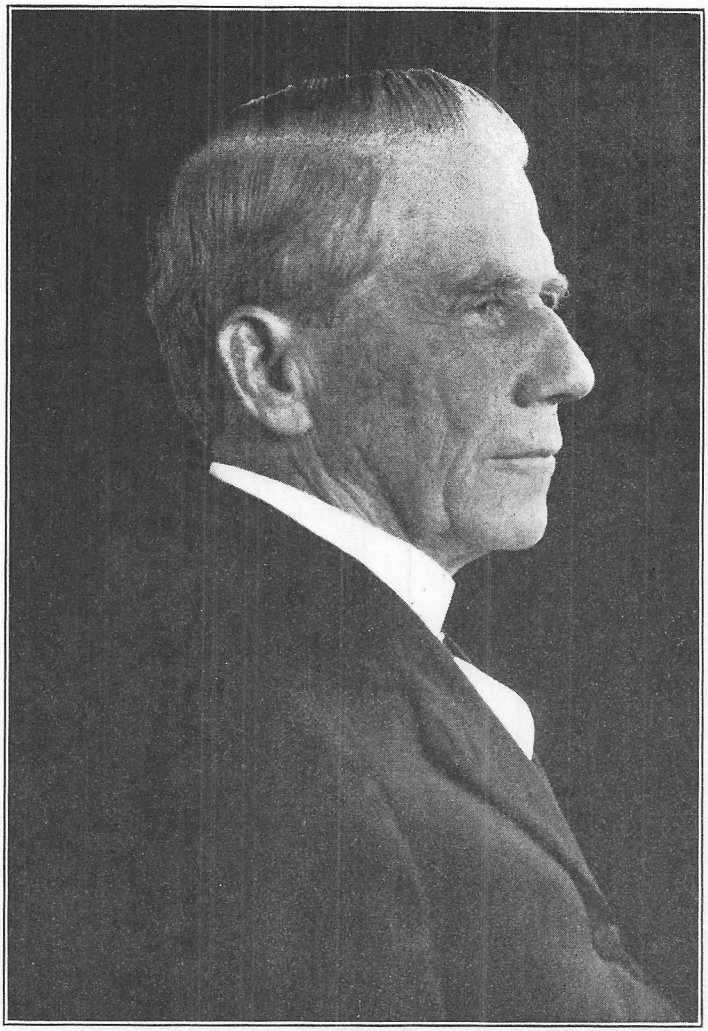

T. B. LARIMORE.

MRS. T. B. LARIMORE.

LIFE
LETTERS AND SERMONS

OF

T. B. LARIMORE.

BY

MRS. T. B. LARIMORE.

NASHVILLE, TENN.:
GOSPEL ADVOCATE COMPANY,
1955

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LIFE
LETTERS AND SERMONS
OF
T. B. LARIMORE.

CHAPTER I.

His Life.

"To every man there openeth
A way, and ways, and a way;
And the high soul climbs the high way,
And the low soul gropes the low,
While in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every soul there openeth
A high way and a low;
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go."

—John Oxenham.

T. B. LARIMORE was born in Jefferson County, East Tennessee, "the beautiful Galilee of America, from which land of fruits and flowers, tall men and towering mountains, fertile fields and limpid streams, have emanated many men of prominence and power."

On a birthday anniversary a few years ago, he wrote:

"Eighty years ago to-day—July 10, 1843—in rough, rugged, romantic East Tennessee, the homeland of W. G. Brownlow, Horace Maynard, Landon C. Haynes, and Bob Taylor, where

brave men till the soil, and faithful, fearless women keep clean homes and care for swarms of happy, healthy children, where the heavens caress the mountains and the mountains kiss the stars, I first saw the light of life, the light in which life flourishes here upon the earth; and I saw it in the shadow of that poverty in which I have lived and loved and labored all the years that have come and gone since then.

"Poverty, did I say? Then I must correct that. My brave little mother, who knew not the meaning of the feeling called 'fear,' was to me a treasure sublime and almost divine. She loved me as only a mother can love to the end of her pilgrimage here, and she lived in this beautiful world nearly ninety years. Who can tell, with tongue or pen, the worth of that priceless treasure, a mother's love? I was rich.

"I have no mother with me now, but, since love is treasure, I am still rich and have been rich in the blessing of love all my life long. From north, from south, from east, from west, from all over this land and from other lands, come birthday messages, mementoes and expressions of love, all tending to show how rich I am. The sweetest thing a sincere soul can say is *I love you.* But even that is not the crest of the climax of my riches; for in Christ Jesus, I am trying to be a faithful follower of the Lamb, and 'the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are children of God; and if children, then heirs: heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ.'

"My mother named me Theophilus Brown because she liked the name, liked the initials—T. B. L.—and because of my blood relationship to the Browns of Tennessee, three of whom were governors of the Volunteer State; but she always, so far as I know and remember, called me 'my son'—and the last words I heard her speak—her final farewell to me—were 'good-by, my son'—a sad, sweet sentence I can never forget."

His boyhood and youth, however, were spent in Sequatchie Valley, Tennessee, near Chattanooga, his mother moving to

that section when he was about nine years old. He grew up in that romantic, picturesque region, and always loved it above any other place on earth, making pilgrimages back to "the Valley" whensoever he had opportunity to do so. When he first saw the mountains that inclose the valley—the Cumberland Range, with its rugged crags and peaks on the west, and on the east Walden's Ridge lifting its summit toward the clouds, he thought they must be the Rocky Mountains, of which he had heard or read. No doubt the impressions made upon his young mind by those towering mountains and the picturesque scenery in which he spent his early years had much to do in developing his deep love of nature, the lofty idealism of his mind, the humility, purity and piety of his character.

To help his mother, whom he tenderly loved, he took upon his slender shoulders, at an early age, as much of the burden of providing for the family as he could carry—working in the fields when he could get plowing or hoeing or planting to do, working in a brickyard till he fell exhausted from overwork, and going to school when he could, which was not often and not long at a time.

Having an intense desire to acquire an education, but able to be in school only a few months at a time, he studied at home and thus kept up with children of his age who were fortunate enough to be able to attend school regularly, and when he reached his seventeenth year he had advanced further in study than most boys of his age in that part of the country. Just then a way was opened for him to go away to school—to Mossy Creek College—a great Baptist college now known as Carson-Newman College—in Jefferson County, near his birthplace. He availed himself of the opportunity, believing it to be heaven-sent, and being convinced it would lead to the improvement of his condition and the condition of his family.

Of his journey from his home in Sequatchie Valley, near what is now known as Dunlap, he wrote only a few years ago: "Etowah is the place that marked the end of the first forty miles of my journey to college, when I was young and my heart was full of hope and hallowed aspirations. I walked that forty miles between two nights, without fear or discouraging fatigue. The shadow of sorrow hung over me all the way, however, for I was leaving behind me my mother, whom I loved devotedly, and every step lengthened the distance between us. The assurance that it would grieve her for me to turn back kept me from doing so. That blessed mother can be with me nevermore here, but I hope to be with her forever 'over there.' If I be faithful until death, that blessed hope shall be a blissful reality some sweet, unending day—the day that knows no night—the day we call Eternity!"

He completed the course in Mossy Creek College and received a diploma, having made a record as one of the best students ever enrolled in the school. He always entertained a high regard for the president of the college, N. B. Goforth, and all who were associated with him in the work at Mossy Creek. In 1916, he and I, while in Riceville, Tennessee, visited the old home of President Goforth and his grave in the Riceville Cemetery. Mr. Goforth sustained a fall in his latter years, and consequently had to use crutches. In the old Goforth home Mr. Larimore saw on the floor of the back porch the marks of his former teacher's crutches—innumerable tiny marks made by nails put into the ends of the crutches to keep them from slipping as he walked back and forth, back and forth, across the time-worn floor. The marks of those crutches—mute evidences of his beloved teacher's misfortune—saddened him for days thereafter.

Naturally of a religious cast of character and surrounded as he was in the school at Mossy Creek with religious influ-

ences, he became deeply interested in the subject of salvation, and tried long and earnestly to "get religion," but in vain. He prayed and was prayed for, agonized and struggled, until his closest friends feared his reason would be dethroned. He could find no relief, and in the shadow of the doctrine of "unconditional foreordination and election," he suffered for months the agony of believing himself to be one of the "non-elect." It was a terrible ordeal for a sensitive soul: but, according to God's great law of compensation, he brought out of that harrowing experience the ability to combat in later years, with telling power and effect, that unscriptural doctrine.

On his return from school, his mother said to him: "My son, your sister and I have been baptized." Madison Love, an evangelist from North Alabama, had traveled through Sequatchie Valley, preaching, and they had heard and obeyed the gospel. He asked her: "When did you get religion?" She replied; "You don't have to get religion, you practice it," and she then and there told him some things he had never heard about the gospel plan of salvation.

Before he heard and understood it fully, however, so as to act on that understanding, the war between the States began, and he enlisted in the Confederate Army, afraid, as he sometimes expressed it, the war would be over before he could get into it. He was a faithful, courageous soldier, never attempted to evade a duty, never disobeyed an order. His courage, efficiency and reliability as a scout were early recognized, and he was often assigned to such duty. When the Confederates, under General Bragg, were stationed at Chattanooga, he was captured while on a scouting expedition in Sequatchie Valley, and was sent to Federal headquarters, where he was given his choice between taking "the non-combatant oath" or going to prison. Realizing that he could be of no service to the Confederacy while languishing in a

northern prison, and realizing, too, how much his mother needed his assistance and protection, he took the "non-combatant oath," and went home.

As has been said in other accounts of his experience as a soldier, there was one significant fact connected with it. He did his duty faithfully and worthily. He was with the army while important battles were fought, was in many dangerous places and performed hazardous service, but never fired a gun while he was a soldier! He was invariably detailed for special service while the army was engaged in battle; hence is was never his duty to try to kill anybody. This was manifestly a provision of Providence, to preserve his peace of mind in later years. To a man of his sensitive temperament, the thought that he might possibly have killed or injured a fellow man would have been a matter of lifelong regret.

The memory of those war experiences was very vivid in his mind. He was with the army at the battle of Shiloh, the duty assigned to him being to watch the Tennessee River for the appearance of Federal gunboats; and he wrote the dispatch that informed General Albert Sydney Johnston of the presence on the river of two gunboats convoying a fleet of transports up the river—a dispatch that General Johnston pronounced "a model military document." When we visited Shiloh National Park a few years ago, Mr. Larimore searched for, and, with the help of a citizen of that community, found the spot on the river where he caught his first glimpse of the gunboats. He said there was a house just behind him on the high bluff on which he was lying as he watched the river, and in a thicket of berry vines we found the remains of the chimneys of the house that stood just where he remembered it to have been.

In preaching the gospel of the Prince of Peace he often drew effective illustrations from his war experiences, and frequently used as texts passages of scripture portraying the

Christian life as a warfare. But he was always and essentially a man of peace, and opposed to every form and phase of war. I have often heard him express gratification that his enlistment in the army of the Confederacy, "in the sanguinary sixties," antedated his enlistment in the army of the Cross, and during the latter days of his life here he rejoiced in the thought that the time was fast approaching when war would be outlawed among all the nations of the earth, and that the reign of universal peace was not far away.

Soon after the close of his service as a soldier and his return home, he, his mother and the family moved to Kentucky, locating near Hopkinsville. There he heard the gospel preached in its purity and simplicity, and, on his twenty-first birthday, made the good confession and was baptized. He was then teaching school and, in vacations, cutting and hauling wood and doing any other work available, hoping to reach the point where he could study law, having long planned to be a lawyer. All his life he had a deep interest in court trials, lawyers' speeches and the verdicts handed down by jurors. But after his first few public talks in the church immediately following his baptism, the tide turned so strongly toward his being a preacher of the gospel that no other course could satisfy him or his friends.

Years ago he wrote: "My preaching began in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, in the meetinghouse in which I made the good confession a short time before that day. One thing about my first sermon, if indeed it be lawful to call it a sermon, may be worthy of note, and that is, I wrote it. Having written it, I memorized it, and having memorized it, I repeated it over and over again in the presence of the team with which I was hauling wood to town, before I preached it to the people who patiently and politely listened to it. You will not need or care to be told that those two faithful oxen were patient, after I tell you that, notwithstanding they heard that sermon,

going and coming, nearly all day long every day but Sunday three or four weeks, they never tried to run away! A day lasted from dawn till dark, certainly from sun till sun, then—not simply eight or ten hours. My axe, my oxen and I received two dollars a day for our services, and I was perfectly satisfied with my share.

"Well, those happy days are gone forever, and those faithful old oxen have gone where good oxen go; but, in memory they are with me still, and I fear I was not as kind and careful in my treatment of them as I should have been; but that record is unchangeable now. So will it be with life's record, whether long or short, when it shall have closed.

"I think the text on which my first sermon was based was 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.' (Luke 12: 20, 21.) Miss Editha Ritter, whose father was a member of Congress at that time, made the good confession at the close of that sermon, and that, perhaps had much to do in encouraging me to continue to preach."

He continued teaching school, studying and working, and later took a course at Franklin College, near Nashville, under Tolbert and A. J. Fanning, graduating from that school with honors, being valedictorian of his class, in 1867. He taught school several years—at Mountain Home, Alabama, Stantonville, Tennessee, and other places, preaching as well as teaching. Finally, having married Miss Esther Gresham, who lived near Florence, Alabama, he determined to establish in that section a school for boys and girls.

It was a colossal undertaking for two young people whose means were very limited, in a country impoverished by war; but they were brave, hopeful, self-reliant, resourceful, energetic and industrious. He borrowed money with which to erect the necessary buildings for such a school as he had

T. B. LARIMORE.
(President of Mars' Hill College.)

resolved to establish, planned the buildings, and helped to do the work—"handled lumber, shoveled dirt, made mortar, sawed timbers, carried brick, hauled shingles, chopped logs and cheered the workmen."

The school was a success—a marvelous success so far as good accomplished is concerned—the story of which is told in detail elsewhere in this book. It was a school in which the Bible was taught—the first of its kind in the South—each student being required to recite at least one lesson each day in the Bible. It opened the first day of 1871, and continued till and including 1887—seventeen busy years for its founder and president, spent in teaching and preaching, planning and working "with head and hand and heart," as he would have expressed it. They were no less busy years for the "mother of Mars' Hill," his faithful, hopeful, helpful wife.

During the existence of the school seven children were born to them: Mary Delilah, or "Dedie," as she is familiarly called; Granville Lipscomb; Theophilus Brown, called "Toppie:" William Herschell, known as "Herschell:" Julia Esther, called "Ettie:" Andrew Virgil, or "Virgil," and a baby girl, Minnie Belle, "whose span of life was so short that she can scarcely be said to have lived in this world at all."

The school was patronized by the brotherhood and others throughout the Southern States, and its students made good records in their various lines of endeavor, especially the young men who were trained there to preach the gospel. One of its students, F. D. Srygley, wrote "Larimore and His Boys," a book devoted to the work at Mars' Hill, the life of its founder and president, and the success, in various lines, of the "boys" who received their training there. As one of its friends has suggested, "The influence for good of the work done there in those seventeen years has been felt in every land beneath the stars."

The school was finally discontinued because there was such a demand upon Mr. Larimore to do evangelistic work that he and many of his friends and advisers were persuaded that he could do more good in that field than in the schoolroom. He had preached in vacations all over the country, always receiving more calls for preaching than he could accept. F. D. Srygley, who was his closest friend and who perhaps understood better than any one else the pressure of the calls he received, wrote:

"Mars' Hill College never failed, but was abandoned because a wider field of usefulness opened before its president. The school declined in interest and patronage, it is true, but only because the immense pressure upon him in pleading letters, by every mail, to preach the gospel, diverted his attention from the details of college work. More than once have I seen him shed tears over piles of letters begging for preaching when he was confined by college duties at Mars' Hill. He would say he had no heart to be there teaching children English grammar when a perishing world was pleading with him to tell them of Jesus and his love. Those of us who knew his feelings and understood the situation advised the suspension of the college. After more than seven years' steady persuasion on our part, and serious, prayerful consideration on his part, the school was abandoned. Like an uncaged bird, he went forth, the Bible in his hand and the glad tidings for a lost world in his heart, to turn sinners from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

He "went everywhere preaching the word"—traveling from "Maine to Mexico, from the Carolinas to California"—often away from home months at a time, always busy, always receiving more calls than he could accept, hurrying from one appointment to another, his programme for preaching being "twice every day and three times every Sunday." In 1889 he began work with the churches in Louisville, Kentucky,

giving that field the greater part of his time about two years, but the evangelistic field seemed to be his proper sphere of labor, and he did the work of an evangelist almost to the last. The longest meeting he ever held was with the church at Sherman, Texas—beginning January 4, 1894, continuing twenty-two weeks and one day. During that meeting he preached 333 sermons, attended to marriages and funerals and did the usual work that falls to a preacher in such a meeting.

In 1903, death invaded the Mars' Hill home, taking Mr. Larimore's namesake son, Theophilus Brown—"Toppie," as he was called by friends and loved ones, a young physician of the osteopathic school—universally respected and loved. At that time Dedie, the eldest daughter, was married to J. W. George, and lived near Mars' Hill; Granville, the eldest son, had married and was practicing law in Tampa, Florida; Herschell was married and living in the Mars' Hill neighborhood; and Toppie's departure left only the father, mother, Ettie and Virgil in the old home, and the father was there only occasionally between meetings.

In March, 1907, Sister Larimore, after months of failing health, passed away, having been tenderly cared for by Ettie, Virgil and, the last few months of her life, by Mr. Larimore, who gave up his work and spent his entire time with her. She was surrounded by hosts of relatives and friends, who did everything possible to make her last days on earth comfortable and pleasant.

Leaving the Mars' Hill home under the supervision of Virgil, who had married a few months after his mother's passing away, Mr. Larimore resumed his evangelistic work and consequent travels; sad, but always busy, undertaking more work than he could reasonably do, anxious to accomplish as much as possible for the cause he loved and labored for, in the years that remained to him.

In 1900, while Mr. Larimore was engaged in a long series of meetings at South College Street, Nashville, Tennessee, Brother F. D. Srygley, who had written "Larimore and His Boys," decided to publish a book of "Letters and Sermons of T. B. Larimore"—the book to contain sermons and also extracts from letters on various subjects written during the thirty years' correspondence between himself and Mr. Larimore. I was engaged to "take down" the sermons in shorthand and transcribe them for the book. I had heard Mr. Larimore preach on two occasions previous to that time, but had no personal acquaintance with him. I attended the meeting at South College Street as often as I could, being a secretary in a busy law office and having to do most of the transcribing of sermons at night. The book appeared in 1900, and soon thereafter Brother Srygley passed away.

There was a demand for another volume of "Letters and Sermons," and Brother McQuiddy engaged me to do the work, not only to transcribe the sermons from my shorthand notes, but also to do the work Brother Srygley did on Volume 1—selecting and arranging the letter material. As each chapter was finished I sent it to Mr. Larimore, for revision and correction. It was to me a liberal education in English to note and study his corrections. He could change the most commonplace sentences into "Larimore language" that was clear, classic and euphonious. This revising entailed considerable work on him, in addition to the work he always had on hand, but he did it cheerfully and, of course, thoroughly. He never did any work otherwise than thoroughly. It has been said that "genius is only infinite capacity for taking pains," and Mr. Larimore unquestionably had that mark of genius in a high degree. I took shorthand notes of all the sermons he preached in Nashville from 1901 to 1903, and from those notes I transcribed sermons for the third volume of "Letters and Sermons of T. B. Larimore," which

was published in 1910, and some of the sermons in this book were written from the shorthand notes taken nearly thirty years ago.

Sunday morning, January 1, 1911—"the first day of the week, the first day of the month and the first day of the year"—he and I were married in Nashville, Tennessee, my home. Thereafter I traveled with him. His daughter Ettie having been married, soon after our marriage, to Mr. F. E. White, of Hanford—now of Fresno—California, there was no need of our establishing a home, Mr. Larimore's work requiring him to go from place to place, always either on the wing, busy in a meeting or about to take flight. In 1911 he arranged to fulfill promises and engagements in widely separated sections: California, British Columbia, Eastern Canada, Maine, Mexico and finally Cuba. It was for us a year of traveling, but still traveling for a purpose, for he did much preaching that year.

Sometimes the old teaching fever would lay hold on him, and he would plan to establish a school in which young men should be trained to carry on the preaching of the gospel when he and his contemporaries should have to give it up; but he continued to do the work of an evangelist to the last.

Mr. Larimore's evangelistic work took us into nearly all the Southern States, to Canada, to Detroit, to Washington City. We spent several winters in Florida: in Gainesville, Dade City and Avon Park, and we went to San Antonio and Uvalde, Texas, for a winter. After our visit to California in 1911, we did not see the Golden State again till 1918. For several years thereafter we crossed the continent twice a year, spending the winters and springs in California, the summers and autumns in the East. Mr. Larimore preached in various places in California, and in 1920, we went to Berkeley to live and he preached in San Francisco for a congregation made up of residents of San Francisco and the

cities on the east side of the Big Bay: Berkeley, Oakland, Alameda and Richmond. In 1922, it was decided to start a congregation in Berkeley, Mr. Larimore having been preaching in that city Sunday evenings much of the time. April 9, 1922, the Berkeley Church met for the first time, the entire congregation of the San Francisco church crossing the bay and attending the services, to encourage the new work. This was a peaceful division of a congregation—"a shining example of the Lord's way of beginning a new work," as one of the members interested said, "and the only way a congregation could be divided with the sanction of Brother Larimore."

We had the usual experiences that evangelists and their traveling companions have. During one meeting we would have all the comforts and most of the luxuries of life, while the next meeting might find us in surroundings rather primitive. But we liked the life and the work we each had to do, Mr. Larimore preaching, I taking care of him. One incident of our travels is worthy of mention, perhaps, because it bears a lesson in its bosom. We planned in the spring of 1921 to start East the first of June; but, as the time drew nearer, we noticed that June 1 was Wednesday. We always did our traveling between Sundays, and, fearing we could not reach Nashville before the next Sunday, if we did not start earlier than Wednesday, we moved the day of our departure forward two days, beginning the journey Monday, May 30—Memorial Day—though some inconvenience is attached to starting on a holiday. Part of our trip took us through the Royal Gorge, and at Pueblo, Colorado, we changed from the Denver and R. G. to the Missouri Pacific train. The two trains stook on parallel tracks about forty minutes while the change was made. Just *two days* later, at the same hour, the trains were again standing parallel while the necessary changes were being made. Suddenly and without warning a mighty avalanche of water, rushing down the Royal Gorge

with the speed of an express train, broke over them. Those in the coaches were penned as in a trap, those outside were caught up by the mighty force of the water, hurled against trains and other objects, and their lives crushed out. Some were deeply buried in the mud that settled many feet deep in low places. Had we adhered to our original plan we should have been in the train or walking about the station at Pueblo at the identical hour the tragedy took place. That experience made us more sensible of the guarding, guiding hand of Providence.

In 1922 we went to Washington City, where Mr. Larimore was booked for a month's meeting, and remained with the church there three years, his longest stay, I think, with any one church.

Our sojourn in Washington City was a busy, happy experience. Mr. Larimore wrote regularly, during much of that time, for the Gospel Advocate, "Word from Washington," describing public buildings and other places of interest in that great city. He preached in Pennsylvania, we visited Gettysburg and Philadelphia, and he preached in New York while on a visit there. In the summer, we usually went "down South," where he held "protracted meetings."

In October, 1925, he resigned his work as minister of the Washington City church, and we returned to California, locating in Berkeley. Mr. Larimore preached for the church there about two and a half years, becoming very much interested in helping the congregation to secure a church home—which home was occupied the first time January 1, 1928.

About six months later—in June, 1928—we left Berkeley for Southern California, locating in Santa Ana, Mr. Larimore preaching regularly, however, for the church in Fullerton, eleven miles away. Our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Germany, of Santa Ana, one or the other, transported us to

Fullerton twice each Sunday and back again to our Santa Ana home.

After we came to Berkeley, Mr. Larimore continued writing for the Gospel Advocate, changing his "Word from Washington" to "Greetings from the Golden Gate," and after we came to Southern California he wrote "Greetings from the Golden West." Several years ago he added two other papers to his writing list; Firm Foundation, Austin, Texas, and Christian Leader, Cincinnati, Ohio, and he wrote for these three papers as long as he was able to write.

Notwithstanding his regular work was in Fullerton, Mr. Larimore preached for various congregations in Southern California, each at its annual all-day meeting, which is an "institution" peculiar to this section, I think. Each congregation has at least one all-day, dinner-on-the-grounds meeting a year, other congregations within automobile or train reach being invited and expected to attend, if practicable. These meetings tend to promote harmony, good will and co-operation among the churches. Although Mr. Larimore enjoyed these all-day services, where he met old friends and made new friends, he always expressed himself as being "glad to get back to the little band in Fullerton." Indeed, the summer and fall of 1928 was a busy, happy period. He held three series of meetings during that time: with the Broadway and Walnut church in Santa Ana, beginning in June; with the church in Fullerton, beginning in July, and in November with the Sichel Street church, Los Angeles, where he had conducted several series of meetings in days gone by, and where he always loved to preach.

