; he is unhappy and does not care to live.

When complaints and evil reports concerning any portion of his government or any number of his subjects come up to a *man* ruler, the first thing he will do is to investigate—look into the matter. So to make us understand that God is giving attention to any specific affair on earth, the inspired writer uses an anthropomorphism and represents God as investigating—come down to look upon the matter. This would seem to limit God's knowledge and to imply that he must find out about things. But this is only accommodated language and must not be taken in a literal sense.

When the Bible speaks of God as *begetting* a son, it is using an anthropomorphism. It is using a human relationship to illustrate a point. Christ was not *begotten* in any literal or physical sense, of course.

And certainly the infinite Spirit is not *jealous* of idols made of stock or stones, as though such idols could rival him or rob him of some of his glory and power.

When the Bible says God is *jealous*, it uses once again an anthropomorphism. That is the way God makes us understand that he wants *all our love and devotion*.

These things should not be hard when we remember that we today constantly make use of forms of speech which if taken literally would be contradictory and absurd. Sometimes we use apt and striking figures which, if taken literally, would be unintelligible and ridiculous.

For example, a man in Tennessee says: "I first laid eyes on a farm in Texas twenty years ago, and I have never taken them off. I am now going out there and buy that farm."

Try to imagine someone who does not understand our picturesque manner of speech trying to visualize that in a literal sense. "This man," he would say, "took his eyes out of his head (how painful that must have been!) and laid them on a

farm—right out in the hot sun and cold sleet and snow—in a distant state, and left them there for twenty years, while he went about in blindness! Now he is going out there and buy that farm—presumably to recover his eyes! How absurd to imagine that eyes would still be there! What sort of talking is this? Was this written for fools?"

Or suppose the newspaper says: "The President of the United States *jumped* over to Egypt and had a conference with the heads of two other great nations."

Now suppose that a thousand years from now our machines, our methods of travel, and our manners of speech are all wholly unknown. Then let some scoffer of that age read the statement about the President. Just think of what fun he would have!

"Why, those poor, benighted Americans of the twentieth century believed that their President was a miracle man—possessed of magic powers of locomotion. He could rise up at will and jump across the ocean! Since that was such an ignorant and superstitious age, those people no doubt thought their President was a divine being who could be everywhere at one time."

The wise college professor of that day would explain to his students that perhaps this President was a shrewd politician and sort of glorified "medicine man" who perpetrated a colossal hoax upon his simple and trusting subjects! And the professor might go into a full explanation as to how the hoax was carried out!

Or, as another example, let us listen in on a modern American and hear him tell his companions about an automobile deal.

"That So and So dealer down there on Broad Street sold me a used car and guaranteed it to be in first-class condition, but the first time I drove it out of town it went *dead* and would not move a peg. I took it back to that guy and *made him eat it!*"

Now let us imagine a man, who is unacquainted with our language and knows nothing of our peculiar manner of boasting, and of manipulating language to emphasize our feeling, trying to look these words up in a dictionary and endeavoring to apply the dictionary meaning and interpret this statement.

Car—a machine.

Dead—devoid of life—to cease to live.

Peg—a pin on which to hang anything.

Eat—to chew and swallow.

What a marvelous picture this man would get! A *machine* that had life—lived and breathed. But it died. It was used to haul pins or pegs, but it would not move with even one. He made a man chew and swallow this machine! "Aw, that would be impossible! Such a tale!"

The books which contain the revelation of God, being more ancient than any books now extant, are written in the language which mankind used in the first ages, or in a language nearly allied to it. Wherefore, the style of these writings being very different from that of modern compositions, to interpret them as modern compositions are interpreted is without doubt to misinterpret them. Accordingly, persons ignorant of the character of the primitive languages, have, by that method of interpretation, been led to fancy that the Scriptures contain sentiments unworthy of God, whereby they have not only exposed these venerable writings to the scorn of infidels, but have formed to themselves false notions in religion, which have had a pernicious influence on their morals.

For avoiding these evils, the nature and character of the language first spoken by mankind must be well understood; and for that purpose the best method seems to be, to consider in what manner language was originally formed.

The first ideas which come into the human mind, being those which enter by the senses, it is reasonable to believe that names for expressing sensible objects would be invented before any others; and after them, terms for expressing those operations by which the ideas of sensible objects are acquired. And because the operation of the senses has some resemblance to the operations of intellect, to express the operations of intellect, mankind would naturally have recourse to the words by which they expressed the operation of the senses. Thus, many words of the primitive language of mankind must have had a twofold signification. According to the one signification, they denoted ideas of sense; and according to the other, they denoted ideas of intellect. So that although these words were the same in respect of their sound, they were really different words in respect of their signification. And to mark that difference, after the nature of language came to be accurately investigated, the words which denoted the ideas of sense, when used to express the ideas of intellect, were called by critics metaphors, from a Greek word which signifies to transfer; because these

words so used were carried away from their original meaning to a different one, which, however, had some resemblance to it.

Metaphorical meanings being affixed to words in the ancient languages to remedy the poverty of these languages, it is plain that the more ancient any language is, it will consist of the fewer words; consequently the more numerous and bold its metaphors will be. Accordingly, we find that the primitive languages, and even the languages of savage tribes, which may be ranked with the primitive languages, are all of them highly figurative. On this subject it is proper to observe that even after a language has become sufficiently copious, if the people who use it possess a vigorous and warm imagination, and are favorably situated for enjoying sensual gratifications, as is the case of most of the Eastern nations, being by these circumstances peculiarly-disposed to relish the sensible pictures exhibited in metaphorical and other figurative expressions, such a people, instead of retrenching, will rather multiply these expressions. Hence, the language of that people will be more figurative than the language of nations whose imagination is languid and whose situation does not permit them to be occupied in sensual gratifications. This is the reason that the language of the Hebrews, and of the other Eastern nations, by the multitude, the variety, the boldness, and even the extravagance of its metaphorical expressions, is distinguished from the more temperate speech of the nations in the western part of the world, whose imagination is not so warm and whose climate and soil are not so favorable to luxury as theirs.

Of the bold metaphors, used by the ancient Hebrews, the following examples are all taken from their sacred books: Gen. 4:10: "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth to me from the ground." Gen. 19:26: "His wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt." Gen. 49:11: "He washed his clothes in the blood of grapes," to signify that Judah was to inhabit a country fruitful in vines. Ps. 5:9: "Thou hast made us to drink the wine of astonishment." Ps. 78:25: "Man did eat angels' food: he sent them meat to the full." Ps. 129:3: "The plowers plowed upon my back; they made long their furrows." Isa. 34:3: "The mountains shall be melted with their blood." Verse 4: "And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll." Verse 6: "The sword of the Lord is filled with blood, it is made fat with fatness." Isa. 14:23: "I will sweep it with the besom of destruction,

saith the Lord of hosts." Jer. 20:7: "O Lord, thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived." Isa. 5:1: "My well-beloved hath a vineyard on a very fruitful hill. In the original it is: "On a horn, the son of oil." The horn being the highest part of horned animals, it is used to denote the highest part of a country, an hill. This horn, or hill, is called "the son of oil" because the olive which produces oil is one of the valuable fruits of the earth. See Lowth on the passage. Isa. 11:15: "The Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian sea."

