

# GOSPEL SERMONS

by HALL L. CALHOUN

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*These Five Great Sermons were Delivered as a series of Lectures at Abilene Christian College, in February 1927.*

Price 25 Cents

Firm Foundation Publishing House  
104-106-108 East Ninth Street  
Austin, Texas



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## ABOUT THE ELECTRONIC EDITION

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## THE INDWELLING CHRIST

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I believe the Bible to be miraculously inspired; that it is infallibly true in its statements of facts; all authoritative in its commands and absolutely trustworthy as to the fulfillment of its promises. I believe that all scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine. I believe that holy men of God spoke as they were moved by the Holy Spirit. I believe what Paul said "which things we speak not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Spirit teacheth." I believe what Paul further said, "If any man thinketh himself to be a prophet or spiritual, let him take knowledge that the things which I write unto you are the commandments of the Lord Jesus."

I believe that God has in the world three great divine institutions: the home, the state and the church. I believe the home is for the reproduction and rearing of human beings; that the state is to protect the life, liberty and happiness of its citizens; that the church is that institution through which human souls are to be saved and fitted for the life that lies beyond death. I believe that the pillar and support of the truth is the church and not some humanly organized missionary society. I believe that the manifold wisdom of God is to be made known through the church.

I believe that the law of pardon for an alien sinner is that he must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ with all his heart; that he must truly repent of all past sins.; that he must confess with his mouth his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; that by the authority of Jesus Christ he must be baptized into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit; that when he has done these things, then, and not before, he has the promise that his sins are pardoned or that he is saved. I believe that such a person, as a Christian, must add to his faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, to

patience godliness, to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness love, and that should he do so, there will be ministered unto him an abundant entrance into the eternal kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I believe that such a Christian receives the gift of the Holy Spirit, and that if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his, and that possessing that spirit, he should bear its fruit, which is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance, and that against one whose life is filled with these things God's law has no accusation to bring. I believe that such a person should reflect in his daily life and character the teachings of Christ as made known to us in the beatitudes. I believe that all true science and sound philosophy and Christian faith are in perfect harmony, each one perfectly proper in its own sphere, neither trespassing upon either one of the others and in no single point conflicting.

The subject of the lecture I am to deliver at this time is "The Indwelling of Christ." The text upon which it is based may be found in Eph. 3:17. It reads thus: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."

We are taught in Genesis that in the beginning God created man in his own image. We are taught in the first chapter of John, that in the beginning was the word and the word was with God and the word was God, and that all things were made by him, and that without him was not anything made that was made. And Paul teaches us that God created all things by Jesus Christ.

These scriptures being true, man was not only created in the image of God, but in the likeness of Christ, for the word of God says that Christ was the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person, and so much alike were God and Christ that Jesus himself said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Then, man was made in the image of God and in the likeness of Jesus Christ, and the devil's work in this world is to destroy from the soul of man this image of God and likeness of Christ in which man was created.

It is like this. A number of workmen were busy tearing down a structure and one of them happened to strike his elbow against the smooth surface of a plastered wall and brushed away the dirt and dust which had accumulated there and saw in this place coloring matter as if there were a picture underneath. He took his hand and rubbed off a larger space. Seeing there was a picture there, he took his old handkerchief and rubbed off a great big place and found there was a most beautiful picture underneath, too pretty, he thought, to be destroyed. Knowing where an artist lived, he went after this man and brought him, and the artist carefully cleaned away all the dirt and dust and grime and found a masterpiece, and down at the lower right hand corner were the initials of one of the world's great painters, and yet all this beautiful picture had been entirely covered up, blotted out by the dirt and dust that had accumulated through the ages. Thus it is that Satan coming into a human life with the trail of his shame and the soil of sin, seeks to blot out from the life of man that image of God and of Christ in which he was created.

Man is a three-fold being. He has a body, a mind and a heart. It is a splendid thing to have a good strong, healthy body. It is a sad misfortune to have a weak, crippled body. I went into a community once to assist in a meeting. The very first day someone said, Brother Calhoun, have you seen uncle, naming a certain man? Why, I said, I never heard of him. Well, he said, you must be sure to go to see him. So the next afternoon we went. In a plain, simple room, on a plain, simple bed, lay a man past middle life, with his limbs all twisted out of shape by disease. He had not taken a step for more than twenty years. He could not even feed himself. Almost as helpless as a baby. That was a sad cripple. Lying there on a table beside the bed was an old leatherback Bible, thumb worn and dirty from use. And the old man liked to have you turn and read about that earthly house of our tabernacle being dissolved, and then we would have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. He liked to have you read of that body that Paul says we will have after the resurrection, fashioned

like unto the glorious body of Christ, bearing the image of the heavenly Father, raised in power, incorruptible, which John says can never feel pain, sickness, nor death, and tears of joy ran down the old man's cheeks as we read of that new body which he someday hoped to have as his.

But I have seen sadder cripples than that. I went into another community once to assist in a meeting. I went home for the noon day meal with a brother and his wife. As we were leaving the table, the good woman, old enough for my mother, said, Brother Calhoun, would you like to see my baby? I had seen no child. I had heard none mentioned and did not know there was any, but I said to her, "Yes, sister, I would like to see your baby, if you would like to have me do so." And she said, "Come with us," and hand in hand she and her husband walked to a door on the other side of the room and opening into another room as large as the one in which we were sitting, and there in a chair beside the fireplace sat a man as large as I am, and perhaps as old as I then was, a poor driveling idiot that never had spoken a sensible word in his life and never would. And what that poor mother's heart wanted to know was whether the preacher thought that when death claimed her darling, her only baby, would the clouds that came in across his mind pass away, and would he shine out and be like others in the sweet by and by. It comforted her soul when the preacher told her that he believed that all of earth's imperfections would be left behind when we enter that home of the soul that Jesus had gone to prepare. Now, this was a sadder cripple than the man with the crippled body, for a crippled mind is worse than a crippled body.

I have seen worse cases, sadder cripples, than either of these. The causes that make my heart ache, that wring it with bitter sorrow, are those in which Satan has done his work, and it is the heart cripples, where the hearts are all ruined, twisted and filthy with sin and the stain of Satan's shame. I have two boys, both of them taller than the father, with minds reasonably bright and



bodies strong, and I had rather have both those boys helpless cripples until they could never walk a step; I would rather have them both driveling idiots until they could never speak a sensible word, than to have them with bodies as strong as Samson's, and minds as bright as ever Plato or Aristotle had, and simply stop with that. To have their hearts all marred and blurred and ruined by sin is worse than to have a crippled body and a crippled mind.

Now, the work of Christ is to destroy the works of the devil. He said, "I am come to destroy the works of the devil." Perhaps some of you have seen Leonardo Da Vinci's great picture "The Last Supper," representing Jesus and the twelve in that upper room that night before his crucifixion, when he instituted the Lord's Supper. Do you know its true history? It takes years to paint a great picture. They cannot be produced in an hour, or a week, or a month, Or a year even. Da Vinci worked upon this picture more than twelve years, and when he first began, naturally Jesus' figure and face was the central one. All the others were grouped about that. When he came to paint the face of Jesus he was unwilling to trust, great as was his genius, his natural powers to produce a face strong enough and splendid enough to represent the face of Jesus, the world's Savior, and he said. "I am going out into this great city and find a young man, about 30 years of age, with a pure enough and noble enough face to represent the face of Jesus. I am going to arrange with him to let me copy his face upon this canvas." After a long search, one day he found him, a singer in one of the great churches of the city. As soon as he saw his face he said, "That is the face I want." After the service he arranged with the young man to come to his studio and let him copy his face on the canvas to represent the face of Jesus. Would not you think that an honor, to have a face pure enough and noble enough to represent the face of Jesus Christ ! Years passed, ten years and more, and now the great picture is finished, all but one face, and that's the face of Judas, the traitor, and again the artist felt unwilling to trust to his native powers to produce a face dark enough and sin cursed to represent the face of Judas, who sold his

Master for a few pieces of silver, and again Da Vinci said, "I am going out into this city and hunt for a face where sin has done its work; where the devil has blotted out the image of God, and I am going to copy that face on this canvas to represent the face of Judas." One day in one of the lowest dives in the city he found a man and the minute he saw him he said, "That is the face I want." He approached the fellow and said, "I want to hire you." The man answered, "What will you give?" Never asked what he wanted him to do. He would do anything for money. Da Vinci named a small sum and the man said, "Lead on, I will follow." Out from that low, filthy dive they came, into a more decent street, and by and by they walked into the studio where the great picture had stood more than a dozen years on the easel, in the same room, and when the man, following Da Vinci, walked into the room he looked around with a startled glare at the picture, and said, "Oh, my God, I can't do that. I can't do that." Da Vinci said, "Can't what?" "Oh," he said, "I know what you want. You want to paint my face on that picture to represent the face of Judas. My God, man, I can't do that." Da Vinci stepped to the door, closed it, locked it, took the key out and put it in his pocket and said to the trembling wretch, "You can, you shall, you must." The man pointed with trembling hands and said, "There's my face painted as the face of Jesus." He said, "Twelve years ago I sat here in this very room. You copied my face on that canvas to represent the face of Jesus, and now you want it to represent the face of Judas." And Da Vinci copied that face. That is why that picture is today considered one of the world's masterpieces. It shows what sin can do. That is not a made up story. That is true as the word of God. Sin can take a face pure enough and noble enough to represent the face of Jesus and so blot out from it the image of God as to make it fit to represent Judas the traitor.

Now, since Jesus came to destroy the works of the devil, he wants to come into our hearts "that Christ may dwell in your heart by faith." Why? He wants to restore to the soul of man that lost image of God, in which man was created. He wants to wash

away with his own precious blood the stain of sin, the soil of shame, and restore to the human heart and life that image of God in which man was made.

Is it true, as our text says, that Christ dwells in the heart of a Christian, "that Christ may dwell in your hearts?" The word "dwell" means "to live, to make his abode, to stay permanently, not just to visit." Do the Scriptures teach that Jesus dwells in a Christian's heart? Listen, Rev. 3:20, Jesus speaking, "I stand at the door and knock. If any man will hear my voice and open the door I will come in." John 14:23: "If any man serve me, him will my Father honor and both my Father and I will come unto him." In John 17:23, Jesus said, speaking of his followers, "I in thee and thou in me." Gal. 2:20, Paul says, "Christ liveth in me," and Christ is no more expected to live in Paul than he is to live in every Christian.

2 Cor. 13:5, speaking to all Christians, "Examine yourselves, whether you be in the faith, prove your own selves. Know ye not that Jesus Christ is in you, except you be reprobates." Reprobates simply means sinners, outcasts, those not Christians. This verse says Jesus Christ is in every Christian. Rom. 8:10: "If Christ be in you."

Gal. 4:19, Paul says, "My little children of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." And these are not the half of the Scriptures which teach that Christ dwells in a Christian. So, if I am a child of God, if you are one, Christ is dwelling, living in us.

But someone says, "How can this be? How can Christ live in a Christian? How can he live in me?" Our text says "that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith," and God's word teaches that this faith comes by hearing the word of God (Rom. 10:17).

So, this Christ who dwells in us by faith is one concerning whom we learn from God's word and is indwelling in no mysterious, uncertain way. It is the Christ formed in our souls by faith as we

learn of Him through the teachings of God's holy word, made known through his Holy Spirit. Jesus said, "Come learn of me." Paul says, "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom." He says further, "we all with open face beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image," and this Christ who dwells in us is not a cold intellectual conception simply, not the mere belief of a fact or facts concerning him, that he once lived and walked about the Sea of Galilee and over the hills of Judea, but the Christ that dwells in our hearts by faith. This faith must be made perfect by efforts, for by works is faith made perfect, and it is a living Christ in harmony with Paul's teachings (Rom. 16:26), when he teaches that this gospel of Christ is made known for the obedience of faith. So, it is a Christ, dwelling in us, embodied in a life of obedience, filled with such deeds of love and kindness and courtesy as Christ himself performed.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said that when two boys, James and John, meet on the street there are six persons present. How could this be? Well, there is first, John as John himself. That is John's John. Then there is John as James sees him. Sometimes James' John is a very different John from John's John, and then there is that John that God sees, and that is the real John, often quite different from either of the other two, and of course, there are as many James' present as there are Johns'. So, the Christ that dwells in us must be Christ formed in us, a Christ as God sees him, not simply my Christ, nor your Christ, but God's Christ, a Christ dwelling in us.

But someone says, "Can't you make it plainer that that?" I will try. Phil. 2:5: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." With the mind we think and feel and purpose, and if Christ's mind is to be in us, the we must think and feel and purpose like Christ. Rom. 8:9: "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is not one his." My spirit must be like the spirit of Christ, so much so that I can say the spirit of Christ is in me.