The meeting at Sichel Street closed Sunday, November 25, but, being detained in Los Angeles the next week, we went to Sichel Street Sunday morning, December 2, expecting to hear Brother E. C. Fuqua preach; but there was such an urgent request from Brother Fuqua and others for Mr. Lari-

more to preach that he did so, taking one of his favorite texts —Jude 3—as the foundation for his talk. He preached again that evening—one of the most touching, pathetic sermons I ever heard him deliver—on Matthew 27: 23—"Why, what evil hath he done?"—the last sermon he ever preached.

We came from Los Angeles to our home in Santa Ana December 8, both sick with influenza, and were sick all the next week. But Monday morning, December 17, Mr. Larimore was able to walk out of doors, and I was able to sit up, and we were rejoiced to be so nearly well again. But, weakened by sickness, Mr. Larimore fell on a concrete floor about eleven o'clock, and broke his right hip. He was taken immediately to the Santa Ana Valley Hospital, where he remained seven weeks, his leg encased in a wire frame, to hold the broken bone in place. When the frame was taken off his leg at the end of six weeks, an x-ray examination disclosed that the broken bone had knit and there was a strong probability that he would walk again. After he passed away, Brother Fuqua wrote of him: "His fall and the fracturing of the hip bone was unfortunate, but I entertain the fond satisfaction that, notwithstanding this broken piece of his well-balanced frame, God kept him here until that bone was thoroughly knit together, so that in bone, in flesh, and in spirit, T. B. Larimore left this earth unmarred by its experiences," and in this cause for satisfaction all who loved him will concur.

I stayed at the hospital with him every day from seven in the morning, or earlier, till nine at night, when he was ready to go to sleep, gave him his meals, read to him, and relieved the tedium of the days as much as possible. His daughter Ettie, her husband and their two children were with us the first two weeks of his stay in the hospital, friends and loved ones in Santa Ana did all they could for him and me, and to one family in particular I am deeply grateful for so many

acts of kindness that I am impelled to mention them particularly: Sister Alice Duke, whom we knew and learned to love in Chattanooga, Tennessee; her son George and his wife, Katherine; her daughter Ina and her husband, Fred Germany, and Lewis, the younger son in the Duke family. Fred and Ina spent the nights in my home, that we might be up early to go to Sister Duke's for breakfast; then I went to the hospital, not far away. At six I went to Sister Duke's to dinner, then back to the hospital till nine, when some one—usually Fred or Ina—took me home; and thus the month of January wore away.

Mr. Larimore had a bright, sunny, quiet room in the hospital, where, with the patience, fortitude and sweetness that characterized his whole life, he waited for his release from the bonds and bands and bandages that held him there. He was too weak and often too nervous to see visitors, but he appreciated every mark of interest and affection manifested for him—calls, messages, cards, letters, flowers, fruits—all—and he received many such marks of love and sympathy during his days of illness. The hospital nurses who waited on him were soon won to him by his sweetness of spirit and his unfailing consideration for others, and showed in many ways their friendly interest in him. Sometimes when I go to the hospital now and mention their thoughtful kindness to him, they say: "Oh! it was a pleasure to do all we could for *him*."

He came home February 3, and after he was settled in his cheery room, though unable to sit up, he had a quiet, peaceful, almost happy six weeks. We believed he would regain health, strength and a measure, at least, of his lifelong activity, and looked hopefully to his being able to walk again by July 10, 1929, his eighty-sixth anniversary. Doctor Huffman, who had had charge of his case from the first, had ceased to visit him professionally, dropping in occasionally to see that

all was going well with him. Doctor Littell, his osteopathic physician, came only twice a week to see him—Mondays and Thursdays. Sunday, March 17, he seemed somewhat depressed all day, which was unusual, for he always rejoiced when Sunday came, even while in the hospital, where all the days were alike. However, he enjoyed our little service of reading, prayer and communion, which we had had since he came home. I noticed especially his earnest, but submissive petition for health and strength for us and for all. But he was not quite as cheerful as usual that day.

Monday morning, March 18, however, he seemed to feel better than at any time since his injury. While eating breakfast he reminded me of something I was to read to him that day, waved his hand to his little friends as they went by to school, and seemed glad when Doctor Littell came to treat his knee, which was somewhat stiff from its long confinement in the frame he had worn. The doctor exclaimed, "How well you look!" and Mr. Larimore replied just as cheerily, "I feel well." He called the doctor's attention to the ease with which he could move himself from one side of the bed to the other, and, with a satisfied expression on his face, composed himself for the treatment, which he always enjoyed. In a few moments he said, "Wait a little while," and when Doctor Littell looked up he thought Mr. Larimore had fainted. We tried to restore him, but in vain. He could not speak, but gave me a long, earnest, solemn look, closed his eyes and was gone—gone just as he had often expressed a wish to go when the time for his departure should come—suddenly, painlessly, peacefully. I think God often grants to His Own the manner of going away they most desire.

He made a long, brave fight—thirteen weeks, almost to the hour; but he had heavy odds against him: the tragic death of his son Herschell, in an automobile accident the previous October; a severe attack of influenza, followed

quickly by the fall in which his hip was broken; then the long weeks of lying in bed, unable to move. It was too great a strain on the heart that had served him faithfully and well more than eighty-five years. It is strange that we should grieve because he has passed beyond our love and care, when in doing so he has entered into peace and rest that passeth understanding; but human hearts are weak.

♣ ♣ ♣

"The old, old fashion, Death! The fashion that came in with our first garments and will last unchanged till our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll! Let us thank God for that older fashion yet of Immortality, as the swift river bears us to the ocean."

♣ ♣ ♣

WONDERFUL PEACE.

(Mr. Larimore's favorite song.)

Far away in the depths of my spirit to-night
Rolls a melody sweeter than psalm;
In celestial-like strains it unceasingly falls
O'er my soul like an infinite calm.

CHORUS: Peace! peace! wonderful peace,
Coming down from the Father above;
Sweep over my spirit forever, I pray,
In fathomless billows of love.

What a treasure I have in this wonderful peace,
Buried deep in the heart of my soul;
So secure that no power can mine it away,
While the years of eternity roll!

I am resting to-night in this wonderful Peace,
Resting sweetly in Jesus' control;
For I'm kept from all danger by night and by day,
And his glory is flooding my soul.

And methinks when I rise to that City of Peace,
Where the Author of Peace I shall see,
That one strain of the song that the ransomed will sing
In that heavenly kingdom will be:

Ah! soul, are you here without comfort or rest,
Marching down the rough pathway of time?
Make Jesus your friend ere the shadows grow dark;
O, accept of this peace so sublime!

CHAPTER II.

The Rock (No. 1).

"When Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Who do men say that I the Son of man am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But who say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Somon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ." (Matt. 16: 13-20.)

IN the northeastern extremity of the land of Palestine, the Land of Promise, there was in the days of the Saviour's painful pilgrimage upon the earth, a little town or village called "Dan," corresponding to Beer-sheba in the opposite extremity of the land; hence the biblical expression, "From Dan to Beersheba," meaning from one extremity of the land to the other. Just about three miles from Dan, toward the rising sun, stood, in ages even then veiled in the mists of remote antiquity, a town named by the pagans who built it, and called by the heathen who inhabited it, "Paneas," in honor of Pan, the god of shepherds, a creature of the imagination—half brute, half human—whose favor was supposed to be essential to the success of those who watched and cared

for the flocks. Long before the Star of Bethlehem twinkled over the plains of Galilee, and the Sun of righteousness arose with healing in his wings, to flood the world with light divine, Paneas became a heap of ruins, a fit abode for bats and owls and hissing serpents, but not for the sons and daughters of men. But just before the angels shouted "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!" over the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem, a new town was built by Herod Philip, a subordinate ruler of one of the provinces of the Roman Empire, on the foundation once occupied by Paneas, which city he named Cesarea Philippi—"Cesarea" for Cæsar, and "Philippi" for himself—thus welding his own name with that of his royal, remorseless ruler; hence the name "Cesarea Philippi" in the language just quoted.

Cesarea was founded upon a mass of imperishable rock. It was built of stone, from hovel to palace, from foundation to roof, hence might well have been called the "Rock City," or the "City of Rocks." It was surrounded by a stone wall—high, massive, strong—an effective means of protection for a town in that far-away age of the world. It was situated in one of the roughest, rockiest, most romantic, picturesque and rugged spots on earth, at the foot of Mount Hermon, that cast its dense, dark shadow upon the town for hours at the beginning of every bright day, and near the head of the rolling Jordan, that leaped from the bosom of the earth and flashed and sparkled as it swept on its course to the depths of the mysterious Dead Sea. Just about one mile toward the golden gates of the morning from Cesarea Philippi, resting upon one of the rocky spurs of Mount Hermon, was a rock fortress considered absolutely impregnable in that age of the world antedating the use of nitroglycerin, gunpowder, dynamite, guncotton and other explosives that are used in the modern science of human slaughter, that provision being made that, in the event an enemy should break down the

walls around the city, the inhabitants might flee to that rock fortress and be safe.

It was in the coasts or immediate presence of this rock-founded, rock-builded, rock-bounded, rock-surrounded, rock-protected, rock-shadowed city that Jesus, the Rock of Ages, the Rock for sinners cleft, said to Peter, the "rock"—Cephas, the "stone"—in reference to that spiritual institution that had been represented by Daniel, in the then long ago, as a little rock cut out of the mountain without hands and subsequently filling the whole earth; that spiritual institution every member of which is called in the Bible a "lively stone" or a "living stone:" "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

There is nothing accidental about the phraseology of the Bible, nothing any more accidental about the framing of any picture we find hanging upon the walls of the temple of truth than there is about the painting of that picture by the hand of Omnipotence itself. So we should rejoice that this wonderful picture is presented to us in framework rendered sublimely attractive, and we should appreciate not only the picture, but the very framing of that picture, shaded by towering mountains seeming to pierce the heavens bending in blue beauty above them, in which the hand of Jehovah has hung the picture upon the walls of his temple of truth divine.

There are some truths that float upon the bosom of the ocean of God's revelation to man, as water lilies bloom in beauty upon the cheek of the lake that gave them birth and being, while there are other precious truths buried far down in the fathomless depths of this ocean of truth, as pearls are hidden in the deep, deep sea. The former we can gather by simply a casual glance at the surface of this ocean of truth, just as the hand of the little child can pluck the water lily as the boat, propelled by the strong arm of the father, parts the ripples that play on the bosom of the lake; while

the latter must be brought up by earnest, prayerful research, as brave men must go down into the darkest depths of the sea to bring up the pearls that lie hidden there. There is a representative of each of these two classes of truth in the lesson I have just quoted.

The surface thought is the one that suggests the question: Was the church of Jesus Christ built previous to, or subsequent to, the time Christ said, a few weeks before his crucifixion, "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it?" Does "I will" point to the past or point to the future? A child of ordinary intelligence three years old knows that. Let any English-speaking mother who has a little boy three years old, of ordinary intelligence, say to him: "Bobby, if you will be as mute as a mouse one minute I will give you a big red apple." The little fellow gets very busy trying to be quiet. He is so quiet he thinks he can almost hear his heart beat. That minute is fully sixty seconds long, but he is perfectly quiet till the time expires. Then he says: "Now, mother, give me the big red apple," and she says to him: "Darling, you didn't understand mother. When I said, 'If you will be as mute as a mouse one minute, I will give you a big red apple,' I meant you were as mute as a mouse one minute last week and I gave you a big red apple." Will Bobby accept that as correct? No. He has too much sense, if he is ever going to be responsible: he is too well educated, if he has been brought up till he is three times twelve months old, in a family that speaks anything like English, to believe that. He knows, and he knows his mother knows he knows, that "I will" points not to the past, but to the future. So, then, as long as men, women and children who can speak the English language know whether "I will build" points to the past or points to the future, it will not be necessary to argue the question whether the church of Christ was established or built before or after

he said: "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

The thought representing the pearl in the depths of the sea is here the thought that suggests the question: What is the rock on which Jesus said, "I will build my church?" Jesus is called the "Rock of Ages;" the "Rock for sinners cleft;" "the tried and precious Stone;" the "chief Corner Stone." "Peter" means "a rock;" "Cephas" means "a stone." Did Jesus refer directly or personally to either himself or to Peter when he said: "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it?" How shall we settle that question? Human opinion is not to be accepted in answer to biblical questions; hence this question must be settled by the word of the living God.

The apostle Paul says: "According to the grace of God which is given unto me, as a wise masterbuilder, I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon. For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. 3: 10, 11.) It is absolutely certain, then, that Peter was not the foundation on which Christ promised to build his church; but a careful and critical examination of the phraseology used by the Saviour shows clearly that he did not refer personally, directly, to himself, the word in the original translated "rock" being of a gender which precludes the possibility of his referring to himself or to Peter when he said: "Upon this rock I will build my church." He said: "Thou art Peter," the gender of the word translated "Peter" being applicable to Peter: but when he added: "upon this *rock* I will build my church," he used a different word in the original, the gender of which precludes its being applied to Peter. Jesus is the chief Corner Stone, the Bed Rock, the Foundation of foundations: but he evidently did not refer directly to himself, as we have already learned, the

gender of the word translated "rock" being one that could not admit of its having reference to himself.

"When Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Who do men say that I the Son of man am?" Why did the Saviour have this conversation with his disciples? Not from idle curiosity. The Saviour's life was too busy, his time was of too much importance, to admit of his allowing idle curiosity to occupy his time for one moment while he was on the earth. He said: "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work." (John 9: 4.) It was not pride that prompted him to ask the question, or the desire to be flattered. Had that been his desire it had not been necessary for him to come to this earth for praise. From all eternity he had had existence with the great I AM, had been the constant companion and bosom friend of God, and, standing by the great white throne, could look down upon innumerable worlds and claim them all for his own, while angels cast their crowns before him and the stars were glittering dust beneath his feet. It would have been a little thing to him to be flattered by men.

He did not ask that question to elicit information from his disciples, for he had all information on the subject. The last paragraph of the second chapter of John—verses 23-25—settles that question. "Now when he was in Jerusalem at the passover, in the feast day, many believed in his name, when they saw the miracles which he did. But Jesus did not commit himself unto them, because he knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man: for he knew what was in man." It follows that he could not have asked this question to elicit information as to what men said about him. Still there was a reason for the question. Rational men do nothing without reason, and the Son of God had a reason for all he did.

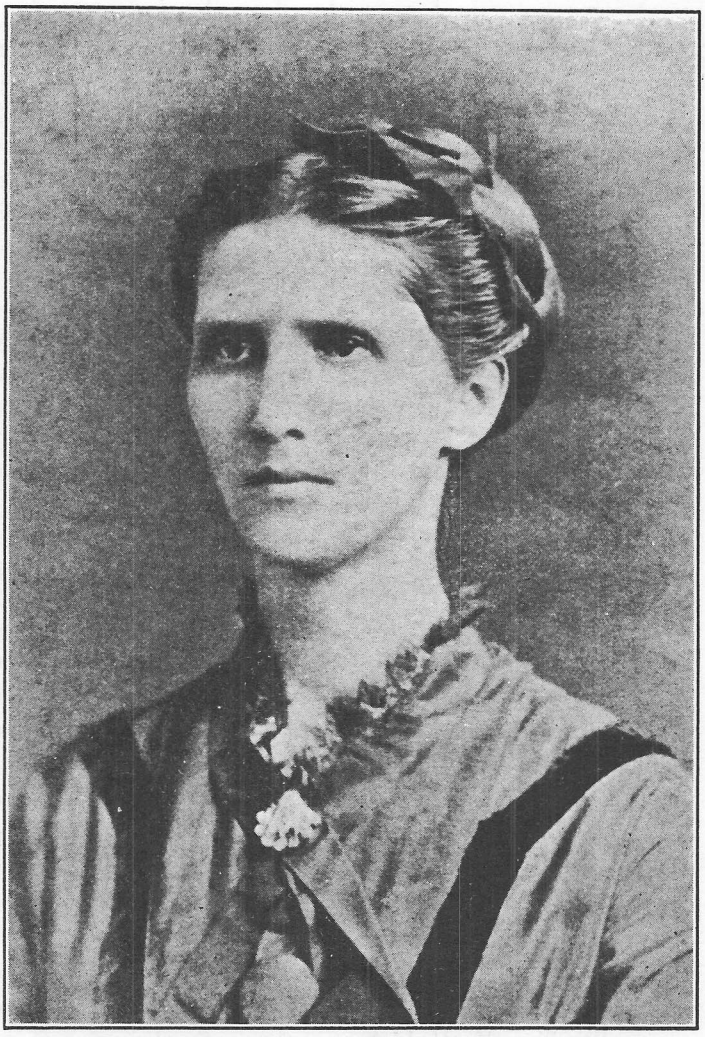
"When Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Who do men say that I the Son of man am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist: some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am?" This shows that he was not satisfied with their first answer. Had that been what he wanted, he would have stopped when they told him what men said of him. "He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." That was what he wanted to elicit, for he pressed the question no further. He went far enough to get what he wanted, and then stopped. He immediately pronounced a blessing on Peter, saying: "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." Hath not revealed what unto thee? That I am the Christ, the Son of the living God. "And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." Upon what rock? The rock that he and Peter were talking about—that I am the Christ, the Son of the living God; the confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," or this truth as illustrated in that confession—the confession of which Jesus is the soul, the substance, the divinity, the power and the glory—is the Rock on which Christ said he would build his church. The gender of the term translated "rock" is such as to agree perfectly with this expression, with this understanding. It could not have represented Peter; it could not have represented Christ personally; but it could and did represent or refer to the confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

There is no contradiction between this thought and the quotation from Paul's letter to the Corinthian brethren wherein he says: "Other foundation can no man lay than that

is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Truth never contradicts itself. In the construction of material buildings there is often a foundation resting upon a foundation, the two so related as to be practically one. We pass along a street and see men preparing apparently to build something of importance. They are digging ditches deep down into the ground. We look and see down there in the ground a solid rock, bedrock, and we are told, "This is the foundation on which we are going to build." We pass that way later and find stone walls, strong and solid, filling those ditches. We ask the men what they are doing, and they say they are laying the foundation of the building to be constructed there. Is there anything strange about that. Nothing at all. They went down into the ground to find a bedrock foundation, and on that they are laying a foundation for the building that is to rest on these two foundations that are practically one. Just precisely so in the case we are considering. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Jesus is the Bed Rock, the Foundation of foundations, and on him rests this confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," the confession on which he promised to build his church, the confession of which he is the soul, the substance, the glory, the center, the *All.*

In view of the importance of the foundation of the church which the Saviour in this connection calls "my church," we naturally expect to find that God has given extraordinary prominence to this confession: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." When we examine the Book of God's revelation to man, we find abundant evidence that he has given it extraordinary prominence. Let us see.

In Matthew 3: 13-17, we have an account of the baptism of Jesus: "Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him." John was baptizing in Jordan, baptizing for the remission of sins, the people confessing their



MRS. T. B. LARIMORE.
("The Mother of Mars' Hill.")

sins as they were baptized. Jesus, from his humble home in Nazareth, walked to the Jordan, where John was baptizing, to be baptized of him. "But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" John knew that Jesus was so pure and so good that he could not be included among those who were baptized for the remission of their sins, and he refused to baptize Jesus. "But Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now; for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness. Then he suffered him." When John understood that it was necessary for it to be so, that the Saviour could not fulfill all righteousness without being baptized, John baptized him. "And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him: and lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." As the Saviour stood dripping on the banks of the Jordan, he saw descending from the very bosom of God the Holy Spirit, fluttering down, down, from the presence of the great I AM, in the form of a dove, the emblem of innocence, until it rested in a halo of light on the head of the Saviour, God thus setting the seal divine, the seal of his approbation, upon the Saviour's course as he fulfilled that part of all righteousness. But while he stood there on Jordan's bank, crowned with glory, the Holy Spirit resting upon him in bodily form like a dove, there came a voice from heaven, the voice of God himself, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Jehovah has revealed to us some truths through men, some through ranks of angels, and some by his own Son; but he reserved to himself, the highest authority in the universe, to be the first to make this wonderful confession on which Jesus promised to build his church, saying, himself, at the baptism

of Christ; "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

The lesson we have under consideration is found in the sixteenth chapter of Matthew. The first paragraph of the seventeenth chapter of Matthew contains an account of the transfiguration of the Saviour on Mount Hermon. Long, long ago, as many of us remember, the opinion prevailed that Tabor was the Mount of Transfiguration; but investigation has exploded that theory and settled it that not battle-scarred, blood-stained, war-swept Tabor, but Hermon, the mountain of mountains, standing at the head of the Jordan and at the head of the Promised Land, was the mountain on which Jesus stood transfigured in the presence of Moses and Elias, Peter, James and John. It is evident that the Saviour and his disciples stayed in and around Cesarea Philippi about six days—about a week. It has been said, and some wise men have been willing to state, that they remained there just six days; that this conversation between Jesus and his disciples occured the first day of one week, and that the first day of the next week his transfiguration on Mount Hermon occurred. Be this as it may, the record says: "And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun and his raiment was white as the light. And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him. Then answered Peter, and said unto Jesus, Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias. While he yet spake, behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them: and behold a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." This was the transfiguration of the Saviour on Hermon's holy height, in the presence of Peter, James and John. Moses and Elias appeared, and, in

the presence of them all, God himself again made the confession: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him."

Why did God say, on this occasion "hear ye him?" Fifteen hundred years before that time Moses had stood on Pisgah's summit, in sight of the Promised Land. One hundred and twenty years—three times forty years—had passed away since his birth as the babe of a slave in Egypt, forty years having been spent in the court of Pharaoh, forty years as a fugitive in the land of Midian, and forty years in the Wilderness of the wanderings. Because of their disregard of His word, His will and His way on a very important occasion, God had decreed and declared that Moses and Aaron should die without reaching the goal of their earthly ambitions—without entering the Promised Land as lawgiver and high priest respectively, of the children of Israel. Aaron had died on the bare, bleak, barren summit of Mount Hor, and the time had come for Moses to die. To Nebo's silent summit—to Pisgah's towering top—he climbed, and from thence beheld the Promised Land, the land he longed to enter, the land in which he longed to live. A youth of a hundred and twenty years, "his eye was not dim, his natural force was not abated." The same eagle glance before which proud Pharaoh had quailed forty years before, the same noble bearing, the same strength of body and mind were his, as he stood on Nebo's summit with the Promised Land spread out before him.

At the foot of the mountain were the hosts of Israel he had led so long, but should see on earth no more. Just beyond was the mad, muddy, rushing, roaring Jordan, rolling on to fall into the dark, lifeless depths of the Dead Sea. Just beyon the Jordan was Canaan, with its fruitful fields, green groves, vine-clad slopes, its tall palms quivering in the breezes, its streams flashing back the light of the heavens bending in beauty

above them, with here and there towering mountains lifting themselves heavenward; while far, far away in the dim distance, at the head of the Jordan he longed to cross, all the more sublime because half hidden by intervening mists, stood in silent, solemn, awful grandeur, rock-ribbed Hermon, whose snow-shrouded peaks pierced the heavens and wrapped the fleecy clouds about their icy brows, as if with becoming modesty veiling themselves in the presence of the great I AM who had stationed them there to keep watch and ward over that land till time should be no more. Then and there, with that wonderful scene before him, Moses ceased to breathe the breath of temporal life; and the Lord Almighty "buried him in a valley in the land of Moab," and then erased every trace of his lonely resting place, that idolatrous man might never find his grave, and, bowing there, worship the dust of the creature, instead of the divine Creator himself. Fifteen hundred years have come and gone; generations have been born and buried; Israel has taken possession of the Promised Land: Jesus, the long looked-for Messiah, has come, is transfigured on the summit of Mount Hermon, and there stands Moses by his side.

Almost a thousand years before that time, Elias—Elijah—was a prophet in the land of Israel. He was very zealous for the God of hosts, being true and faithful when he believed he was the only man on the face of the earth who tried to serve the Lord. For his faithfulness he was taken away from the land of the dying to the deathless land of life beyond the river of death without touching its chilly tide. Now Jesus stands transfigured on Hermon's ice-crowned brow, and there stands Elias by his side; and Peter, James and John are there.

Moses was called "the lawgiver" because, on the summit of shaking Sinai that was shrouded in somber clouds riven by livid lightnings while thunders rocked the earth, he received from the hand of God, written on tables of stone by the finger

of God, the law that was destined to become and be the foundation of the laws of civilization while time itself shall be. Elias was called "the law restorer" because, when the world seemed to have forgotten the law of the Lord, he restored it, defending God's right to rule against eight hundred and fifty false prophets, backed by millions of money and millions of men, and by regal authority and power. Now we have Moses, the lawgiver, Elias, the law restorer; Peter, James and John, the prospective promulgators of the new law of love divine, with Jesus, the divine Fulfiller of the law, on Hermon's ice-bound brow. He is robed in the glory that is to be his in the home of God forever, a bright cloud overshadows the scene, and from the bosom of that cloud comes the voice of God, saying: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him"—as much as to say: "The time was when you were to hear Moses, but his day is past; the time was when you were to hear Elijah, but his day is gone. My Son has come, the patriarchal age has passed, Judiasm is to be abolished, the law of Christ is to be established; and therefore I say to you, Peter, James and John, and, through you, to all the sons and daughters of men, in the presence of Moses, the lawgiver, and Elijah, the law restorer: Hear ye him."