Having in the Scriptures these and many other examples of bold metaphors the natural effect of the poverty of the ancient language of the Hebrews, why should we be either surprised or offended with the bold figurative language in which the Hebrews expressed their conceptions of the divine nature and government? Theirs was not a philosophical language, but the primitive speech of an uncultivated race of men, who by words and phrases taken from objects of sense, endeavored to express their notions of matters which cannot be distinctly conceived by the human mind, and far less expressed in human language. Wherefore, they injure the Hebrews, who affirm that they believed the Deity to have a body, consisting of members of the like form and use with the members of the human body, because of their sacred writings, the eyes, the ears, the hands, and the feet of God are spoken of, and because he is represented as acting with these members after the manner of man. Gen. 3:8: "They heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day." Gen. 9:16: "And the bow shall be in the cloud, and I will look upon it." Ex. 15:3: "The Lord is a man of war." Verse 6: "Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy." Verse 8: "With the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together." Ps. 18:8: "There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it." Verse 9: "He bowed his heavens also and came down, and darkness was under his feet." Verse 10: "And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly upon the wings of the wind." Ps. 2:7: "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee."

In like manner they injure the Hebrews, who affirm that they thought God was moved by anger, jealousy, hatred, revenge, grief, and other human passions, because in their Scriptures it is said (Gen. 6:6): "It repenteth the Lord that he made man on the earth, and it grieved him at" his heart." Ex. 15:7: "Thou seridesth forth thy wrath which consumed them as stubble."

Ex. 20:5: "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God." Num. 11:33: "The wrath of the Lord was kindled against the people." Prov. 8:13: "The evil way and froward mouth do I hate." Isa. 34:2: "The indignation of the Lord is upon all nations, and his fury upon all their armies. Nah. 1:2: "God is jealous, and the Lord revengeth and is furious. The Lord will take vengeance on his adversaries, and he reserveth wrath for his enemies."

They also injure the Hebrews, who affirm that they believed the Deity subject to human infirmity, because it is said (Gen. 2:2) "God rested on the seventh day from all his works which he had made." Gen. 8:12: "The Lord smelled a sweet savour." Gen. 18:20,21: "Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous, I will go down now and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it which is come up to me: and if not, I will know." Ps. 2:4: "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: "The Lord shall have them in derision." Ps. 78:65: "Then the Lord awaked as one out of sleep, and like a mighty man that shouteth by reason of wine."

These and the like expressions are highly metaphorical, and imply nothing more but that in the divine mind and conduct there is somewhat analogous to and resembling the sensible objects and the human, affections, on which these metaphorical expressions are founded. For if anyone contends that the Hebrews themselves understood these expressions literally when applied to the Deity, and meant that they should be so understood by those who read their Scriptures, he must likewise contend that the following expressions were understood by them in their literal meaning: Ps. 17:8: "Hide me under the shadow of thy wings." Ps. 57:1: "In the shadow of thy wings I will make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast." Ps. 61:4: "I will trust in the covert of thy wings." Ps. 91:1: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Verse 4: "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust." I say, if from the passages of Scripture in which the members of the human body are ascribed to the Deity, it is inferred that the ancient Hebrews believed the Deity hath a body of the same form with the human body, we must from the last-mentioned passages of the same Scriptures conclude that they believed the Deity to be a tree with spreading branches and leaves which afforded an agreeable shade; and a great fowl with feathers

and wings; and even a rock, because he is so called. (Deut. 32:15; Ps. 18:2,31.)

Such are the bold metaphors by which the ancient Hebrews expressed their conceptions of the attributes and operations of God. To prevent, however, those who are acquainted only with modern languages from being shocked with the boldness of these figures, modern critics have distinguished them by the appellation of *Anthropopathia*; concerning which Lowth on Isa. 1:24, Aha, I will be eased of mine adversaries, I will be avenged of mine enemies, thus writeth: "This is a strong instance of the metaphor called *Anthropopathia*; as the poetical parts, the sentiments, sensations, and affections; the bodily faculties, qualities, and members of men, and even of brute animals, are attributed to God; and that with the utmost liberty and latitude of application. The foundation of this is obvious, it arises from necessity: We have no idea of the natural attributes of God, of his pure essence, of his manner of existence, of his manner of acting. When therefore we would treat on these subjects, we find ourselves forced to express them by sensible images. But necessity leads to beauty. This is true of metaphor in general, and in particular of this kind of metaphor, which is used with great elegance and sublimity in the sacred poetry; and, what is very remarkable, in the grossest instances of the application of it, it is generally the most striking and most sublime. The reason seems to be this: When the images are taken from the superior faculties of the human nature, from the purer and more generous affections, and applied to God, we are apt to acquiesce in the notion; we overlook the metaphor, and take it as a proper attitude; but when the idea is gross and offensive, as in this passage of Isaiah, where the impatience of anger and the pleasure of revenge is attributed to God, we are immediately shocked at the application, the impropriety strikes us at once; and the mind casting about for something in the divine nature analogous to the image, lays hold on some great, obscure, vague idea, which she endeavors in vain to comprehend, and is lost in immensity and astonishment. See De S. Poesi. Hebr. Prel. xvi sub. fin., where this matter is treated and illustrated by examples."

From the above ingenious remarks it appears that notwithstanding metaphors and other figures derive their origin from the poverty of language, they infuse both strength and beauty into any discourse where they are judiciously used. By exhibiting



(Left to right): Jesse P. Sewell, James I. Hales, G. C. Brewer, Perry Mason. (Photo made at Harding Lectures about 1951.)

SPECIAL SERMONS

Five Lessons in Church History as Follows

March 2, 7:30 P.M.—“The Beginning of the Church.”

This sermon will take the church through the Apostolic age and the period of persecution.

March 9, 7:30 P.M.—“The Falling Away.”

This sermon will tell of the Apostasy, the beginning of the Roman Catholic Church, the development of the hierarchy and show when the first pope was crowned. He did not succeed Peter the apostle.

March 16, 7:30 P.M.—“The Reformation.”

This sermon will tell of the work of Wycliffe, Huss, Savonarola, Luther, Calvin and Wesley.

March 23, 7:30 P.M.—“The Restoration.”

This sermon will tell of the work, the aim and the claim of Thomas and Alexander Campbell and their coadjutors. Will answer the question, Did Alex. Campbell found the “Campbellite church”? If not, what did he do?

March 30, 7:30 P.M.—“What Has Become of the Restoration?”

This sermon will tell how a movement for union and unity has resulted in division; stating the issue over which divisions come—viz: Instrumental music, missionary societies, delegate conventions, society domination and higher criticisms, etc.