Some years ago a missionary from China sat at my breakfast table and told my children this story. He said one morning he and his wife were sitting at their breakfast table and they heard a little baby crying. Sounded like it was just out the window on the street, and the wife ran to the window, and sure enough, there lay a little girl baby out in the street, thrown away by its heathen mother, because little girl babies are not valuable in China where Jesus is not known. The missionary's wife ran out and picked the little one up. It did not seem to be hurt. She brought it in and cared for it. She had a little baby of her own, almost the same age. She divided the food that God gave for her own baby with the little heathen baby. Other mothers of the community were interested and helped and the little baby lived and grew, and may we trace now and see how Christ came to dwell in this little heathen baby's heart? It was not long until it was a great big, healthy, growing baby girl, and the missionary and his wife taught it, as they did their own little baby; the story of the babe of Bethlehem, and how the angels were sent that night. when He was born, and how the wise men, guided by the star, came bringing their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh; and how they worshipped him, and little by little as the child grew, it became familiar with the story of Jesus. It was learning and Christ was being formed in its mind until it could see Jesus, who Jesus was and just how Jesus thought and just how Jesus felt and just how Jesus purposed, and just how Jesus acted. Years passed by and the image of Christ in the soul of the child grew stronger, and it saw more clearly, and by and by it was sent to America and put in a girl's school where Christ was loved and honored, and it learned more and more of him. Finally a preacher came to hold a meeting in the town and the girls from the school attended the meeting. More and more the little girl had learned, but now she is a great big girl. More and more she had learned of Jesus until one night at the close of the sermon, when the invitation was extended, that girl walked down to confess her faith in Christ and crown him king in her heart and her life. Jesus had come into her heart, by faith and had taken control, and so it is that Jesus must come into your

heart and life and mine. We learn about him. We see the patience and sweetness of his character and make that our own.

We are told in 2 Peter 1:4: "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises that by these we might be partakers of the divine nature." Partakers of the divine nature means sharers in that divine nature and the divine nature is the Christ nature. So, we must have Christ's mind in us, Christ's spirit in us, Christ's nature in us, not theoretically simply. 1 Peter 2:21, Christ left us an example that we should follow in his steps. 1 John 2:24: "He that sayeth I know him ought also to walk even as he walked." So the Christ that dwells in you and in me must be the living Christ, until our thoughts and feelings and purposes and words and deeds, our nature, our very life is a reproduction of his, and that is in harmony with modern teaching on the subject of Christianity.

What do the best modern writers tell us Christianity is? The reproduction of the life of Christ in the human life. That is what it means to be a Christian.

Someone says, "How can this be?" An old colored man was sitting in his cabin one day reading the Bible, as he sat by the fire. A white man came along by the cabin door and said, "What are you doing, uncle?" He said, "I am reading the Bible." The white man said, "I don't read the Bible. I don't believe the Bible is true. It has contradictions in it." He said, "You read your Bible, can you explain this to me?" He thought he would trouble the old colored man. "Doesn't that Bible tell you that Christ dwells in you. Doesn't your Bible say you are in Christ, 'if any man be in Christ he is a new creature?'" He said, "Yes, it do." He said again, "Can you explain to me how you can be in Christ and Christ in you at the same time? Isn't that a contradiction?" The old colored man says, "Boss, don't know if I can explain it so you can see it or not, but I'll try." He took up the long poker some four feet long, made of iron, from the corner of the fireplace. He put one end in the fire where the logs were, burning, and sat still until the end of the poker that

was in the fire became red hot, and then taking hold of the other end of the poker, he lifted it up and says, "Boss, you see that, now, the fire's in the poker and the poker's in the fire," and it was. Just so it must be with the nature and mind and spirit of Christ. All through you and me, in our hearts and in our lives must be such feelings, such purposes, such words and such deeds as Jesus had, and it is in this way, not in some mysterious incomprehensible manner, but in this way that Christ is to dwell in our hearts by faith.

And then the question: Why does Christ want to dwell in our hearts? Following our text is this language: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith, that you may be able to know what is the breadth and length and depth and height of the love of Christ." Oh, how narrow and short and shallow and low are the ideas that some have of what it means to be a Christian. It goes but little farther with some than to say perhaps twenty-five years ago I was baptized, no change in the life. Standing that person up by the side of a man outside of the church, you would not be able to detect enough difference to tell which was the Christian and which not. Is that all it means to be a Christian, simply that somebody baptized you years ago? Or, is your life Christ like, so that people who see you can see Christ in you and would recognize you and me as they did Jesus' disciples of old, that they had been with Jesus.

But that is not all. Not only that we may know what is the breadth and length and height and depth of the love of Christ, but the next verse says "that we may be filled with all the fullness of God." How empty the lives of some people are. You could dig down into the hearts of some men and you wouldn't find anything there but a little office, a little worldly business engrossing all their powers and thoughts. Business and affairs that will pass away in a few years and be as if they never had been, and yet a human soul with infinite powers and eternal existence will satisfy itself upon these empty things. Dig down into the hearts of some

women and you will find nothing there but the latest style of dress and hat, or the latest forms of polite society, how to have an entertainment up-to-date. "That Christ may dwell in your hearts that you may be filled with all the fullness of God."

A young man was studying to be an artist, a painter. He studied for years under an old teacher, and then set up a studio of his own. He had dreamed dreams, as all artists do, that some day he would paint a masterpiece, and after working several years in his own studio he said, "The time has come when I must paint my picture." And so, when canvas had been stretched, palette and paint ready, he began the outlines of what he hoped would be a masterpiece. One day he was out of the studio, leaving brush and paint and picture just begun. While he was gone the old teacher who had known his heart and mind and aspirations all through the years, came in, studied that outline for a little while, and then dipping the brush into the fresh paint, in big rough letters, entirely across the face of the picture he wrote a-m-p-l-i-u-s, amplius, the Latin word that means "wider." Laying down his brush he went his way. Soon the young artist came in and at once saw the picture with the rough letters across its face, and said, "Who dared spoil my picture like that," and then he looked carefully and said, "Oh, the master has been here, the teacher, it must have been he," and then he spelled out those letters a-m-p-l-i-u-s, wider. What did he mean? Can he mean that my picture is too narrow and too cramped in this perspective, that I need a wider view? He must have meant that, and so the young artist painted over that outline as artists know how to do, and began his picture anew, with a wider view, and he did paint one of the world's masterpieces.

We are all painters, painting not on canvas that will some day crumble back to dust like that artist was painting on, but painting on the enduring canvas of the human soul, our own soul's picture of Jesus Christ, the most beautiful picture of which the human soul can conceive, and I wonder if our teacher, who is Jesus himself, as he looks upon our work, would not, in many instances,



say "Amplius," wider. Our conceptions of Jesus and what it means to be a Christian are so narrow, so short, so low, so shallow, so cramped, not filled with all the fullness and blessings of God.

That is why Jesus wants to come into and dwell in every Christian's heart.

## A MUCH NEGLECTED COMMAND

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The subject which I am to discuss this evening is, "A Much Neglected Command." I think I may say without fear of contradiction, that no one ever heard a member of the church of Christ say that any command which God ever gave is non-essential. We do not believe that God wasted his time in giving nonessential commands. We believe that every command coming from him is essential, and that knowingly and willingly to neglect any one, when it can be reasonably performed, is to sin against God and our own souls. You often hear our preachers quote such scriptures as these: "Blessed are they that do his commandments." "This is the love of God that we keep his commandments." "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me," and, "If a man love me he will keep my words." "Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." "Why call ye me Lord, Lord and do not the things which I say?" "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them is like a wise man who built his house upon the rock." "Not everyone that sayeth unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven" and "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments and shall teach men so, the same shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven."

Now, some of God's commands pertain to external forms and rites and ceremonies, and we can see people when they obey them. Speaking of the Lord's Supper, Jesus said, "Do this in remembrance of me." You can see one when he eats the bread, or when he drinks the fruit of the vine. Jesus said, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them." You can see one when he is baptized, but not all of God's commands are like this. Some pertain to internal states and conditions of the heart. God

can see when such commands are obeyed, but no other human being than the person doing the command can know when he is fulfilling them. For example, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "Thou shalt not covet." These commands have to do with states and conditions of the heart and are not expressed in formal rites and ceremonies. Some people have been ready to charge us with paying more attention to those commands that have to do with outward forms and ceremonies than we do to those which relate to the internal states and conditions of the heart. In other words; they charge us with formalism, saying that we are like those people of whom Jesus spoke when he said to them, "You make clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but within they are full of uncleanness." They say we are like those people whom Paul mentioned who had a form of godliness, without the power. I am not inclined to admit that my brethren are any more guilty along this line than other religious people. I believe that with one voice we would all say that soundness in the faith requires just as strict obedience to the commands that have to do with the internal states and conditions of the heart as to those which pertain to the outward forms and ceremonies. "For if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His." And certainly the spirit of Christ would not lead any man to neglect any of God's commands.

But while this is true, I believe there is one command which is very much neglected by many good people, even among our own brethren. Hence, I have chosen to speak on the subject stated above—"A Much Neglected Command." And the text upon which this lecture is based may be found in Phil. 4:6, and in the King James' version, it reads, "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." The American revised version reads it as follows: "In nothing be anxious, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." Put in the plain simple language of everyday life as men would speak it on the street, it says, "Worry about nothing,

but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God" Do you know any people who worry? who fret? who are anxious? who are care worn? who go about with nervous tension, fearful of what may happen, almost expecting something terrible every hour? No, don't think of your wife, or your husband, or your neighbor. Begin with yourself. How is it with you? Do you worry? Are you anxious? Are you careful? No plainer command can be found upon the page of God's word than that which says, "Be careful for nothing. In nothing be anxious." Watch the faces that you meet on the street. See that wrinkled brow, that set mouth, that determined expression in the eye, and you will need no further evidence that there are people who neglect this plain command, and yet, Phil. 4:6 is not the only place where Christians are taught not to be anxious, not to be careful for anything, not to worry.

1 Peter 5:7, Peter says, "Casting all your care upon him." This also, like Phil. 4:6, sweeps the field and leaves nothing about which to be careful. David spoke thus: "Cast thy burden on the Lord," which means what Paul and Peter meant, and Jesus in Luke 12:22 says, "Be not anxious for your life, what you shall eat and drink." Do you know any people who worry over what they are expecting to eat or drink, especially when they are looking for company for dinner? Have you ever known even good Christian women to be so worried and fretted and anxious over the food they were going to have when guests were to be present that they could not enjoy the meal even when it came. Yet Jesus said, "The life is more than the food," and there are certainly much more important things to consider than simply what we eat, for Jesus said, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." In Matt. 6:25 Jesus said, "Be not anxious for your body, what you shall put on, for the life is more than the raiment" Did you ever know anyone to worry about the kind of suit or dress, or hat that he or she was to wear? Did you ever know anyone to be all upset and distressed because the tailor did not send the suit, or the milliner did not send the hat

at the exact time promised? Did you ever know people to stay away even from the Lord's table and the house of worship, just because they did not have clothing exactly to suit their fastidious taste? Jesus does not want his followers to be anxious, care-worn, distressed. Remember how he said to his disciples just before he left this world, "Let not your hearts be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me." Jesus does not want his followers to go about with anxious hearts, with careworn brains, with distressed minds. Remember that he said, "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you." Do not make a mistake. This lecture is not against work, but worry. Work does not hurt people. It is worry that kills. Like many other preachers I have preached numerous funerals. Sometimes I have heard it said on a funeral occasion, "Poor man, poor woman, they worked themselves to death." I do not believe it. I have thought sometimes that I would like to preach just one funeral sermon where the person worked himself to death, but do not believe that I have ever done so.

Work does not hurt. Cross bearing does not kill. It is the worry that brings so many people up to death. Worry is like rust, both useless and harmful. Buy a spade and undertake to wear it out by work and you will find that it lasts a long time. The more you use it, the brighter it keeps, and the longer it lasts. Let it lie around in the rain and get rusty and the rust will soon eat it up. So it is with human beings. Work brightens, strengthens and makes more efficient. Worry kills.

When a boy on the old farm in Henry County, Tennessee, I learned a lesson along this line from a team of horses, which my father owned. One was a quiet bay that always kept her end of the double tree a little ahead, pulling more than her share of the load. The other was a fiery black that was constantly champing his bit, stamping up and down, springing forward and flying back, fretting constantly. I have seen this black horse covered in foam from head to foot, sweating all over, while the quiet bay by his side was not even wet under the collar, and yet she Was doing

more work than the black horse by her side. It is worry that kills, but not work.

There are people who perhaps could sympathize with the young husband who had been married a little more than a year, who said, "When I first married I thought my wife was so sweet that I felt like I could eat her up, but after I had been married about a year, I wished to the Lord I had eaten her up, for she fretted and worried and whined until neither she nor I nor anyone else about us could be happy." I believe it is as much a sin against God and one's self to worry and fret and be anxious as it is to steal or lie or take God's name in vain. Christian people should not be guilty of this sin.

But I imagine someone is ready to say, But how can you help it when so many things go wrong and it seems sometimes as if everything is wrong. How can you help worrying? They say it is easy enough for you to stand there and say, "Don't worry, that it is a sin to worry." You can say that in your lecture very easily, but it is easier to say it than it is to do it. How can you keep from worrying? That is a good question and the very one that I want to answer next. Worry, like all other things, has a cause, and the only way to prevent the effect is to remove the cause. I have many good friends among doctors. I like to cultivate the friendship of doctors. They are usually intelligent men. They make pleasant friends. They can talk to you about many things which you will find helpful. I care not what school of medicine a man may endorse, whether he be Allopath, Eclectic, Homeopath, Osteopath or Chiropractor, they all practice upon the same principle. Whatever may be the disease, remove the cause, and nature, with perhaps a little assistance from medicine or treatment, will soon cure the disease.