This command of Jehovah, "Hear ye him," is one of the many reasons why gospel preachers preach probably forty discourses from the New Testament to one from the Old Testament. This is one reason why people who are in the church of Christ read more, much more, in the New Testament than they read in the Old. Gospel preachers believe the Old Testament just as firmly as they believe the New Testament, and Christians are just as thoroughly settled in their convictions of the divine origin of the Old Testament as the New; but gospel preachers and people who are in the church you read about in the Bible understand these truths:

we are living in the Christian age, not in the patriarchal age; we are living on the eternity side, the judgment side, of the dividing line drawn by Jehovah long, long ago, when he said, as Jesus stood transfigured in the presence of Moses and Elijah, Peter, James and John: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." People who are in the institution to which Christ referred when he said, "upon this rock I will build my church," understand that the Old Testament does not reveal the law of salvation in force in the Christian age of the world; that it only foreshadowed, pictured, pointed to it; and that we have to come to the New Testament to learn what to do to be saved. For these and many other reasons, people constituting on earth that institution to which the Saviour referred as "my church" hear Christ in preference to hearing Moses or Elijah, read the New Testament in preference to reading the Old Testament, while they respect and revere and believe the entire eleven hundred and eighty-nine chapters of God's eternal truth.

In fulfillment of the Saviour's promise, his church was established in the long, long ago, has weathered the storms of nineteen centuries, is standing to-day, firm, sure, steadfast, and is to stand forever. God, Christ, the Holy Spirit and heaven lovingly invite all who will to enter that glorious institution and be blessed in this world and in the world to come. God promises peace, pardon and everlasting life to all who will come in his appointed way, all who will hear the gospel, believe the gospel, repent of their sins, make the good confession that they do believe, with all the heart, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, are baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, into the solemn names of Father, Son and Holy Spirit; and, having been raised up to walk in newness of life, to thenceforth walk in newness of life, living as God's children are taught in his word to live, till He shall call them home.

Mr. Larimore was not very fond of poetry, but there were certain fine poems that were his especial favorites, and one of them is the Burial of Moses. Just a few days before he passed away he told me he regretted not having memorized that poem long ago, as he could have used it in his work with good effect. He had a wonderfully retentive memory; but, of course, as all do, with advancing years he had lost some of that power of memory.

BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." (Deut. 34: 6.)

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
  On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
  There lies a lonly grave;
But no man built that sepulchre,
  And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
  And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
  That ever passed on earth;
Yet no man heard the trampling,
  Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
  Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
  Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the springtime
  Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
  Unfold their thousand leaves:

So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height
Out from his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,
His comrades of the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums,
Follow the funeral car:
They show the banners taken;
They tell his battles won;
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marbles drest,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—
  The hillside for a pall!
To lie in state while angels wait,
  With stars for tapers tall!
The dark rock-pines like tossing plumes,
  Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
  To lay him in his grave!—

In that strange grave without a name,
  Whence his uncoffined clay
Should break again—O wondrous thought!—
  Before the judgment-day,
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
  On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
  With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
  O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
  And teach them to be still:
God hath his mysteries of grace,
  Ways that we cannot tell,
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
  Of him he loved so well.

—Cecil Frances Alexander.

CHAPTER III.

His Mother.

THE tie between Mr. Larimore and his mother was so strong, so close, so tender, and he mentioned her so often in his writings, that this chapter, devoted to her, will consist principally of quotations from his pen. He wrote, January 3, 1913:

"This is my mother's birthday—the one-hundredth anniversary of my mother's birth. I should be glad to write an appropriate memorial of her; but I know I could not do justice to her life and her life work.

"When she went Home, ten years ago, she was twenty years older than I am now. I may never be as old as she was then; but if, when called hence, I am as unselfish, sweet-spirited and perfectly prepared for the great change as she was, I shall be safe and satisfied.

"I remember her as always gentle, always kind, always sympathetic, in the days of my childhood and youth, facing the future, notwithstanding our lack of this world's goods, with a brave heart and a cheerful smile. But for the wreck of a fortune wrought by the payment of security debts, she might never have known poverty. While she never forgot that lesson, the memory of it never made her bitter; but she taught me from childhood: 'Never go any man's security. If a man asks you to pay his debts for him, and you can do it, and want to do it, do it; but never sign a note as security.' Another good lesson she taught me was: 'Always praise the bridge that carries you over safe, my son.'

"She helped me over all the hard places in my way, if she could. Long ago, when I worked for Mr. McDonough from Monday morning till Saturday night, I always went home—a mile and a quarter away—after dark Saturday night. My way lay along the riverside, up the river on the right bank. On one side were tall mountains that cast their shadows over the river every bright day. On the other side of the road was the river, and, as I walked along, I could hear it rippling over shallow places and murmuring against the bank. At one place a deep ravine cut across the road, and down in that ravine it was always dark as I passed along going home. I was timid and afraid. My sweet little mother knew I was timid, and, notwithstanding she was timid, too, she always came to the edge of the ravine nearest home, to meet me. As I approached that dark place, she would hear me and call softly: 'Is that you, my son?' Then all my fears were gone. We would meet in the ravine and go home together happy, no longer afraid or timid. I sometimes wonder if, when I come to cross the valley of death, I shall hear my mother's voice on the other side as she waits for me to come. I know she will be there, if she can."

No mortal knows whether his mother was near him, as he passed through the valley of death that dark morning in March, when he so unexpectedly went away from us. But he did not cross that 'dark place' alone; for he could say, with David: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

One New Year's Day he wrote:

"This is New Year's morning. My mother, always busy, taught me to be busy always, especially New Year's Day. We, in the sweet long ago, always tried to have the best breakfast possible very early the first morning of the year, and then we worked with all our might to do as much work and as

good work as possible as the busy hours of that busy day swiftly slipped away. Many years have come and gone since I learned that lesson, but it lingers with me still. True to that teaching, I was ready for business before the sun rose this morning, and deem it my duty to be busy till the best day's work I can do to-day has been done as wisely and well as I can do it.

"But my mother taught me to not only be busy and do my very best the first day of the year, but to try to never fall below the record of work, worthiness and usefulness I might establish that day. In other words, she taught me to make the very best record possible, in every good sense, that day, to remember that record all the year, to try to be true to it and sustain it every day to the end of the year, and then try to establish a new record the first day of the next year, sustain that record to the end of the year, and so on to the end of my brief sojourn here.

"While I am conscious of having fallen far short of the ideal my mother cherished when patiently and hopefully teaching me such lessons, I am sure the spirit of all such lessons is 'good, and only good, and that continually.'

"Of course we all know it is as important to do our whole duty any other day in the year as the first day, and there was probably some semblance of superstitition in the New Year's teaching that so impressed me in the days of my childhood and youth; but the tenacity with which these teachings cling to me and the extent to which they still shape my course and conduct remind me of the wonderful weight of responsibility that rests upon parents, preachers and teachers—indeed upon all mature, responsible human beings—and suggest that the little things of life, even things that we may consider insignificant, may wield an influence the importance of which can never be computed. Well hath a wiser and worthier one said:

" 'A pebble in the streamlet scant
Hath changed the course of many a river.
A dewdrop on the baby plant
Hath warped the giant oak forever.' "

On his seventy-seventh anniversary, he wrote of his mother:

"Her word was as good as her oath—her promise as good as her bond, regardless of her financial condition. She was careful to never promise what she could not pay or perform. Anxious to educate me, she subscribed, 'One scholar, five months, $10,' to a school a young man claiming to be from New York City was 'getting up' in Sequatchie Valley, Tennessee, about sixty-seven years ago. The schoolhouse was only about three miles from where we lived, and my prospects seemed to be exceedingly bright and promising.

"I attended that school three days, and then had to return to the plow. The difference in our finances between my going to school and plowing was only four dollars a month, but that meant so much to us that I had to plow instead of being a pupil in school. My brave little mother never murmured against the apparent cruelty of fate; but, deeming it her duty to pay the amount she had promised, notwithstanding I could not get the benefit of the school, she cheerfully made shirts for the teacher, to pay the ten dollars, and I took them to him, one by one, as they were finished and neatly prepared for transportation to him three miles from our humble home. Once, I remember, she sat up and sewed all night, that the work might be completed and delivered to him on time. Her promise must be fulfilled, sleep or no sleep."

Several years ago, he wrote:

"In a characteristically concise, but superlatively complimentary, editorial, Brother Burnett, editor and proprietor of *Burnett's Budget*, speaks of my article written for a recent number of the Gospel Advocate, on 'What I Owe to My Mother.'

"The merit of that article is my mother in it. Take her out of it and little will be left. As I sit here to-day, still confined to my room, while winds from the west shake snow from their wings, I am with her again, shivering in the cold of a long-ago day I can never forget—a day like this, but colder. I am thinking of her as the bravest little woman in the world—mother, doctor, nurse and comforter combined—a friend to everybody—sympathetic, tender, unselfish and true. I do not wonder that all who knew her loved her; but I do wonder why her son was not a braver, better boy, and why he did not become and be a wiser, better, greater man. The children of such mothers should be a blessing to all, a curse to none, cherishing a spirit of sympathy for everybody and for everything that can sigh, sorrow, suffer, or be sad.

"My erstwhile pupil, my brother in Christ, my never-failing, never-wavering friend, Judge M. H. Meeks, a great lawyer and a great judge, was alone at his desk when he received a copy of the Advocate containing the article of which Brother Burnett writes. He immediately read the article and wrote the following letter, never dreaming of its ever appearing in print; but I am sure he will not object to my quoting it here:

" 'Nashville, Tenn., December 24, 1915.—Dear Brother Larimore: I have just read, in the Gospel Advocate, your article, "What I Owe to My Mother." Every one who has, or has had, a Christian mother should read it. The subject-matter of the article—I mean the points in your life where your mother touched and impressed it—are rich food for thought, helpful to the careworn pilgrim and calculated to do much good to those who read and heed them.

" 'Brother Larimore, I think your life and your family became entwined with the life of my father's family in a strange and most peculiar way. I have considered it, in the providence of God, a great blessing to us; and I have always

tried to make the blessing reciprocal. My father was devoted to you, as I am sure you know. My brother George, who was with you less than any other one of us, was partial, very partial, to you; and, in his last moments on earth, he requested that the catalogue of your Mars' Hill school and a copy of your Franklin College valedictory address be placed under his head in his coffin—which was done. How strange this was, and still is, to me! It is more like things we read of than things we know.

" 'I met your mother at Corinth, Mississippi, and took her to my father's Tennessee home, sixteen miles over a common country road, the first time she was ever in that country. We had a good team, and I drove fast, making the trip in a little less than two hours. Occasionally I would ask her if I was driving too fast; and she would quietly answer: "Not at all." There were no frights, no screams, no catchings of me by the arm. She acted as if she had confidence in the driver and had been behind prancing steeds often.

" 'After that trip, I knew her well. I adored her while she lived, and I revere her memory now. My father and every member of his family loved her—my mother, if possible, more devotedly than any of the rest. Brother Rufus, who was with her most, was devotedly fond of her. He has told me that, as she neared the end of her life here, she frequently called for him, she living in his home at that time. I said to him: "I thank God that there was one of my name near enough to her to answer her calls, and I'm sure you answered every one of them."

" 'She was a pleasant companion for the old and the young—for all. While her educational culture and social attainments may not have been up to the fashionable style, she was always easy in or with any company she met—never at a disadvantage. I remember a time at my home in Nashville, when several friends of my family were present, and

you were a little late in arriving—a thing very unusual for you—and the company was seated at the table in the dining room when you came in. Your mother, then nearly ninety years old, rose from the table and approached you with the greeting, "My son," grasped your hand and kissed you, with the calmness and grace of a vertiable queen—which she was. Her manner was so timely, sweet and unaffected that it elicited expressions of approval from those present.

" 'From my first acquaintance with her I appreciated her most highly, and she seemed to love me with the tenderness of a mother. She never criticized me or any one else, so far as I know; but was always ready with expressions of approval and commendation for every worthy act I did of which she had knowledge. She was at my father's home and Rufus' home, while Rufus lived on the old home place, much, as you know; and I never heard any expressions concerning her, from servants or others, that did not seem to emanate from love and appreciation. All were always glad when she came and sorry when she went away.

" 'I have seen her in the midst of a bevy of noisy, chattering children; but never a word of impatience did she utter. Always gentle, she was as firm in her convictions of faith and duty as the rock of Gibraltar. She was a wonder to me. The sunshine and goodness of her life will be felt in the world through years to come.

" 'When I finished reading the article about your mother, I wanted to say *something;* I knew no one to whom I could more appropriately say it than to you; and, not having an opportunity to say it, I have written some of it. May the Lord bless us all, and hide, with his tender compassion and infinite love, our many errors and mistakes.' "

As Judge Meeks suggests, the relations subsisting between the Meeks and the Larimore families were very close indeed. Mr. Larimore lived in the home of General Meeks when he

taught school in Stantonville, Tennessee; two sons of the Meeks family, Rufus and Henry, attended the school at Mars' Hill; Mr. Larimore's sister Mollie, who assisted him in teaching at Mars' Hill, and who loved him devotedly, became the wife of Rufus Meeks—R. P. Meeks—a well-known and well-loved preacher of the Christian Church. Brother Rufus passed away about fourteen years ago, but Sister Mollie is still with us, the last of her generation of the Larimores.

The article to which Mr. Larimore and Judge Meeks, too, referred in the article immediately preceding this—an article published in the Gospel Advocate in December, 1915, was as follows:

"The letter requesting me to write for this number of the Gospel Advocate whatsoever I might wish to write on the theme, 'What I Owe to My Mother,' reached me on my way to Dunlap, the central city of Sequatchie Valley, where I spent most of my childhood and youth. I am now in the valley, at Dunlap, the guest of Brother Tillman Walker and family, tramping every day amid the scenes of my joys and sorrows, trials and triumphs, of the long ago, living over, in memory, those bitter-sweet days.

"We—Mrs. Larimore and I—sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by friends, have visited many places here that are, for me, filled with sad, sweet memories: The site of my mother's first home in Dunlap—a home burned during the war, fifty years ago—also the site of her last home in Dunlap, the house having been destroyed by fire a few years ago, over which a weeping willow gently waves its branches; the great Dunlap spring, near by; the site of another home of my childhood, in 'Hog Jaw'—a narrow cove sheltered by ridges on either side, pretty enough to deserve a prettier name; the ten-acre field that Samps and Tamar—Doctor Bell's two negroes—and I cultivated for him: the grave of my grandmother, in the bosom of a little forest-covered hill that nestles at the

foot of the rocky, rugged Cumberland Mountain on the west—so rough and rocky there that, the first time I ever saw it, I asked my mother, 'Is that the Rocky Mountain?'; the old mill to which I have carried on my shoulder many a 'turn' of corn, accompanied by Trip and Track, my trusty dogs, all three of us having a jolly good time all the way—two miles—over the ridges, through the woods; the old McDonough home, that was my home from Monday morning till Saturday night, when I used to work for Mr. McDonough; and the site of our home, farther up the river, not a trace of our cabin being left except some stones that show where the chimney stood.

"While wandering amid these scenes of my childhood and youth, many of which are so interwoven with memories of my mother that I can almost hear her sweet voice and feel the touch of her tender hand, I have realized as I had never realized before that I owe to her my life and whatsoever good may be in me—whatsoever good I may have done or may ever be able to do. Never a strong child, and frequently hovering between life and death, but for her tender care and good judgment, I could scarcely have passed through the period of babyhood; but, during all that trying period, she never, as she and others have told me, lost hope that I might become and be a strong, useful man.

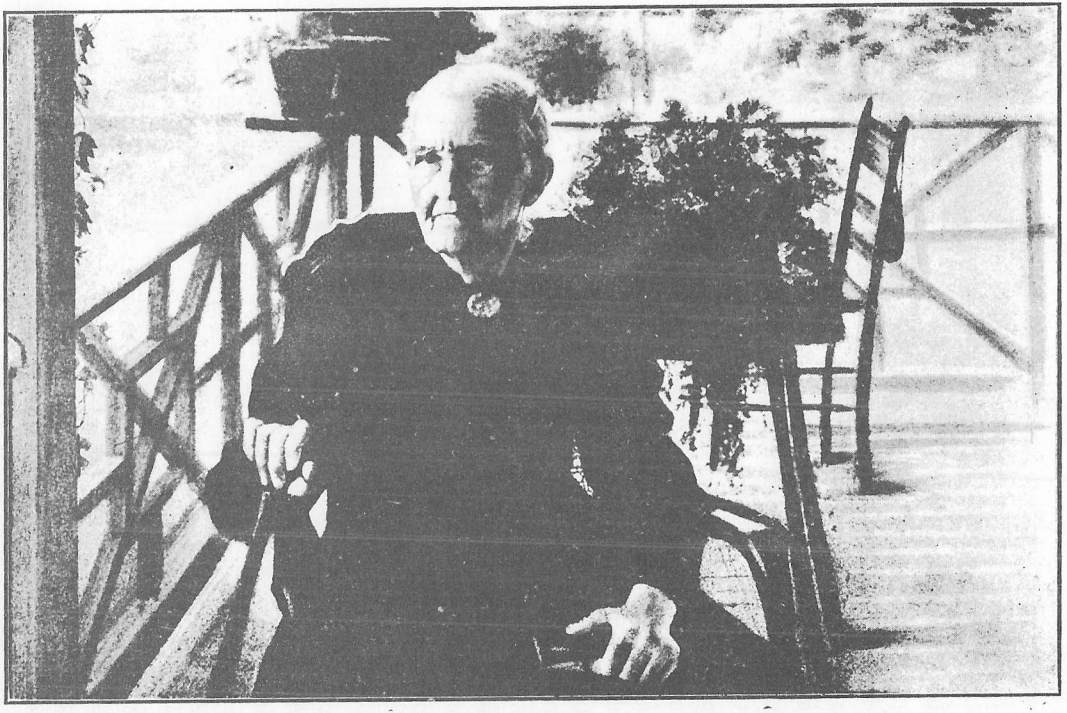
"She was always hopeful and cheerful and always tried to instill hope and cheer into my soul. In the sweet long ago, when she plied the needle for a living and I followed the plow, at four dollars a month, to help her, always going home every Saturday night, and spending Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night with her, she was cheerful, hopeful and happy, facing the future as calmly and bravely as if we had been millionaires; and never a tramp or a beggar was turned away from her humble home without a liberal share of the best she had. She lived for the good that she could do; and the

day was never too cold, the night was never too dark, for her to gladly go wheresoever duty, sickness, sorrow or suffering called her; hence, everybody who knew her loved her. A stalwart man whom I met in the road yesterday said to me: 'And you are Aunt Nancy Larimore's boy! I've heard my mother talk about Aunt Nancy Larimore a lifetime.'

"Intensely sympathetic, gentle and sweet-spirited, she ruled her household by gentleness, kindness, firmness and love. Late in life she told me she never whipped me, never scolded me—never once in all her life—and still she so controlled me that I really never realized it was possible for me to disobey her.

"She taught me to make the best of every situation, to meet difficulties bravely, and to never be discouraged. When I was five years old, Mr. Bowen taught a little school near our home, always passing by our house going to and from school. He was a devout man, always opened and closed every school day with prayer, sympathized with the poor, and unselfishly sought to do all the good he could. My mother agreed to let me attend that school, committing me to the tender care of the good teacher every morning, he seeing me safe home every evening. Those school days were few, but very pleasant.

"My next teacher was a dissipated, unworthy man; but my mother was not aware of it, and, of course, I knew nothing about it then. I was dissatisfied with the school, however; so, at noon, one day early in the session, I went home and told my mother I was not learning anything at school and wanted to stay at home with her. She asked me: 'Why are you not learning, my son?' And I replied: ''Cause the teacher never prays for little boys to learn—never prays *at all!*' She said: 'Well, of course, I don't want you to go to school unless you can learn; but it will never do for you to quit this way. You must go back to school now; but I'll investigate the case,



HIS MOTHER.

and, if it is not best for you to continue to go, then I'll tell the teacher I want you to stay at home with me, and that will settle it. Come along now, and I'll go part of the way back with you.' As we started back—I crying, of course—she pulled a pretty 'love apple' from a plant in a box near the door of our house, and, to divert my mind from my troubles, said: 'Look at this. Isn't it pretty? And they say love apples are good to eat, my son. Don't you want to taste this one?' Of course I did, and she let me taste it—barely taste it, however, for 'love apples' had long been considered poisonous—and that was my first taste of the tomato. My mother investigated the teacher's manners and methods, found good reason for taking me out of the school, which she did, and not long afterwards the school ceased to be, the neighborhood deciding the teacher was unworthy to teach or to be trusted.

"When I was ten years old, my mother decided it was time for me to learn to write. So, one Monday morning, with my well-worn Webster's Elementary Speller, six sheets of foolscap paper, a bottle of pokeberry juice and a goose quill, I started, with a hopeful, happy heart, to school. The teacher converted my goose quill into a first-class pen, and I tackled the mysterious art of making 'straight marks' and 'pothooks.' After watching my awkward efforts and worrying with me a few days, the teacher somewhat impatiently said: 'You might as well take your pen, ink and paper home. You'll never learn to write in the world.' When I went home, defeated, discouraged, hopeless and unhappy, and told my mother what had occurred, she said, cheerfully: 'Yes, you will learn to write, my son. That teacher doesn't know what he is talking about.' I continued to go to school, but my mother took up the task of teaching me at home to write; and, not many weeks after my discouraging experience at school, she sat patiently by me, telling me what to write and how to

write it, as I wrote my first letter—a letter of condolence to a mother whose baby had recently met a tragic death.

"Just as she helped me over that rough place in my road, so, a few years later, when I, having paid for one little red calf by clearing a small piece of land, had set my heart on buying from a rich man who lived near us and who had many cattle, another little red calf, to match mine, and he, smiling, had crushed me by saying, 'In four years that calf will be worth forty dollars, but you'll never be worth that much,' and I, disappointed and discouraged, went to my mother for consolation, she said: 'Yes, you will, my son. That poor old man doesn't know what he's talking about.'

"Thus my mother always encouraged me, trying to make me believe I could do whatsoever I ought to do, always sympathizing with me and helping me in every way she could. Yesterday I found and readily recognized, on the road between the old McDonough home, the spot where our house stood, farther up the river, the 'dark place' in the old path, where, with the river on the right and towering hills on the left, the evening shadows were dense—the place where my mother used to meet me every Saturday night, on my way home, she knowing I was afraid to go through that 'dark place' alone. I parted the briers, lifted the vines, bent the bushes, and thus worked my way along the same old path, through that gloomy place, where my mother met me, embraced me, and blessed me so often sixty years ago.

"I also identified 'the deep hole' in the Sequatchie River where I learned to swim and where I made my first and only reputation as a fisherman. I relied on a rail while learning to swim till I could swim without the rail; but I had to consult my mother and appeal to Mr. McDonough for help in establishing a reputation as a fisherman. Early in the fall I baited a hook and planted in the bank of the river the cane fishing pole to which the hook and line were attached, hoping

to find a fish on the hook next morning; but, next morning, when I went anxiously down to the edge of 'the deep hole' at early dawn, the entire fishing outfit was missing; hence I was, of course, dreadfully discouraged. When I reported the loss to my mother, she went with me to seek a solution of the situation; and, when we saw the pole cutting all sorts of strange capers out in the middle of the river, she suggested that I should go after Mr. McDonough, which I did without delay.

"Mr. McDonough was a generous, big-hearted, unselfish Irishman, and our true friend. So he pulled and pushed and paddled and poled his canoe over the shallow places and deep places, upstream, half a mile, and finally reached 'the deep hole.' When he got hold of the fish and made his first effort to 'land' it, he said excitedly: 'It's as big as a hoss!' It was a 'blue,' or channel, catfish, not quite 'seventeen foot high,' but it weighed more than all the other fishes I have ever caught or expect ever to catch. We had nothing with which to weigh it; but, as I was anxious to know as much as possible about its size, my mother measured it with a tapeline, it measuring, from the back of the head to the beginning of the tail, twenty-seven inches. I mildly protested, suggesting that we should measure it from tip to tip; but she said: 'Oh, no, my son, I've measured all that is of service. Nobody eats the head or the tail of a catfish, of course; so, as far as any benefit to anybody is concerned, the fish is only twenty-seven inches long.' As the body was twenty-seven inches long, of course the fish could not have been less than three feet long, according to the little fisherman's rule of measurement.

"The family now owning and occupying the old McDonough home and farm showed us much kindness and courtesy when we were there yesterday, allowing us to go wheresoever we chose to go. The house had been changed

and improved, the old, original, windowless, 'eighteen-by-twenty-foot' room, with its big open fireplace, being only a part of the present house, the old logs covered and hidden by weatherboarding. We drank from the good old well that quenched my thirst many a time long ago, and climbed to the loft—which was, and is, only seven feet from the floor—on the same old ladder Elec and Andrew McDonough and I used to climb, when, our day's work done, our welcome sleeping time came, we always sleeping in the loft, while Mr. and Mrs. McDonough, Zilpah and little Will slept in the room below. Elec was killed at Shiloh, Sunday, April 6, 1862. Will, Zilpah and their mother died long ago; Andrew and his father, more recently. So I, alone, am left of the seven—and I am growing old.