EVANGELIST G. C. BREWER
Walnut Street Church of Christ

KEEP THIS PROGRAM

HEAR THESE SERMONS

(An Advertisement of a meeting in Sherman, Texas about 1922)

sensible pictures of our conceptions accompanied by pleasant images, they make a strong impression on the mind of the hearers, for which reason they have found a place, not in the ancient languages only, but in all the modern tongues also, not excepting those which are the most copious and the most refined; insomuch that it hath become the business of the poets and orators to ransack the whole compass of nature in search of resemblances between sensible and intellectual objects on which to graft metaphors. And, not satisfied with natural and apparent likenesses, the most remote and disparent resemblances—nay, resemblances founded merely on popular opinions, local prejudices, and national customs—have been made the foundation of metaphors. Hence, that diversity of figurative expressions observable in the languages of nations living at a distance from each other; hence, also, the figures, which to one nation appear natural and expressive, to others appear unnatural, timid and ridiculous.

CHAPTER XXII

SOME HONORS CONFERRED UPON ME

It has been intimated in some chapters that precede this that I have not always been treated kindly and fairly by some of my brethren. I have been vilified, misrepresented, falsely accused and viciously abused by some. I have no desire, however to call any names or to repeat any of these ugly things that have taken place. If I know my own heart, I hold nothing against anybody in the world. Although these men have never asked for forgiveness or indicated they thought they had done wrong or been mistaken, I have forgiven them all from my heart and would plead for any one of them before the judgment bar of God if I were permitted to appear there with them.

Despite all of the misunderstandings and misrepresentations, however, I have certainly received my just portion of credits and honors at the hands of good brethren. My books are widely circulated, my writings are commended by many readers from different sections of the country and my labors in the last few years have helped to remove from the minds of some people misunderstandings that they had received from evil reports. My chief work at the present is editing the Voice of Freedom which is an anti-Catholic paper. Those who do not think we ought to fight all or oppose any error, of course, have expressed regret that I have taken up the other side of this issue and that I am fighting the Catholics. These people are just uninformed as to the danger that threatens us. They do not know that Catholicism would rob us utterly of our freedom to worship God as he directs, that it would put to death all of us who are heretics. This is not mere misrepresentation. This can be verified from the Catholics' own canon, in their own encyclicals, and their pontifical pronouncements. People who do know about the danger of Catholicism have appreciated and praised my work in this path more than any other work I have ever done. Many have said that this is the crowning effort of my life.

In addition to this appreciation for my work, I have had some honors conferred upon me. These are mentioned not in the way of boasting, but simply because these are facts that can be verified by anyone who wants to investigate. Two colleges have conferred upon me the degree of Doctor of Laws. The first college was Harding College which conferred this degree in 1935. The second college is Abilene Christian College which has notified me to appear on their commencement day, May 25, 1956, to receive my honorary degree. If the Lord spares me and enables me to make the journey, I will go. Otherwise, the degree will be conferred anyway, since it has passed all the authorities that have any right to speak upon the question. Some one may ask why the colleges confer such a degree on me. As I reason, I offer:

1. I have lectured, preached, debated and written on the value of Christian education and on the right of Christians to build schools in which to educate their children. I am now a member of the Board of Memphis Christian School. My writings on this subject have been said by such men as George Benson, J. N. Armstrong, N. B. Hardeman and others to clarify the issue better than anything else that has been produced on the question. You might add Guy N. Woods' name to this list also. Brother Woods recently said that I saw the point twenty years ago which some of the brethren are just now beginning to see.

2. Warren Jones is now writing a dissertation for his doctor's degree at Wayne University on G. C. Brewer as a speaker, and writer and debater. His subject has been accepted and he has written his first seminar paper and received honors on it. He was in Memphis recently on a visit to investigate in the files of the newspapers the report of my debate with Judge Ben D. Lindsey.

3. I hold a Carnegie hero medal.

4. I am the author of at least a dozen books and have written probably as many as thirty or forty tracts and pamphlets.

5. I have been on the editorial staff of the Gospel Advocate for more than forty-five years.

6. I am the founder and editor of the Voice of Freedom.

7. I received a certificate from Harding College in 1954 naming me as a distinguished American citizen and statesman.

It is with a humble heart that I received these honors from these men. I received them not because of any help that they may give me in this life, for my life's work is practically at an

end; I am facing the sunset. But these honors attached to my name will underscore all the writing, preaching and lecturing I have done on behalf of the cause of our Master. And anything that will emphasize and accelerate the work of the Lord is appreciated by me. I thoroughly believe that the Lord providentially has been with me and if He had not been with me, I would have been destroyed by false brethren long ago. I take these honors, therefore, as evidence that God has vindicated me and is vindicating me and that my work will last after those who have tried to destroy me have lost all influence with the world.

I can think of nothing more fitting as a conclusion of this chapter than the closing words of the Twenty-Third Psalm:

"Surely, goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Amen.

CHAPTER XXIII

"IS NOT THE CHURCH OF CHRIST A CHURCH AMONG OTHER CHURCHES?"

The following letter poses a problem and points a moral. It affords an opportunity of teaching *again* that which all gospel preachers of my generation have supposed that all Christians know and would contend for earnestly. It does not cease to astonish us that Christians generally, and preachers especially, are now holding views and making arguments that we opposed and refuted when advanced by denominationalists forty, fifty and a hundred years ago. Like Paul we are going to have to declare again the gospel which we preached.

The issue that is involved in the letter with its questions is *denominationalism* or *sectarianism*! A thing that has been condemned and opposed by all gospel preachers from Paul down to G. C. Brewer. The author of the letter does not see this, and it shall be the earnest hope and purpose of this reply to make the matter plain to him and to give him satisfactory answers to his questions.

Before we come to the questions, it may not be out of place to give to our correspondent and to our readers generally some suggestions as to where to find what has been written on this issue. Just about every book of sermons that came from the press as long as fifty years ago contained a sermon on the name: No one then ever contended for a distinguishing name (denominational name), but *all gospel preachers* then opposed and declaimed against that very principle. They insisted that the body of Christ should not be divided: that the church of God includes all of God's children—being God's house, household or family—and that to be Christians was enough—is enough—and that denominational or groupal peculiarities and distinguishing names and creedal differences were unscriptural and sinful. All of what is known as Restoration Literature is not only replete with this contention, but it largely consists in this plea and argument, with scripture references cited. Therefore, an over-all

recommendation of Restoration Literature is made to the Christians and preachers of this age. The writings of David Lipscomb, M. C. Kurfees and F. D. Srygley, as well as all the Larimore books, are especially recommended. Since I have been trying for years to bring this principle back to the understanding of preachers and other students, perhaps I may be pardoned for mentioning my own available writings upon this point. Here are some of them: one lecture in a book called "Murfreesboro Addresses" (1917); three lectures in Abilene Christian College Lectures (1934); a pamphlet entitled "Is the Church of Christ a Denomination?" (Gospel Advocate Co.); and a book which contains the gist of all the others, and in addition carries quotations from Campbell, Srygley, Sweeney, Tyler, Allen (F. G.) and others, is "Foundation Facts and Primary Principles" (Old Paths Book Club, 1949). This book contains a list of questions following each chapter and may, therefore, be used in classroom discussions. (It is so used at Harding College.) On page 73 my hypothetical character called Sampson Schismaticus begins a long presentation of the very argument that our brother adduces in the following letter, and Daniel Didacticus answers him.