This same principle is true in regard to worry. To cure the disease we must remove the cause. What is the cause of worry? May I answer that question quite plainly, and then show by the word of God that the answer which I have given is correct? The

cause of worry is want of faith in God. No one who believes in God as he ought can worry. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not upon thine own understanding." "We know that all things work together for good to those who love God." If you believe that all things are working for your good, you cannot worry. Imagine a case. Go down the street and meet that man who has a bad case of the blues, anxious, fretting, care-worn, stop him and ask the question, What is it friend? Why are you so blue, so anxious, so worried? Would he answer, "All things are working together for my good and I have the blues about it?" No, he does not believe it. You cannot worry if you believe everything is working for your good. Did Jesus mean it when he said, "Except you be converted and become as little children, you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven?" Did he mean that unless we became trustful and care-free like little children, that we would not enjoy a place in that kingdom of peace which he came to establish? Go into the poorest home that you can find in this state, a little one-room cabin, almost destitute of furniture, none of the comforts and luxuries of life there, see that little child playing about the floor, watch its smiling face, care-free brow. Why? Maybe father and mother do not know where the next day's food will come from, but the little child's trust does not fail. Trusting its father and mother, it plays happily and sweetly all the day through, knowing that kind fatherly care and love will provide for its every need. I sometimes think that perhaps the saddest sight our loving heavenly Father has to look down on is some of his children with anxious hearts, care-worn brows, full of distress, simply because they do not trust him as he asks. Will not our heavenly Father provide for his children? Did he not say, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you?" "All things work together for good to those who love me."

But someone says, "How can God make all things work together for good to all his children everywhere?" Look at the millions in our own country, the millions in South America, the hundreds of

millions in the continents across the sea, and how can God make all things work together for good to all these people everywhere? Friend, you will never get the peace, nor the rest that the loving heavenly Father gives his children when they trust him, so long as you doubt God's ability to keep his promise. Did you ever try to sleep on a bed when you expected it to break down with you every minute? I never did but one night, and I do not care to repeat the experience. A young man friend and myself were on our way to New Orleans. We reached a railway crossing one night about 10:00 o'clock where we had to change trains. Our train was late and we found that the train which we had expected to take had already gone and there was no other train going our way till 10:00 o'clock the next day. We inquired for a place where we could spend the night. The agent pointed to a little hotel across the track and said we could get a room there. We told the proprietor that he need not build a fire, we were going to bed at once, and we had a race to see which one would blow out the lamp. We were both young, active and each weighed about 180 pounds. We struck the bed at the same minute. It would not stand the strain. It went down with a crash, all except one old slat that was screwed on. We could not sleep in a bed with one slat up and all the others down, so we got up and carefully as we could with the chairs in the room and a box or two that we found in the wardrobe we propped it up and then got in just as easy as we could, and I lay there all night expecting that bed to drop any minute. I got up so tired that I could hardly walk, and yet there are people claiming to be Christians who sometimes talk about resting in the everlasting arms that would not be surprised if the Father would let them drop any minute. The fact is, they are expecting something awful to happen all the time. And then they wonder why they are not happy.

How different was the attitude toward life of that grand old hero Paul, who said, "I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he will keep that which I have committed unto him." But someone says, "I know God could take care of us, but in



this old world every fellow has to paddle his own canoe. Every one must hoe his own row, and if things do not go right, it is our fault, and we simply have to grin and bear it, and you cannot expect God to make everything go your way. If you want a thing done you have to do it yourself, for God is not willing to do everything for you. You have to learn to look out for number one." Friend, you will never get any rest as long as you disbelieve what Jesus said, "Without me you can do nothing." "Come to me and I will give you rest." No, you cannot hoe your own row. You cannot paddle your own canoe. You cannot look out for number one. You cannot grin and bear it very long without the help of Jesus.

We should not doubt his willingness when he says, "Come to me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

There are many foreigners in this country and the poor fellows, when they first reach America, sometimes have a hard row to hoe, sometimes find it difficult to get a start. Many of them learn to speak our language, to count our money, and transact business in our ways, beginning as pack peddlers. One day in Ohio a young farmer with a splendid team and a new wagon was returning home after having delivered a load of wheat at the elevator in the town. It was harvest time. He drove into the end of a long lane, hot and dusty. Looking on ahead he saw a pack peddler making for the country, his body bowed beneath his heavy load, trudging slowly along. The young farmer was kind hearted, and as he saw that man, he said, "Poor fellow, he has a heavy load. I believe I will give him a lift." As he drove alongside he stopped his team and said, "Would you not like to have a ride, my friend?" The peddler said, "Yes sir, if you please," and the farmer said, "Climb in," and the peddler climbed over the hind gate and sat down on the wagon bed floor, and the farmer drove on for about a hundred yards and looked back and saw that the peddler still had his pack on his back. Thinking perhaps that he had not had time to unstrap it and lay it down, he drove on for another hundred yards.

Looking back he saw the pack still on the peddler's back, and then with a smile, he said, "Why do you not lay that pack down and take a rest?" The poor fellow, looking up, said, "Please sir, I did not know whether you were willing to haul me and my pack both or not." You smile at this poor fellow's ignorance because he did not know that it would make the load no heavier for him to lay his pack down and take a rest, and yet some of you will, perhaps, go out of this house, and act in a manner just as silly. You think you have to bear your own burden; you have to paddle your own canoe; you have to hoe your own row, and when Jesus invites you to lay down your burdens, to cast all your care on him, you do not know whether he is willing to carry both you and your burdens. Poor soul, do you not know that if you are God's child, he already has you and all of your burdens in his arms, and it would not make his load any heavier for you to lay that burden down and take the rest that he is so willing to give. I verily believe that there are many good people today who need more than they need anything else, just to cast their care on Jesus and take a good old-fashioned rest. The everlasting arms of God are around about his children, and it does not increase his burdens any for us to cast all our cares on him.

But someone says, "That it is easy enough for you to stand up there and urge people not to worry but suppose somebody has been slandering you, saying things about you which are not true, blackening your character, and taking from you your good name, do you not remember what Shakespeare said—'He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who filches from me my good name takes from me that which him enriches not but makes me poor, indeed,' and you stand there and say, 'Now just let him talk, let him say what he will, and do not worry about it at all.'" It is easy enough to say that, but how can you do it when your very name and reputation are being blackened?"

Let us hear what Jesus says. I have no rule of my own to give. I would simply call your attention to a case exactly like the one you

have described, asking you to listen to what Jesus says do. Matt. 5:11, 12: "blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely." Revile is to talk ugly about you. Persecute is to act unkindly toward. To say all manner of evil against one falsely is to slander in the vilest way. What does Jesus say do? Pay him back in his own coin? Shoot him on sight? Give him as good as he sent? That sounds like Texas or Tennessee, but does not sound like Jesus, for he says, "Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven." And Jesus practiced what he preached. Do you remember how, when he had been condemned to be crucified, they stripped him of his own simple garments and dressed him in the mock robes of a king; that they plaited a crown of thorns and pressed it on his brow; that they placed a stick in his hand as a mock scepter; that they seated him on a rude stone as a throne and then mocked him. They spat in his face; they slapped him with the palms of their hands; they buffeted him, which means they struck him in the face with their fists. They took the rude scepter out of his hand and beat him over the head with it, and then mockingly bowed the knee before him and said, Hail, King of the Jews, and when they had vented their spite they clad him in his own simple garments, laid on him the cross beam and made him bear it out toward the place of crucifixion till he fell beneath its weight, and Simon of Cyrene had to help him carry it on, and when they had nailed him to the cross and lifted his body up between the heavens and the earth they laughed at him and jeered him, even in his dying hour, and Jesus did not rail at them, or pronounce a curse upon them, but looking down upon them and then up into the loving face of the heavenly Father, he prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And yet you and I sometimes say that we cannot bear the taunts and jeers and slander of human tongues, when Jesus said, "It is enough for the servant to be as his master, and the disciple as his teacher, or Lord." And you think that you ought to be treated better than Jesus, and that when men speak evil of you and revile you, that you should pay them back in their own coin, and that you could

not stand to have your name traduced and your heart bruised in a manner similar to that which he endured! But, you say, well, I might stand for people to talk about me and say ugly things about me, but take a case like this. You have had business dealings with a man and he has acted dishonestly, and virtually robbed me of all that I had and he and his are living in ease and luxury off of that which justly belongs to me and mine, and you say, Just go on, do not worry about it, do not be anxious, just keep sweet. What would you do in a case like that?

I have no rule of my own. I can find you upon the page of God's word a worse case than that and show you what God says do. There was a man, the richest in all the country where he lived. He had 7,000 sheep, 3,000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen, 500 she asses, a great household of servants and seven sons and three daughters, and once the sons of God came together to worship and Satan came along. He always does. And God called Satan's attention to this rich man and said, You see how he serves me; he fears God and shuns evil, a perfect man and an upright; and Satan has no confidence in anyone. He believes that every man has his price: that all obedience is bought and, so, he said to God, Look how you have blessed that man. You have poured your wealth and riches all round about him. Just take away his property, his riches and he will curse you to your face. God knew this was not true and he wanted you and me to know it, so he said to Satan, "There he is, do what you please with his property, but do not touch him." Satan went out and got busy. It was not long until a great prairie fire swept over his pasture and burned up all of his sheep and the servants who cared for them, only one escaped and he went to tell his master, and while he was talking another servant came running in and said, "Robbers have driven off the camels and killed the servants who were with them and I only am left to tell the story." And while he was speaking another came in and said, "The oxen were plowing and the asses were feeding beside them and robbers came and drove them all away and killed the servants, and I only am escaped to tell this." And while he was

speaking another came and said, "A great wind came out of the wilderness and smote the house where your children were all dining with their oldest brother today, and the house was wrecked and all ten of your children were killed, and the servants, and I only am escaped to tell this."

Now, what did this man do? His property was all taken away, most of it by robbers, and his children all died, ten of them, not after long, protracted sickness, within which time he might have prepared himself for the blows which he saw must soon be struck, but suddenly, all at once, like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, they were all taken away. Property gone, children gone. What did this man do? Listen: "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." In all this "he sinned not, nor charged God foolishly."

Again the sons of God came up before the Lord and Satan came among them, and God said, "Do you see my servant, that he still retains his integrity?" and Satan said, "Yes, but you have not touched him in his own person yet. You just make him suffer and he will curse you to your face, and God knew this was not true, and he wanted you and me to know it. So, he said, "There he is, just do not kill him. Do anything you please to him, just so you spare his life," and again Satan went out and got busy and he made this man to break out in boils from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, and with property gone, children gone, health gone, even his wife came and said, "Curse God and die." Your case was never so desperate as his, and do you know what Job said in answer to his wife's advice. Remember, Job was just a man, made out of flesh and blood like you and me, but he said, "You talk as a foolish woman. Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." There are not demons enough in hell with Satan to help them to separate a soul full of trust from its God. And we will never get the rest and the peace that God wants his children to have until "all on the altar of trust we lay." And as long as you doubt God's willingness and God's ability to take care of you and to make all things work

together for your good, you will never have the soul rest to which you are entitled and which God and Christ want you to enjoy.

You ask, what if I should take him at his word and in nothing be anxious, be careful for nothing, worry about nothing, what would be the result? I have no answer of my own to give, but the next verse to the one contained in my text, answers the question you have asked. May we read the text again and then the verse which follows: "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God that passes all understanding will keep your minds and hearts through Christ Jesus the Lord." Isaiah knew by the Spirit the same great truth, for he says, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on thee, because he trusteth in thee." It was just what Jesus taught, "Come unto me all ye that labor and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." All the fruits of the Spirit grow in this atmosphere of trust, love, joy and peace, that peace of God that passes all understanding, the peace which Jesus said he came to give unto his disciples, the peace that the world cannot give, nor can it take away, the peace of God that passes all understanding.

Oh, how much many people today need this experience of peace! You who claim to be loyal Christians, sound in the faith, calling none of God's commands nonessential, priding yourselves in being able to give chapter and verse for all that we teach, do you know what this peace of God that passes all understanding means? Are you anxious, care-worn, heartsick and distressed because you will not come to that Great Physician who is able to cure all the wounds inflicted by sin, to pour in the wine and oil of his love and give that soul rest that all must have if they are to rejoice in the Lord always, as God's book teaches that Christians should?

If we practiced and enjoyed this peace of God, would not our religious doctrine be much more highly commended to those

round about us? Is not this soul peace that which the many burdened hearts round about us are seeking and longing for? Seeing us enjoying it, would it not be much easier to persuade them to walk in that way which leads to eternal peace. Everything must be taken to God and left there. Casting all your care upon him, for he cares for you.

There was once a good woman who thought that she had experienced the greatest sorrow that could come to anyone. She had lost a loving, pure, faithful husband. He had left her with a little baby girl just a few weeks old, and that was about all that he had left her, but the memory of his love. She dressed in black, went about with a sad heart, and a sad face. She sang day after day, "Go bury thy sorrow, go hide it with care, go tell it to Jesus, go breathe it in prayer." She sang that yesterday. She is singing it today. She sang it through the weary months and years as they came. Still she dressed in black; still her face and heart were sad, but babies grow. Several years passed and the little babe is old enough now to play with her dolly and one day this mother, sad of face and heart, received a rather disturbing lesson. She was singing, "Go bury thy sorrow," as she sewed, and she heard baby sitting in the corner talking to her dolly, saying, "Mother's dug it up again, Mother's dug it up again." And then that mother thought, My baby heard me sing yesterday, "Go bury thy sorrow." She hears me sing it today: "Go bury thy sorrow," and she knows that I couldn't bury it again today, unless I had dug it up, and the baby was right. It is all right to sing, "Go bury thy sorrow; Go hide it with care; Go tell it to Jesus; Go breathe it in prayer," but don't dig it up again. Casting all your care upon him, be careful for nothing, for earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

## THE FIVE GREAT DUTIES OF A CHRISTIAN LIFE

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I am to speak at this time on the subject, "The Five Great Duties of a Christian Life." The text is located in 1 Cor. 16:13, 14. It reads: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong, let all that you do be done in love."