"Just as we reached, about noon of the otherwise cloudless day, the spot in the 'ten-acre field' that affords the finest view of the mountains that rim Sequatchie Valley on both sides, we saw, directly overhead, an arch of soft, feathery, white cloud, reaching from mountain to mountain—from horizon to horizon—from east to west. No sculptor or painter has ever surpassed it, I am sure; and, in all my life, I have never seen anything else in nature approximating it. It seemed to be only a few feet wide, directly above us, very gradually decreasing in width to a point at each end, as it touched the mountain top directly east and west of us, thus dividing the far-away, deep-blue heavens into two great semi-hemispheres. When we first beheld it, it was, in form and general appearance, perfect; but, a few minutes later, it began to fade away, and, within ten minutes after we first saw it, not a vestige of it remained, and not a speck of cloud could be seen anywhere.

"Having inherited from my mother love and appreciation of the wonders and beauties of nature, as I beheld that strange phenomenon I naturally thought of her, and wondered what

she would have thought of it, if she had seen it. I know she would have appreciated that beautiful sight, and would have had no fearful foreboding as to its meaning; for she always looked for, and found, the good, not the evil, in everything.

"My mother's religion was Christianity, pure and simple; and in her convictions, with Truth for her stay, she was immovable as the mountains—steadfast as the everlasting hills. Her faith never faltered, her hope never wavered, her love never failed. The last thing I ever heard her say was: 'Good-by, my son.' Her race is run, her work is done, she has gone home; and her son hopes to spend eternity with his mother."

Mr. Larimore fully reciprocated the love the Meeks family bore him, and always loved to visit the old Meeks homestead in McNairy County. Soon after a visit there he wrote:

"I have recently visited in the old home of General John H. Meeks, now owned and occupied by his youngest daughter and her husband, Mr. D. Erwin. The Meeks home is not far from Shiloh battle ground—so near that on the day of the great battle General Meeks paced to and fro, like a sentinel on duty, listening with intensest interest to the rush and roar of the battle in which his eldest son, John, was fighting. Every member of the household listened thus all day, knowing nothing concerning the fate of the son and brother until, late in the afternoon, John came marching home guarding a detachment of Federal prisoners. John escaped at Shiloh and in other battles; but, just before the war closed, at the end of a day of fighting, a shot fired at random by a retreating Federal soldier, out of sight behind a hill, killed him.

"That beautiful old country home, with its big rooms, lofty ceilings, generous windows, and many porches, was my home in the long ago, when I taught school at Stantonville, two miles away. To me it is filled with memories, sad and

glad. I missed some of the faces I used to see there: General Meeks, grave, calm, dignified, kindly, a strong man, wielding a strong influence for law and righteousness in all the country round about; his wife, a woman such as Solomon approved, who looked well to the ways of her household, whose children rose up and called her blessed, whose husband praised her in the gates; the remaining sons of the family, George, Rufus, Henry, of whom only Henry is left in the land of the dying; the older daughter, Mattie, then and now Mrs. Johnson; Margaret—Mrs. Houston—who has passed away; and little Zilpah, who used to trudge away to school with me five mornings in the week, who is now Mrs. Erwin and mistress of the home. It is indeed a beautiful old home, one that will linger in the hearts of those who lived in it and loved it while life shall last, and to which even a transient visitor will revert ofttimes with a pleasant memory.

"We made a slight detour on our return trip, to visit my mother's grave and Clear Creek meetinghouse where I used to preach. The house is not now used for the regular Sunday-morning services, the congregation meeting in Stantonville, near by; but occasionally a series of meetings is conducted in the old meetinghouse. I went into the house and looked about with a feeling of sadness. A deserted house always has a pathetic appearance, and that house, once the rallying place of a live, active, earnest working congregation of Christians, now almost, if not quite, deserted, was especially so. But changes must come, and we must accept them as they come, especially changes incident to old age.

"In one corner of the burying ground back of the meeting-house is my mother's grave. The plain headstone that marks it bears only her name and the date of her birth and death: January 3, 1813—September 2, 1902. Standing by that low mound my thoughts went back to my childhood and youth, and my heart was filled with love and gratitude for the gentle

little mother who never scolded me, always encouraged me, who helped me over the hard places in my life, rejoicing in all my joys and sympathizing with me in all my disappointments. Many boys owe much to their mothers, but I am sure no one owes more to his mother's sweet influence than I do."

CHAPTER IV.

The Rock (No. 2).

"When Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Who do men say that I the Son of man am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But who say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Somon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ." (Matt. 16: 13-20.)

IN a previous lesson on this subject, we have found that God has given extraordinary prominence to the confession made by Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God"—the confession on which Christ promised to build his church, God himself making this confession at the baptism and also at the transfiguration of his Son. When he died, even pagan Roman soldiers confessed that he was the Son of God: "Now when the centurion, and they that were with him, watching Jesus, saw the earthquake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, saying, Truly this was the Son of God." (Matt. 27: 54.) There must of necessity be something of extraordinary importance connected with this confession that God has made so exceedingly prominent

in these three important periods of the life of the Saviour on earth: at his baptism, at his transfiguration, and at his crucifixion.

We would naturally suppose there would be precious promises of blessings for men connected by Divinity with this good confession, and, looking to the Bible, we find an abundance of such promises: "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. 10: 32, 33.) "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Rom. 10: 10.) Having heard the gospel, believed the gospel, obeyed the gospel, and entered into the fold of Christ, God's children may then, as long as they live, confess him by doing right or deny him by doing wrong; and the Saviour brings out these thoughts in the closing paragraphs of the Sermon on the Mount: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then I will profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity. Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it." (Matt. 7:21-27.)

Remember, the Saviour has said: "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever will deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." We are told that he will deny before the Father and the holy angels all those who do not obey him, and that he will confess before the Father and the holy angels all who live in harmony with his teachings. This shows that to obey him is to confess him, and to refuse to obey him is to deny him; nevertheless, we must confess him "before men." We must confess him with the mouth. "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Rom. 10: 10.) Having confessed him "before men," "with the mouth," then we confess him when we live in harmony with his will, when we do what he requires us to do to live the Christian life. There is no reason why we should do what he requires, unless he is the Son of God; hence when we do anything in his name, by his authority or because he requires it, we realize and recognize that he is divine, that he is the Son of the living God, and therefore confess him in doing it.

Jesus died for making this confession. In the light of Matt. 26, the paragraph beginning with verse 57, and closing with verse 68, we have a pen picture of the Saviour on trial for his life. Having had him arrested, his enemies were determined he should be murdered. They dragged him from one tribunal to another, through forms of trials that were a disgrace to the human race. Witnesses were hired to swear away his life; but their testimony was so inconsistent that his enemies saw they had no plausible pretext for the premeditated and predetermined butchery; and finally, in sheer desperation, the high priest, who, by virtue of his official position, had the right to do so, put Jesus upon his oath to testify on this very point. He said: "I adjure thee by the

living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God." That was the question at issue—the great confession. "I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God." Jesus gave an affirmative answer. Then the high priest said: "What further need have we of witnesses? behold, now, ye have heard his blasphemy. What think ye?" The mob cried out, "He is worthy of death;" and that was the culmination of the murderous storm in that mob—a storm that swept Christ to Calvary's height, where he was nailed to the cross, and where he died for the redemption of a lost and ruined and recreant race, for making that confession. Jesus died for making this confession; but we have divine assurance that it we make it, we shall live forever, provided we obey the gospel and live in harmony with God's will till he calls us home.

In the days of the terrible persecution of the church of God by imperial pagan Rome, in the bloody, tearful long ago, this confession was the test. There is in existence an original document in the old Roman tongue, written by the ruler of one of the provinces of the Roman Empire at the time of that terrible persecution, explaining his method of procedure with people tried for their lives upon the charge of being Christians. Christianity was a disturbing element in the Roman Empire then, and the question of questions was how to blot it out of existence. It is not in itself a disturbing element, but the empire of the Cæsars was against Christ, Christians and Christianity. This is the substance of what that Roman subordinate ruler wrote to his royal master: "When people are brought before me accused of the crime of being Christians" (Do you shudder at the very thought that ever, even in imperial, pagan, persecuting, remorseless Rome, it was considered a crime to be a Christian? Well, I am not so sure but that it is, even in this enlightened age and

land, considered at least *almost* a crime to be a Christian and *only* a Christian. Many who consider it perfectly safe, satisfactory and right to be a Campbellite, a Mormon or anything else not even mentioned in the Bible, and therefore existing, not by divine, but human, authority, evidently consider it almost a crime to be what, and only what, the Lord Almighty authorizes and requires any responsible soul to be—a Christian—"only this, and nothing more")—"when people are brought before me accused of the crime of being Christians, I ask them: 'Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?' If they answer negatively, I release them; for it is a question of faith, and they alone know, of course, what they believe. If they answer affirmatively, I have them scourged, warn them of the danger of persisting in that pernicious course, and ask them the second time. If they answer negatively—renounce their faith—I discharge them. If they answer affirmatively, however, I have them scourged more severely and assure them that they have but one more chance for their lives—that if they answer affirmatively the third time, there is no appeal. Then I ask them the same question the third time, and if they answer affirmatively I hurry them away to execution, to make room for the next." Thus thousands and tens of thousands of brave men and pure women sealed their testimony for Christ in their life blood, dying for their fealty to the Lord—for making this confession, when they knew death would be the result.

In the shadow of that pagan document, practically dripping with the blood of the saints, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to see a band of Roman soldiers drag before that tribunal a woman as pure as the driven snow, as guileless as a child, as innocent as a dove, accused of no crime save the crime of spotless purity and sublime devotion to the loving Saviour whose name she wears, preferring against her the charge that she is a Christian. The judge asks her the

question: "Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?" and she answers "I do." The cruel lash in the hands of the heartless lictor comes down over her shoulders and back till they bleed. At last the judge gives the signal for the torture to be suspended. Again he asks her the question: "Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?" She says: "With all my heart I do." Again the cruel torture begins, and blood runs down upon the floor or ground on which she stands, quivering like an aspen leaf in heaven's breezes, almost ready to fall. The judge waves his hand for the torture to be again suspended, and warns her that she has but one more chance for her life: that she must renounce her pernicious faith or die. He asks her again: "Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?" She says; "With all my heart I do, and if I had a thousand lives, I would give them all for him who gave his life for me." She is dragged away and thrown to wild beasts, to be torn limb from limb, while some pure woman or brave man takes her place; and so the mills ground on and on, in the days of imperial Rome's persecution of Christians, in which thousands and tens of thousands of brave men and devoted women suffered terrible death.

Now, in view of all these things, reason almost imperatively demands that we find, by searching God's truth, that he requires gospel preachers, workmen working upon the walls of his temple, the spiritual Zion—to measure material for its walls by this confession. When we examine the sacred Scriptures, we find this demand of reason met in such a plain, simple way that we can understand it if we will. I want to quote just one passage of scripture, though there are many others that might well be quoted, to bring out this thought—that Jehovah requires his preachers, gospel preachers, workmen upon the walls of his spiritual temple, the church, to measure material for it by this foundation; or, in other words,

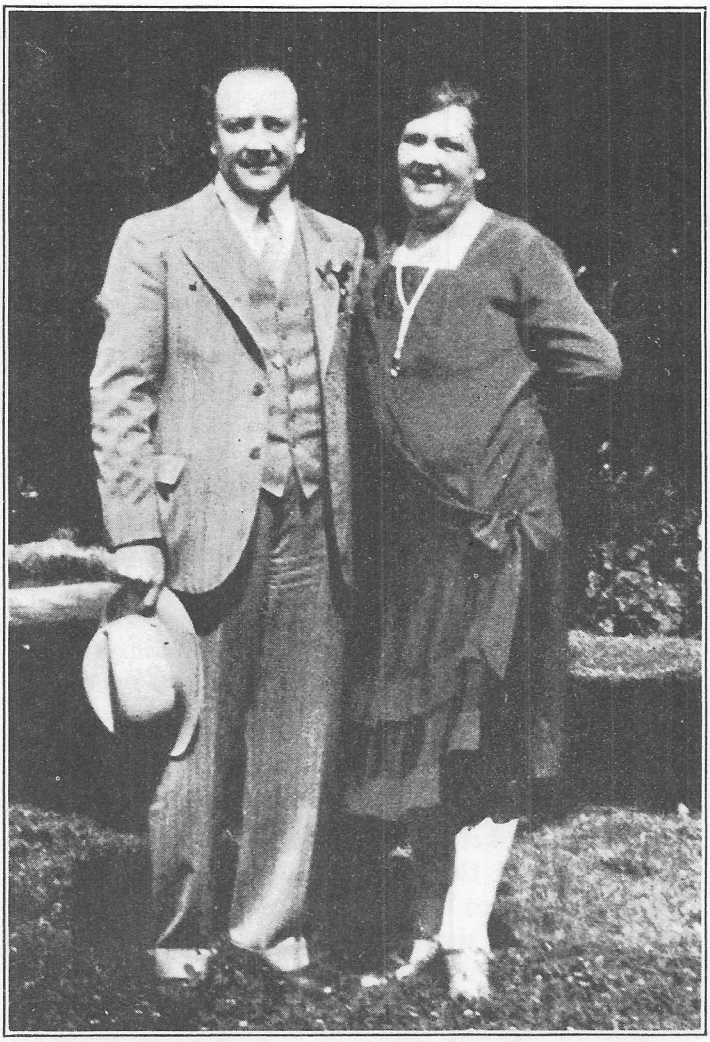
to take from penitent believers the confession that they do believe with all the heart that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. I will quote the passage and let you see how it meets the demand.

"And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza which is desert. [The old Gaza which is deserted, uninhabited.] And he arose and went: and, behold, a man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority under Candace queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship, was returning, and sitting in his chariot read Esais the prophet. Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot. And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the prophet Esais, and said, understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him. The place of the scripture which he read was this, He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth: in his humiliation his judgment was taken away: and who shall declare his generation? for his life is taken from the earth. And the eunuch answered Philip, and said, I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man? Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus. And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water: and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still; and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him. And when they were come up out of the

water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more: and he went on his way rejoicing." (Acts 8: 26-39.)

The man who took this confession was an inspired evangelist, directed first by an angel and then by the Holy Spirit, who remained with him till his task was done, and then took him away to another field of labor, thus confirming Heaven's approval of his work. He was a skilled workman, a *master mason*, and, with the lever of the gospel, he prized up from the depths of an Abrahamic quarry a solid block of Judean marble. He applied to it the square, the compass, the plummet, the level, and the rule of righteousness, and tapped it with the mallet of God's eternal truth; and, finding it had the proper proportions and the right ring, he slipped it into place in the wall of the temple—the spiritual temple "built on the foundation of apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone"—sealed it there by the power of God's Spirit, and went on his way to another field; while the other pursued his homeward way, rejoicing to take the glad tidings of salvation to his own country lying in the shadow of darkness and the gloom of sin.

We have no more right to ignore or set aside this model case of conversion than we have to set aside and ignore the God of the universe himself. But, notwithstanding the clearness and simplicity of God's teaching on this subject, there are pious, prayerful, intelligent people who object to this confession, claiming that it is too narrow, too easy, not a sufficient test of faith, seeming to not realize that in criticizing this confession they are criticizing Divinity. It may not be as narrow, as easy, as insufficient, as many broadminded people have imagined it to be. It may include more than appears at first thought. Let us see. "Thou art *the* Christ." There have been many Christs, the word "Christ" simply meaning "anointed." In the tenth chapter of First Corin-



MR. AND MRS. F. E. WHITE.

thians, we find this language: "For they drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ;" that is, that rock was anointed. In that sense, Saul and Samuel and David and many others were Christs. But Jesus is *the* Christ—Christ in a special sense in which no other ever was, or is, or ever is to be. "Thou art *the* Christ, *the* Son of God." There were sons of God before the deluge—Gen. 6: 2—and sons of God since that time; but Jesus is the Son of God in a sense no other being has ever been—"the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." "Thou art the Christ, *the* Son of God." The Bible says there are gods many and lords many—1 Cor. 8: 5—but the confession is: "Thou art *the* Christ, *the* Son of *the living* God."—the one true and living God. So, in making this good confession, a penitent believer confesses faith in the existence of the one true and living God, faith in Christ Jesus as the Son of God, faith in the Holy Spirit and the inspiration of the Bible, since it is by and through the agency of the Holy Spirit that the Bible has been given, and from the Bible we learn these fundamental truths and facts upon which our faith is founded.

We can sometimes judge of the breadth, depth and strength of a thing by what rests upon it—by what it supports, sustains: and all that rests upon Christ rests upon this confession; for he is the soul, the substance, the divinity, the all, of it. The whole Bible rests upon Christ, and, therefore, rests upon this confession. Let us go back to the beginning and see. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." "Darkness was upon the face of the deep." "God said, Let there be light: and there was light." We have an account of creation, culminating in Eve, the crowning work of God's creative power. God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and placed Adam and Eve there to keep it. So far as the record shows, they were happy, there being nothing to disturb the peace and quietude and happiness of their paradise.

It was all theirs. If ten thousand times ten thousand angels had swept down from the courts of glory to wander through the groves of Eden, they had been only guests, while Adam and Even were the possessors of all its beauties and glories. But in an evil hour, Satan invaded that happy home and introduced sin. Eden withered, hope perished, happiness fled, and Adam and Eve were left in despair. God entered the garden, to visit his fallen creatures. When he beheld Adam, made in His own image, made to walk upright, obedient and circumspect before God, and become and be, under God, the lord of all creation, and saw him bowed down with guilt and shame as if beneath the weight of centuries of sorrow, his soul was stirred with sympathy; but when he turned and looked upon Eve—the last, the best, the brightest of his works; creation's masterpiece, the rich, radiant, resplendent crown jewel of the universe, at the creation of whom the morning stars together sang, the sons of God shouted for joy, and the high hills clapped their hands with delight—when he looked upon her and saw the blush of shame mantling her cheek of beauty, and remembered that she, too, was involved in the wreck and ruin wrought by sin, his soul was swept to its deepest depths; and, realizing that without hope life would be a burden too heavy to be borne, and therefore heart would break, he would not let Adam and Eve leave Eden without a promise on which to base hope, notwithstanding sin and Satan had made them hapless and helpless. Hence he promised then and there that at some future time the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head—in other words, that in some far-off age, a descendant of Eve should come, to bless the world—to crush the power of Satan and check the tide of sin.

From that day till Jesus came, to ransom our race, God was careful to have preserved so much of the history of man as was necessary to enable us to identify and recognize Jesus

of Nazareth as the Christ of God—the promised "seed." Cain and Abel were born to Adam and Eve. Abel was righteous: Cain was wicked. Cain, who could not be a link in the lineage of the Lord, murdered Abel. That made a vacancy that none but God could fill. He alone could furnish a substitute for Abel. When Adam and Eve were one hundred and thirty years old, Seth was born. "Seth" means "substitute, supplied, appointed." He was the substitute supplied, appointed, by Providence to fill the vacancy in the lineage of the Lord caused by the death of Abel. Then we have, coming down the line, Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch, Methuselah, Lamech, Noah—ten of the progenitors of Christ, ten of the glittering links in the golden chain of the lineage of our Lord, reaching from the bosom of Eden to the billows of the deluge. The Bible gives an account of the deluge. Noah and his family went into the ark and God deluged the earth to blot out sin—literally baptized the literal earth for the remission of her literal sins. The earth was submerged in an ocean without a shore, but where is the ark? Yonder riding the billows, like a bird in midheavens, bidding defiance to wind and waves, one moment cutting the foam upon the crest of a mountain billow, the next plunging down into the deepest depths, but safe and secure. There was no power in the universe that could destroy that ark, God's word being committed to its preservation. If the waves that bore proud cities on their bosom, that buried rock-ribbed mountains in their course, if the livid lightnings that played over the waste of waters, if the thunders that rocked the earth and caused the heavens to quiver, had united to destroy the ark, it had been as safe as the angels around the throne of God, for the seed of the woman was in that ark, and the power of God was pledged for its protection.

Finally the storm subsided, the waters abated, the dry

land appeared, and Noah and his family came forth out of the ark and offered sacrifices unto the Lord, and God confirmed to Noah the promise he had made to Eve. Of Noah's sons, Shem was chosen as the representative; and we have Shem, Arphaxad, Sala, Eber, Peleg, Reu, Serug, Nahor, Terah, Abraham—ten more of the glittering links in the golden chain of the lineage of the Lord, the first link fastened securely to the ark, as it rests upon Ararat, and the last fastened to the tent of Abraham on the plains of Mamre. God told Abraham to look to the north, to the south, to the east, to the west, to the heavens that bent in beauty above him, and said, "In blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the seashore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed; because thou hast obeyed my voice;" and Paul tells us "that seed was Christ." When Abraham was eighty-six years old, Ishmæl was born, but Ishmæl was not the child of promise. When the snows of a hundred winters had bleached the locks of Abraham, and Sarah, his faithful wife, was ninety years old, Isaac, the child of promise, was born. The Lord Almighty tested Abraham's faith by having him take Isaac three days' journey into the wilderness to offer him as a sacrifice to the Lord. God, seeing that nothing could cause Abraham to waver, at the last moment stayed the stroke and saved Isaac, providing a substitute for a sacrifice. Then and there that "scripture was fulfilled which saith, Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness: and he was called the friend of God." (James 2: 23.) Then we have Isaac, Jacob, Judah, Phares, Esrom, Aram, Amminadab, Naasson, Salmon, Boaz, Obed, Jesse, David—thirteen more of the links in the golden chain of the lineage of our Lord, the first of these

fastened securely to the tent of Abraham, the last to the throne of David.

The throne of David being established, God promised that the crown, throne and scepter of David were not to pass from the house of David till Shiloh should come—that is, till the promised seed should come. This made it necessary for the line to be divided. Remember, Jesus was to be a literal descendant of Eve—must belong to the human race. The blood that flowed from his wounded side as he hung on the cross was to spring from the same fountain as that which made the cheek of Eve crimson when she stood blusing before the Lord in Eden; and, at the same time, he was to be heir to the crown, throne and scepter of David. Jesus could not inherit the crown, throne and scepter of David from his mother, since there were kings, not queens, in Israel then. He must inherit the crown, throne, and scepter from some one. He could not inherit these from his Father, for God, his Father, was not an earthly king, and, therefore, there had to be some one in the line who occupied the place of his legal, but not real, father. From Mary, his mother, he had to inherit blood relationship to Eve, to Abraham, to Noah, God having promised that the world should be blessed in their seed. From his legal, not real, father he had to inherit the crown, throne, and scepter of Israel, that the scriptures might be fulfilled. So, then the line was divided in David, and through Solomon the royal line ran down to Joseph, the reputed father of Jesus, and the rightful heir to the throne, crown and scepter of David, as the divinely inspired genealogy in the first chapter of Matthew shows. From Nathan, another son of David, sprang Mary, the mother of Christ, as is apparent from the genealogy given in the third chapter of Luke. So, four thousand years after the completion of the drama of creation, Jesus was born—the seed of the woman, a literal descendant of Eve through David, Nathan, and Mary; the rightful heir,

through Solomon and Joseph, his reputed father, of the crown, throne and scepter of David; the literal Son of the Lord Almighty, as divine as God himself, and the fulfillment of every prophecy, prediction and promise made or proclaimed concerning Christ from the moment God said the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head until the Babe of Bethlehem was born.

Jesus repeatedly, during his pilgrimage here, quoted from the various divisions of the Old Testament, thus virtually giving his sanction, seal and signature to those things, showing that he assumed the responsibility for their existence. He commissioned men to write the twenty-seven volumes, the two hundred and sixty chapters of the New Testament, thus assuming the responsibility for their existence. So Jesus stands in the midst of the ages, reaching one hand back to the throne of David, to the tent of Abraham, to the ark of Noah, to withered Eden, holding in that hand the thirty-nine books, the nine hundred and twenty-nine chapters of the Old Testament. He reaches the other hand down through Bethlehem, Calvary and Patmos, until it rests in the paradise of God, and in that hand he holds the twenty-seven books, the two hundred and sixty chapters of the New Testament. Thus he stands in the midst of the ages, holding the eleven hundred and sixty-nine chapters of God's eternal truth, assuming the responsibility of every sentence, sentiment, syllable, page and paragraph of God's revelation to a lost and ruined race, saying, practically: "As the tree is divine, so also is this fruit divine."

All these things and many more rest upon Jesus, and, therefore, rest upon the foundation: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Is it not strange that intelligent men and women will say this confession is too narrow? Oh, it is as broad, as limitless, as the universe itself! It is as deep as the very depths of creation; it is as high as the holy

heights of rapture that canopy the eternal throne of God: it is lasting as eternity, and as pure as that God from whose bosom it burst, to flood the world with light divine and lift our souls to Him from whom all blessings flow. God's church, Christ's church, rests upon this foundation, "upon the foundation of apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." It is built upon this foundation, and is sustained by the will and power of him who said: "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

We should all rejoice that it is our privilege to be members of an institution divine, resting upon a foundation so strong, so firm, so secure. We who are in this institution should rejoice and resolve to battle on and on, for the glory of God, the honor of Christ and the salvation of souls, until called to our heavenly home. Those who are not in this divine institution should resolve to come to Christ without delay, make this glorious confession, and, as penitent believers, be buried with the Lord by baptism into death, thus becoming members of the church the Saviour promised to build, and did build, upon the confession made long, long ago by Peter: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

CHAPTER V.