Let us now read the letter:

"G. C. Brewer
c/o Gospel Advocate
110 Seventh Avenue, N.
Nashville, Tennessee

Dear Brother Brewer:

In the issue of August 28, 1952, page 559, column 1, line 18, your article says, "To speak of . . . the New Testament church is not a 'what' church?"

Are not denominational churches, churches? Do we not (even you seem to) speak of the Baptist denomination, Methodist denomination, etc., as churches? Is not the church of Christ a church among other churches, i.e. man-made churches? Does not all this mean that the church of our Lord is a "what" church? The word church does not mean primarily a religious designation. It is synonymous with a word such as "group." Baptized believers are a called-out group, a church.

To say the church of Christ is to say the group of Christ. There are other groups. There are other churches. But this one is Christ's group. This one is Christ's church. The Baptist church is not Christ's church or group. The Methodist group (or church) is not Christ's.

Should one ask, "To what church do you belong?" what would be the answer? Should one ask, "Of what church are you a member?" how would a Christian answer?

Surely the word church alone does not designate Christ as the head and owner of the group under consideration. Most secular historians and church historians mean the Roman Catholic Church when they say "church."

Does not Bible usage confirm this? Romans 16:16 says "churches of Christ." What would be the need for writing the word "Christ" if it were not a distinguishing word? You doubtless, know more examples like this than I.

Of course, common usage has made the word *church* into a religious term, but it was not originally so.

If this reasoning is not correct, I shall be glad to hear your correction when and if you ever have the time."

Carl York Smith,
212 Gallatin St.
Providence, R. I.

REPLY

1. Denominational groups are just that—sects. A sect is a part of or section of a larger group. The sects do not claim to be individually *the church*, they claim to be collectively the church. Each group is a *Christian sect*, according to their view and contention, and all Christian sects compose the church universal, the spiritual body of Christ. The New Testament, however, condemns sects and parties, divisions and debates (not investigations), strifes and contentions. If we had no divisions and no sects, we would need no distinguishing names or party labels. To consent to wear a denominational name is to consent to be a denomination. To use a sectarian designation is to consent to be a sect. The denominations are churches only in the sense here described. They are sects. If the Lord's church is a church among churches, then it is a sect among sects. If the church existed before sects were born, why cannot it exist now without them? If men were Christians, disciples, saints, children of God for fifteen hundred years without qualifying terms or distinguishing titles to tell which kind of Christian they were, why can we not be just Christians today? How many kinds of Christians should we have? To designate is to call by a descriptive title. *Designate* and *denominate* are synonymous terms.

2. The English word church is a religious designation and only a religious term. This English noun is never applied to

anything but a religious group. The Greek word *Ecclesia* or *Ekklesia* is a compound word made up of *Ek*, which means *out* or *out of*, and *Caleo*, which means to *call*. The word means to call out or to call together, and those called out constitute an *assembly*. The word is used to designate a mob or an unlawful assembly in Acts 19:32, 39 and 41, but it is not translated by the English word church in those three verses. The Greek word is found in the New Testament one hundred and fifteen times, and it is translated by the word church one hundred and twelve times. In each of the one hundred and twelve times it has a religious meaning; however, in one instance it refers to the *called out* Jews in the wilderness, Acts 7:38. In the other *one hundred and eleven* times it refers to Christians—that group of which Christ is the Head and the Savior (Eph. 5:23). The word church is a noun and a noun is a name. Church, therefore, is the name which Christ gave to that which He proposed to build on the Rock (Matt. 16:18). In all these one hundred and eleven occurrences of the word never is any descriptive adjective or qualifying term applied to it except to indicate ownership and composition in the spiritual sense and location in the earthly or geographical sense. Illustrative of these several senses, read these references:

Location: "The church which was at Jerusalem" (Acts 8:1; 11:22); "the churches of Galatia" (1 Cor. 16:2; Gal. 1:2); "the churches of Macedonia" (2 Cor. 8:1); "the churches of Asia" (1 Cor. 16:19). Then, of course, the seven churches at seven different points (Rev. 2 and 3). (Try to imagine our radio preachers and religious paper correspondents of this age leaving off "*of Christ?*" before the word church and churches in these references!)

Composition: "The church of the first born ones" (Heb. 12:23); "the churches of the saints" (1 Cor. 14:33).

Ownership: "church of God"—nine times (Acts 12:5; Acts 20:28 A.V.; 1 Cor. 1:2; 10:32; 11:22; 15:9; 2 Cor. 1:1, Gal. 1:12; 1 Tim. 3:5); "churches of God"—three times (1 Cor. 11:16; 1 Thes. 2:14; 2 Thes. 1:4); "church of the living God"—once (1 Tim. 3:15); "churches of Christ"—once (Rom. 16:16). In all the other occurrences of the word church, the Holy Spirit thought the *name* of the things was sufficient without any modifying or qualifying term used to limit or describe it.

3. To use the phrase "Church of Christ" to designate only a group of God's children is to make it name a sect and, therefore,

to use it in a sectarian sense. To use it to include all of God's children (the scriptural sense) is to fail to designate, denominate or describe any party, sect, group or company of people as distinguished from other parties or sects—therefore to fail to tell "what" church. Can our brother see that *the church* is not a "what church?" Christians are just Christians, and yet people will ask what *kind* of Christian you are or to what group of Christian you belong if you tell them that you are a *Christian*. Does our brother find it embarrassing to say, "I am not a *kind of Christian*. I am just a Christian, no more no less."

4. How would I answer the question, "To what church do you belong?" the letter asks. Answer: I have answered it many, many times. I say, "I am not a member of any denomination. I just belong to the Lord. I am a Christian. And Christians—all Christians—compose the body of Christ, the church of the Lord. I become what I am by conversion, by obeying the gospel. 'I have never applied for membership in a denomination and have not, therefore, ever been accepted or received into any denomination.'" This is the exact truth; why not tell the truth always?

"But" you ask, "will that satisfy the one who asks the question?"

If it does not, you will have a fine opportunity to do some teaching. If the one who asks the question is acquainted with that plea for New Testament practice, preachment and phraseology, he will, in his mind at least, place you at once as a Campbellite or "a Church of Christ" (some brethren actually use this phrase to designate an individual Christian!) and will close up and either leave you or change the subject.

5. Some brethren think when you oppose using the phrase 'church of Christ' in a sectarian sense that you mean that the phrase itself is unscriptural. That seems strange, for these same men know and have to admit that the phrase '*church of God*' is eminently scriptural, and yet they know that it is used in a denominational sense by a group of religionists today. Church of Christ, when used as a distinguishing name or denominational title, is just as unscriptural as Church of God when it is so used by Pentecostals or Holy Rollers. The sensible men cannot see this would be unbelievable if we did not see a demonstration of it every day.