The writer of this language was the apostle Paul, but not Paul alone, for he says "which things we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Spirit teacheth." So, we have here a text given by the Holy Spirit, through the apostle Paul. Those addressed, we are told, are the members of the church of Christ in the city of Corinth, but not they only, for the writer adds "to all who in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours." So, this language is just as much for the Christians in this place as it was for the Christians in the city of Corinth, and if you will read the epistle through you will find it filled with just such teachings as Christians everywhere need. In the first chapter we find this: "I beseech you, through the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you speak the same things and that there be no divisions among you, but that you be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment." Jesus taught this same thing when he prayed that all who believed on him might be one, even as he and the Father are one. Oh, how much need there is in some places today for this teaching. There are communities in which the professed followers of Jesus Christ are so divided and the religious tension is so tight that it seems those on both sides spend more time and energy in fighting each other than they do in fighting sin and Satan. There are homes divided on the subject of religion where the feeling is so strong that for the sake of peace both sides have agreed not even to mention religion. How Satan must rejoice when he gets a home in such a state that the members of it dare not even talk religion.



Not very long ago I stood on a prominent street corner in a good town and listened to a regular family quarrel between father and mother as to where their little daughter should attend Sunday school. How much better if God's people would be united as Jesus prayed they should, as the Holy Spirit teaches they ought to be. Perhaps the greatest stumbling block in the way of unbelievers today is the miserable division existing among the followers of Christ. The reason which Jesus gave for praying that all who believe on him might be one was that the world might believe on him.

Read on in the epistle and very soon you come to another subject upon which there is much need of teaching. The writer rebukes those who are puffed up in their own minds, who think they are better than others, and most fittingly says, "Let no man think of himself more highly than he ought to think." In harmony with that other verse which says, "He that exalteth himself shall be abased, but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." In harmony with the further teaching "let each esteem others better than himself." Perhaps there are no Christians here who are puffed up in their minds, but back where I live there possibly are some of this kind.

Did you ever hear this statement? I have. If I could buy that man for what he is really worth and then sell him for what he thinks he is worth, I could make a fortune at one trade.

Read on and you find very soon where Christians are rebuked for going to law one with another. The Holy Spirit says, "Why not rather suffer wrong, why not rather be defrauded of your goods than for brother to go to law with brother and that before the unbelievers." He adds, "Is it possible that there are no wise men among you who might settle these disputes that arise between brethren?" Can there not be found any men of sufficient sense and principle among Christians to decide disputes that arise among themselves. Must they rush off to the law courts and fight each other with such bitterness as to make even outsiders sneer

and say, "Watch those Christians fight each other." That's brotherly love, is it not? Better practice what they preach before they ask others to join them.

And so if you read on through the entire epistle you find it filled with just such teachings as Christians everywhere need. And in the last chapter and almost the very last words of that chapter the Holy Spirit sums up for us the Christian life under five great duties. "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong, let all that you do be done in love," Are you willing to study with me for a time these great duties one by one? Each is as full of thought and meaning as an egg is full of meat. The first one "watch ye," what does that mean? It means keep your eyes open. See things. It means what Paul wrote in 1 Thess. 5:6: "Let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober." Christians are supposed to be wide awake. Sinners are represented as being asleep, having their eyes shut. Peter taught just like Paul, "Be sober, be vigilant" and "vigilant" means "watchful," and Peter tells why "because your adversary, the devil, goes about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." Do you understand what this language means? It does not say that Satan goes about roaring and breathing out fire and smoke like the old picture of him, which some of us saw in the old family Bible, but it does mean that he goes about seeking to get the advantage of Christians, as eager to get them in his power, as a hungry lion roaring for his prey.

Some years ago my little boy and myself came into Cincinnati early one morning. Our train for home had gone when we reached the station and there was no other until late that afternoon. I had visited the zoological gardens several times, but my son had not. Cincinnati has one of the finest zoological gardens in the world. You can see there more animals for twenty-five cents than you would see in a dozen shows. I decided to take the boy out there for the day. Of course, we went to see the monkeys, fed them on peanuts and laughed at their tricks, saw the sea lion, the elephant and the giraffes. Yes, we visited the

great building where the lions and tigers were kept in the great iron cages. As we walked in those great animals were piled about sleeping quietly like great cats and dogs, not fierce looking at all. We noticed a sign in the building which said the animals will be fed at two o'clock. We went on our way, visiting many different parts of the grounds and seeing interesting things, and after a while we heard a great noise over in the direction of the building where the lions and tigers were kept. Looking at the watch we saw it was only ten minutes till the time for the animals to be fed. We hurried to the building and as we walked in this time, Were those animals lying asleep? Far from it. They were pacing restlessly back and forth in their cages, lashing their sides with their tails, and every little while a lion would almost shake the earth by his awful roar. They were hungry, eager for something to eat. Soon a man came in with a big basket of beef, cut up into pieces as big as a man's head. Did he set the basket down near the cage and with his bare hands push piece after piece through the iron grating? Not much. Setting the basket down some ten feet from the cage he took a pitch fork and hurled a piece of meat way up there at the side of the cage and that hungry lion sprang from the back of the cage and met it as it touched the grating, jerked it through and had it almost devoured by the time it reached the floor.

This is the picture that Peter had in mind when he warns Christians to be watchful, because their adversary, the devil, goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.

And yet, how quietly some people seem to take the warning. They do not seem to feel uneasy at all. What if I should say to you this evening, "Be careful when you leave this building, there is a roaring lion out there in the street, seeking whom he may devour. Do not let him catch you." Do you think I should need to repeat the warning to make you careful? Some of you would not leave the building until you thought that beast was either killed or caught, and yet there is someone seeking you far more dangerous

than any brute like that. Jesus says, "Watch and pray that you enter not into temptation." And again he says, "What I say unto you I say unto all, watch." So this great duty of watchfulness is enjoined upon all Christians everywhere by Jesus, the Holy Spirit and the apostles.

What shall we watch? Watch against the temptations of the wicked one, to see that he does not lead you into the practice of sin, for the wages of sin is death, and "the soul that sinneth it shall die." But I wonder if that is all it means to be a servant of God, just to keep out of mischief, just to keep Satan from leading us into wrong doing. How much would one of you men give me to go home with you and be your servant and just keep out of mischief? I stay with you a month. At the end of that time I come up and say, "I want my pay. I have not burned your home: I have not damaged any of your furniture. I have not hurt any of the family. I have not injured any of your stock. I want my pay." You say a servant who did nothing but keep out of mischief would not be worth the salt he ate, and you are right, whether he be a servant of men or a servant of God. Some professed Christians, if you ask them concerning their lives, will say, "I do not lie, I do not steal, I do not get drunk," as if the whole of a Christian's duty consisted simply in keeping out of mischief. Of course a good servant will do his master no harm, but the question is, What good does he do? And a servant of God must not only keep out of mischief, watching, against the temptations of the wicked one, but he must watch also for the opportunities that come to him to do all the good he can to all the people he can at all the times he can, in all the ways he can and just as long as he can.

In this same epistle we have this language: "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." The Holy Spirit again says, "We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God bath before ordained that we should walk in them." And the Holy Spirit says, "As we have therefore, opportunity, let us do good unto those who belong to our

church." I see some of you smile, and shake your heads, as if you thought it didn't read like that, but do you not know some people who act as if it read so? Oh, they do not belong to our church, and therefore we have nothing to do with them. If you never do any good except to those who think just like you do in religion, or who belong to your church, you may be a very good sectarian, but you are a mighty poor Christian.

Let's try that verse again. "As we have, therefore, opportunity, let us do good unto—those who do good unto us." Again I see some heads shaking and yet, does not that express the way some professed Christians live, doing good simply to those who do good to them? Jesus says, "Even sinners do good to those who do good to them." And if you never do good to any except those who do good to you, you are no better than sinners.

"But," some professed Christians say, "You invite me to your home, I will invite you to mine. You compliment me, I will compliment you. You send me a present, I will send you one. Or you tickle me and I will tickle you." Is that what this verse teaches? Is that what our duty means, simply to do good to those who do good to us? I can quote that old verse just as it reads, and this time I will do so. Listen: "As we have, therefore, opportunity, let us do good unto all men." There is nothing little nor sectarian about that, just as full and free as God's sunshine or sweet, pure air.

Jesus said, "Bless those that curse you, do good to those that hate you, pray for those who despitefully use you and persecute you, that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven." And yet, there are people all the time whining about not having opportunity to display their wonderful talents. They say, "Oh, if I just had his opportunity, or her chance, I would do something great" Do you remember that Jesus said, "He that is faithful in a very little will be faithful in much, and he that is unjust in a very little will be unjust also in much." If you do not improve the little opportunities that come your way, you would not

improve the great ones, should they come. This duty says, "watch ye," watch for the opportunities that come your way and they will come thick and fast along the pathway of life, giving you a chance to do good unto all men.

The old Greeks had peculiar ways, though striking, of representing many things. They pictured opportunity as a woman, they represented her as having the bottom of her feet covered with wool. What did they mean by this? Opportunity does not come blustering, making a great noise with her footsteps, as we men and boys do with our heavy shoes. Her tread is noiseless. You have to watch carefully or she will get by without your seeing her. They represented that she had hanging down in front of her face a long lock of hair, while the back of her head had not a hair on it. What did they mean by this? You must catch opportunity as she comes, for when she gets by there is nothing to catch to. Oh, how true is this representation. "Of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are these, It might have been." Some of the keenest regrets that will come to lost souls will be the remembrance of neglected opportunities of what they might have been.

God grant that the ghosts of neglected opportunities may not haunt any of us who are here.

You say that you have never had an opportunity. Perhaps you do not follow the teaching given here "watch ye," keep your eyes open. Did you ever hear the story of the two old farmers who met at the village post office and got to discussing which one had the most rats at his house? Each one maintained stoutly that he had more rats on his farm than anyone else in all the community. Finally one of them said, "If you will go home with me I can show you that I have more rats than you have." The other answered, "I will go home with you, if after that you will go home with me, for I can show you that I have more rats than you have." They went to the first farmhouse, and the old man took his friend out to the crib where the corn was stored, placed him on one side and said, "Now you stay here and watch, while I go round to the other side

and rattle this pole under there and run them out." He did so, and came back and said, as the rats ran out all round about, "Now what do you say?" And the other said, "Well you do have a good many, but I have more than you; now, you come and go home with me." He did so, and his friend placed him on one side of the crib and said, "Watch while I go round to the other side and rattle this pole under the crib and make them run out." He did so, and the rats ran out thick all around the crib, and he called out to his neighbor, "See any rats?" The other answered back, "Do not see a rat." The old man thought this was strange, but again he rattled the pole under the crib and they ran out thicker than ever. Again, he called, "See any rats?" And the answer came back, "Do not see a rat." The other decided to investigate. He slipped to the corner of the crib, peeping around where the other was stationed to watch, and he saw the old man standing there with both eyes shut. He did not see any rats because he did not want to see any. So it is, with some loud talkers today who are all the time whining and complaining about having no opportunities to do things for God and for humanity. They see no opportunities because they have their eyes shut. They are afraid they will see them.

The second great duty: "Stand fast in the faith." What does this mean? It means, when once you have taken your stand under the banner of Jesus Christ, stand there, do not be first in and then out, first hot and then cold, but let people know where to find you. Seven days in the week, twenty-four hours out of the day, and as long as life shall last.

What would you think of a horse if you placed him in a pasture where he was literally up to his knees in clover, and instead of staying in the pasture, he spent his time jumping the fence out into the road and back into the pasture? How long would it take him to get fat? You say, he never would get fat. He would soon lose all the fat he had and get so poor that he could not even jump the fence.

You may take the finest young fruit tree that can be bought in any nursery; you may find an ideal spot in which to set it; you may take every pains to see that it is set just as it ought to be, and if you move it, every week into another spot just as good, How long will it take it to bear fruit? You say, It never would bear any fruit. It would not even grow. It would die. You must give it time to take root downward and to grow upward. You must let it stand fast in one place, if it is ever to bear any fruit. So it is with Christians. They must learn how to stand fast in the faith, if they are to bear the fruit of the Spirit. Steadfastness is necessary to success in any line of life. The old saying, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," is true, both in religion and in business.

Another old saying, "Three moves are as bad as a fire." This also is true. You cannot succeed in any line of life unless you stand fast by your work. There lived on a farm adjoining my father's a man about whom the first thing I ever heard was that he would not work at the same thing two hours in succession. When that man's father died, he left him a good farm, well stocked and in good condition. After the man became its owner, if he started to work in his corn, in a little while he would stop and go to see about his potatoes. After a little time he would quit that and go to fix the fence—all the time changing from pillar to post. I lived there long enough to see that farm go to rack and that man come to poverty. You can't succeed in anything, even farming, unless you stand fast by your work. I was in that community three summers ago. Where do you suppose this man was living? He was an inmate of the county poor house. Stand fast in the faith if you ever hope to accomplish anything as a Christian.

Some children had a Sunday school picnic. When they had eaten their dinners under the cool, shady trees, and quenched their thirst with the sparkling waters of the spring they climbed over a fence into a great pasture where they were supposed to pick blackberries to take home with them. Each had his basket or bucket. The berries were plentiful and they began eagerly picking



the fruit. But you know how children are. Someone looked over yonder and cried out, "Oh, just look what big ones over yonder," and they rushed over there, and someone looked on ahead, and said, "Oh, look what fine ones over yonder" and they went rushing over there, and the big berries were always just ahead. All acted thus but one little boy, who had the biggest bucket of all. He climbed the fence and found a brier that had some ripe berries on it. He never stopped until he got every ripe berry on the bush, and then he looked around for the nearest bush that had other ripe berries on it, and so he continued his work. He knew how to stick to his bush. I do not need to tell you that he had his bucket piled up full before the others hardly had the bottom covered. You cannot succeed picking berries, unless you stick to your bush.