Sequatchie Valley.

MR. LARIMORE loved Sequatchie Valley, the home of his childhood and youth, with an affection that seemed to grow as the years passed by. Before I ever saw "the Valley," he talked to me often of things that transpired there —things that I sometimes couldn't enter into fully because I was not familiar with the valley and its surroundings. In 1915, however, he arranged for us to spend a month there—from the middle of November to the middle of December. The hospitable home of Brother J. T. Walker, in Dunlap, was our headquarters. We left most of our baggage there, and tramped up and down the valley, taking with us, in two knapsacks I made for that purpose, the articles we needed on those tramp trips.

Mr. Larimore preached somewhere every Sunday, and sometimes at night between Sundays, usually at Dunlap. We visited many of the scenes that were especially impressed upon his memory—homes or sites of homes in which he had lived or visited in childhood, often finding only a heap of stones that marked the spot where the chimney used to stand. We went to the old mill, or a new mill on the site of the old mill, to which he had carried many a sack of corn on his shoulder; and we followed over the ridges and through the woods the path he traveled in the long ago, he telling me, as we tramped, incidents of those days that seemed as fresh in his mind as if they had occurred but the day before.

With the help of Brother Wash Heard, a citizen of Dunlap

and an old-time friend of Mr. Larimore, older than he, however, we searched for and found the site of his grandfather's home out on Cumberland Mountain, finding only the mound of stones and earth that indicated where the chimney had stood, and, buried in the ground, a fragment of one of the fence rails that had inclosed the yard. We saw schoolhouses in which he went to school, meetinghouses, springs, burying grounds, roads and paths he remembered—on every hand there was something of interest to him and about which he knew interesting incidents to tell me.

We met many of his old friends and their descendants. We stopped for dinner at the place where dinner-time found us, and spent the night in the home where night overtook us. If we had choice of homes for dinner or supper, he always chose the one where there were beehives near, in the hope of having for the meal a dish of honey, of which he was very fond. The mountains and valleys were in their gay autumn robes, the weather was pleasant, the roads, woods and fields were in good trim for our tramping. It was a wonderful month we spent in the Valley!

One afternoon we walked along Walden's Ridge, from Signal Mountain Inn, where we had eaten dinner, till we reached the foot of the mountain at 9:30 and stopped at the Anderson home to spend the night, having walked eight hours, continuously. The next morning our host calculated the distance and said we had walked seventeen miles. That was our longest continuous walk. We went on the train to Pikeville, the terminus of the railroad, and walked from there to "the Head"—the head of the valley and the head of Sequatchie River—twenty miles from Pikeville, making the round trip in three days. We had many offers of "rides" and a very urgent offer of a horse and buggy—the horse represented to be good and gentle, the buggy warranted to be strong and stout—with which to make the trip; but we had

determined to walk to "the head," and walk we did. When I saw the romantic spot where the two mountains that inclose the valley come close together and merge into the mountain that stands at its head, and saw the beautiful stream that bursts from beneath the mountain and begins its rapid race to the broad Tennessee eighty miles away, I felt repaid for the long walk we had had. Indeed, it was not a question of repayment for something not pleasant, for the walk itself was delightful.

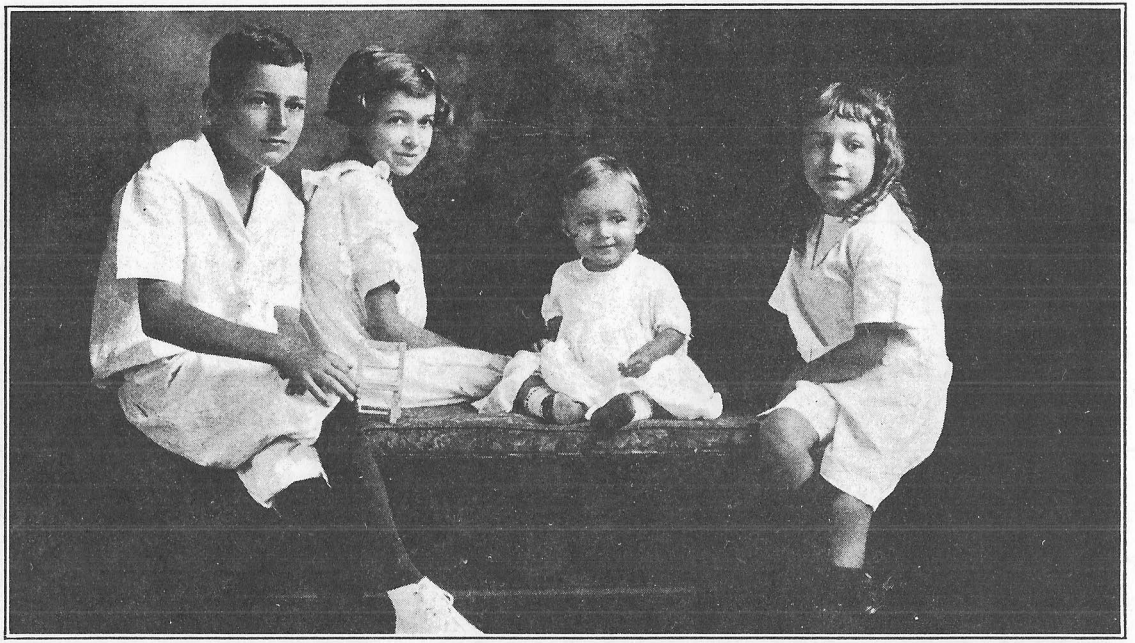
On the last lap of our journey to the Head we had a genial companion, Savage Billingsley, who chanced to be in the home where we spent the first night of that trip, and who took time, notwithstanding he was on his way to his home on the mountain, to go with us to the end of our journey and see us well started on our return trip to Pikeville. Savage knew the way, the country and the people, and without his thoughtful care we should not have fared as well as we did, I am sure.

We met many old friends of Mr. Larimore, many friends of his mother, and we made new friends. It was a passport to cordial greeting and interest all up and down the Valley for Mr. Larimore to tell his name, or mention his mother's name. "Are you Aunt Nancy Larimore's boy?" many would ask, and when he replied affirmatively there would ensue such handshaking, such cordiality, such floods of reminiscenses as could not be soon stayed. One day when we had climbed Cumberland Mountain, we reached the home of Mr. L. W. Cordell just as the family sat down to dinner. We responded promptly to the cordial invitation to eat with them, and were soon seated at the table. Mr. Larimore told them his name, and Mrs. Cordell, who was seated across the table from him, asked quickly, "Are you Th'ophilus Larimore?" and when he told her he was, she seemed to be about to go across the table to get to him and welcome him, instead of

going around it. After dinner we stayed in that pleasant home as long as we reasonably could, and Mrs. Cordell went with us on our way further than she could reasonably go, I'm sure, stopping three or four times and telling us good-by, and then deciding to go "just a little further" with us. We promised to "come again some time," and several years later we fulfilled that promise, only to find the Cordell family gone and the house occupied by strangers—strangers to us and also to our friends in the valley.

We had many interesting experiences on that tramp trip and enjoyed every day of it. The people we met were exceedingly cordial, kind and hospitable. When we stopped at the home of strangers and ate dinner or spent a night and ate supper and breakfast there, a suggestion to pay for the comforts we had enjoyed always met with a strong protest, and an inquiry as to what we owed them elicited the assurance: "You owe us nothing in the world but to come again."

Brother Walker, whose home was next door to the meeting-house of the church of Christ in Dunlap, was the leading man in the church and one of the leading men of the town. To him and his family were due the continuance and growth of the congregation. In the summer of 1925, we stayed in his home one night—Mr. Larimore, Virgil, Dedie and I—expecting to gratify, in the next few days, Virgil's long-cherished desire to see the Valley in company with his father; but in the night we received a message calling Mr. Larimore to Nashville, to the burial of his friend, Judge M. H. Meeks. When we said good-by to Sequatchie Valley in the early dawn of that August morning, and good-by to the home where we had spent so many happy days, we did not know it was a final good-by so far as some of us were concerned. Before a year had passed, the home was saddened and darkened by Brother Walker's passing away and we were in far-off California. We were planning, however, to go back



WIRT J., NADA, LOIS AND WILLIAM S. VINCENT.

(Little Florida Friends.)

"some time," and revisit the scenes so dear to Mr. Larimore's heart, though we knew we could never repeat our "tramp trip." During Mr. Larimore's stay in the hospital and after he came home, he talked more of wanting to go back to Sequatchie Valley than any other place we had seen together, and I invariably assured him we would see the Valley again when he should be able to walk, fully believing it myself.

A few years ago, Mr. Larimore wrote of Sequatchie Valley: "Recently we—Mrs. Larimore and I—spent a few delightful days in Sequatchie Valley, Tennessee, where I lived all the days of my youth and my childhood after the ninth fading and falling of the foliage of the forest following my advent into this beautiful world. 'The Valley,' as I have called it and heard it called nearly all my life, extends from Bridgeport, or the Tennessee River, on the south, about eighty miles north, to 'The Head,' with an estimated width of about three miles, hence an area of about two hundred and forty square miles. The mountain that bounds the valley on the east and the mountain that bounds it on the west are practically parallel till, going north from the great river, they near 'The Head,' when the former leans gently to the left, the latter to the right, and they lay their heads together upon the pillow from beneath which the beautiful Sequatchie bursts, as clear as crystal and pure as the dew of heaven, as it begins its race through the valley to the Tennessee River, eighty miles away.

"The Cherokee name of this valley is sometimes spelled 'Sequachee,' but 'Sequatchie,' having been accepted and adopted by State, national and press authorities, is the spelling sure to stand the test of time, I think. My mother, who loved the Cherokee language and could speak it fluently, wrote the name of the valley 'Sequatchie,' advocated that spelling of Sequatchie County when it was christened, and the question of the spelling of its name was exhaustively dis-

cussed about sixty years ago; and when she spoke the word, with the emphasis on the middle syllable, on which her voice seemed to love to linger, its sound was as soft and smooth and sweet as the whisper of love from the sorrowful depths of a broken heart.

"Local opinion is somewhat divided as to the meaning of the word, as well as its spelling, but 'Land of many waters' seems to have the preference. It is literally a 'land of many waters;' hence that may be the meaning of its musical name. Mrs. Larimore believes it is, because of its appropriateness; but *I* think, if an angel from heaven should stand on some towering peak among the mountains that surround it, and view it as Moses viewed the promised land from Pisgah's lofty summit, that angel might call it 'Paradise.' I love the valley, the mountains that shadow it, and the people that inhabit it, hence my view of it may be somewhat partial, but others recognize its beauty, too, for in a sketch published in the Nashville Banner is the statement that Sequatchie Valley 'lies between Walden's Ridge and the Cumberland Mountains, and is one of the most beautiful valleys in the South.'

"The mountains, always inspiring to me, were beautifully green a few days ago, but they are gradually clothing themselves in their gorgeous autumn glory, and are more inspiringly beautiful each day than they were the day before. The Valley is at its best. Herds of fine cattle and other fat stock are peacefully grazing in its green pastures, quietly resting in the shade of its tall trees, or leisurely wading in its clear waters. Farmers are filling their pens with pumpkins, their cribs with corn, and their barns with hay. It is certainly a land of milk and honey, where birds and blossoms, chickens and children, ducks and geese, guineas and turkeys abound.

"The first time I ever heard of the church of Christ was a few weeks after Madison Love came into the valley, preached

in the shade of some tall trees, and baptized my mother and sister. I was then 'wrestling with the Lord' at 'the mourners' bench,' in a revival at Mossy Creek (now Jefferson City), Tennessee. When I reached home, at nine o'clock, having walked across the mountain and up the valley from Chattanooga to Dunlap that day, my mother met me at the door, embraced me, and, while I was yet in her arms, said: 'My son, your sister and I have been baptized.' I asked: 'When did you get religion?' And then and there she gave me the first light on that subject that ever entered my mind. Till then I had never imagined that it was possible for it to be possible for it to ever be possible for any mortal to ever be baptized or get into any church without going to 'the mourners' bench,' 'getting religion,' and telling 'a Christian experience.'

"This wonderful valley is not free from the shadow of such such strange superstititions and dangerous delusions yet. Recently I sought and found an opportunity to talk to an aged friend relative to the salvation of his soul. He was a man when I was born, and was my friend in the days of my childhood and youth. Though decidedly above the average in intellect and intelligence, he has never obeyed the gospel. When I mentioned the matter to him, he said: 'That's all fixed up. I'm perfectly satisfied. I don't want to make any change.' When I asked him for a reason of his hope, he said: 'I preached once. Didn't you know that? Well, we'd met for preaching; but the preacher didn't come. The Lord appeared to me—I saw him as plainly as I see you now—and said: "You're going to preach to-day." I said: "I can't preach." He said again: 'You're going to preach to-day." I said: "I've never tried to preach in my life. I can't preach." He said: "You're going to preach to-day." He said it three times. We sang a song and I preached—preached, I thought, the finest sermon I had ever heard.'

"That man is an honest, upright, honorable product of Sequatchie Valley, who would not invest a dollar in a farm or a home without a clear title—a good deed; but his title to a home eternal is that strange delusion; and he is perfectly satisfied with it!

"I remember well when such an 'experience' as that, related at a revival or a 'foot-washing' anywhere in the valley, would have raised a shout all over the house, and would have been accepted as a perfectly satisfactory passport into any church between these mountains!

"While we should appreciate the brighter light in which we live to-day, we should remember that our obligations are commensurate with our opportunities, and should let our light shine—should obey the gospel and live the Christian life till Heaven calls us home."

A few years later, just after a visit to the Valley, writing, by request, on "A Broader Vision," he wrote:

"Naturally and necessarily my vision, in every sense, was very narrow when I lived in that low, deep valley between two rugged ranges of towering, rock-ribbed mountains, from beyond one of which the morning sun rose and behind the other of which the evening sun set, and my days were devoted to the service of those who hired me to work—to plow, to hoe and to do whatsoever other work a delicate boy could do on a farm, likewise on a brickyard, where my hardest work was done. I never worked for a bad, disreputable man, however. My fond, careful little mother always gave proper attention to that. Nor did she ever send me to school to such a man, after she learned what his character was.

"During those far-away days I was probably never farther than three miles from Coop's Creek, a post office then, but Dunlap, the capital of Sequatchie County now. How little I then knew of even Sequatchie Valley, not to mention this wide, wide world! But even then I had heard of Kentucky

and Arkansas, and cherished the hope of some time seeing the former and living in the latter!

"The man who has never passed lengthwise through that beautiful valley, hemmed in by Walden's Ridge on the right going up the valley, and Cumberland Mountain on the left, has missed much. The man who has never even been there has missed more, never having seen that peaceful, quiet valley, sheltered by those picturesque, rugged mountain ranges on either side, with their infinite variety of sunshine and shadow, summer and winter, spring and autumn.

"While Mrs. Larimore and I were in the Valley recently, we resolved to climb to the top of Cumberland Mountain, behind which I had so often seen the sun set—and we climbed. As we climbed, the shrubby, scrubby trees that bordered the rocky road hid from our view the valley below and the mountain top that towered above us. But we plodded on our way, seeing none of the beauties of valley or mountain, except, occasionally, when we reached a 'bench' of the mountain where a rocky crag jutted out beyond the trees and gave us a view of the valley. We viewed the landscape from the rocky brow of each 'bench' we reached, and each time we could see, and did see, farther than before; and when at last, we reached the rock at the top of the mountain from which the final and the fullest view could be enjoyed, our vision was broadened till the whole world seemed to be spread out at our feet. 'The Ridge,' the river, the fields, the forests, the hills, the hollows, were to us things of beauty in the lap of the valley below.

"Then there came to me a broader vision, a mental vision, which was to our vision of the valley as the Pacific Ocean, with length and breadth and depth unrivaled, to the Golden Gate, one mile wide and five miles long, that connects it with San Francisco Bay. I saw in that broader vision the Valley in its primitive, pristine beauty, before the hand of

man had plucked its fruits or flowers, or the foot of man had pressed its bosom.

"I saw the red man there with his squaws, his pappooses, his wigwams, his bows, his arrows, his tomahawks. I saw great herds of deer peacefully grazing on grassy fields that had never been fenced. I saw great flocks of geese and ducks that we would call 'wild,' and other birds of beauty and utility; but they were not wild, for the Indian regarded them as his very own and treated them accordingly. Fruits and flowers abounded, and the Valley was a paradise. Spiritually, the otherwise sunny scene was dark and gloomy, however; for Jesus, the Light of the world, had never been heard of there.

"I saw great and good men invade the Valley, bringing the light of civilization. I saw the land divided into farms, the fields planted and harvested, cattle grazing on the meadows, as civilization advanced throughout the Valley. I saw the people hardy and prosperous, devout and religious, but bound by the shackles of superstitition and sectarianism.

"I saw Madison Love and Washington Bacon come up from the South, and light flooded the land as they preached the gospel of grace, the power of God unto salvation—as they preached 'Jesus Christ and him crucified.' I saw my mother and my sister obey the gospel, as Brother Love led them into the light and baptized them into Christ. I saw Christian meetinghouses built where Indian wigwams had stood and where Indian campfires had blazed. A great vision!

"Just as we climbed the mountain road recently, seeing little of the beauty of either mountain or valley till we reached occasionally an outlook, where we were vouchsafed a view of the valley spread out below and of the mountain heights towering above us, so in life we plod on day by day, scarcely realizing we are on the upward road. But if we move steadily on, striving to fulfill duty's demands as each day presents

them, occasionally a clearer spiritual vision is granted us—a vision of the lowlands we have left behind us and of the heights toward which we are striving. At such points on our journey we press on with renewed courage and determination, our hearts fixed on the heights above.

"Just as our vision broadened and brightened while we climbed from the valley to the top of the mountain, so, in the light of Love Divine, may our spiritual vision broaden and brighten till upon our enraptured gaze shall burst the blissful realization of God's eternal home."

CHAPTER VI.

The Rock (No. 3).

"When Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Who do men say that I the Son of man am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But who say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Somon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ." (Matt. 16: 13-20.)

WE have found that the confession made by Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," is the foundation on which Christ promised to build his church, himself being the soul, the center, the substance of it; this being the rock to which he referred when he said: "Upon this rock I will build my church." God has given such prominence to this confession as to make it appear sublimely sublime in the connections in which it is found. But its simplicity equals its sublimity, it being sublimely simple to those who are satisfied with the word, the will and the way of the Lord Almighty. It is so simple as to be adapted to the needs of the plainest, simplest people, and so broad and compre-

hensive as to claim the interest of the wisest and most learned philosophers of earth.

In September, 1879, I was engaged in a "protracted meeting" in Lewisburg, Tennessee, where I was booked regularly each year to begin a series of meetings the Saturday night before the first Sunday in September. Wednesday—a gloomy, rainy day—when the invitation was given, seven men came forward to make the good confession. When I had taken six confessions and was about to take the seventh, a citizen of that community, sitting as far back as he could be and be in the house, a prominent man, identified with no religious body, rose from his seat, called my attention and said: "That man is a deaf mute, but he has good sense and plenty of it. He has been to Knoxville to school, is well educated, and knows what he is doing." He took that precaution to keep me from being thrown off my balance. The young man, a fine specimen of humanity, rose with a little book in his hand, a copy of the New Testament, and held it up before me, his finger pointing to the question (Acts 8: 36): "What doth hinder me to be baptized?" He was propounding to me a very important question, and propounding it in the very language of inspiration, the language of the Book of God.

Well, I was confronted with a situation that left me no alternative save to accept what God taught on the subject, or turn aside from the Bible as it was held up before me. As I was not trying to proselyte people to Campbellism or Mormonism or any other ism, but simply trying to influence men, women and responsible children to become Christians, "only this and nothing more," of course I could do nothing but permit and direct that young man to do according to the Book. So I put my finger to the end of the next sentence and turned the book for him to read: "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." He then put his finger to the

end of the next sentence and held it up for me to read: "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God."

Now, then, what was my duty under the circumstances of that case? "Well," you say, "as the question, permission and confession were all found in the Bible, you had, of course, to follow the instruction found there, or ignore the Book of God. If you could find, in that connection, or context, what was done when the confession recorded there was made, you would have to follow the same course with him." There's no trouble about that. The very next verse—Acts 8:38—tells very plainly what was done in that case: "And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him." I could do neither more nor less than baptize the young man who had made the very same confession that was made by the Ethiopian officer, made it in the very language of inspiration. I baptized him, and he made a good, faithful Christian, and recently passed to his reward.

Friends in Louisville, Kentucky, with whom I was associated and intimately acquainted during my work there, told me there were just thirty deaf mutes in Louisville, New Albany and Jeffersonville—three cities that are practically together, two of them on the right-hand side, and one on the left-hand side, of the Ohio River—just thirty deaf mutes in that group of three cities then. During my work there just twenty of them became members of the congregation for which I worked. The first two to make the good confession were a Mr. Young and his wife, and they made it just as the Lewisburg young man did. Then they, being very intelligent, earnest workers among their class of people, brought others, and each in turn made the confession the same way. They were baptized on that confession, attended our regular meetings as well as other members who could hear and talk; and finally an arrangement was made for them to have a

service of their own, Sunday afternoons, which they conducted in their own silent, impressive way, a young brother who was a printer being their leader.

Did we treat those people right or wrong in admitting them to the ordinance of baptism on that confession and then in encouraging them to live the Christian life? I think all will say that those who had anything to do with that matter treated them, in that respect, exactly right; and I think you would say it would have been an outrage to wave those fortunate unfortunate people away, with the Bible in their hands, when they sought, in its light, to obey the gospel, sought to enter the church or family of God. Well, I want to ask one more question: If God's way, the way pointed out in the Bible, is all right for deaf mutes, and it would have been an outrage to refuse to admit those deaf mutes to the ordinance of baptism on their confession described here, is not the Bible way sufficient also for people who can hear and talk? Why should we refuse to admit people who can hear and talk on the same confession? Has God given one law for people who can hear and talk and another for deaf mutes? No. He requires no other confession, no other experience; but he does require this, demanding of his preachers that they take from penitent believers the confession that they do believe, with all the heart, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, as we find revealed in the Book of God. Those deaf mutes could not be otherwise than right when they made the confession in their silent, impressive way, allowing the Bible to do their talking. They were doing their own thinking, but allowing the Bible to do their talking. It is not possible for us to be wrong in accepting the Bible as it is and walking in its light, according to God's revealed truth. Hence we cannot make a mistake by taking from penitent believers the confession that they do believe, with all the heart, that Jesus

is the Christ, the Son of the living God, for this is exactly what the Bible teaches us to do.

The Saviour made important promises to Peter in connection with this confession: "Upon this rock I will build my church" being the first one; "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," the second; "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven," the third; "whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven," the fourth; the fifth, "whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." The Saviour made these five distinct predictions, prophecies or promises when addressing Peter on this memorable occasion. We should study these predictions or promises and learn about them all we can. It is important, for various considerations, that we learn when they were fulfilled, or began to be fulfilled. For instance, it is very important to know when the first of these promises was fulfilled from the fact that the establishment of the church of Christ was a very important event in the world's history, and things preceding it were, of necessity, not related to the church as things following it were related; hence things preceding it, which have no connection with the law of induction into it, might be mistaken for the law of induction into it, the law of induction into it being found naturally in connection with its establishment. If we had no other reason but this to impress upon us the importance of knowing when this promise was fulfilled, this is enough to justify us in doing our best to learn when the church of Christ was established.

Let us consider first the fulfillment of the first of these important promises: "Upon this rock I will build my Church." When was the church or kingdom of Christ built, founded, established? Well, the very simplest principles of respect for the Lord Jesus Christ, for his sincerity, for his intelligence, for his integrity, for his veracity, demand that we concede that his church was not in existence when, a few weeks before

his crucifixion, he said: "Upon this rock I will build my church." We should not argue that question, since to seriously argue that is practically to say that the question of the veracity of the Lord Jesus Christ is not settled. The church of Christ, then, was not established prior to the time the Saviour made that promise.

It was not established previous to his death. God has furnished clear, plain arguments supporting this point. Paul, writing to the Roman brethren, wrote: "Know ye not, brethren, (for I speak to them that know the law), how that the law hath dominion over a man as long as he liveth? For the woman which hath an husband is bound by the law to her husband so long as he liveth; but if the husband be dead, she is loosed from the law of her husband. So then if, while her husband liveth, she be married to another man, she shall be called an adulteress: but if her husband be dead, she is free from that law; so that she is no adulteress, though she be married to another man. Wherefore, my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ; that ye should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead, that we should bring forth fruit unto God. For when we were in the flesh, the motions of sins, which were by the law, did work in our members to bring forth fruit unto death. But now we are delivered from the law, that being dead wherein we were held; that we should serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter." (Rom. 7: 1-6). Paul is here writing of the Jewish law, the Mosaic law, that is so often contrasted in the New Testament with the Christian law. He teaches conclusively that while the Mosaic law was in force the law of Christianity could not be in force. The church is the bride of Christ, and its members could not be married to Christ while still under the law of Moses, without being guilty of spiritual adultery every day and every hour.