6. To use the phrase 'church of Christ' as *the* name of the Lord's body is not *only* to make it a sectarian designation; it is

also to exclude the expression church of God and all other scriptural terms that are applied to the people of the Lord. Some unthinking brethren seem to hold that to spell church with a small "c" avoids making a title or proper name of the phrase 'church of Christ.' This is laughable. When the sense is plainly a designation—a telling of "what" church is intended—then the phrase is used as a proper name, and thus the scriptures are violated, and to use a small initial letter in a proper name is to violate the rules of grammar. So, brother, you are both unscriptural and ungrammatical. Can our good brother see the point? A few illustrations should help him—and why should we not use names and places? Here they are:

President Hugh Tiner, in writing in the *Gospel Advocate* about our late Brother Riggs at the time of his death, spoke of him as "*a gospel preacher* of the church of Christ!" As if a *gospel preacher* could be of any other church! He tells us that Brother Riggs was a *gospel preacher*—fine; he was—but Hugh also told us to *what* denomination he belonged! That implies that *gospel preachers* may be in various and sundry denominations. Can our correspondent see that? Of course, Brother Tiner can see that. He has just fallen a victim of the contagion. He should be helping me teach his generation the truth. He should read my review of Reedy and Etter, his former companions.

Last spring Brother G. K. Wallace was conducting a meeting under a tent here in Memphis, Tennessee. This meeting was supported and carried on by the McLemore Avenue church. It was a good meeting. But out in front of the tent and facing the street was a large sign advertising the meeting, giving hours of service, etc. In large letter it said "*Gospel Meeting*" and then in parenthesis it said "(Church of Christ)" and then in large letters "G. K. Wallace, Evangelist." Now, there you are! *Gospel Meeting*. That was fine and that was what it was and that was certainly sufficient. But that parenthetical phrase told *what denomination* was responsible for that *gospel meeting*, as if any denomination of all the denominations might put on and carry on a *Gospel Meeting*! And it gave people plainly to understand *what* church they would "join" if they were converted in that Gospel Meeting!

Of course, Brother Wallace was not responsible for the sign, but he should have pointed out this error to the brethren and saved me of the task. But these good brethren were not peculiar or alone in this strange behavior on the part of a Bible people.

It is a common fault. But in this we are not only unscriptural but we have definitely digressed from the plea and purpose of the restoration effort.

When the Herald of Truth broadcast from Abilene, Texas was proposed, I told the brethren who were soliciting help for the venture that it would put the Lord's people before the world as a denomination and this program would be *The Church of Christ Hour* just as distinctly as we have a *Catholic Hour* or a *Lutheran Hour*. The brethren said they would avoid this by calling it the Herald of Truth. This they have done, but they have *not* avoided the error I feared. In the announcer's "Churches of Christ Salute You" he just as definitely tells who or *what* denomination is *heralding this truth* as he could if he said, "The Methodist Churches greet you." This is as definitely a *commercial* for churches of Christ as any commercial is a plea for any sponsor. And, of course, then the listeners will expect the preacher to plead for and attempt to prove what the churches of Christ *teach* and *what they believe*—hence their creed. Thus the truth is hindered and the preacher is handicapped before he starts. (This is not a condemnation of the Herald of Truth effort, nor is it even a criticism of the preaching itself, but it is another illustration of the denominational use of scriptural terms and also of the denominational conception that the brethren today have of the church. It is lamentable.)

You may ask, "Could the truth be preached without identifying the preacher and his sponsor as representing some group or sect?" It certainly could be done, but it cannot be done by men who, themselves, have a denominational conception and view of the Lord's people. And prejudice and sectarianism in the mind of a Christian is just as blinding, as stubborn and hard to remove or overcome as it is in the mind of a Catholic or anyone else.

Herbert Armstrong broadcast to the nation for years (may be still at it) and never did tell anybody that he is a Seventh Day Adventist or that he represented any denomination. Any gospel preacher would do well to observe and to study his approach and method of preaching.

Our brother who has recently been converted from a Priest to a priest and from a Romanist to a Christian, Aniceto Sparagna, lectures on "*Why I Was Converted to the Church of Christ!*" Some of us had devoutly hoped that he had been *converted to Christ!* Or just *converted*. That would tell the whole story, *if it*

is the truth. A Roman Catholic Priest has been converted, glory to God! But now Brother Spragna lectures "under the auspices of the Church of Christ," and his sponsors, in telling his story, use these words:

"On October 15, 1950, Spragna became a member of the Trenton (New Jersey) church of Christ (small "c", bad grammar—G.C.B.) during a meeting conducted by Ernest Finley, minister of the West Douglas church of Christ (bad grammar again—G.C.B.) in Wichita, Kansas. Before becoming acquainted with the church of Christ, he had intended to establish an independent church based on New Testament principles."

If there ever was Ashdodic language, brethren, that is it! Notice not only the unscriptural use of terms, but be sure to observe the implications! The Church of Christ is not an independent church based on New Testament principles, but it is what Spragna joined (there is no difference in the meaning of the two expressions "became a member of" and "joined") in lieu of having an independent church based on New Testament principles!

I do wonder if there are any readers of the Gospel Advocate yet living who can see this point.

0, for a David Lipscomb, an M. C. Kurfees and an F. D. Srygley!

The brethren who are mentioned in this article are not condemned, discredited or disfellowshipped, and I could hope that they would take this not even as a criticism, but as a *correction*. May the good Father bless them one and all.

7. Our correspondent says that men use the word 'church' today to mean the Catholic Church. Yes, they sometimes do, but they spell it with a capital "C." This is a concession to the Roman Catholic claim that their Church is *the church*; it has existed for all the centuries of the Christian era and all other churches have sprung off from it, hence are *factions* or *sects*. The Roman Church is not a sect, they claim. It is the Church.

We do not concede this, and we do not speak of it as the Church, or even as the Catholic Church! We should always use the limiting and qualifying term "Roman," which designates it as a sect—as distinguished from the Greek and Anglican groups or sects. Brother Alexander Campbell gave us a proper evalua-

tion of that Roman Church in his debate with Bishop Purcell. Here is the first point in Campbell's affirmation:

"1. The Roman Catholic Institution, sometimes called the 'Holy, Apostolic, Catholic, Church, is not now, nor was she ever, catholic, apostolic, or holy; but is a *sect* in the fair import of that word, older than any other sect now existing, not the 'Mother and Mistress of all Churches,, but an apostacy from the only true, holy, apostolic, and catholic church of Christ."

The brother asked me to show him wherein he is wrong. I wish he would write and tell me that he sees his error.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE HIGHWAY AND THE WAY

Everyone who has read the Bible at all has been impressed with the beauty of its language. It has been said that the Revised Version takes away the musical sound, or what has sometimes been called the "sacred style," of the Bible. This is to some extent true, and it is even more noticeable in the more modern translations; but even the most radical modern speech Bible does not take away all the rhythm and musical cadences of the old book. It could not do this, because even in the original the meaning is expressed in such a style that the sense, the meaning itself, could not be carried into any other language without giving it poetical sound and measure. This is especially true of the Psalms and the prophets and other poetical parts of the Old Testament. Some of the most sublime and lofty utterances that were ever found in any literature greet us in these portions of the Old Testament. Such graphic descriptions, such marvelous imagery, such ornate figures, such smooth-flowing, sweet, singing sentences were never found in any other book. Anything in Literature that even approximates the Bible in beauty is something that has been largely influenced by the Scripture style. Nothing that any orator can utter will catch the attention and delight the hearts of an audience as quickly and as completely as an exact quotation from the Hebrew poets or prophets. The very language has a charm for any audience.