Some of you have read of Stonewall Jackson. Some think he was the greatest of Southern Generals, and that God in his providence had to take him away that he might save the Union. You young people know that his name was not "Stonewall," his name was "Thomas Jefferson Jackson." How did he obtain the name "Stonewall?" It was at the great battle of Manassas. The boys in gray had turned their backs and were actually running off the field of battle. General Bee was trying to rally his fleeing troops. Looking to one side he saw Jackson standing there alone, with his face toward the foe, ready if need be to fight the whole army of blue coats singlehanded and alone. Pointing toward Jackson, he called to his men, "Boys, look yonder at Jackson standing like a stone wall." Those fleeing gray coats, seeing that one man stand there so brave and bold, got ashamed to run, they turned around, reformed those broken lines, raised that terrible rebel yell, came back in the face of the foe and the greatest victory of the war up to that time was won, because one man knew how to stand fast in the face of the foe.

In how many places do we find the soldiers of the cross giving back before the oncoming hosts of sin?

How we need soldiers of the cross with courage like that of Jackson, to stand fast in the face of the foe,

and change seeming defeat into victory, for "if God be for us, who can be against us?"

But, maybe some of you here are Northern people, and you do not think as much of Stonewall Jackson as we Southern people do. Well, what do you think of U. S. Grant? You say, now, there is a General worth talking about. We Southern people think so too. We could not help it. He made us. Do you remember when they gave General Grant that splendid army, perfectly equipped and he started to Richmond and met that little band of ragged, half-starved gray coats, who tore his splendid army into fragments until you could hardly find a piece? Did Grant quit? No! He said, "I'm going to Richmond." They gave him another army bigger and better than the first. Again they met that little band of half-starved ragged gray coats, who tore his second army into fragments as they had the first. Did he quit? Grant said, "I'm going to Richmond." They gave him a third army bigger and better than either of the others, and he said, "We will fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer. I'm going to Richmond," and he went to Richmond, and that is what stopped the rebellion, and saved the Union, and we Southern people are just as glad of it as any of you Northern folks can be.

In business, in battle, in religion, there is no success except to those who stand fast.

The third great Christian duty, "quit you like men." What does this mean? Quit means not "stop that," as some of you children may think, because when you were doing something you ought not, mother said, "Quit." Look in the dictionary and see. Quit means "behave yourself." And quit you like men, means behave yourselves like men. Do not act like babies. There is a big difference between the way a man, a real man, and a baby behaves. I have had some experience with babies. We have had

five of our own. Babies have to be petted. Babies like to have their own way, and if they do not, you often hear from them, but I would rather care for a half dozen little fellows 18 inches or two feet long than to undertake to care for just one great big six foot church baby, who wants to be petted, who wants to have his way, and you hear from him if he does not get it. Unfortunately we cannot treat him like we can the little fellows, but I have thought sometimes it would be splendid if we could. God's word says to a Christian, "Behave yourself like a man." Do not go about playing the baby act, whining and fretting because you cannot have your way about everything. There are some other people in the world besides you, and they have just about as much right to their preference and wishes as you have to yours. and it takes someone with a baby mind and a spoiled disposition to be all the time wanting his way and his preferences, when other people have as much right to their preferences as he has to his.

Did you ever see the little boy, mother's darling, who has always been petted and spoiled by mother, who has had his way about everything, when he starts to school? Out there with that band of little fellows who have learned to play the man as they play with each other, and watch mother's spoiled darling when something goes differently from what he wishes as he tunes up, turns away and says, "I will not play unless you play my way." Sometimes he weighs two hundred pounds, and is playing what we call the game of religion. Shame on such a travesty of a Christian. There is a big difference between the way a man and a boy behaves. A boy was out at the wood pile one day cutting wood. He cut off a big stick that had a knot in it. He knew the stick was too large to go into the stove, that it must be split, but he thought it would be too hard to split through the knot, and so he tried to split around it. You know what that means, if you know anything about splitting wood. He would have to chop all the way round, and while he was standing there wearing himself out, trying to find an easy way to split around the knot, his father came and he said, "What are you doing, son?" The boy said, "I am

trying to split this stick of wood." His father said, "You will never split it like that. Strike at the knot, right through the middle of it." The boy raised up his axe and came down with two or three heavy blows right in the middle of the knot and open it came. I think I know a good many people even in the church, among them some preachers, who are trying to split around the knot, who do not seem to have the courage to face difficulties and hard problems like men, but try to play the baby act, when God says, "Quit you like men." It is the brave heart that always wins. The old saying is true: "Faint heart never won fair lady." I spent three years in New England, one year at Yale and two at Harvard. I visited Plymouth, the place where the Pilgrims landed. I stood on Plymouth Rock, on which the Pilgrims stepped when they got off the boat on to the bleak New England shore. I saw many interesting relics that have come down from those pioneer days. They are kept safely in the museum built there for the purpose. I saw the first cradle ever made in America, in which a white child was rocked, but I believe that most of all I enjoyed looking across the arm of the bay into the little village of Ducksbury and seeing the monument that has been built there in honor of Miles Standish, the Puritan captain. Some of you young people know the history of Captain Standish. It was his part, with a few soldiers, to fight the Indians and keep them off while the other settlers cleared the ground, planted the crops and made a living for the others. Miles was not afraid of any band of Indians that ever walked, but there was one thing of which he was afraid. There was a sweet faced, fair haired, blue eyed girl that lived in the village, and Miles loved her, but he was afraid to tell her so, and I suspect that Miles is not the only man that ever feared under such circumstances. Now, Miles was a plain, blunt spoken man who could not use flowery language, and the poor fellow had not learned that the girl does not care whether the old story is told in flowery language or plain, just so the man has the courage to look her in the eye and tell her plainly just what he thinks of her. Miles thought that the story should be told in flowery language, and he knew that he could never do this He could never say it either with flowers or in flowers, but Miles

had a friend, John Alden, who was not afraid of the girls, and who could say anything, or nothing, in beautiful language, and Miles went to John and asked him if he would not go to see the girl for him, and John said, Yes, he would go, he would be glad to *go*, and he did, and you know the result. John Alden married the girl and poor old Miles was left, and he said, "One thing I have learned: if you want a thing well done, do it yourself."

The man who will try to get his grandmother or some friend to do his courting for him will fail every time, for any sensible girl despises the man that has not the courage to speak for himself.

The same is true in religion, in business, or in love. If you would make a success, behave yourself like a man.

The fourth duty, "Be strong." God wants strong Christians, because he has heavy burdens which require broad shoulders. He had dangerous missions, missions which require brave hearts, and so he says, "Be strong." But someone says, "Can I just be strong, do I not have to be born that way, specially gifted with strength?" No. Strength is largely a matter of our own making. You can be just about as strong physically or spiritually as you are willing to pay the price of being. The strongest man I ever saw physically would not weigh as much as I do by fifty pounds. And yet he could handle me and you and two more like us, and I doubt if any of you could handle me. I am afraid to tell you what I saw that man do. I do not want you to lose confidence in my veracity as I tell you the unreasonable feats which I saw him perform. I asked him to tell me the secret of his strength. He said, "It is very simple. When I was a boy, I was about like other boys." Great muscles stood out on his limbs and arms, showing the wonderful strength that he had attained, and he said, "You see these muscles, you could not buy them with all the money that John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford together possess, and nobody can give them to you. You must build them up yourself. Three things are essential: proper food, proper exercise, and freedom from disease. I was careful what I ate, simple food, in moderate quantities, at regular times.

Vigorous exercise, regularly taken. Mere eating will not make a muscle grow. It may furnish the material, but it takes exercise to grow the muscle. Another essential to physical strength is freedom from disease. If I should contract typhoid fever, pneumonia, tuberculosis, or some other like disease, I would soon lose my appetite for food, my desire for exercise, and whatever strength I might possess." This man did not know it but in giving the secret of physical strength, he also stated truly the secret of spiritual strength. Proper spiritual food, proper spiritual exercise and freedom from spiritual disease, which is sin, are absolutely necessary. No other food will develop spiritual strength, except to feed the soul regularly, either upon the sincere milk of the word, or the strong meat which belongs to those of full age. No amount of modern fiction, or current history, or magazine articles, can be substituted for this God appointed food. Spiritual exercise, the doing of the things that God enjoins, is as necessary to spiritual strength as physical exercise is necessary to physical strength. You will never be strong in prayer unless you practice yourself in praying. You will never be strong in teaching the Bible unless you exercise yourself in teaching. Some years ago when Colonel Francis W. Parker announced the pedagogical principle that the way to learn to do anything, was to do that thing, his statement was hailed as a great modern discovery, and yet the principle involved is as old as the human race. We can never be strong in the Lord and in the strength of his might unless we keep ourselves free from sin. That old besetting sin which so many people keep carefully covered up and hidden from every eye but that of God is enough to prevent one from never becoming spiritually strong. We never can know the delights of spiritual strength until all on the altar we lay.

And the last of these great duties is perhaps the best of all, "Let all that you do be done in love." There is no room in a Christian's heart for hatred of any human being. Love is the very spirit of Christianity. Jesus taught "thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." He

declared these to be the greatest commandments in the law, and he said, "A new commandment I give unto you, that you, my followers, love one another as I have loved you." He said, "Love your enemies, bless those that curse you and do good to those that hate you." What a world this would be if all Christians so lived—every thought must be a love thought, every feeling a love feeling, every purpose a love purpose, every word a love word, every deed a love deed, for all the law is fulfilled in the one word "love."

## PROGRESS IN RELIGION

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The subject of this lecture is "Progress in Religion," based upon Heb. 6:1-3: "Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ let us go on to perfection, not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works and of faith toward God, and of the doctrine of baptisms, and of the laying on of hands, and of the resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment"; and this will we do, if God permit.

What does the writer of Hebrews mean when he says: "leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ"? Does he mean forsaking those principles, so as no longer to introduce them or have any use for them, as we might say that a man left his family when he forsakes them? No, he cannot mean that, but he means what we would mean if we said to a child in school, "Leave your ABC's and go on to the higher lessons," or what we should say to a boy studying arithmetic, "Leave addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, the four great principles upon which the entire science of mathematics is based, do not stay, always on these, but go on to the higher application of those principles." Now, every great institution, art, science, or organization, is based upon certain great foundation principles, and the Christian religion is no exception. It, too, has its foundation elements, or principles, and our text says, "Having learned these principles, having put them into practice, let us leave this foundation and go on unto perfection, as we would say to a man building a house, "Having laid the foundation strong and well, do not tear it up and lay it over again, not laying again the foundation, but let us go on unto perfection."

What are the foundation elements upon which a Christian character is builded? Not what do I say, nor what do you say they are, but what does God say they are? Remember that those who



wrote this Bible were holy men of God, who spake as the Holy Spirit gave them utterance. As Paul said, "If any man thinketh himself to be a prophet or spiritual, let him take knowledge that the things which I write unto you are the commandments of the Lord Jesus." So, in our text we have the elements, the foundation of a Christian character stated for us, not simply in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Spirit teaches.

What are these foundation principles? Our text says, "not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works." The only thing of which one is called upon to repent is sin, and the wages of sin is death, and sin when it is finished bringeth forth death. The expression, "repentance from dead works," simply means, repentance from sins, the works which bring death, and no Christian character can be built by one who is not willing by genuine true repentance to turn away from all known sin.

But what else? "Not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works and of faith toward God." No Christian character can be built without faith toward God, for without faith it is impossible to be well pleasing unto God, and he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. And Jesus said, "He that believeth not shall be damned." And Paul says, "We, Christians, walk by faith." Not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works and of faith toward God and of the doctrine of baptisms. Without stopping to inquire what connection baptism has with a Christian character, or whether it is essential to salvation or not, is it not clear that it is shown here as one of the foundation principles of a Christian character. If you were building a house, the plans for which had been drawn by a wise and skilful architect, would you deliberately leave out a part of the foundation as he himself had planned it? Would it not be a reflection upon your faith in God, as a skilful and wise architect, should you do so? Is it not even a greater reflection upon your faith in God, to leave out a part of

the foundation of a Christian character as his infinite wisdom and goodness have planned it?

What else? "Not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, and of the doctrine of baptisms and of the laying on of hands." What has the doctrine of the laying on of hands to do with the foundation of a Christian character? I am not here to deliver a lecture on the subject of the laying on of hands, but you can see that this doctrine is named in the word of God as apart of that foundation upon which a Christian character must be built, and even a very casual glance at the religious world today will show that there is great need that the doctrine of the laying on of hands, as taught in the Bible, should be learned, for the practice which some people have of laying hands on sick people today, thinking that such people may in this way be miraculously healed, shows the gross ignorance that such people have of the teaching of God's word on this subject. For one who knows the Scriptures understands that not since the death of the last person upon whom the hands of the apostles had been laid, has such a thing as miraculous healing by the laying on hands, occurred.

What else? "Not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, and of the doctrine of baptisms, and of the laying on of hands, and of the resurrection of the dead." What does the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead have to do with the foundation of a Christian character? I am not here on this occasion to deliver a lecture on the subject of the resurrection of the dead, but Paul evidently thought, and remember he was guided by the Holy Spirit, that the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead had much to do with the foundation of a Christian character, for he says, "If the dead rise not, then Christ is not risen, and if Christ be not risen, your faith is vain, and your hope is vain, and you are in your sins." Clearly then we should not omit this element from the foundation of a Christian character.