The old law had to be taken out of the way, Judaism had to be abolished, before the church of Christ could exist. When was this done? "And you, being dead in your sins and the uncircumcision of your flesh, hath he quickened together with him, having forgiven you all trespasses; blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross." (Col. 2: 13, 14.) On the cross Jesus cried, "It is finished;" the old earth reeled and rocked, the veil of the temple was rent in twain, exposing the Holy of Holies to the vulgar gaze, Judaism ceased to exist; and then, and not till then, there was room for the new institution, the church of Christ.

Judaism was God's own institution, and God has never had two spiritual institutions on earth to do his will at the same time. He instituted the patriarchal dispensation, which lasted twenty-five hundred years, from blooming Eden to riven Sinai. That gave way to Judaism, and while it lasted, from shaking Sinai to bleeding Calvary, a period of fifteen hundred years, God had no other spiritual institution on earth. At the crucifixion of Christ, the Mosaic law was taken out of the way, being nailed to the cross, and after that was done, Christ could fulfill his promise to establish his church without being a either a bigamist or a polygamist.

There is another line of argument in the Book of God reaching the same conclusion. "Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light: who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son: in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." (Col. 1: 12-14.) This shows that the kingdom of Christ is a spiritual institution every member of which is redeemed through his blood, having received forgiveness of sins. "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." (1 John 1: 7.) It is the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, that cleanseth from all sin, and unless cleansed by the blood of Christ, we are not cleansed from our sins. Men may imagine that other things cleanse the soul from sin, but they do it at the peril of their own souls. Men may preach water salvation, and may lead others to believe that water can wash away sin, but it takes the blood of Christ, and the blood of Christ alone, to wash away sin. There is not enough water in all the rivers, lakes and oceans of eath to wash one spot or stain from any soul. Whensoever the church of Christ may have been established, it consisted of people who had been redeemed through his blood, every member of it having received remission of sins through the blood of the Lamb. But, as we learn from Heb. 9: 22, "without shedding of blood is no remission," and there could be no remission through his blood before he died.

In this connection I want to ask you one question and leave it with you for consideration. It is safe to say that all who believe the Bible, and certainly all of us who claim to be followers of the Lamb, believe that since the day the church of Christ was established every member of it who is faithful until death is safe for heaven for all eternity and that this will be so till time's knell shall be sounded; that when the end of time shall come and the judgment shall pass and all the redeemed shall be gathered home, every member of the church of Christ, from the day of its establishment until the end of time, who has lived according to God's requirements, will be among the saved. Well, then, if this divine, soul-saving institution, the church of Christ, that is never to be supplanted, was in existence and saving souls before the death of Christ, why did he die?

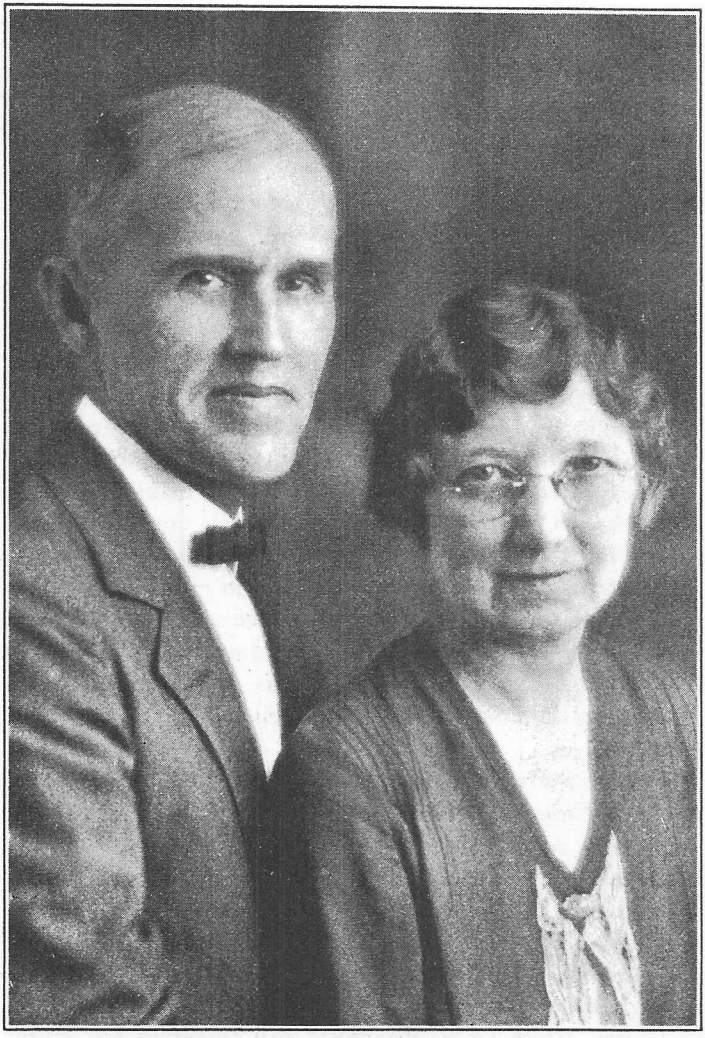
The church of Christ was not in existence previous to his

burial. In Mark 15: 42, 43, we learn that Joseph of Arimathea, "an honourable counsellor, which also waited for the kingdom of God, came, and went in boldly unto Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus." We are told—John 19: 38—that Joseph of Arimathea was a disciple of the Lord, but secretly, for fear of the Jews. He "also waited for the kingdom," which suggests that the disciples were all waiting for and expecting the kingdom of Christ to come, which was true. Reason rebels at the idea that intelligent men, including an honourable counsellor, were in the church of Jesus Christ and did not know it had been established; but such was the case if the church was in existence previous to the burial of Christ.

The church is represented by the similitude of the human body. "For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office; so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." (Rom. 12: 4, 5.) Christ is represented as the head of that body. So, if the church of Christ was in existence previous to the burial of Christ, we should have a glorious spiritual institution, represented by the literal human body, with its head off and in the grave! God has never required men, women and responsible children to believe such an absurdity as that.

Christ's church was not in existence previous to his resurrection. From the quotation previously given from Romans 7: 1-6, we received the idea that members of the church, Christians, had been guilty of spiritual adultery if they had been married to Christ previous to the death of Judaism, and that they had become dead to the law by the body of Christ, that they might be married to another, "even to him who was raised from the dead." Hence they could not be married to Christ before his resurrection, and therefore his church was not established before he triumphed over death.

Just as certainly as Jesus did not spend his last moments



MR. AND MRS. VIRGIL LARIMORE.

on earth in a deliberate, premeditated effort to deceive those who were nearest to him, his constant companions and bosom friends, just so certainly his church was not established before his ascension. His disciples, even at the time of his ascension, had no just conceptions of the character of his kingdom or church. The entire Jewish race was looking and longing and hoping for relief from the galling yoke of Rome; and the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ believed that relief would come through him; and, realizing from things he had said that he was about to leave them, they wanted to know when he would establish his kingdom. "When they therefore were come together, they asked of him, saying, Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel? And he said unto them, It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power. But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth. And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight." (Acts 1: 6-9.) The promise of the Saviour, "Upon this rock I will build my church," had certainly not been fulfilled when, immediately after this final, farewell admonition, he was taken up and carried into heaven.

So, then, the church or kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ was not established previous to the ascension of Christ, but it was established in the near future after that, as many scriptures positively prove. It was to be established in the days of the Roman Empire. In the second chapter of Daniel, we find presented in a very forcible way the four universal empires of earth, the fourth and last of these being the Roman Empire, the empire of the Cæsars; and the 44th verse of that chapter says: "In the days of these kings [the Roman rulers] shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never

be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever." That could mean none other than the kingdom or church of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Roman Empire held sway over all the then known world when the Babe of Bethlehem was born, during the days of our Saviour's painful pilgrimage on earth, and for years and generations after that time.

The church of Christ was to be established, then, in the days of the Roman Empire. But we have boundaries locating it more definitely than that, it being established before all those who were in the flesh when Jesus was here on earth had passed away. In Matthew 16: 28, Mark 9:1, and Luke 9: 27, we find a statement of Jesus that "there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom," or "till they have seen the kingdom of God come with power," or "till they see the kingdom of God," there being these slight differences of phraseology in the three accounts. So, then, the Saviour himself said his kingdom or church should be established, should "come in power," before all standing there had ceased to live, before that generation passed away. But we can get a little nearer than that, it being positively certain that the church was to be established while Peter lived upon the earth, Jesus having said to him: "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." As that generation was still to be represented, and as Peter was still to be living, when the kingdom of God was founded, it is safe to say the time was near at hand when Christ made that promise to Peter, who had then reached manhood and, probably, the meridian of life; and it was certainly near at hand, when, just before his ascension, he said to his disciples: "And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high"—

Luke 24: 49—led them out to Bethany, lifted up his hands and blessed them, was parted from them and carried up into heaven, to be crowned King of kings and Lord of lords in the presence of the great I AM.

It is certain that the promise of the Saviour, "Upon this rock I will build my church," had not been fulfilled at the time of his ascension; but we should rejoice that it has been subsequently fulfilled; that the church is in existence now, that the law of induction into it has been proclaimed, and we can turn to the word of God and read and investigate and understand for ourselves how to enter that divine institution. The Bible clearly teaches that if men, women and children responsible in the sight of God will hear the gospel, believe the gospel, honestly and earnestly repent of their sins, confess with the mouth their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, be buried with him by baptism into death and raised up to walk in newness of life, he will recognize them as members of his spiritual body, his church; and if they remain true to that divine institution till heaven calls them home, he will crown them with glory, honor and immortality and make them unspeakably happy forever.

All the evidence we have of acceptance with God is his word. I am not sure but that all of us neglect more than we should to impress that thought. The evidence we have of acceptance with God when we obey the gospel is his promise to accept us if we will obey. I am not sure but intelligent people sometimes obey the Lord in the ordinance of baptism expecting to receive in that obedience some kind of supernatural, inexpressible feeling as evidence of acceptance with God. God promises nothing of that sort. Relying on his promise to blot out our past sins when we obey the gospel, we should recognize ourselves as being in his church, and should remain there till the grave claims our bodies, when heaven will claim us, and God will fill and thrill our souls with bliss unspeakable while the eternal ages come and go.

CHAPTER VII.

Mars' Hill.

THE story of the school at Mars' Hill can best be told by him who established it and did so much to make it what it was. A few years ago, one of Mr. Larimore's friends, C. M. Southall, of Florence, Alabama, wrote him a letter in which he said: "I can never forget your work at Mars' Hill—what you did there for North Alabama, in particular, and the whole world, in general; for, doubtless, the influence for good of the work done there has been felt in every land beneath the skies."

Upon receipt of this letter, Mr. Larimore wrote of Mars' Hill and the work there as follows:

"I appreciate this pleasant reminder of my work at Mars' Hill, of course, notwithstanding *my* work was only a *part* of the wonderful work to which our brother alludes.

"Brother Southall has long been a prominent and a model citizen of Florence; and I believe there is not a worthier elder, a truer Christian or a better business man in Alabama. He is, and has been through the sorrows, struggles and vicissitudes of many eventful years, my personal and appreciated friend; and he has never failed or faltered when he knew I needed sympathy or succor. May the Lord always abundantly bless him and his.

"Mars' Hill is about four miles from Florence. Florence is on the right bank—the north bank—of the Tennessee River. Mars' Hill is about four miles from the river, on the

same side. Although I soldiered and scouted, in the sanguinary sixties, along the left bank of the broad, beautiful Tennessee, all the way from Decatur to Shiloh and from Shiloh back to Chattanooga, and heard the mournful music of Minie balls within less than a dozen miles of both Florence and Mars' Hill, I never saw either of them till after the war—till the spring or summer of 1868—three years after the war closed.

"In 1868, I married Miss Julia Esther Gresham, at her home near the spot subsequently named 'Mars' Hill'—so named by me—about four miles from Florence. She inherited twenty-eight acres of land from her father's estate. Ten dollars an acre was the price of land there then, but that tract of twenty-eight acres of woodland was worth, probably, three hundred dollars, because of its location and beauty.

"About the beginning of 1870, free from debt, but without a dollar, a man in size, but scarcely more than a youth in judgment, experience and appearance, I conceived the idea of establishing on the tract of land constituting Esther's inheritance a school for boys and girls—such a school as I believed to be needed then and there. I think I never thought of the possibility of failure, believing success to be a necessary certainty.

"All available financial assets for the work, in sight or out of sight, so far as I knew, consisted of that tract of land. But Esther and I went hopefully to work, or probably I should say we continued to work. She was bright and beautiful and as good as she could be. Withal she was an incessant worker—not a club woman, not a meddler in other people's matters, and as far from a gadabout as possible. She had neither time nor taste for such pestiferous things. I could preach, some people who had not heard much preaching thought, and I was willing to preach and teach to the limit of my ability and do all I could to advance our work.

"Somehow or other success crowned our efforts. I have never been able, in the realm of reason, logic and mathematics, to explain how; but have always attributed it to Providence. Within twelve months from the time I first thought of the school, Mars' Hill opened for pupils in the house we had built on the hill, with all the pupils, boys and girls, that we were prepared to take care of. The school succeeded from the very start. The people in the territory in which it was known and patronized seemed to prove by common consent that it was worthy of all the patronage it received. Additional buildings had to be erected soon, and were promptly filled.

"A clear, cold spring burst from the bosom of the forest-covered level at the foot of the hill on which the house was built, a beautiful brook babbled by just beyond, and covering the bottom were a grove of green and growing trees and a foundry, established long before the war between the North and the South, where munitions of war were manufactured during that sad, fratricidal struggle.

"A few miles from Mars' Hill was a colony of industrious, thrifty Germans who attended to their own business and bothered nobody. But after we established the school, some of those Germans resolved to build a brewery in the bottom where munitions of war had been manufactured, or somebody started that report to scare me and practically force me to buy the approximately seven hundred acres of land pertaining to the foundry. Esther and I strolled among the tall trees in the bottom one bright night and talked about the gloomy prospect till we decided it was not gloomy at all; for we believed, trusting the Lord and doing our duty, we could meet the situation successfully and surmount all the difficulties in the way, and that thought made the prospect bright.

"We lived hard and worked hard, practicing the principles

of self-denial and strictest economy till the estate of seven hundred acres was free. Once when I went to make a payment on the place, our creditor said he had no use for the money then, and we could continue to use it, without interest, as long as we needed it. But my opinion then was exactly what it is now: the best time to pay a debt is when you have the money; and we paid it, but no interest on the indebtedness was accepted.

"Contrary to Esther's judgment and over her earnest protest, I deeded or had deeded the entire estate to her, believing she would be left a widow and desiring to protect her against trouble to the limit of my ability. Her health seemed to be perfect then, while mine was apparently very poor.

"Our school lasted seventeen years. Our seven children—four sons and three daughters—were born there: Dedie, Granville, Toppie, Herschell, Ettie, Virgil and little Minnie Belle, whose span of life was so short that she can scarcely be said to have lived in this world at all. In due process of time I baptized the six children as they one by one reached the proper age and voluntarily made the good confession. Toppie and Granville have since gone home, as has also their mother, and only four remain—two sons and two daughters. Allowance must usually be made for the opinion of parents relative to the merits of their children. Conservatively speaking, however, and correctly, our children were as good as the average, and there was not a bad one in the bunch. Being absolutely sure of that, I am happy in the thought of meeting all of them in that sweet home where there is rest for the weary, with bliss unspeakable and eternal, for all the faithful in Christ Jesus our Lord."

In another article describing in detail the work of the school, he wrote:

"A good, well-printed, well-bound copy of the Bible was

THE MARS' HILL HOME.

presented to each pupil when matriculated, the Bible being justly regarded as the greatest of textbooks; and every pupil was expected to recite at least one lesson in the Bible every day. Indeed and in truth, our school and its curriculum were founded on the Bible and all our pupils and teachers knew they were expected to study the Bible and treat it with due deference and respect.

"Neither pupil nor teacher was ever treated or regarded as a convict, a criminal or a slave; but all knew they were, in honor, bound to obey all the rules and regulations of the school; and cases demanding discipline were few and far between. We loved one another and *love* ruled the school.

"Each day's work began with chapel exercises, consisting of a song, a prayer, a song, criticisms, Bible lesson and lecture, a song, a benediction. The criticisms, always offered carefully and cautiously, in meekness, modesty, kindness and love, were intended to correct any inaccuracy, impropriety or other imperfection in manners, conduct or speech to which any teacher, pupil or friend of the school present might deem it important and proper to call attention. This one feature of our chapel exercises, not to mention other invaluable features, was of incalculable value to every teacher and pupil present who really desired to be free from bad habits and to be pure, polite, polished, accurate and correct.

"When our morning chapel exercises closed, all the other teachers and pupils went to their respective places—rooms and halls—while I remained in the chapel with the Bible students who had come to Mars' Hill to better prepare themselves for preaching 'the glorious gospel of Christ.'

"After devoting to them the time set apart for that purpose, in the way and manner deemed best for all concerned, I devoted the remainder of the day to other classes and duties demanding my attention.

"Thus, as one great family, every one interested in the

success, health and happiness of every other one, we lived and loved and labored, studied and taught, from early Monday morning till noon, Saturday, all of us always busy as bees could be. But after the midday meal every Saturday, Mars' Hill presented an aspect then supposed to be, in some respects, peculiarly its own. It was, at least, new to those who were there.

"All the teachers present, except me, and all the pupils who wished to go with them, to sing, went to the places to which they had been 'called to preach' and sing as early as convenient after dinner. When the distance was not more than five miles—sometimes when it was more than five miles—they were perfectly willing to walk; but appreciative people sometimes sent some sort of conveyance for some of them.

"Full of faith and hope and love, they found friends, sang sweet, spiritual songs, distributed Christian literature and preached the gospel wheresoever they went. Thus they blessed and brightened hundreds of homes, led many a sincere soul into 'heavenly places in Christ Jesus,' and finally leavened the whole lump—or land—in which they found at first no 'Church of Christ' except the consecrated little church at Mars' Hill.

"We had neither house nor church in Florence or eslewhere in that county then, except at Mars' Hill; but I preached at Mars' Hill every Sunday morning, in a rented hall in Florence every Sunday afternoon, and at Mars' Hill every Sunday night, while 'the boys' preached and sang in 'meetinghouses,' in schoolhouses and in halls and humble homes—wheresoever a door was opened and they were invited to 'come in.' And the seed thus sown was not sown in vain. It has germinated, grown, budded, blossomed and borne fruit abundantly.

"Our Sunday night services at Mars' Hill were probably the most encouraging, inspiring and enjoyable of them all. We

were all supposed to be there then, and few of us ever failed to be there then. All of us who could sing, sang—some scientifically—all, enthusiastically. I preached. Indeed, I preached once every day—three times every Sunday. 'The boys,' having just returned from their preaching places, related their experiences: some of them amusing incidents, some of them sad stories, others thrilling tales of triumph of the truth. Finally we sang the farewell song for the night; everybody shook hands with everybody else, the final benediction for that day was delivered, and we went to bed. That school was started and conducted to do good, and that it accomplished good is too well known to be doubted. To God be all the glory: to humanity, the good.

"Notwithstanding our school held its place on the hill and in the hearts and homes of its friends seventeen years—till it filled its mission and was mustered out of service that I might devote all my time and attention to evangelistic work, with the wide, wide world for my field—death never invaded the school even once in all those busy years. Since then, however, so many of us have heeded the last call that only a remnant is left to tell the tale.

"I'm growing old now—not my feelings, but facts and figures say. I cannot expect to ever see such times and scenes again. But, 'some sweet day,'

> 'On the happy golden shore,
> Where the faithful part no more,'

there will be an infinitely more blissful reunion of the faithful than Mars' Hill hath ever known."

Brother R. L. Hart, of Hazel, Kentucky, wrote Mr. Larimore a few years ago:

"Much good and many great works, Brother Larimore, fill the measure of your life full; but, in my humble judgment,

the work at Mars' Hill was, and yet is, the greatest and most far-reaching of all."

Brother F. D. Srygley, one of the Mars' Hill "boys," wrote:

"Mars' Hill College flourished seventeen years—from 1871 to 1887, inclusive. Its influence was far-reaching, immeasurable. On its 'Roll of Honor' are the names of many who have been prominent in various callings, as well as others who have not attained to worldly prominence, but whose lives have been profitable to the world and helpful to the church, because they reflect the teaching received at Mars' Hill. Its teachers, pupils and patrons are rapidly passing away; but the good seed so industriously planted there years ago still blossoms and bears fruit in thousands of lives."

Felix C. Sowell, of Columbia, Tennessee, one of his Mars' Hill "boys," wrote Mr. Larimore just a few months before he passed away:

"My mind frequently runs back to the good old days of yore, when we used to drink from the spring that never runs dry, and many other things we had and enjoyed at Mars' Hill College. I think there was never a more congenial or a happier group of boys, or a group that loved their teacher more than we did. The boys who sat at your feet have preached the gospel in faith and love perhaps in every State in the Union. I shall ever remember the great lessons you gave me while I was at Mars' Hill. You gave us a splendid foundation upon which to build a useful and successful life. Doubtless I could have built more upon this foundation, but I am happy to tell you I have been faithful in the Master's vineyard. I have baptized about three thousand persons, have performed many marriages and preached many funeral sermons. I have made no charges for any of this work, of course; yet the freewill offerings I have received have given me and my family a living. So I have abundant confidence

in the word of the Lord, which contains this statement: 'Even so did the Lord ordain that they that proclaim the gospel should live of the gospel.'

"I am still located at Columbia, Tennessee, 'The Dimple of the Universe.' My evangelistic field has been Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Colorado. I was reared in Tennessee and have reared my family in Tennessee—two boys and six girls. Four are married, and we have four grandchildren. With all this, it seems but a little while since I was a boy at Mars' Hill.

"You tell us in your 'Greetings' you are growing old, and, referring to Doctor Hardison's death, you say your time may be next; but I remember you used to say that your allotted time would be about fifty years. You now realize, of course, that Providence has dealt very gently and kindly in your behalf, and I trust and pray that you may reach the century mark. When I think of your ripe age and your godly life, I feel as if I were still a boy, and am now doing the best work of my life. I am preaching every Lord's day, and teaching the Bible and drilling the children in the Tennessee Orphan Home; also we have three large schools in Columbia with about fifteen hundred pupils, which I visit occasionally and tell the children Bible stories.

"Our children in the Orphan Home memorized all of the Sermon on the Mount last year, as well as many other chapters, and could answer many Bible questions. I have a class now that can give the names of all the books of the Bible and the number of chapters in each book. I believe some of the best work of my life has been with these motherless and fatherless children in the Home. I tell people Mrs. Sowell and I have reared eight children and now I am helping to rear sixty-five orphans. It makes me happy to make these children happy. I know Jesus loved children, and I love them, too; and when I teach them the story of Jesus and his

love, and they learn this and understand 'There is no friend like the lowly Jesus,' they almost forget that they are fatherless and motherless.

"It would be a great pleasure indeed to me to see you again before the parting waves shall separate us here. Our good homes and happy associations here are soon broken; but, thanks be to Him who loves us all, there is a home now being prepared by divine hands in which God's children shall live in the glorified state forever! May you be stimulated by the glorious hope in the Lord, in the evening of your life, that with the eye of faith you may see with unspeakable joy heaven with its fullness of glory awaiting you."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Rock (No. 4).

"When Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Who do men say that I the Son of man am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But who say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Somon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ." (Matt. 16: 13-20.)

THE account of the ascension of the Saviour is found in the first chapter of the fifth book of the New Testament, called "*the* Acts of *the* Apostles," notwithstanding it does not narrate all the acts of all the apostles, neither does it narrate some of the acts of all the apostles, nor all the acts of some of the apostles. It might probably be more appropriate and certainly of more advantage to the world and the church for it to be known as the Book of Conversions, for that is what it is. This brings us into the first chapter of the Book of Conversions, or Acts of Apostles. Just before his ascension, Christ commanded his disciples to go to Jerusalem, about two miles from Bethany, and tarry there till they should be endued with power from on high. So, immediately after he

left them, they returned to Jerusalem, "and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God"—the eleven apostles and others, in all about one hundred and twenty.

Now, so far as the inspired record shows, and we have no right to presume anything beyond what is written, they had no authority, permission or direction to do anything but to tarry there—simply wait in Jerusalem till they were endued with power from on high. They were positively forbidden to preach or teach in the name of Christ: "Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ"—and that restriction had not been revoked. We can see good reason why heaven forbade that they should talk publicly, teach—good reason why Christ forbade them to tell that he was the Christ. They were men, and the wisest and best of men are only men at best, and they might have made serious mistakes by teaching without divine direction. So they were to wait till they were endued with power from on high. But Peter, who seems to have been an impetuous character, always ready to speak and ready to work, but not disposed to wait, made a speech to the other disciples in reference to certain recent events and especially in reference to the tragic death of Judas, the traitor. He said there should be twelve apostles, but were only eleven, and suggested that one should be selected from among them to take the place of Judas. So they selected two men who had been with them during the entire ministry of Christ—Joseph and Matthias—and prayed to God to show which of the two he preferred. They then cast lots, and the lot fell on Matthias, "and he was numbered with the eleven apostles." We have no assurance that Divinity had anything whatsoever to do with the election of Matthias. Christ had gone from the earth, and the Holy Spirit had not yet come; hence, so far as we know, that was purely human work, with not the shade of a shadow of divine authority in it. We do know, for the

Bible tells us so, that Christ, long after that, selected a man who was the sublimest apostle of them all, the apostle Paul, to represent his cause as no other man on earth has ever represented it.