One of the peculiarities of this part of the Bible—to some extent of all parts—is the repetition of the same thought in different language. It is a sort of two-toned sound. It is a blending of colors. Instead of handing us an object painted in solid color, these inspired artists vary and blend colors with such delicate shading that our senses are delighted. These writers do not give us a truth stated in flat, terse, hard-sounding syllables, but they sang it out in musical phrases, and for the sake of rhythm and harmony they repeat in different tones.

It is not another thought added, but the same thought given other tones to complete the melody.

A failure to recognize and understand this poetic peculiarity, this rhetorical gloss and flourish, has caused many men to make some very crude exegetical blunders. They have failed to make any allowance at all for poetic expressions and have tried to make the language conform to a literalistic, legalistic, technical analysis and explanation.

As an example of this mistake, let us take, first, Isa. 35:8: "And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness." Now, it ought to be perfectly plain that only one way—"The way of holiness"—is here referred to. The pronoun "it" is singular, of course, and designates that way—that highway. But because the two terms "highway" and "way" are here used, some preachers have gone to great pains to make this refer to two different ways or roads, and they have with positive certainty pointed out the two roads and distinguished between them. If any say that there is only one way here contemplated, they will ask in grieved perplexity: "Then why did the prophet say 'highway' and 'way'?" "And" is a conjunction and joins *two* things together. It could not be the *same* thing! A way *and* a way! Umph!

No, he did not say a way and a way; he said a *highway* and a *way*—the same thing, but designated by two different terms for the sake of poetry, music. Other examples of this same style of expression will be cited. The book of Isaiah is replete with them.

But another example of this mistake in exegesis is seen when the Adventists cite Deut. 33:2-4, which reads thus:

Jehovah came from Sinai,
 And rose from Seir unto them;
 He shined forth from mount Paran,
 And he came from the ten thousands of holy ones:
 At his right hand was a fiery law for them . . .
 Moses commanded us a law,
 An inheritance for the assembly of Jacob.

Now, the Adventists think that this is conclusive proof that there are, or were, *two laws given to Israel*—one the law of *God* and the other *the law of Moses*. The Ten Commandments were God's law, and the rest of it was Moses' law. Moses' law was taken away at the cross, but God's law remains forever. Of course this conclusion is not correct. The Bible makes no such

distinction. The ceremonial law is called the "law of the Lord" and the "law of Moses" in the same verse. (Luke 2:22,23.) And the Ten Commandments are attributed to Moses. (Mark 7:10.) Again, we see that the error comes from a failure to understand the poetry of the Bible.

Other examples of this poetic double statement:

There are six things which Jehovah hateth;
Yea, seven which are an abomination unto him.

(Prov. 6:16.)

Is there any distinction here between what is *hated* and what is an *abomination*? Of course not. The thought could be expressed in four words: *Jehovah hates seven things*. But that would not be poetry.

He will deliver thee in six troubles;
Yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.

(Job 5:19.)

Here again we are told in poetic language that Jehovah will not leave us nor fail us in trouble.

There are three things which are too wonderful for me,
Yea, four which I know not. (Prov. 30:18.)

There are three things which are stately in their march,
Yea, four which are stately in going. Prov. 30:29.)

These are equivalent to, "*There are four things that I know not,*" and, "*There are four things which are stately in their march.*"

Old Balaam said:

From Aram hath Balak brought me,
The king of Moab from the mountains of the East:
Come, curse me Jacob,
And come, defy Israel. (Num. 23:7.)

Here is our double statement four times given. *Balak* and *the king of Moab* is the same person, and *Aram* and *the mountains of the East* is the same place. *Curse* and *defy* mean the same thing, and *Jacob* and *Israel* mean the same people.

In Isaiah we find this expression many times repeated:

Jehovah that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee,
O Israel. (Isa. 43:1).

Yet thou hast not called upon me, O Jacob; but thou hast been weary of me, O Israel. (Isa. 43:22.)

Yet now hear, O Jacob my servant, and Israel, whom I have chosen. (Isa. 44:1.)

Fear not, O Jacob my servant; and thou, Jeshurun, whom I have chosen. (Isa. 44:2.)

"Jacob," "Israel," and "Jeshurun" are three terms designating the same people.

Consider these beautiful examples of one thought expressed in this same double statement, this poetic ripple:

Fear ye not, neither be afraid. (Isa. 44:8.)

Keep not back; bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the end of the earth. (Isa. 43:6.)

Let all the nations be gathered together, and let the peoples be assembled. (Isa. 43:9.)

PAUSE TODAY AND BREATHE A PRAYER

Schoolmates, good friends of former days,
Come now and gladsome voices raise
And free yourselves of care;
This is the day we celebrate
Our Alma Mater good and great
And pause to breathe a prayer.

From many walks and ways of life,
From toiling hard with honest strife,
We come from here and there,
To meet upon this sacred ground
And hear the old bell's solemn sound
A-calling us to prayer.

For what the school has ever been.
For those who guide it now as then
And fight with courage rare
To keep it free from ev'ry blight
And ever hold it in the right,
We pause and breathe a prayer.

For those who by the Golden Rule
Gave of their means to build this school,
For him whose name it bears,
For those gone on and those who live,
We here our grateful praises give
And lift our hearts in prayers.

For all the men who do not fear,
 (Whose purposes were molded here)
 The gospel to declare,
 Who carry now the words of life
 To a world that's lost in sin and strife,
 We pause and breathe a prayer.

For all the boys and girls of old,
 Who compose the Alumni fold,
 For our brothers ev'rywhere,
 We'll pause today and give a thought
 Of all the changes time has wrought,
 And for them breathe a prayer.

Some may today be held in throes
 Of sorrow, sin, or other woes,
 Or loaded down with care;
 Some in the darkness lose their way
 And from the path of right may stray—
 Include them in our prayer.

That God may give his peace today
 To all who ever passed this way,
 Or with us had a share,
 Who learned life's lessons at this place—
 That they may not fail in the race,
 We pause and breathe a prayer.

For one thing more our fond hearts yearn:
 Give us, O Lord, many a return
 Of 'Lumni Day, so fair,
 To honor our Alma Mater,
 To lend our help to make it better,
 And pause to breathe a prayer.

— G. C. B.

Who knows but Life is that which men call death
 And Death is what men call Life?
 Euripides, the Greek tragic poet.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
 Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
 And so make life, death, and that vast forever
 One grand sweet song.