But what else? "Not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, and of the doctrine of baptisms and of the laying on of hands and of the resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment." What has the doctrine of an eternal judgment to do with the foundation of a Christian character? Perhaps, if we remember that many Bible scholars believe that more people begin the Christian life because they are afraid to stand before the eternal judgment bar of God unprepared by obedience to the gospel, than for any other reason, we can see its importance. These, then, when taken together as God himself gives them, constitute the foundation of a Christian character. With this foundation well and strongly laid, every element in place, just as God gives it, our text says, "Let us go on unto perfection, not laying again the foundation." What would you think of a man building a house who should lay the foundation well and strong, and then tear it up and lay it over again, or stop with nothing but the foundation. You say, "Such a building would not be fit to call a house, with nothing but the foundation," and yet, such a house would be just as good a house as a Christian character is a good Christian character with nothing but the foundation laid. The only proper course when once you have laid this foundation, is to heed the admonition given in our text, "Let us go on unto perfection." It is this part of my text which justifies the subject of this lecture, "Progress in Religion," for it is in this *going* on unto perfection that the progress is found. Are you willing to study with me for a time each word of this text? "Let us go on unto perfection."

The very first word "let" begins an exhortation, showing that we must take an interest in others as well as in self. In this same Epistle, 3rd chapter and 13th verse, we have this command: "Exhort one another daily." The Christian religion is social, not selfish. One cannot be a Christian who looks out simply for number one. God's word says, "Let no man seek his own good simply, but each one also his neighbor's welfare." Perhaps all of us have laughed since we were children at the story of that old man

who prayed at pray meeting, "Lord, bless me and my wife and my son John and his wife, us four and no more." And yet, judging by the way some people act, their spirit is almost as selfish as was his. How hard it is today to get some people interested in the welfare of anyone except members of their own family. And yet, if one never loves or helps any except those who are blood kin to him, he should not mistake this love of family for that love of God and our fellowmen which is shed abroad in the hearts of Christians by the Holy Spirit.

Let us not be like oysters, which open their mouths simply to feed themselves. When a boy, I used to see a picture on the walls of many homes and the picture taught a lesson, true. In that picture was seen a storm tossed sea, in which stood a great old rock, firm as the rock of ages. Standing on this rock was an old rugged cross, with its arms outstretched, and clinging around this cross was a figure which had just escaped death in the waters. Underneath was the name, "Simply to thy cross I cling." This picture is good, but in recent years is a better one expressing more truly the spirit of a Christian. In this second picture there is the same storm-tossed sea. The same great old rock. The same rugged cross. The same figure clinging with one arm to the cross, while the other arm is stretched out to a poor struggling soul in the waters below, helping it up to a place of safety. This is more nearly in accord with the teachings of God's word as to the spirit of a Christian, which says, "Christ laid down his life for us and we ought to lay down our lives for others."

The next word, "us." I like that word. I like a religion that has in it "us" and "our," that does not dwell on "me" and "mine" and "you" and "yours." I remember that when Jesus taught us to pray that beautiful prayer, he had us begin, "Our Father who art in heaven." And that when Paul speaks of Jesus he calls him "our" Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

The spirit of the Christian religion is consonant with nothing less than the universal brotherhood of man and the universal

fatherhood of God. I like that old hymn which says, "When each can feel his brother's sigh and with him bear a part, when sorrow flows from eye to eye and joy from heart to heart." I remember that Jesus said, "Rejoice with those who do rejoice and weep with those who weep." Certainly we cannot make progress when we live unless we have in our hearts this spirit of brotherhood that will not allow us to be content until, as Jesus taught, every creature in all the world has heard the gospel. Remember that Jesus pronounced a heavy "woe" upon those who lade or load men with burdens grievous to be borne, while they will not themselves touch those burdens with one of their fingers. The next word, "go." Let us "go" on unto perfection. "Go" shows action, not restriction, nor retreat, and the Christian is full of this teaching, for there is much "go" and "do" in the Bible. It is said of Jesus: "He went about doing good." To be like him we also must go about always doing good. Remember, he prays, "I am the way, follow me." In that prayer which Jesus taught his followers he taught us to say "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." And the angels in heaven do God's will perfectly, for they are all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be the heirs of salvation. On that ladder which Jacob saw as he slept with his head upon a stone, the ladder that reaches from earth to heaven, there were angels ascending and descending, but not one standing or sitting still. Hence, the lesson, as angels are always busy, so must we be. When Paul would picture the Christian life he represents it as a "race," himself a runner, and he says, "forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth unto the things which are before, let us go on to perfection. Let us press toward the mark for the prize." When Jesus pictured the church he represented it as a "vineyard belonging to a father who said to his son —the son representing every Christian, 'Go work in my vineyard today.' " Jesus also said, "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them is like the wise man who built his house upon the rock." I like a man with "go" in him. I like a horse with "go" in him. I do not like to ride behind a horse when you have to beat him almost to death to get him along the road. I like

to ride behind one that you have to hold the ribbons tight as he makes his footsteps right. I like a machine with "go" in it. Preacher as I am; I like to ride with a driver who steps on the gas. I like a boy with "go" in him. I much prefer the little fidgety boy that cannot sit still, to the little sleepy head whom you have to pinch to see if he is awake. Do you know what is the matter' with that fidgety boy, the reason he cannot sit still? He has a man in him and he can hardly hold him. Give him a chance, an outlet for energy, and he will go on, and so I like a Christian with "go" in him, that would say, according to the current phrase, and mean every word of it, "Let's go."

The next word, "on." I could take every bit of the progress out of my text if you would let me change that one little word of two letters into the word "back." "On" shows progress, not retrogression. God's exhortation is "Let us go on." He never sounds a retreat. It is always onward and upward, higher, and still higher. If you have done well today, you should do better tomorrow. If you are not a better Christian this year than you were last, there is something wrong with your religion. The preacher must go on, or he is a failure. You are listening well to this lecture. What if you should come back tonight and the speaker should deliver the same lecture, some of you would say, "I wonder why he did not go on and give us something fresh. We have heard that lecture once." Suppose I should continue delivering the same lecture night after night for a week, how many of you would be here the last night to hear it? Most of you would say, "If he cannot go on and give us something fresh, I will wait till he can, or go to hear someone else." But do you know that preachers get just as tired seeing members of their congregations sit there and do the same old things over and over and over again, as you would get hearing him preach the same old sermon over and over? The language of my text is not addressed to preachers, but to all Christians, and it is no more the duty of a preacher to go on than it is the duty of every other Christian, and let us be sure that we go on, that we do not advance backwards.

May I tell you a story illustrating what I mean, and this is a true story, too, not one made up for the occasion, as so many people think preachers make them up. Once there was a preacher telling a story in his home and the preacher's little boy was listening. When his father had completed the story, the little boy innocently asked, "Daddy is that so, or are you just preaching." This story is true. I know it because my uncle was a truthful man, and he told me this story. It happened soon after what we still call the Civil War, back in the days when you could buy, in almost any village, something to drink stronger than good buttermilk. Thank God you cannot do that now. The people of our beloved state of Tennessee have gotten beyond that. You know that intoxicants have different effects upon different people. They make some men think that they are the strongest men on earth. They make others think they could whip anything in sight, even a stack of wild cats. They make others love everybody. Such men want to come up and put their arms around your shoulders and blow their vile breath in your face. It was awful in those days. There was an old man who lived near my village who was not very brave even when sober, and when well filled up on whiskey he would not fight anything. He loved everybody. The old man came to the village one day and got outside of about all the whiskey he could carry home. He started home about sundown. It took all the road for him, as he wound from side to side. The boys in the village knew he was cowardly and decided to have some fun. One of them took a white sheet under his arm, ran down through the cornfields, out through the thick woods that came up on both sides of the road about a half mile from the village. By the time the old man reached these woods it was almost dark, and the boy came out in the road wrapped up in the white sheet, with his arms extended, waving back and forth like wings. The old man steadied himself as best he could and saw the object moving toward him, less than a hundred yards away. He decided that he did not care to be any nearer to it and began to walk backwards. In his condition he could not look over his shoulder, and so he walked backwards for about a quarter of a mile till he came to my

uncle's front gate. He hollered, "Hello." The boy who had been following just closely enough to keep him moving when he heard him holler, "Hello," jumped over a fence into a corn field and when uncle came out, there was no one there but the old man, who had been so badly scared that he was about sober. None of us men like to admit that we are afraid of anything, so the old man told uncle about seeing the "booger" as he called it and how it came nearer to him and he did not like to say that he ran from it, so, he said, "I saw it and it kept coming toward me and I did not know what it might be, so I—I—advanced backwards." You smile at the old man's expression. Let us see, friend, perhaps you are advancing backward, even in a worse way than he was. Do you read your Bible as regularly now as when you first came into the church? Do you pray as earnestly and as regularly as when you first came into the church? If not, you, too, are advancing backward and in a worse way than he was. But God's word says, "Let us go on" it never sounds the note of retreat. "Let us go on unto perfection." That word "unto" in its proper setting has a wonderful lesson for us. "Unto" means perseverance. It means, keep on going toward perfection, until you either reach it or the limit of your own life. Did you ever hear the story of Robert Bruce and the spider, or Robert Bruce and the ant? I shall tell it, as Robert Bruce and the ant. Robert Bruce was King of Scotland and a good king he was, but his enemies got their armies together and fought against Bruce, seeking to take away his kingdom and his crown. Seven great battles were fought, and in the seventh Bruce was defeated and his army scattered from him, and he had to fly for his life, in the darkness of the night, and take refuge in an old barn where he lay hiding and resting. A ray of sunlight coming through a crack in the barn fell in his face and woke him the next morning, and he lay there thinking, "Shall I give it up, shall I quit? Shall I surrender my crown and my kingdom?" And while he was thinking such thoughts as these his eye fell on a little ant, carrying a grain of wheat, the grain of wheat larger than the ant. The little creature wanted to carry this grain of wheat over a big log. It started up and fell back. At once it got up and started up again



and fell back, and then leaning over in his eagerness of attention, he said, "Oh, I wonder if it will try again? I wonder if a little ant has more perseverance than I have? Seven times I have tried and failed, I wonder if it will try again?" It never stopped, getting up immediately, it started up, up, up and this time over. it went and on its way. Bruce sprang to his feet like the brave man he was, and said, "A little ant shan't have more perseverance than I have. I will go out, gather my scattered soldiers, raise again the battle flag and the battle cry. I will succeed," and he did, and the crown sat securely on his brow. It is, the courage, a perseverance like this that every Christian needs, saying, "I will succeed by the help and blessing of God. I will go on unto perfection."

The word "perfection" is the best word in my text. When God would tell a man how to live, he gave him a perfect law. God's word says, "The law of the Lord is perfect." And James says, "Whosoever looketh into the perfect law of liberty." God says, "Live as I have told you in my perfect law." When God gave man an example, a pattern to follow, it was a perfect one, for Jesus said, "I am the way, follow me." And Jesus was perfect. He did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth, and God says to every Christian, "Live like I tell you, in my perfect law. Live like I have shown you in the perfect example whom I have given," and this is what is meant when, our text says, "Let us go on unto perfection."

But someone is ready to ask, "Am I expected to be as good as Jesus, to live a life as perfect as his?" God would not give an imperfect law, or an imperfect pattern to his children and then tell us to follow it. The ideal which he sets before us is one of perfection, both in his law and in his pattern, and as a man's reach should always be greater than his grasp, as his ideal should be higher than his attainment, so God has given an ideal toward which every Christian may grow throughout his entire life.

It is like this: When I was a boy living on the old farm, my father used to make almost everything we needed on the farm, plow handles, hoe handles, axe handles, for we could not buy such

things ready made as cheap as you can now. One day he was making axe handles in the little shop which we had. He had a perfect pattern of an axe handle, and he could make a splendid axe handle. Boys often want to do what they see their fathers doing. I wanted to make an axe handle. He let me have a piece of timber like he had and let me use the tools which he used, and let me mark out by his perfect pattern, the axe handle which I tried to make. I did the best I could, but I was just a boy. I tried to make my axe handle just like the pattern, but when it was finished and I held up the finished work, it did not look just like the pattern. But my father did not say, "You little simpleton, did you not know better than to try to make an axe handle." That is not the way my father talked to his boys. He said, "First rate, son. That is pretty good. You just keep on and you will make a fine axe handle some day," and that is the way my father talked to his boys, and so it is with our Father in heaven. When you and I mark out our lives by the perfect law and the perfect pattern which God has given, and do our best to make our lives like his, when the work is finished and we hold our lives up beside the life of Him who was the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person, well, our lives will not look exactly like his, but if we have been faithful and done the best we could, we need not fear but what the loving voice of the Father will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant." For life itself is but an infinite progress toward an infinite perfection. The grandest church building on earth is St. Peter's church in the city of Rome. It covers acres of ground, and they have been working on it for years and years, but still it is not complete. A gentleman walking through this great church building, looking at its beauties and splendors saw a number of workmen busy in building, and he said to the guide, "When will you finish St. Peter's?" The guide with a smile said, "Finish St. Peter's? We never expect to finish it. We are going on always, building it up greater and more beautiful, more splendid, we never expect to finish it." I said, the greatest church building on earth was St. Peter's, but the greatest on earth and the most beautiful, is a Christian character. Though we may build and grow

onward and upward, increasing its beauty and its splendor as we go on toward perfection, we never shall finish it. If one should grow with ten thousand times ten thousand times the speed of lightning through ten thousand years toward the limitless perfection of God, he would be no nearer to the limits of perfection than when he first began, for there are no limits to the infinite perfections of God, and this is the ideal that God sets before every Christian. Onward and upward, always and ever, growing more and more into the likeness and image of God, and as long as God shall last, we will grow forever, going on toward perfection. Even when we pass out of this earth life into the purer, more wholesome atmosphere of heaven, we shall but have increased opportunity and ability to grow more rapidly without ever reaching the limitless perfections of God. And that is what life is, the Christian life, an infinite progress toward an infinite perfection.