Be the election of Matthias by divine authority or absolutely without it, there is nothing in it that could possibly be mistaken for the fulfillment of the promise of the Saviour, "Upon this rock I will build my church," and that election closes the first chapter of Acts of Apostles. So, we have reached the second chapter of Acts of Apostles without finding anything that can be taken, or even *mistaken*, for the establishment of the church of Christ.

Coming down to the close of the second chapter of Acts, we find the church was then in existence and the Lord was adding people to it every day. We are not told that people were joining the church. Indeed, there is nothing in the Bible about joining the church. God adds to the church, in his own way, the saved—those who are saved by obeying the gospel. The last verse of the second chapter of Acts of Apostles tells us: "And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." So the church was not in existence at the time referred to in the beginning of the second chapter of Acts of Apostles, but was in existence at the time referred to at the end of the second chapter of Acts of Apostles. So, between these two periods it was established. Those who cannot see that cannot see. Nothing can be simpler than that. Two boys are out hunting in the woods, when one of them almost steps on a rabbit. The rabbit runs into a hole in the end of a log. One of the boys jerks off his cap and stuffs it into the hole at the end where the rabbit ran in, and the other boy puts his cap into the other end of the log. There is no hole along the length of the log where the rabbit can get out. Where is that rabbit? Between the two ends of that log, of course. Well, it doesn't take any more intelli-

gence, any more breadth or depth of thought, to decide from this when the church of Christ was established than to tell where that rabbit is. It was established between the time referred to in the beginning, and the time referred to at the end, of the second chapter of Acts of Apostles. We may as well burn our Bibles as to reject a thing as simple and plain as that. So, then, at some period of time referred to between the beginning and the end of the second chapter of Acts of Apostles, we shall find the establishment of the church.

In the very beginning of that chapter we find the day of Pentecost mentioned. Pentecost was about fifty days after the crucifixion of Christ. It was about fifty days after the passover, and Christ was crucified at the time of the passover. "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." They were waiting in Jerusalem to be endued with power from on high, and "were continually in the temple praising and blessing God." With a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, the Holy Spirit descends upon them, endowing them with miraculous power. This could be nothing else than the fulfillment of the promise of the Saviour, "upon this rock I will build my church."

There is an appropriateness in this that merits consideration. In the then long, long ago, the material for the building of Solomon's temple had been brought to Jerusalem, to the place selected for it, and when all things were ready the building went up without the sound of hammer or other tool upon it, from the beginning of the work till the last stone was put into place; and when the temple, which typified the

church, was completed, God's spiritual presence took up its abode in the place prepared for it. Now the material for the church or kingdom of Christ is prepared—about one hundred and twenty disciples being there in Jerusalem—and suddenly a sound comes from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, the Holy Spirit descends and takes up his abode in the material prepared for that purpose, and the church of Christ is established.

Then and there the work Christ authorized in connection with his church commenced. Peter, standing up with the eleven, when a great surging sea of humanity had gathered to see and hear, preached Christ to the people—preached incidentally his birth, directly his death, his burial, his resurrection, his ascension, coronation, and glorification, and preached through him salvation. He told those people they had crucified the Christ, the Son of God. They knew they had crucified Jesus of Nazareth, but they thought he was an impostor; but Peter went back to prophecies in the Old Testament scriptures concerning the promised Messiah, and in the light of those scriptures discussed the death, burial and resurrection of Christ, called their attention to the miraculous manifestation of God's power then and there, and thus convinced many of them that Jesus is indeed the Christ, the Son of the living God; hence convinced them that they had deliberately murdered him whom God had sent to this world for the salvation of souls. He assured them that God had raised Jesus from the dead, because it was not possible, though death held all the preceding generations of earth, for Jesus to be held by its appalling power.

When those people who had brought about the crucifixion of the Saviour heard and believed these things—believed that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God—they were filled with consternation and dread. They knew that God might, with justice, blot them out of existence; hence many of them cried

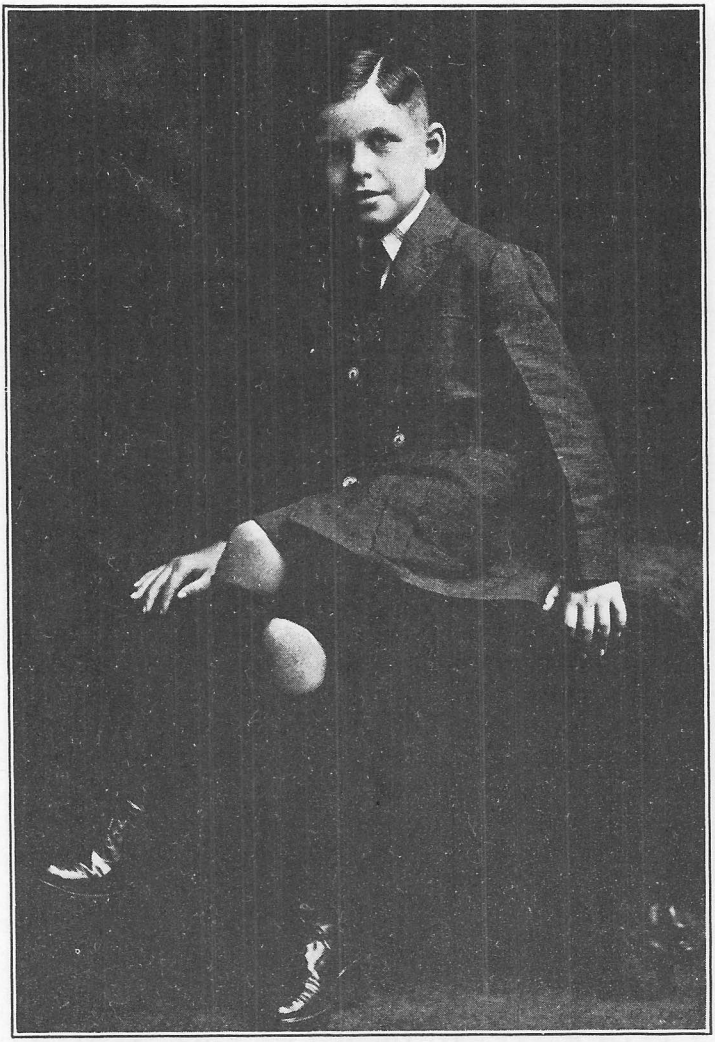
out: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"—using the word "brethren" in a twofold sense, all being brethren in Abraham's family and all belonging to the universal brotherhood, the brotherhood of man. Then Peter, who had the keys of the kingdom, or church, of Christ, told them what to do. Of course the word "key" is here used in a figurative sense, the church being represented as a building resting upon a foundation, and that figure being carried out in Christ's promise to give the keys of the building to Peter. When a building is completed, the keys are turned over to the proper person, in accordance with the contract. The church is established, the building completed, and Peter is standing at the door, ready to open it. When those murderers of Christ, believing him to be the Christ, the Son of God, cried out: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter said: "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

No other man could tell them what to do to obtain forgiveness of their sins. Peter alone could open to them the door of salvation, and to open the door was simply to tell them the law of pardon. He bound upon them faith, repentance and baptism all together, for the remission of sins, and in fulfillment of the Saviour's promise, "whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven." These conditions are required of alien sinners to obtain pardon of their past and present sins. Peter told them that when they complied with these conditions, they should receive remission of their sins, which was in fulfillment of the promise, "whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." By divine authority he bound these conditions on the sons and daughters of men, and the power of man can more easily quell a storm or the breath of an infant blot out the sun

than all the powers of earth and the underworld combined can annul one of these requirements. Peter thus used the keys that had been committed to him, threw open the door of salvation, which has stood wide open from that day to this. So gospel preachers never assume to presume to open the doors of the church, for two reasons; the church does not have a plurality of doors, and long ago God had the door of the church opened, and he declares no man can open and no man can shut. All who will can now learn the divine law of pardon and comply with it.

On this memorable day, in the city of Jerusalem, Peter and the other apostles preached repentance and remission of sins in the name of Jesus Christ. That was in perfect accord with the statement of the Saviour, just before his ascension: "Thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." (Luke 24: 45, 46.) There is of record no evidence showing that repentance and remission of sins were ever preached in the name of Jesus Christ—under his reign, rule, government—until that day. Just a few weeks before this time, Jesus charged his disciples that they tell no man that he was the Christ. Now they are boldly proclaiming him to be the Christ, the Son of the living God. All these things and many other things conspire together to make it perfectly clear that the church, or kingdom, of the Lord Jesus Christ was established on the first day of Pentecost after the crucifixion of Christ.

So, then, the first of these five promises made by the Saviour a few weeks before his crucifixion, was perfectly, completely, gloriously fulfilled. The third, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven," was fulfilled, Peter having the privilege of opening the door of the church, being the first to announce the law of induction into the church, immediately



JAMES HORTON.

after its establishment. The fourth and the fifth promises, "whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven," were also fulfilled, the conditions of pardon being declared and remission of sins being promised, that very day, to all who complied with those conditions.

The second of these five promises, suggested by the Saviour's memorable language, "and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," demands attention, and may the Lord bless us in giving careful, prayerful attention to it in the close of this search for truth. Of necessity, all can see that this promise is to remain in process of fulfillment through time and through eternity. The church was built "upon the foundation of apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone"—Eph. 2: 20—and "the gates of hell"—the powers of darkness—the combined coalition of all the elements of evil—"shall never prevail against it." That prophecy has been in process of fulfillment from the time the church of Christ was established until now, and is to remain in process of fulfillment through time and through eternity, it being backed by promises divine.

We have previously considered a prophecy found in the second chapter of Daniel, showing that the kingdom of God, the church of the Lord Jesus Christ, was to be established in the days of the Roman Empire. It is important that just here we consider that chapter of truth divine, and especially the prophecies it contains, in detail. More than six hundred years before the Babe of Bethlehem was born, Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, had a wonderful prophetic dream. In that dream he saw an image, with head of gold, breast and arms of silver, body and thighs of brass, legs and feet of iron, the iron of the feet being mixed with miry clay. He saw in this dream a little stone cut out of the mountain without hands, which smote the feet of the image and broke them in

pieces, then breaking the entire image and scattering the remnants thereof "like chaff of the summer threshing floor," the little stone becoming a great mountain and finally filling all the earth.

Daniel interpreted the dream to the king—indeed, he first recalled the dream to Nebuchadnezzar, the king having forgotten it—and his interpretation makes it perfectly clear that it related to events then in the future concerning the four universal empires of earth: The Chaldean or Babylonish Empire; the Medo-Persian, the Grecian or Macedonian Empire, and the Roman Empire, the empire of the Cæsars. These empires or kingdoms are not spoken of by name, only one of them having had existence at that time; but in the light of Daniel's interpretation of the king's dream and in the light of subsequent history, there is no room for doubt as to their identity to rest in the mind of any one conversant with the Bible and profane history. Daniel, humble enough to claim no superiority for himself because of his power of interpretation, but giving all the glory to the great I Am, revealed to the king that by means of that wonderful dream God was placing before him in the very clearest prophetic light certain future events relating to the four universal world empires, followed immediately by a prophecy of the establishment of a spiritual empire that would subvert and supplant these empires and last forever.

In his interpretation of the dream, Daniel said to Nebuchadnezzar: "Thou art this head of gold. And after thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee"—evidently the kingdom represented in that image by the breast and arms of silver; this in turn should be supplanted by a third kingdom, represented by brass; and it, by a fourth having the strength of iron, but in its declining days, embodying also the weakness of clay. This fourth universal empire should not be supplanted or subverted, as had the three universal

empires that had preceded it; but it should be destroyed, broken in pieces, consumed, by the kingdom the God of heaven should establish in the days of the Roman Empire.

The inference is clear that after the downfall of the Roman Empire, there should never be another empire founded by the sword of mortal man that should hold sway over all the earth. From the earliest days of history, ambitious men have been struggling for power, dominion and conquest, and rivers of blood have been shed, millions of men destroyed, and billions of hearts have been broken in vain and futile efforts to establish universal empires. But centuries have come and gone, many generations have been born and buried, and this desire has been in the hearts of millions of men; yet only these four empires have been recognized as universal.

Daniel was a captive under Babylonish rule when the first of these four universal empires was in the very zenith of its grandeur and power and glory; yet when he came to interpret that dream to the monarch of proud Babylon, he declared the day was coming when Babylon should fall, that the Chaldean Empire should crumble, and another, an inferior power, should arise and supplant it, which should, in its turn, be supplanted by another, and that by another, till, in the days of the fourth empire, which should have the strength of iron and the weakness of clay, the God of heaven would set up a kingdom that should never be destroyed. This kingdom established by Jehovah, Daniel declared, should not be left to other people—should never be subverted, supplanted, as had those other kingdoms—but should break in pieces and consume all those kingdoms, and should stand forever, this kingdom being represented in the king's dream by the little stone cut out of the mountain without hands and subsequently filling all the earth.

Profane history fully verifies the accuracy of Daniel's predictions. The Chaldean Empire, which flourished approx-

imately fourteen hundred years, according to accepted chronology, was supplanted by the Medo-Persian Empire, lasting three hundred years. This was succeeded by the Grecian Empire, that swayed the scepter over the world ten brief years, and was subverted, succeeded, by the Roman Empire, that lasted approximately four hundred years. These empires were established in blood, and were supported and shielded by the sword, and all perished by the sword. None of them could stand; and the kingdom established by the God of heaven has exerted such an influence over the lives of men and of nations as to render it practically impossible for another universal empire to be established by the sword of mortal man upon the earth.

The Roman Empire fell many centuries ago. Fifty generations have been born and buried since that day, but no universal empire has arisen to take its place. At one period of the world's history, it seemed that Spain would attain to world control—that that nation would establish a universal empire; but Spain, with its cruelty, corruption and persecution, has gone down, down, down, until it is only a speck on the political horizon. It seemed at one time that Napoleon, the great Corsican, the adopted son of France, would establish a fifth universal empire; but just when the realization of his highest hopes and proudest ambitions seemed to be almost within his grasp, the star of his destiny swept from the zenith, his hopes were crushed and broken and overthrown, and his lofty ambitions ended in banishment to lonely St. Helena. The day has been when England seemed destined to establish a universal empire, it having been her proud boast for generations that the sun never sets upon her possession, her empire belting the globe, and the flag of Great Britian floating over one-fifth of the population of the earth; but today the probability of England's ever being a world empire seems absolutely out of the question.

But what of the kingdom the God of heaven should set up in the days of the Roman Empire, represented in the prophetic dream of Nebuchadnezzar as the little stone cut out of the mountain without hands that became a great mountain and subsequently filled all the earth? Jesus, the Man of sorrows, the poorest of the poor, almost in the shadow of the cross on which he died, with no sword in his hand, no army at his command, said to his faithful disciples: "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." A few weeks later, he was crucified on Calvary's brow, slept in the solemn silence and stillness of a borrowed tomb three days and three nights, and arose a triumphant conqueror over death and the grave. Forty days he sojourned on earth, and was then borne to heaven, to be crowned King of kings and Lord of lords in the courts of glory.

On the first day of Pentecost after his crucifixion and seven days after his ascension, the Holy Spirit came down from heaven and took up his abode in the material prepared for that purpose—the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ—and the church of Christ, the kingdom of the God of heaven, was thus, then and there established, born, brought into being. It consisted of only about one hundred and twenty charter members, and they the poorest of the poor; but back of it were the divine predictions, promises: "It shall never be destroyed;" "It shall stand forever;" "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The church of Christ has been in existence nineteen hundred years, nearly as long as the four universal empires of earth lasted in the aggregate; and still it stands, unmoved by all the conflict and turmoil and change that have swept the earth as these years and centuries have come and gone.

Have the "gates of hell"—the powers of evil—tried to prevail against the kingdom of God, the church of the Lord

Jesus Christ? The sad, sorrowful, tearful, bloody history of the world for nineteen hundred years can answer that question. The church was established in the depths of poverty and obscurity; in the shadow of the towering mountain of Judaism on the one hand, and the towering mountain of paganism on the other—Judaism backed by wealth and influence and a thrilling history; paganism backed by millions of money and millions of men, regal supremacy and authority. But the united efforts of Judaism and paganism did not destroy the church of God. In the days of its infancy it passed through fiery trials at the hands of Imperial Rome, in Rome's declining, dying days. It has passed through periods of fierce, fiery persecution at the hands of other powers of darkness: it has been assailed by atheism, skepticism, infidelity—by every phase and form, every shade and grade and degree, of the power of sin and Satan—for nineteen hundred years; and still it stands, unmoved and immovable, never having unsheathed a sword, fixed a bayonet, loaded a gun, lifted a battleax, or raised a spear, to preserve its existence, extend its dominion, define or defend its rights.

No human institution has had to endure a thousandth part as much opposition as this divine spiritual institution has had to endure; no human institution could have endured a thousandth part of what the church of God has endured. Tempests have tried it, storms have swept it, clouds have covered it, lightnings have scathed it, thunders have rocked it; still "the gates of hell" have never prevailed against it. Satan has utterly failed to destroy it; and its glory and power divine are destined to cover the earth "as waters cover the sea." Of this divine institution and the sacred rock on which it rests may, in truth, be said, almost in the language of Byron relative to Corinth of old:

"Many a vanished year and age
And tempest's breath and battle's rage
Have swept her bosom, still she stands—
A fortress formed by Heaven's hands.
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
Have left unscathed that sacred rock—
The pillar of a cause which still,
Though persecuted, earth shall fill."

Kingdoms may be founded, may flourish and may fall; but the church of Christ can never fall, can never fail. Atheism may assail, infidelity may sneer, skepticism may smile, and anxious hearts may fear for the safety of Zion; but Zion stands secure, backed by the promise of the great I AM that it shall never be destroyed, the literal, living, abiding fulfillment of the promise of the Lord Jesus Christ: "Upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The sun may be blotted out, the moon cease to reflect light, the stars may fall from the withering vault of night, and the heavens be rolled up like a scroll, the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds may come and the judgment day be set; but, when the angel of the Lord shall descend on pinions dipped in the lovelight enveloping the throne of God, and, planting one foot upon the land and one upon the sea, shall declare by Him who plants his footsteps upon the sea and rides upon the storm, that time was, time is, but time shall be no more—even then the church of Christ shall stand, secure as the throne of God itself: for our Saviour promised long ago, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;" and Jehovah hath declared "it shall never be destroyed;" and the Holy Spirit, by the pen of Isaiah, the prophet, says: "The word of our God shall stand forever."

So, then, whether we stand or fall, whether we do right or wrong, whether we are saved or lost, the church of Christ shall stand, having been built upon this immovable founda-

tion. May the Lord bless us who are members of this glorious institution in being faithful until death. May he bless those who are subjects of the gospel call in coming to Christ without delay, and, as penitent believers, confess their faith in him and be buried with him by baptism into death; and, having been thus born into God's family, which is this glorious institution that has weathered the storms of ages and is destined to stand forever, may they remain faithful, consecrated members of that institution till Heaven shall call them home.

CHAPTER IX.

To Young Preachers.

IN an article to young preachers, Mr. Larimore wrote:

"While nearly everybody always treats me well, young preachers, wheresoever I go, are so kind, courteous and helpful to me, and manifest their affection for me in so many ways, and I receive so many letters from young preachers—I mean *young* compared with a veteran of eighty-four—that I, now near the time when I must soon cease to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, am overwhelmed with feelings of appreciation, love and gratitude when I think of the tender regard, respect, love and reverence of these younger men who will soon be standing in the very forefront of the battle for the right. As the years go by, I become more and more anxious to bless them to the limit of my ability, in every way I can, as I realize that the end of my pilgrimage is drawing near. May the Lord abundantly bless them all.

"As I have been preaching the gospel more than fifty years, I deem it not outrageously or unreasonably presumptuous to presume to offer a little advice to young preachers who may appreciate it, hoping thereby to do them good; hence to every young gospel preacher who may appreciate my interest in him, I wish to say, in the language of the peerless apostle: 'Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.'

"Study everything that may be helpful to you in your work; but study, above all else, the sacred scriptures, the Book of books, as long as you live and labor in the vineyard of the Lord. 'Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all. Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine, continue in them: for in so doing thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee.' Surely that is a satisfactory reward.

"Be a *student.* Never imagine you know enough because you can deliver a dozen discourses or preach a hundred sermons, or even a thousand. Dive down into the depths of the ocean of truth after more. They are there—better ones than you or I have ever brought to the surface—but we must go down after them to get them. Till swallows drink the ocean dry, we cannot exhaust the treasures of truth divine. You may borrow sermons from other preachers, or buy books of 'sermon outlines,' but that is far from best. Indeed, it is very manifestly a serious mistake, of course. The student (?) in any school who relies on a key, instead of his own brain to solve mathematical problems is certainly not a very promising pupil, and the chances are about a billion to one against his ever being a mathematician.

"Regardless of how frequently you may preach on any subject or theme, do your very best every time to preach better than you have ever preached before. Always do your best; and, even then, your best can never be too good. The best is never too good for the cause of Christ.

"Memorize the most important proof texts available; learn to locate them readily and quote them accurately, deliberately and easily, speaking every syllable so that it can be clearly understood.

"I have never been a pupil in a Bible school; but I have been a student nearly all my life, trying to learn from every available source; and friends have helped me in many ways,

especially by calling my attention to some of my defects. Many years ago, Judge Tillman, of Knoxville, Tennessee, said to me: 'Do you notice that people pay perfect attention when you talk, but become restless when you quit talking and begin to read?' I said: 'No, I had not noticed that.' He said: 'Well, they do.' Then he added: 'You are responsible, to some extent at least, for that lack of attention when you read; for you try to read with lightning speed, as if you consider what you read of little importance, hence were making haste to get it out of the way. We lawyers don't do that way. The law in a case is the strongest thing we have, and we read it deliberately, that every syllable of it may be understood. If you will memorize all your proof texts, as every preacher ought to do, and quote them deliberately and accurately, your preaching will be much more effective.'

"I loved Brother Tillman before he gave me that good advice, and I have loved him ever since. From then till now I have done as he suggested; and he can never know what a wonderful blessing he has been to me.

"Rely on the truth, *ever:* on bare assertion, *never.* Prove the points you preach. Let your preaching abound in appropriate illustrations, and make it plain enough for the comprehension of little children, if you can. Thus the Saviour taught, and his way is always best.

"Avoid bragging, boasting and ostentation. Say little—*very* little—about yourself; and when you do talk about yourself, say 'I,' 'me,' or 'mine'—*never* 'we,' 'us,' or 'our.' Bad grammar is no evidence of lack of egotism. I know a preacher who is evidently about as full of egotism as an eggshell, in its normal condition, is of egg, who refers to himself as 'we,' 'us,' and 'our,' probably forty times in forty minutes, in his preaching sometimes. There is just as much egotism in 'fiddlesticks' as in 'I,' if we use 'fiddlesticks' as a substitute

for 'I,' meaning 'I;' and the same is true of every other substitute for 'I,' including that much used, much abused expression so often met with in preachers' reports, 'the writer.' The use of 'I' certainly does not show more egotism than to use 'the writer,' since there is at least a strong implication in the use of the latter that the user has a monopoly on the business of writing. When you mean 'I,' say 'I.' That's the sensible thing to do.

"Rigdon's Grammar of the English Sentence is a recognized and popular authority on English grammar. Speaking of the pronoun 'we,' that scholarly work says: 'It is an exhibition of bad taste and unpardonable ignorance to use it instead of "I," when the speaker refers to himself only.' To me, that seems somewhat severe; but, to say the least of it, it certainly does seem strange for a man to *pluralize* himself, with either tongue or pen, in the pulpit or out of it.

"Be earnest, plain and simple. Avoid all affectation. Be modest, humble, respectful. Solomon says: 'Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth: a stranger, and not thine own lips.' 'A man's pride shall bring him low; but honor shall uphold the humble in spirit.' 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.' Be grateful for all good, appreciative of all praise, but never be *proud* of anything.

"Never forget the superlative, infinite, peerless importance of your calling. Remember, 'woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel.' 'Keep thyself pure.'

"Do these things and whatsoever else duty may demand, and then, if forty, or even fifty, years from now you preach the same sermons you preach to-day, they will be so much better than they are now that Solomon himself could scarcely recognize them as the same; and, if he did, he would approve of your fidelity and faithfulness to the truths you preached in your youth.

" 'Preach the word.' Like Jehovah, it never changes, but is 'the same yesterday, to-day and forever.' Preach it and love it and live it, and may the Lord always abundantly bless you and, at last, lead you into that rest that remains for the faithful in Christ Jesus our Lord."

In an article on "First Principles," he wrote:

"Somebody has suggested that young preachers preach too much on first principles, while others complain that other some preach too little along that line. There must be, therefore, food for thought on the subject, likewise demand for light. I may be one of the ones not immune to criticism on that point, as I rarely deliver a discourse in which I do not somehow, somewhere, tell sinners what to do to become saints, but that is not exactly relevant just here. What I do is a somewhat personal matter, while the subject now under consideration is 'First Principles.'

"From the frequency with which some of us refer to this theme in writing and speaking, it might, and even may, be inferred that it is frequently mentioned in the Book of books —the Bible. I believe the word 'principle' is not in the Authorized Version of the Bible, but the word 'principles' occurs twice, as follows: 'For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God; and are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat.' (Hebrews 5: 12). 'Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God.' (Hebrews 6: 1.) That's all, I think.