Kingsley

**Earth's mightiest works shall perish
 Shall crumble and decay:
 Piles of brick and granite
 The years shall sweep away;
 But souls live on forever
 In joy or misery-
 Character is designed
 To last eternally.
 So build on the Rock of Ages,
 Build not on the shifting sand;
 So when the tempest rages
 Safely thy work shall stand.**

(Selected) -

**Life changes all our thoughts of heaven;
 At first we think of streets of gold,
 Of gates of pearl and dazzling light,
 Of shining wings and robes of white,
 And things all strange to mortal sight.
 But in the afterwards of years
 It is a more familiar place;
 A home unhurt by sighs and tears,
 Where waiteth many a well-known face;
 With passing months it comes more near,
 It grows more real day by day;
 Not strange nor cold, but very dear—
 The glad homeland not far away,
 Where none are sick, or poor, or lone.
 The place where we shall find our own.
 And when we think of those we knew,
 Who there have met to part no more,
 Our longing hearts desire home, too,
 With all the strife and trouble, o'er.**

(Selected)

CHAPTER XXV

FACING THE SUNSET

For something like two years I have not been in the best of health. I underwent an operation in 1954 which seemed to correct my whole trouble. And during the latter part of that year and nearly all of the year 1955 I did some of the hardest work I have ever done in my life and seemingly some of the best work. But then, in the early part of 1956, I spent a month or so going through the clinics and having various examinations. Finally the doctors said that they would have to resort to surgery in order to find what my trouble is. They had already located it in the liver and all of us suspected malignancy. On February 24, 1956, the exploratory operation was performed. The surgeons broke up some adhesions which gave me some temporary relief, but they found that which we had all feared and suspected and, of course, we all knew than that I had only a limited time in which to live. No doctor would predict how long the time would be or how short. They said the matter differed with different individuals and all they could promise was that they would try to keep me from suffering and help me endure until the end comes.

After this discovery, I began making arrangements to give up all my meeting work, to turn the Voice of Freedom back to Freedom Press, Inc. and to help to find some one to succeed me, which as yet has not been accomplished.* I have had to cease most of my writing but this book had been planned for a number of years, yet the press of other matters had kept me from writing a single syllable of it. This book, therefore, has been written since I came from the hospital and this, the last chapter, is being dictated on this, the thirtieth day of April, 1956.

The readers may wonder how any one reacts to a sentence such as that that has been pronounced upon me. I suppose with different individuals this matter will differ also. For myself,

*L. R. Wilson of Central Church of Christ, Cleburne, Texas was later selected to edit "The Voice of Freedom."

I am perfectly resigned and willing to say the Lord's will be done. I have always believed and preached often the Lord would be with us in the "valley and the shadow of death." I am fully confident that my name is written in Heaven where the names of all God's first born children are enrolled (Hebrews 12:23). The Lord taught us to rejoice because of this fact. We should, therefore, rejoice and be glad that we can trust in the promises of the Saviour and know that all things will work for good to them that love the Lord.

It is but fair to say, however, that when the hour comes and when you begin to face the reality of the dissolution, of the body, there has to be some sorrow, some grief, some regret. We can't say we are glad the hour has come because the body is still with us, or rather we are still in the body, and the body is subject to weakness and pain. In the hour of pain and in the face of death, it is not as easy to pray as one would think. And even the trust in our Lord Jesus Christ could be weakened if we did not know that there is another to whom we could go. All the days of my life I have known that death was coming. Now I am in my seventy-second year and since I have closed the allotted time of three score and ten, death would not be a surprise in any one of the years that come later. But it is coming to me in the seventy-second year of my life and no doubt this is the way the Lord wants it to be and what the Lord wills, I accept. I am glad, however, that I can rely upon what I have preached and prayed all the days of my life. I have prayed for the Lord to be with me in the last hour and I have trusted that he would do all that he promised. Yet I have preached that death is an enemy and not a friend. And I have frequently said that with all of the flowers and all of the poetry and with all of the music that we use in funeral services we can not hide the ugliness of death, can not comfort the bruised heart completely and it can not be faced without some fear and some horror. Even the psalmist who assured us that the Lord would be with us in the valley and the shadow nevertheless indicated that there was a valley and a shadow and these are things that the soul dreaded in which, therefore, we hope to have the comfort of the Lord's rod and the Lord's staff. The Lord Jesus Christ, in the hour of his death, cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" So if we feel that the Lord has forsaken us when pain racks our body, we must know that we are not alone for this is the common

experience of all who are conscious they are approaching the dissolution of the body.

Much that I have written and much more than I have quoted and sung from others during the days of my life have had to do with not only the experiences of the life that is, but with also the closing of the scenes of earth. More than forty years ago I wrote "A Psalm of the Morning" which closes with a prayer for the Lord to be with me in the evening hour. I give it here in full:

A PSALM OF THE MORNING

The morning cometh with great glory;
It bringeth a flood of golden light;
It gladdens the heart of the watchers
and filleth the earth with beauty.

The messengers of brightness
announce its appearing,
And the creatures of darkness see
its signal in the heavens;
Yea, they stealthily steal away into
their hiding.

The sun cometh up in silent splendor,
The gates of day open quickly before him,
And he entereth softly upon the wings of the morning.

The fear and darkness of the night flee before him,
Yea, joy cometh with the morning
The flowers wet with the tears of night
raise their heads to greet him.

The birds sing aloud in the trees;
. The squirrel also playeth joyously
in their branches.

The hills and valleys ring with
gladness for the sun rise.

O, my God, my life is but a day
The evening shadows make haste to
fall upon me.

Dispel them, I beseech thee, and let
me stand in thy presence as
in the glory of eternal morning.

A song in the old Christian Hymns with words by Mrs.

Loula K. Rogers and the music by R. M. McIntosh which my father used to lead both in public and sing often at home is one of a great many songs that express trust in the Saviour and a prayer for his presence in the last hour. The first stanza of the song reads:

Tho' the shadows gather o'er my pathway here,
And no sun comes with joyous ray,
In the darkness not an evil will I fear,
For my Saviour is leading the way.

The chorus, or refrain:

I will trust in my Saviour,
I will trust in my Saviour,
I will trust in my Saviour always;
He will lead me thro' the night,
By his ever shining light,
I will trust in my Saviour today.

The closing stanza of that song says:

When the chilling blight of death is on my brow,
And the earth passes from my view,
Simply trusting in my Saviour then, as now,
He will lead me in paths ever new.

I have sung this probably not fewer than a thousand times in my life and if we pay attention to what we are singing in our public worship and in our private devotions too, we would have a stronger faith than we do have and we would realize and envision greater glory in the service of Christ and the Gospel we preach than we do today. I have frequently said that we sing a much better Gospel than we preach. I believe with all my heart that this is true. Too many of us do not preach Christianity; we preach "churchanity." Too many of us instead of preaching Christ, preach a creed. And too many of us instead of trusting Christ, depend upon working out our own salvation as though this means that we should achieve it by works of merit in this life. If we believe the songs that we sing, none of us would have this kind of a hope which practically amounts to no hope at all. If we believe the songs that we sing, we will never be doubting our salvation. We will be rejoicing because our names are written in the Book of Life. Even many of the best known songs express a prayer to God for his guidance in life and for his protecting care in death. Even the good old song, "My faith looks up to

Thee" has a stanza for guidance in life and one for blessing in the hour of death. I quote:

While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

Fourth stanza:

When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,
 Fear and distress remove;
 O bear me safe above;—
 A ransomed soul.

A much more recent song with words by T. O. Chisholm and music by L. O. Sanderson is now very justly popular. The name of the song is "Be with me, Lord." The fourth stanza of the song says:

Be with me, Lord, when loneliness overtakes me,
 When I must weep amid the fires of pain,
 And when shall come the hour of "my departure"
 For "worlds unknown,"
 O Lord, be with me then.