When I was a little boy I used to stand on the front portico of the old farmhouse and look out across the lane and the meadow of the brook, to the trees on the hill beyond. I used to see the clouds hang low, apparently coming down into the very tree tops, and, as a child, I used to wish that I could go over there, climb up into those trees, and reach up and feel of those clouds, to see how they felt. I lived to be a man, to climb that hilltop, when the clouds hung low, and when I reached the hilltop I found those clouds were as high above as they had seemed to be when at the farmhouse down in the valley. Since I have been a Christian I have looked on up toward the hills of God and thought sometimes, Oh, if I could ever preach like that, if I could ever pray like that one, I would be satisfied. I do not claim to have climbed very high, and yet by the grace of God, I have made some progress and I find as I climb up the hills of God, that when, I reach any height, I see that the ideal that God has set before me is apparently just as far beyond as ever, and it is only the invitation of a loving Father to his son to go on and grow on forever toward the limitless

perfections of God, for life itself is but an infinite progress toward the infinite perfections of God.

## WHAT JESUS CHRIST MAY BE TO A HUMAN SOUL

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The subject of my fifth and final lecture in this course is, "What Jesus Christ May be to a Human Soul," based upon a text found in Matt. 1:21, which reads thus: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus for it is he that shall save his people from their sins."

I shall begin this lecture by asking a question, a very personal question, which I hope each one of you will answer, not out loud, but answer in your own heart, remembering that God and yourself both know whether or not your answer is true. Some of you will be glad to answer the question, will think it a privilege to do so. Others I fear will not like to tell even their own souls the exact truth about themselves. Please do not be too generous with the question. Do not pass it over your shoulder to the one behind you. If you do, he may pass it over his to the one behind him, and soon it will be out of doors. An old colored preacher told his audience that many of them were going to be lost because they were too generous, they gave away too much. They thought this was strange talk to come from a preacher, telling people they were too generous. They asked him for an explanation, and he said, "You are too generous with the sermon. You are perfectly willing to give it all away to someone else and keep none for yourselves." In this respect I fear the old man was correct. Please do not be too generous with this lecture, with this question, and here it is: What is Jesus Christ to your **soul just now**? Not, what might he be? Not, what is he willing to be? Not, what would I like to have him be, but, what is he as the case now stands? Some of you will answer gladly, "Jesus is everything to me. He is all the world to me. He is my Savior from the death which is the wages of sin," but some of you cannot say that. Some of you, if you tell your own hearts the truth, will have to say, "Jesus is nothing to me. As the case stands just now, I have no part, nor lot with him. I

have no interest in him. He is nothing to me." For, the first thing that Jesus has to be to any human soul, is that which my text suggests: "A Savior of that soul from sin and death." "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for it is he that shall save his people from their sins." This is not said of any other person in all history. It was never said of any patriarch, prophet or apostle. It was never said of Moses, Elijah, nor Paul. Of Jesus, only is it said, "He shall save his people from their sins."

And Jesus is not your Savior just because he is willing to save you. I know that it is written "this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Savior, who will have all men to be saved and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." And I know it is written again, "the Lord is not willing that-any should perish." And again, "Faithful is the saying, and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And I know that Jesus himself said, "I came to seek and to save that which is lost." "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Neither is Jesus your Savior just because he is able to save you. I know that it is written, "He is able to save unto the uttermost, all who come unto God by him." But these two facts put together, that Jesus is both willing and able to save your soul, does not make him your Savior. He says, "I stand at the door and knock. If anyone will hear my voice and open the door, I will come in." He will knock at the door of every human heart, yours and mine, but it is our place to open the door and let him in, for he never comes where he is not wanted. He never breaks down the door and forces himself upon a heart that does not want him. Jesus is not your Savior from the death that is the wages of sin, however willing and able he may be, unless you have opened the door of your heart and let him come in, unless you have accepted him as your own personal Savior, unless you have crowned him as king of your heart and life. For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, but the name of Jesus, and he says, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me, and without me you Can do nothing." It has been my

privilege to visit Niagara Falls several times. On one of my visits the guide pointed out to me the sport, and told me the story, of how a young man was saved there so wondrously from drowning. I have stood by the falls and listened to the thunderous roar of that mighty river as it plunges over that awful precipice. I have thought that the sound was like unto him whose voice is as the sound of many waters. I have watched the play of the colors of the rainbow formed in the mist, rising from the waters below; but some people think that the rapids and the great whirlpool down below the falls are a greater sight than the falls, themselves. The young man had seen the falls and then he went down below to see the rapids. He came down the long flight of steps from the bank above to the inner bank and sat down with his feet hanging over the rolling, boiling waters, as they were getting ready for that frightful plunge down through the rapids. No one knows how it happened, not even the young man himself, but somehow as he sat there watching those whirling, eddying waters, his head began to swim and all at once he plunged headlong into the mighty current that swept him down toward the rapids and certain death. Someone saw him when he fell. He was an expert swimmer, and, with strong, manly strokes, he struck out boldly, fighting for his life, but in spite of all he could do, he was swept by the mighty current, underneath the shelving bank and caught to the jutting fragment of a rock and held on for dear life. Someone saw him when he caught and said, What can we do to save him? Why not get in a boat and go down and get him? No boat could live in water like that. Why not let a rope down and let him take hold of that? But the rope would not reach him, he was back under the bank. There was just one way to save him. Someone must go down a rope ladder, swing out to where he was and reach out the saving hand. Ah, but who would do it? A crowd gathered on the bank above, the rope ladder was made and let down to the water's edge, and a volunteer was called for and an old sailor, who happened to be home on furlough, volunteered and said that he would go down, and the crowd almost held their breath, as down that dizzy height, more than a hundred feet, he

swung, came down to the water, swung out to where the young man was, almost exhausted, and ready to fall into the current which meant certain death, and the sailor said, "Take hold, I have come to save you." What would you have thought if that young man in measured, courteous tones, had answered, "I am very much obliged to you for the interest you have manifested in me. I really appreciate it, and I will think the matter over, and some day perhaps I will accept your help, but I am not ready now." You say nobody but a fool would have made an answer like that. How eagerly he laid hold of the only hand that ever would be stretched out to him to save him! Long years ago the angels of God looked over the battlements of heaven, saw man as he fell into that awful current of sin, sweeping down to eternal death. They saw him as he caught, for a time, on the jutting fragment of life and they said, What can we do to save him? There was just one way. Somebody who loved him well enough would have to come down and reach out the saving hand. A volunteer was called for and amid all the serried hosts of snow white angels that surrounded the throne of God, not one was found.

Then Jesus, God's only Son, stepped out and said, "I will go," and out to this old world he came and he is here now, sinner friend, reaching out the only hand that ever will be stretched out to you with power to save, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. Will you not accept him, here and now, as the Savior of your soul from that death which is the wages of sin. But Jesus may be more to a human soul than the Savior of that soul from the death which is the wages of sin. He may be also the deliverer of that soul from the power of sin and temptation, enabling one to fight successfully the battle of life and to come off more than conquerer.

Remember that Jesus said, "Without me you can do nothing"; that God's word says, "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation"; and that Paul declared, "Christ gave himself for us that he might deliver us out of this present evil world"; and



the Holy Spirit says, "God is faithful who will not suffer you to be tempted above that which you are able, but will with the temptation also make the way of escape that you may be able to bear it." And you and I need Christ as the deliverer of our souls, just, as much as we need him as the Savior of our souls, for there is no one among us who tries to live the Christian life but finds his own experience like that of Paul, who cried out, "When I would do good, evil is present with me, and the good that I would, I do not, and the evil that I would not, that I do, for I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" Do you remember his answer? Have you not felt as he did that when you would do good evil was present with you; that the good you wanted to do, somehow you did not do? Have you not cried out, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" Do you remember Paul's answer, "I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord, thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." If you go out to fight the battle of life trusting simply in your own prowess, trusting in your own strong arms, relying upon self, you will fail, for Jesus says, "Without me you can do nothing. No man cometh unto the Father but by me." And you and I must learn to say, as Paul said, "Strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man, I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Do you remember the time when Saul and his army encamped on one mountain while the Philistine army encamped on another with a narrow valley between? Do you remember how the old giant Goliath, more than nine feet tall, with a spear staff big as a weaver's beam, clad in a coat of mail from head to foot, came out into the valley between the two armies, each day for forty days and challenged the army of Israel to send out a man to meet him in single combat, saying to the army of Israel, "If your champion conquers me, we Philistines will be your servants, but if I conquer him, then you Israelites shall be our servants, and there was not found in all the army of Saul any man who would go out to meet him. At the end of forty days

David, the shepherd boy, came from his Bethlehem home, only a few miles away, to bring his brothers who were in Saul's army, food, and to inquire as to their welfare. David reached the camp just as the haughty old giant came out with his boastful challenge and David said, "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God? I will go out to meet him." David's brothers thought that David was entirely too pert, entirely too forward, too important in his own sight, and they said to him, "You had better go back and take care of those few sheep that you left at home." But David said he would go and fight Goliath and Saul heard of his willingness to go, and sent for him, and when he found that David was not trusting in his own strength, or relying upon the might of his own arm for victory, but trusting in the God of Israel, and when David had told him that when a lion came out to steal away a lamb, and when a bear came out to kill a sheep, that God had enabled him to kill both the lion and the bear, and that through God's help, he could overcome this boastful Philistine, Saul said, "Go, my son, and may the God of Israel be with you." And you remember how David, the shepherd boy, armed with nothing but the stick with which he drove the sheep, and the sling and the five smooth stones which he picked up as he crossed the brook, and dropped into the shepherd's bag which hung at his side, went out to meet the great old giant. Goliath saw him coming, saw the stick in his hand, saw him pick up the five smooth stones and he mocked David, saying, "Am I a dog, that you come out against me with sticks and stones," and then he boasted, saying, "Come to me and I will give your flesh to the fowls of heaven and to the birds of the air." David answered, "You come to me with a sword and a spear and a shield, but I come unto thee in the name of the God of Israel, whose army thou hast defied and he will deliver thee into my hands." And you know how the stone sped from the sling, smote the giant in his forehead and he fell dead at David's feet.

Just a picture of the great battle of life that each Christian soul must fight against the giants of temptation that so thickly beset

life's pathway, and woe be to the Christian soul that goes out to fight against these temptations, trusting simply in himself. In order to win the victory we must go out as David did, trusting in Israel's God, and saying, "He will deliver us and bring us off more than conquerors." So Jesus must be not only the Savior of the soul from the death that is the wages of sin, but the deliverer of that soul from the power of sin, enabling us to fight successfully the great battle of life and to say with Paul, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

And you remember that when the death angel was to pass through the land of Egypt one night, God saved his people, Israel, from death by the blood of the Passover lamb, and also he delivered them from the bondage and bitterness of servitude, under Pharaoh, the cruel king. So, God saves the sinners from that death, which is the wages of sin by the blood of the Lamb of God, which takes away the sins of the world, even Christ, who is our Passover, and he also delivers this one from the bondage and wretchedness of sin, by his Son, for Christ gave himself for us that he might deliver us out of this present evil world, but if Christ is your Savior from the death that is the *wages* of sin, and your deliverer from the bondage and power of sin, enabling you to fight successfully the battle of life, he may be much more than that to your soul. For he, himself, says, "I am the way, the truth and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me."

What does Jesus mean when he says, "I am the way"? He means that if you and I wish to know the way to be a Christian, look at him. We must learn to take life as he takes it, to think thoughts like his, to cherish feelings like his, to harbor purposes like his, to talk and act even as he did, for I am not a Christian, neither are you any further than we are making our lives like the life of Christ. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his," and Christ left us an example that we should follow his steps. Some people say, "One preacher tells me one thing and another preacher tells me something different, and still another

something different from each of the others. All seem to be equally honest, and equally intelligent, and if those preachers cannot agree among themselves about what the right way is, when they have nothing to do but study the Bible all the time, how can they expect one situated as I am, to know which way is right? I would like to be a Christian. I have great respect for Jesus and the Bible, but I simply cannot know which way is right.

Listen, friend, the Bible nowhere says, "the preacher is the way, follow him." Do not follow this preacher, nor any other preacher, for all preachers make mistakes, but Jesus said, "I am the way, follow me." And Jesus made no mistakes, and if you and I will follow him, we shall make none.

Once I was riding horseback along a road and I came to a big staked and ridered fence which had been built directly across the road, completely stopping the only way which I knew, and the road turned out into the woods. I knew enough of that part' of the country to know that it was some five or six miles through that river bottom, with its heavy timber, before I could reach a clearing or a house. I did not know the way through, and if I had been like some people who do not want to start into a thing, even Christianity, until they can see their way through, I would have been sitting there yet, if I had not been dead, because I could not see all the way through that thick woods. And I did not need to do so. I looked out just a little way and saw a tree with a big blaze on it, and I knew that meant "Come this way." I rode on toward it and before reaching it, I saw on beyond another tree with a blaze and before I reached that I saw another, and I rode on through the entire distance without ever having to stop even once, and came out all right on the other side. Someone had gone on ahead and blazed out the way, and all I had to do was to follow the road marked out for me.

So Jesus has passed through this old world and has blazed out the way that leads home to heaven, for each one who will follow him. Perhaps all of you know what it means to march Indian file.