A song the words of which were written by my brother, Charles R. Brewer, and the music by Chas. H. Gabriel seem also appropriate in a chapter like this:

AS FALLS THE LEAF

1—As falls the leaf, as fades the flow'r,
 When wintry winds sweep o'er the sky,
 So passes youth's bright, fleeting hour,
 And evening comes and night draws nigh.

Chorus:

Fear not, O heart
 Nor shrink to take the passage o'er;
 Thy Lord is master of the storm,
 And lo! He stands upon the shore.

2—But falling leaf and fading rose,
Lose not their life in bleak despair,
When balms breeze of summer blows
Their spring anew in sum and air.

3—So watching faith beholds a star,
Across the gathering bloom of night,
And list'ning love hears from afar
The heralds of eternal light.

With the sentiment of these hymns ever in mind and resting upon the prayers of my friends and brothers and sisters, I am going down through the valley and the shadow and I fully believe I am experiencing the comforting presence of the Lord with me. I have intimated already that I cannot pray with the same fervor as I have prayed through the years because of pain and consciousness of weakness. That is why I say I am relying now upon the prayers of others, asking that you pray with the same spirit that I have prayed by the dying bed of hundreds of people. I may live on for some months yet to come or the hour may pass within thirty days or less—no one can tell. But that I am fast approaching the hour of my departure is of no question at all. The Lord's will be done! Amen.

And fare now well, my tale is at an end.
Now Jesus Christ, that of His might may send
Joy after woe, govern us in His grace,
And keep us all that be in this place.

Geoffrey Chaucer, 1340-1400.

A FINAL WORD

When the preceding chapter was completed, G. C. Brewer had finished his earthly writing—he had, on his deathbed and in the shadow of the tomb, written his autobiography. A few days later the ambulance drew up to his home, 1925 Jackson Avenue, Memphis, Tennessee, to take him to the hospital in Searcy, Arkansas where he might be near his daughter, Elizabeth (Mrs. Perry Mason), his son-in-law and his grandchildren, during whatever days remained.

There he suffered patiently. He talked, prayed and worshipped with his family and friends. On Saturday, June 9, 1956 at 1:10 P.M. the "Happy Warrior," his battles for truth and righteousness over, went home to be with the Lord.

The funeral service was conducted at the Union Avenue Church in Memphis, Tennessee by B. Sherrod of Lubbock, Texas, E. H. Ijams of Memphis and George S. Benson of Searcy, Arkansas. Brother Brewer was buried at Memphis to await the great resurrection day.

Tributes to Brother Brewer are many. Here are selections from a few:

"I like to think of G. C. as a soldier. A picture comes back to me from childhood, and I see him again as he came riding a fine horse down the streets of Florence. He was just a lad himself then and was on a lowly job of distributing circulars for a big 'old town' store. But as he passed the little grocery store in 'Sweetwater' where I was working as errand boy someone remarked, 'That boy sits on that horse like a general leading an army.' My heart swelled with pride and I said, 'He is my brother.' He did indeed grow up to be a soldier, a leader, a general. The weapons of his warfare were not carnal. He hated war and shunned the thought of violence. But he possessed all the courage, the aggressiveness, the disregard of personal danger that we think of as characteristic of a great soldier. As warriors love their country he loved the cause of Christ and was willing to lay down his life for it. As men fight for liberty he fought for truth which is the basis of all true freedom. As military heroes are honored by the countries for which they fight so we believe he is eligible for the 'crown of righteousness' which he shall receive 'at that day' from his Great Commander in Chief . . .

"In the poem ("The Character of a Happy Warrior") Wordsworth names traits every military leader should possess if he is to merit the love of his countrymen and the respect of his foes. Such traits are: high personal honor, a sense of fairness toward an enemy, a spirit of kindness toward those of lower station, a determination not to be turned from the main course of life by trivial incidents, by bribery or the fear of consequences. All these virtues G. C. Brewer possessed to a high degree. He was a man of honor; he took 'thought for things honorable in the sight of all men.' He did not

recklessly incur debts that he could not pay. He did not spend extravagantly money given him for preaching the gospel. He usually turned the money over to Mary, his good wife, who managed the business affairs with wisdom and frugality. Furthermore, he was honest in his thinking. That is the first requisite of true scholarship . . . G. C. Brewer was a true scholar.

"He was fair toward those who opposed him, if he thought they were sincere in their convictions . . ."—Charles R. Brewer.

"He possessed and used for the betterment of man and the glory of God many talents. A brave and courageous soldier has died with his armor on, in the thickest of the fight, on the battlefield of Zion. Like old John Knox, he never feared the face of man. He had convictions and the courage to defend them. As a friend, a fellow worker, a brother in Christ, we knew him long and loved him much. Thousands who read his writings and heard his sermons will sigh for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." One of the noblest and tallest cedars in Lebanon has fallen. A prince and a great man in Israel has gone home."—B. C. Goodpasture.

"Brother Brewer is gone, but 'he being dead yet speaketh.' His writings in the Gospel Advocate, his books, his debates, his teaching and preaching will live on until the end of time . . . We honor him for the unselfish way he encouraged Christian schools and colleges, benevolent work for widows and orphans and the aged . . ."—M. Norvel Young.

"In the pulpit, on the lecture platform, and in the classroom Brother Brewer was equally at home; and his tremendous grasp of truth quickly gained and held the attention of his hearers of whatever type. And, when the occasion required it, he was capable of rising to the highest levels of oratorical power, and many audiences have thrilled to the wizardry of voice that characterized him when the inspiration of the moment launched him on one of his amazing fights.

"His pen was as potent as his tongue, and greatly extended his influence through the years. No man among us has been more widely followed or wielded greater influence than G. C. Brewer. He was a rugged individualist.

"It is our conviction that the stature of G. C. Brewer will continue to increase with the passing of the years; and, that he will take his place, in the final estimate of history, among the greatest of recent generations . . ."—Guy N. Woods.

"G. C. Brewer was one of the noblest of men. He had a stately physique, and a statesman's brain. He was a fighter. When he drew the sword of the Spirit, devils trembled . . . The tracks he left on the sands of time will make future generations know that a giant walked here."—Reuel Lemmons.

"In every sense of the word he was a truly great man. He was frank and firm, but gentle and kind. He was severe in dealing with sin and error; but was always fair and just. He was learned and cultured. He loved the church; was clear in his knowledge of it; and was strongly opposed to all sectarian and denominational conceptions either in the church or outside it . . . In opposing hobbies and factions he was powerful and effective . . . For more than fifty years his eloquent tongue and trenchant pen were never weary . . ."—Allen Phy.

"Brother Brewer's independence of thought and action, his stand for the truth and opposition to every form of error within or without the church, his reverence for all that pertained to the Lord, his depth of understanding of both men and issues, have not only inspired our past but will give us strength in days to come. His calm resignation while facing death demonstrated the close relation that existed between him and the Suppliant of Gethsemane . . ."—H. A. Dixon.

"Even so come Lord Jesus. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."—John the beloved disciple.