You know that the old Indian chieftain went ahead of his warriors and the warriors followed, each one behind the other, and fifty or a hundred men could march through the: snow and when you looked back, it looked like the track of one man, for each warrior had put his foot down in the footprint of his chieftain.

Now, Jesus is called the captain, the chieftain of our salvation, and the part of every Christian soldier is to follow the footprints of Jesus. The old song runs thus, "Are you walking in his footsteps, as he bids you daily do? Do you follow after Jesus as the Bible tells you to?" This is what it means when Jesus says, "I am the way." Not that you and I go back to Palestine, look around the Sea of Galilee, seeking to find his footsteps in the sand and put our feet in them, but. as we go through life we take it as he took it, we think, feel, purpose, talk and act as Jesus did. This is what he meant when he' said, "I am the way, follow me."

When I was a boy in school we used to play a game called, "Follow the leader." Some strong, active, splendid runner was chosen as the leader, and the game was to follow him wherever he might go. No matter where he led, how wide the ditch he jumped, how steep the bank he climbed, whatever he did, each one must follow him. So, the Christian life is but the game of "Follow the leader," and that leader is Jesus, and I am not a Christian, neither are you any further than we are following Jesus in every act of our lives. A little boy came to his father one day and said, "Daddy, how many legs would a dog have if you should call his tail a leg?" The father said, "Why, son, I suppose if you called his tail a leg, he would have five." The little boy answered, "Why, daddy, do you not know better than that? He would not have but four." And the little boy was right. You might call a dog's tail a leg all day, but that would not make it one, and so it is with us. Calling one a Christian does not make him one. It is all right to call him a Christian, if he is one, but merely to call him one does not make him one No one is a Christian any further than he is reproducing in himself the life of Jesus Christ. Indeed, the modern

definition of Christianity is true, and is expressed thus, "Christianity, the life of Jesus Christ, reproduced in a human life, so that our thoughts, feelings, purposes, words and deeds are like his." Whenever I have a thought, a feeling, or purpose, or speak a word or do an act, that Jesus would not do, if he were in my place. I am just that far off the way of being a Christian.

Mr. Sheldon was right in that little book which he wrote, "In His Steps," or "What Would Jesus Do?" when he said, "The simple rule of life for a Christian before he does anything is to ask, What would Jesus do, and then do to the very best of his ability just what Jesus would do, thus walking in his steps." But that is not all. Jesus is not simply the Savior of the soul from the death which is the wages of sin, and the deliverer of that soul from the power of sin and temptation, and the way of life, showing you and me just how to walk, even as he walked, but he says, "I am the light of the world, and he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." So, Jesus must be to your soul, not only Savior, deliverer and way, but also the light of that way, making life's pathway bright for every step which you take.

A road, a way, may be dark, and it is not pleasant to travel along a dark road, especially if you have never been that way before, when you do not know but what the next step might land you in a ditch. I am glad the Christian does not have to walk in the darkness, for Jesus said, "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." I believe in a religion that makes life's pathway bright about us. I read in the Bible that "the pathway of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." And the beloved John says, "If we walk in the light as he is in the light we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

I do not believe in a religion of darkness and gloom. I believe that God made more sunshine than he did clouds; that he loves a smile just as well as he does a frown, and I believe that God's

word says, "Rejoice in the Lord always," and that "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace." I believe in a religion that makes life's pathway bright.

But I imagine someone is ready to say, "Oh, Brother Calhoun, you do not know what I have to bear, or you would not say that. You talk about life's pathway always being bright, and about rejoicing always, you do not know the load I have to carry, or you would not say that." No, dear heart, I do not know the load you have to bear, for no human heart can know what another human heart feels, and I have not said that there is no burden to bear. I know well that God's book says, "Every man shall bear his own burdens." I have not said there was no cross to carry, for I know well that Jesus said, "Whosoever doth not take his cross daily cannot be my disciple." But I am here to say that if you follow Jesus, he says, "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." This can but mean that you may learn to bear your burdens, to carry your cross, even with a smile, and to look up through your tears and kiss the hand that smites and say, "We know that all things work together for good to those who love God."

When I was a little boy I used to walk along sometimes and notice that I was stepping in my shadow. Every time my foot came down it landed in the shadow. I used to try to step over the shadow, to reach beyond it. I could not do so. I used to run and jump and see if I could not get away from the shadow. I would land in the shadow every time. After a while I noticed that when I was walking in my shadow it was when I had my back to the sun, and if I would face about and walk toward the sun, the shadows would lie behind me. No matter how slowly I might go, they would never catch up, even if I went at a snail's pace, every step was in the light of the sun.

Since I have been a Christian sometimes I have walked in the shadows. Every time my foot came down it landed in the shadow, but after a while I noticed that when, as a Christian, I was walking

in the shadow, it was when I had my back turned to him who is called the Sun of Righteousness, and that if I would turn my face toward Jesus the shadow would lie behind me and if I would follow Jesus faithfully, it was like he said, "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."

One day an old man came into a young people's prayer meeting where the young folks were talking about their religious experiences. Many of them did not seem to be very happy. For many, life seemed rather gloomy. The old man sat in the back of the room and listened till he could stand it no longer, then stepping to the front he said, "My dear young friends, let me talk a little. I do not like these gloomy experiences. You do not seem to be having the joy, the light and sweetness that a Christian ought to have," and he said, "I am just back from the mountains out yonder in the west, that God piled up, those great old rookies like a stairway to the skies. They pointed out to me the tallest mountain of all, and said I should see the sun rise from its summit. One night I climbed up to the little half-way house, the little hotel built way up there on the mountainside, rested for a while, and then in company with a guide, started on to the summit to see the sun rise. We had not been gone very long when a thick cloud gathered round about us, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the rain fell in torrents, and the darkness, thick as midnight, gathered round us and I said to the guide, 'We had just as well go back, we cannot see the sun rise on a morning like this,' but with a strong, cheery voice that guide answered, 'Just follow me, we will come out all right yet.' On through the darkness and the storm we climbed, higher and still higher, till after a while we got above the clouds, and we came out where nothing intervened between us and the overarching blue of heaven, from which the stars were looking down like angel eyes, keeping watch over the sleeping world. We climbed on to the summit and standing there we watched the glorious old sun as he came riding over the eastern hilltops in his chariot of gold, flooding the world with light and beauty. We had gotten above the clouds. Down yonder in the



valley was the same old storm cloud, with its lightning flash and thunder roar and raindrops still falling, but we had gotten above the clouds. And so, as we climb up toward the everlasting hills of God, if clouds of sorrow gather round about us, and the raindrops of tears fall thick and fast in life's pathway, just listen to the voice of your guide, Jesus, as he says, 'He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.' " And the old man's advice was good. If clouds of sorrow and darkness gather about us, let us climb a little closer toward God and heaven, and the higher up toward God we climb, the fewer will be the clouds that intervene between us and the loving face of him who is called the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his beams.

So, Jesus must be the Savior of the soul from the death which is the wages of sin, the deliverer of the soul from the power of sin, the way of life for the human soul, and the light of that way, making life's pathway grow brighter and brighter, even to the perfect day, till we reach that land where there is no need of the sun by day, nor the moon by night, for the Lord God gives them light and we shall dwell forever in the sunlight of his unending love.

What may Jesus Christ be to a human soul? The half has not yet been told, as to what Jesus may be to a human soul, nor have I time to tell even the half of what Jesus Christ may be. I wish I had time to speak of him as the truth. You remember he said, "I am the truth." He taught the truth, even his enemies said, "Never man spake like this man." He lived the truth. Even the cold, critical Pilate, after three examinations, had said, "I find in him no fault at all." Is it not splendid to know that in this world where there is so much of falsehood and deceit, there is one who speaks the truth and lives the truth, and says, "Come to me."

I wish I had time to speak of him as our great prophet. You know that Moses said, "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you from among your brethren like unto me, and every soul that will not hear that prophet shall be destroyed from among the people." And Jesus is that Prophet.

I wish I had time to speak of him as our Great High Priest, who, with his own precious blood, entered heaven itself, there obtained eternal redemption for our sins. So much so that God says, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember against them no more forever."

I wish I had time to speak of him as the King of Kings, the Lord of Glory, the one before whom the angels who accompanied him as he took his flight from this earth, and went to sit down at the right hand of God till every foe should be brought in subjection to his scepter of love, sang, those angels, as they drew near to those gates of gold that swung wide on their hinges of pearl, "Lift up your heads, O, ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory will come in," while the angels around the throne answered back, "Who is this King of Glory?" And as he took his seat upon that throne where he sits, ever making intercession for us, all the hosts of heaven join in saying, "The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory."

I wish I had time to speak of him as the Prince of Peace, the Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God.

I wish I could speak of him as the Lily of the Valley. Do you know why that Old Testament writer, speaking of him, calls him the Lily of the Valley, the fairest among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely. What more fitting symbol of that one whose life was whiter than the whiteness of the lily, and the pure gold of whose love was purer than any gold that earth ever saw.

I wish I had time to speak of him as the Rose of Sharon. Do you know why that Old Testament writer, looking down through 800 years said, "He is the Rose of Sharon"? Did you ever hear the old saying, "There is never a rose without a thorn"? It is a falsehood. On the lovely plain of Sharon, in the land of Palestine there grows a rose, beautiful and shapely of petal, bright with the colors of the rainbow, and sweet as heaven's breath of perfume, your hand may pluck, with perfect freedom, this rose of Sharon, for there is

no thorn upon it, and that is why Jesus, hundreds of years before he was born, was called the Rose of Sharon. No hand was ever hurt, or ever will be, that lays hold upon the hand of Jesus Christ.

I wish I had time to speak of him as the Good Shepherd. He says himself, "I am the good shepherd and I know my sheep, and my sheep know me, I lay down my life for the sheep." It was David who wrote, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters." I think in this land of ours we hardly know how to appreciate this language. Yes, we have sheep. Usually they are put in a pasture with a fence around it and left to look out for themselves. Not so in that land. Every flock had its shepherd. The shepherd watched over his flock by day and by night, keeping away the robbers that came to steal, the wild beasts that came to kill and to tear. He led his flock into pastures green and beside waters still, so that they could say, "I shall not want. I will not fear."

Switzerland is a land of sheep, where every flock has its shepherd. One day a Swiss shepherd led his flock out into the little valley where they had fed many a time before. The grass was short, cropped by the teeth of many animals, the waters of the stream were muddy, stirred by the trample of many feet. Today the shepherd left his flock and climbed up the mountainside, watching his sheep all the time. He climbed up today higher than he had even been before, watching his sheep, for he loved them. Away up there on the mountain-side he came out into a beautiful little mountain valley, several acres in extent, where the rich tender grass was growing uncropped by the teeth of animals, where the water that burst out from the heart of the mountain, from a silver spring, ran across the meadow in clear sparkling pools and then dashed itself into spray and foam on the rocks below. As the shepherd looked at this scene of beauty and loveliness, he said, "Oh, what a splendid pasture for my sheep. I must get them up here somehow. And he went down into the bosom of

the flock and called them. They knew his voice and they followed, followed up the mountain as far as they had ever been and a little further, but sheep are timid. They do not like to travel over new roads, and so they stopped and would not follow any further. Then the shepherd went down below and tried to drive them, but they would not go with him, they ran round him, and he said, "What shall I do? I must get them there somehow." He went into the midst of the flock and there was an old mother sheep there that had a little tender lamb, just a few days old, and the shepherd loved the little lamb, and he loved the mother sheep too. Tenderly as a mother might take her babe to her bosom, he took that little lamb into his own loving arms, pressed it against his heart and started climbing up the mountain. You know what that mother sheep did. She kept right at his heels, and though the way was rugged and steep, he climbed on and on until after a while he came out into the little mountain valley and set the lamb down unharmed in the rich tender grass, beside the cool sparkling waters, and when he turned round there was the mother sheep, and there were all the other sheep, too. I have seen that many a time. One day our good shepherd Jesus left his little flock feeding on the short grass and drinking the troubled waters of this old world, and he climbed up the everlasting hills of God till he came out into the sweet fields of Eden where the flowers never fade, where the sparkling waters of the river of life, clear as crystal, flow out from underneath the snow-white throne of God, where the tree of life grows on either bank of the river, yielding its fruit every month, and the leaves of the trees are for the healing of the nations, in that land of the unsetting sun, and as he looked over this scene of beauty and loveliness, he said, "Oh, what a splendid pasture for my sheep. I must get them up here somehow," and he comes down into the bosom of the flock and calls us and sometimes we will not be driven, and I have seen him come and take into his arms a precious little babe, a darling little lamb, a sweet little flower, sent to brighten the hearts and make glad the lives in some home, and I have seen the good shepherd as he bore this lamb away into the sweet fields of Eden because he loved his

sheep, and he loved the little babe, and he knows that the ties of love broken here on earth are welded to the throne of God up yonder, for he says, "Where thy treasure is there will thy heart be also." It was but the call of the good shepherd as he sought to win our hearts from the things of this earth and bind them with cords of love to the treasures laid up above. It is not every time a little babe. Sometimes it is a pure, loving wife. Sometimes a brave, noble husband, but al ways in love and never in anger, does he take our loved ones away. It is the call of the shepherd to set your hearts on things above. Sometimes it is dear old mother, whose hair is white with the snows of many winters, whose face is wrinkled, and whose hands tremble, and yet, there never was a lover's touch quite so tender, or a lover's kiss quite so true as mother's, and the world never has seemed the same since the Good Shepherd came and took mother away, and we sang, "Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on his gentle breast." I doubt if there is a family represented here to which the Good Shepherd's call has not come as he has taken away our treasures from earth, laid them up in that heaven above which he asks us to accept as the gift of his love.