"That the phraseology, 'first principles,' occurs but once in the Bible, however, by no means and in no degree minimizes its importance, and gospel preachers should press and impress these things just the same as if the world had never heard of them, for indeed and in truth, the world that now

is, an exceedingly small minority excepted, has never heard of them, a smaller number has heard them, and a still smaller number has accepted them. Many of the comparatively few who do occasionally hear gospel preachers preach are willing to hear how Christians should live that they may be saved, but are averse to hearing those very same preachers answer for poor lost and ruined sinners the all-important question, 'What must I do to be saved?'

"Why? Echo answers 'why?' And it may be that some who have avoided Heaven's answer to that question here in both pulpit and press may, on the last great day, in consternation, anguish, and despair, ask themselves: 'Why? Oh, why?' But it will be eternally too late then to ask either why or what. 'Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.'

"I have quoted from Hebrews two brief passages, in one of which the language, 'first principles' occurs, the word 'principles,' occurring in the other, but I shall not say either refers to what is ordinarily termed 'first principles.' What, then, do we mean by 'first principles?' What the Bible teaches alien sinners to do to become Christians. Just as surely and as plainly as the Bible teaches 'God is' and our Saviour is his Son, just so surely and plainly it teaches that alien sinners are to hear the gospel, believe the gospel, repent of their sins, confess faith in Christ, be buried with him by baptism into death and raised up to walk in newness of life, all these together 'for the remission of sins.'

"Now let us see. We must hear before we can believe, for 'faith cometh by hearing.' (Rom. 10: 17.) We must believe, for 'he that believeth not shall be damned.' (Mark 16: 16.) We must repent. 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.' (Luke 13: 3-5.) 'Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins.' (Acts 2: 38.) We must confess Christ. 'For with

the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.' (Rom. 10: 10.)

"We must be buried with him by baptism into death, and raised up to walk in newness of life. 'Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection.' (Rom. 6: 3-5.)

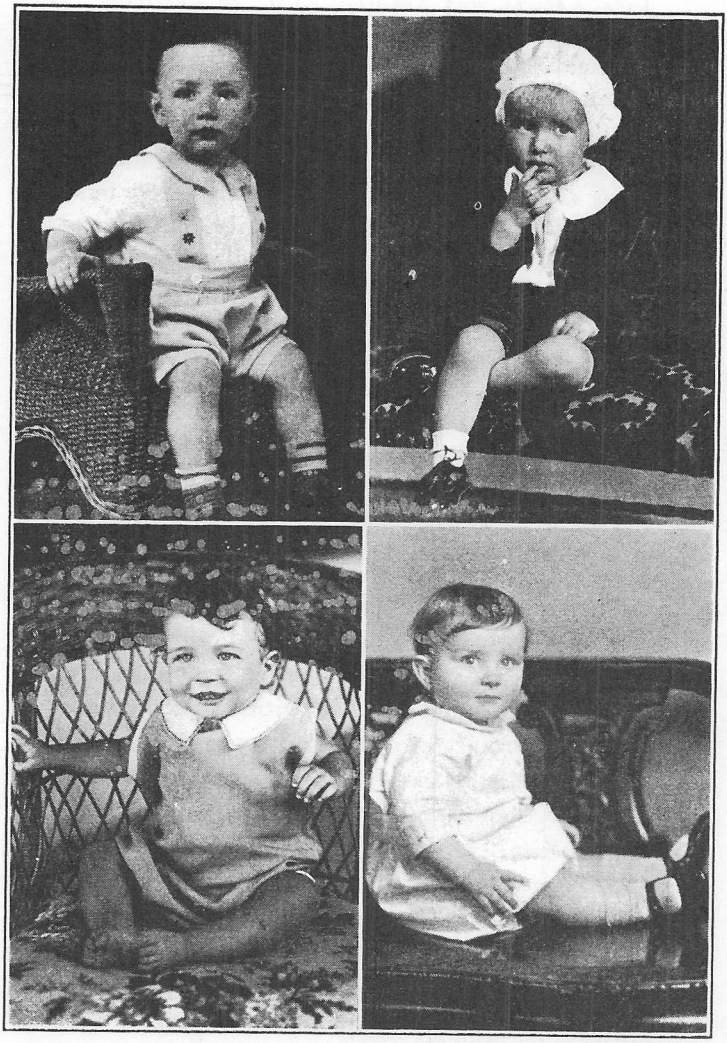
"The real trouble is not that gospel preachers do not preach, press and impress first principles sufficiently, but that some of us seem to think there are no really important principles except first principles; hence, having obeyed the gospel, are careless, possibly fatally careless, concerning Christian duties. The former we must do; the latter we should certainly not neglect to do. Alien sinners should obey the gospel, Christians should obey the law of the Lord applicable to them, and gospel preachers, young or old, should not neglect to preach and press and impress, with all the power they possess, the importance of obedience to the will of Jehovah, on the part of Christians as well as alien sinners. 'Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.' (1 Sam. 15: 22.)

In another article he wrote to young preachers, emphasizing the supreme importance of purity of life:

"Paul, experienced and inspired, wrote to Timothy, a young preacher, as a father to a son, making his plea for purity prominent, the following being samples of what he wrote:

" 'Keep thyself pure.' (1 Tim. 5: 22.)

" 'Flee also youthful lusts: but follow righteousness, faith,



ROBERT LARIMORE SEWELL.
RICHARD LARIMORE DODGE.

WILSON LARIMORE CHASE.
WILLIAM LARIMORE GREEN.

(Little Namesakes.)

charity [love], peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart.' (2 Tim. 2: 22.)

" 'For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness.' (1 Tim. 6: 10, 11.)

" 'But refuse profane and old wives' fables, and exercise thyself rather unto godliness. For bodily exercise profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.' (1 Tim. 4: 7, 8.)

" 'Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.' (1 Tim. 4: 12.)

"Both reason and revelation demand that preachers be pure—be models for men in Christ Jesus our Lord. Moreover, churches of Christ—congregations of Christians—should demand purity of preachers, certainly of those whom they encourage to preach.

"The influence of every gospel preacher should be good and only good, and that continually. Preachers are admitted into the best homes and family circles everywhere, and they should exercise no bad influence anywhere. No gospel preacher has the right to have any habit that the purest Christian wife and mother on earth cannot consistently and conscientiously commend to her own husband and children.

"We may reasonably expect more and more recognition and appreciation of purity as civilization advances, especially in 'church circles.' The Methodist Episcopal Church—sometimes called the 'Northern Methodist Church'—has long kept its pulpits free from the smoke and stain and smell of tobacco, while the Methodist Episcopal Church, South,

supported multitudes of smoking and chewing preachers. Recently, however, the latter has decreed that the present users of tobacco may continue its use, but that no user of the weed shall ever, hereafter, be ordained or licensed to preach for that enthusiastic, enterprising religious body.

"We—well, we'll just let that pass, if you please.

"Gospel preachers have no right to have any bad habits or habit. Do you ask me if I have none? That's a decidedly different thing. A father was raving and ranting furiously because his child had run away with a neighbor's child and got married. His wife said: 'Don't be too hard on the children, Honey. You know we ran away and got married when we were no older than they are.' Frantically shaking himself loose from her restraining hand, he stormed: 'That's a different thing entirely.' Just so the question of my having bad habits. That's a different thing entirely."

The article which follows was not written especially to preachers, young or otherwise; but it will be of interest, I'm sure, not only to preachers, but to others as well. The young preacher Mr. Larimore mentions has proved as faithful to the Lord as we believed he would be, and, the last time we heard of him, was teaching and preaching the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

"Yesterday I baptized a young preacher—Jesse N. Kerley—a graduate of a good school, who was licensed to preach two years ago, and who has had two years' experience in teaching and preaching.

"Speaking of the revolution in his religious alignment and arrangements, he said: 'Believing I was called to preach, I preached what I then believed I ought to preach. I thought I was right, but I was wrong. I know I'm right now; but I still believe I'm called to preach, and I want to preach. I want to correct mistakes I've made.'

"When I asked him to render a reason for his belief that

he has a call to preach, he replied: 'I feel that I *must* preach, that I can never be safe or satisfied unless I do preach.' I told him I had had that kind of a call to preach more than fifty years; hence we agreed on our 'call to the ministry' without discussion or delay.

"He is a model young man, of pleasing appearance and good manners, absolutely free from all bad habits, as every gospel preacher should be, energetic, and evidently very much in earnest. He said to me last night: 'I want to fill my appointment next Sunday. I want to explain to my people the change I have made and why I made it.'

"That appointment is his regular monthly appointment to preach where he once attended school, walking seven miles twice daily to do so, attending that school four years, never missing a day and never being marked 'tardy' even one time, and where he has preached monthly two years. So he will be with us next Sunday morning at our eleven o'clock service, as he has attended every service in this series of meetings, and will fill his appointment at three o'clock that afternoon. I'd like to hear that sermon.

"Paul had a feeling similar to the one this young brother accepts as a call to preach; hence he wrote: 'For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of: for woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel.' (1 Cor. 9: 16.) There may be various degrees of strength of that kind of 'call to the ministry:' but I believe every man who accepts the position and work of a gospel preacher should have some such call to preach as Brother Kerley has. I believe every gospel preacher ought to feel that 'woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel.'"

(The young preacher filled his appointment with his former congregation that Sunday afternoon, and preached a good sermon, the brother who accompanied him reported, taking for his text Romans 1: 16· "For I am not ashamed of the

gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." E. P. L.)

"Long ago, on the camp ground at Sebree, Kentucky, a young man said to me: 'I have come to you for advice. I want you to tell me which of two professions I should choose for my life work, the ministry or the law. My mind is so nearly evenly balanced on the subject that I cannot decide the question—at least I have not been able to decide it yet. Which profession do you recommend?' He was a splendid specimen of Kentucky manhood, but I do not know who he was or what advice I gave him. My mind was full of the theme on which I was to talk to the throng that had gathered there, and it was nearly time for me to begin my talk—a time when I could give but little attention to anything else: hence I have forgotten what I said to the young man. I know, however, I should have advised him to never attempt to preach the gospel while he felt about it as he then felt; to be a farmer, lawyer, cobbler, or devote himself to some other honorable vocation, but never be a preacher—*never*. He had no conception of the sacredness of the calling of a gospel preacher.

"No man who desires to preach instead of plow, because he presumes preaching is easier than plowing and probably pays better, is spiritually prepared to preach. Paul tells us 'the Lord has ordained that those who preach the gospel should live of the gospel' (1 Cor. 9: 14), and, of course, those who live of the gospel, under the provision of that law, should certainly preach the gospel—should make gospel preaching their vocation. A man may follow some other vocation and preach the gospel as a 'side line,' as traveling salesmen would express it, if properly prepared to do so; but, of course, he cannot apply to himself the law that 'they that preach the gospel should live of the gospel,' for preaching is not his voca-

tion; and he should look to his vocation for his living. Aaron and his sons and their successors had no secular vocation, or even 'side line,' and Paul compares their calling, position, and privileges with the calling, position and privileges of gospel preachers, as follows: 'Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things live of the things of the temple? and they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar? Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel.' (1 Cor. 9: 13, 14.)

"Paul himself, however, gave time and attention to tent-making or tent-mending, as a *necessary* side line, when those who should have supported him failed to do so."

"The following, which comes from London, the metropolis of the world, seems to be appropriate here:

" 'A few days ago an old man died in Wales. He had lived a homely life, full of homely work, among a homely people. He had been the village cobbler of week days, and had led the worshipers in the village church on Sundays. In all his life, from the day he took up the leadership of the flock in Criccieth until age bade him lay by his pastor's staff, he had missed but three Sundays from the puplit to which came the hymn of the sea washing the coast of Wales.

" 'He spoke the soft, impressive tongue of his people. He lived the life that had been found good in those regions. He loved God trustingly, and dwelt close to the consciousness of all-prevailing good. He was capable of any sacrifice, and made great and wise ones. He raised a foster-son—the child of his sister. So sure was he of the gentleness of God that he died with a mingled prayer and a kindly jest upon his lips.

" 'When he came to be buried, his simple earthly pageant was completed in the way that was familiar to him. A rain fell softly from above; the surf boomed against the Black Rock below Criccieth. Four men bore him in an oak box

built plainly and sturdily. The new pastor at Criccieth read comfortingly in the Welsh tongue.

" 'When it was done, the foster-son of the cobbler-pastor of Wales, the legatee of the love, trust, hope and clear ideals of the older man, left the cemetery, walking bare-headed down the hill. It was David Lloyd George, prime minister of England, a nation's bulwark of wisdom and hope and energy, the greatest democrat in the most democratic monarchy the earth has ever produced.

" 'An old road mender stopped his work and watched the great man pass; watched the wind rumpling the gray mane, the rain falling unheeded upon the bare, bowed head. He remembered a boy who once played in the fields around Criccieth. So goes the world. A man broods over a boy, gives into the younger soul all he has. The boy becomes a man and broods over a nation, giving it all that was given him. Well, well! So pastor-cobbler Richard Lloyd was dead and buried, and there walked little Davy Lloyd George, grown gray, and prime minister of England! The old road mender sighed and went back to his work.'

"That 'old man,' known as 'the unpaid pastor of the Criccieth Church of Christ,' was our brother, loyal, faithful, and true. When he died, London papers said: 'Mr. Lloyd was the unpaid pastor of the Disciples of Christ fifty-eight years, preaching to his church every Sunday, except three, all those fifty-eight years.'

"Some of us may think it strange that he never, during all those busy years, accepted a penny for preaching. It was not strange, however, from his point of view; for his vocation was making and mending shoes, not preaching, and he looked to his vocation for his living. He brought up two orphan nephews, taking charge of them when the younger, David Lloyd George, was only two years old, baptized David into the Church of Christ when he was a little boy, taught him

the way of the Lord, and lived to see him universally recognized as the greatest man in the world."

Mr. Larimore highly commended the following clipping sent him by a friend:

"It is human to stand with the crowd; divine to stand alone. It is man-like to follow the people, to drift with the tide; God-like to follow a principle, to stem the tide. It is natural to compromise conscience and follow social and religious fashions for the sake of gain or pleasure; divine to defy fashion and sacrifice both gain and pleasure—worldly glory, too—on the altar of truth and duty.

" 'No man stood with me, but all men forsook me,' wrote the battle-scarred apostle Paul describing his first appearance before Nero, to answer for his life for believing and teaching contrary to the Roman world. Loyalty and truth have been out of fashion since man changed his robe of fadeless light for a garment of faded leaves.

"Noah built and voyaged alone. His neighbors laughed, doubtless, at his strangeness and perished in style. Abraham wandered and worshiped alone. Sodomites smiled at the simple shepherd, followed the fashion and fed the flames. Daniel dined and prayed alone. Elijah sacrificed and witnessed alone. Jeremiah prophesied and wept alone. Jesus loved and died alone.

"Of the lonely way his disciples should walk he said: 'Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.' Of their treatment by the many who walk in the broad way, he said: 'If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you.'

"The church in the wilderness praised Abraham and persecuted Moses. The church of the Kings praised Moses and persecuted the prophets. Caiaphas praised the prophets and persecuted Christ. The church of the popes praised the

Saviour and persecuted the saints. And multitudes now, both in the church and in the world, applaud the courage of the patriarchs and prophets, the apostles and martyrs; but condemn, as stubbornness, ignorance or foolishness, like faithfulness to truth and duty to-day.

"Wanted, to-day: Men and women, young and old, who will obey their convictions of truth and duty at the cost of fame, fortune, friends and life itself."

BE STRONG.

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?
And fold thy hands and acquiesce—O, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not! fight on!—to-morrow comes the song.

CHAPTER X.

Steadfastness.

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." (1 Cor. 15: 58.)

THIS chapter—the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians—is recognized, wherever the Bible is read and studied, as the chapter especially devoted to the subject of the resurrection of the dead. The apostle Paul, by the matchless power of the Spirit of God, having argued the question till he reached a triumphant conclusion in reference to the resurrection of the dead through Christ Jesus our Lord, showing that death shall be robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory, said: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Steadfastness has been approved, appreciated and applauded by the masses of mankind as ages have succeeded ages, and billions of human beings have been born and buried, and so shall it be as long as time shall last and human nature shall be as it is and always has been.

Four hundred and eighty years before the beginning of the Christian era, Leonidas, king of Sparta, held, with three hundred Spartan soldiers, the Pass of Thermopylæ against the Persian hostile host, variously estimated to have numbered from three million to five million men, led by Xerxes, king of Persia, into Greece for the destruction of Grecian

glory. The Pass of Thermopylæ was then about forty-four feet wide—is much wider now. In the thickest of the fight one of the Spartan soldiers said: "The arrows of the enemy shut out the light of the sun." Leonidas replied: "So much the better. We can fight better in the shade."

Leonidas and his brave little band fought till they died, leaving their enemies to tell the story of the Spartans' supreme sacrifice. Many years after that heroic struggle, a monument was erected there to perpetuate the memory of the thrilling defense and disastrous defeat, and on that solid monument were chiseled the words: "Lacedæmonian, go tell thy country we died here in obedience to her law."

In more modern times, in "old Kentucky," it seemed almost certain that Henry Clay, "the mill boy of the slashes," the idol of his political party, was destined to be President of the United States four, and if four, then eight, years, when a question of momentous importance suddenly and unexpectedly loomed on the political horizon. Mr. Clay believed the unpopular side of that question was the right side, hence he promptly espoused it. One of his most ardent admirers and devoted friends said: "Mr. Clay, if you maintain that position you'll never be President." Clay calmly replied: "I'd rather be right than President." He was never President; but carefully chiseled on the stone sarcophagus containing his body, on the bosom of old Kentucky to-day, are the memorable words: "I'd rather be right than President."

At the first battle of Manasses, to steady his wavering forces, General Bee exclaimed: "There stands Jackson like a stone wall!" From that day till this, that fearless soldier has not been known as T. J. Jackson—Thomas Jefferson Jackson—but as Stonewall Jackson, whose untimely death marked the beginning of the end of the Southern Confederacy.

From the summit of Signal Mountain, near Chattanooga, Tennessee, hurrying to relieve the beleagured Federal forces

in that city, whose food supplies were running low, General Grant had this inquiry flagged to General George H. Thomas, the commander there: "How long can you hold your position?" The prompt reply was: "We'll stay till we starve!"

But great as physical steadfastness has always been considered among the sons and daughters of men, moral, spiritual, steadfastness is and always has been as far superior to it as the heavens are higher than the earth, as divinity is superior to humanity. Abraham was successful when he resorted to the sword, but his military career was almost too brief to be mentioned or remembered. It is as "the father of the faithful and the friend of God," doing whatsoever Jehovah demanded, steadfast in his devotion to duty's demands, that he towers above the masses of men, as a conspicuous mountain peak above the hills and valleys around it.

The apostles were steadfast in their devotion to Christ and his cause, dying, almost to a man, by the hand of violence, rather than renounce their faith—which not one of them ever did. Likewise thousands of Christians have faced and endured death rather than renounce the Lord of glory and repudiate his cause. "And the high priest"—backed by "the captain with the officers"—"asked them, saying, Did we not straitly command you that ye should not teach in this name? . . . Then Peter and the other apostles answered and said, We ought to obey God rather than men." (Acts 5: 26-29.) And, regardless of human authority and power, they obeyed God. Neither punishment, imprisonment, nor the dread of death deterred them from doing their duty.

Stephen, the first Christian martyr, demonstrated this principle of steadfastness, as the following scripture shows: "When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth. But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of

A BAPTIZING AND A SPRINKLING.

God, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God. Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him: and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep." (Acts 7: 54-60.)

Paul, more abundant in labors, more abundant in sufferings for the cause of Christ, than all the other apostles, was the very one to advise Christians to be steadfast. When warned of evils that were to befall him, he said: "And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." (Acts 20: 22-24.) He never wavered in his fidelity to Christ and his cause, notwithstanding he suffered much for that fidelity, being stoned and beaten and imprisoned, "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." (2 Cor. 11: 26-27.)

I do not believe the spirit of the martyrs has ceased. Neither do I believe it abides in the hearts and controls the lives of none but veterans of the cross who are about to lay their armor down, to receive and wear robes of spotless

purity and glittering crowns of glory. I believe there are youthful heroes and heroines now as brave as the bravest, as good as the best, who are battling on the Lord's side, meeting and overcoming temptations, standing steadfast and unmovable in their devotion to Christ and his cause. They are not tried by fear of punishment, imprisonment and death, as were the apostles and martyrs of old, but by temptations that tend to lead them away from the right. Satan has never ceased his attempts to lead Christians away from their fidelity to Christ Jesus our Lord. He has simply changed his mode of attack. He assails them with temptations of worldliness, appeals to pride and vainglory, love of popularity, love of show—anything that will lead them away from duty; and such battles are fought and won now by youthful soldiers of the cross who are so fixed and settled and rooted and grounded in the faith as to be absolutely unmoved and unmovable by insidious temptations and cunning attacks on faith and fidelity. I believe I know such soldiers of the cross to-day, but instead of mentioning them I will go back a few years for an illustration.

A sweet young sister, Miss Neille Wright, lived, I think, at Hartsville, or Dixon Springs, in Tennessee—I know she was a daughter of the Volunteer State. I loved Neille, not simply because she was beautiful, but especially because she was good. Indeed and in truth, I believe she was as good as she was pretty, and that is saying she was as nearly perfect as possible, for in beauty she was almost peerless; and being witty and bright as she was beautiful, and belonging to one of the foremost families of that section, she might have been a society queen, but she preferred to be a humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus of Nazareth, the Man of Sorrows, the Saviour of souls. To her beauty of form and feature, the beauty of holiness added its matchless charm. As a Christian

she was a jewel rare. Of course she was popular—very popular.

Friends in Little Rock, Arkansas, prevailed upon her to spend a few weeks with them, and friends at Fort Smith claimed her for the next visit. On the eve of her departure from the former to the latter, a fashionable leader of society in Little Rock said to her: "Now, Neille, it was perfectly proper for you to attend your church and associate with your church people here, for some of the best families of this town belong to your church, but it's different in Fort Smith. Only the poor, and very few of them, belong to your church there. So I suggest that you be silent on that subject while there, and meet with my church, the richest and most fashionable church in the city." Neille, without a moment's hesitation, replied: "When I get to Fort Smith, and Sunday comes, if I find only six members of the church of Christ there, and they meet around a stump, using the stump as the Lord's table to put the emblems of the body and blood of the Lord on, I'll sit down on a root of that stump, and seven of us will commemorate the Lord's death there."

I have always considered Neille's resolution a commendable manifestation of the spirit of steadfastness sublime. Neille was a flower that never faded; for while still in the bloom and beauty of happy young womanhood, she was transplanted from earth to glory, to bloom in beauty forever in the paradise of God.

When the apostle Paul wrote to the Corinthian brethren, "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable," there was a reason for that advice, otherwise it had not been given. As there is a cause for every effect, there was a cause for the writing of everything that comes to us from a divine source. There could have been no reason for this advice had it not been possible for the Corinthian brethren—hence other Christians—to be otherwise than steadfast. Indeed,

there would have been no reason for it had there not been a probability, a strong probability, that some had been moved away from their steadfastness in Christ. That some were so moved, even in that early day, is shown by the language of this same apostle when writing to the Galatian brethren: "I marvel that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ unto another gospel: which is not another; but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of Christ. But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." (Gal. 1: 6-8.) So, even in the early days of the gospel age, some had been removed, Paul says, "to another gospel," but, without giving us time to be appalled and confused over the idea of a multiplicity of gospels, he explains immediately, "which is not another; but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of Christ." So, then, some had been preaching a perversion of the gospel—a human substitute for the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ—had troubled the brethren and led some away from the truth. Paul shows what a perilous thing it was for them to follow such leadership, and to accept a substitute for the gospel, by telling what will befall those who preach such a perverted gospel. If the anathema of high heaven rests upon the man, apostle or angel from heaven who dares to presume to assume to preach a substitute for the gospel of Christ and thereby lead Christians away from the truth, it is certainly a fearful thing, too, to be so led away, tending to wreck our souls and lead us to eternal death.

The steadfastness advised by Paul is not in any sense akin to obstinacy, to stubbornness. Children of the living God should always be ready and willing to investigate, willing to barter a shipload of human opinion for one single, solitary truth. They should, however, investigate in the

light of God's word, testing all things by the Book of God, letting "thus saith the Lord" be the end of all controversy with them. From this source of divine truth they receive confirmation, if they are right: correction, if they are wrong. Everything we believe and accept that is wrong tends to lead us away from steadfastness in Christ. Everything we receive that is right tends to confirm us in our steadfastness. So God's people, of all people in all the earth, should be most willing to give up anything of doctrine or opinion whensoever they find it is not in strictest accord with truth. But when, after earnest reading and study of God's word, we are absolutely sure we are standing on the solid rock of divine truth, then we should understand that any movement away from the position we occupy is perilous. A preacher, trying to proselyte a steadfast, consecrated little sister, a few years ago, after hedging about a long while, asked her: "If you ever become dissatisfied with the church to which you belong and leave it, where will you go?" She replied promptly: "To the devil. There would be no other place to go." That was plain language, but there was nothing harsh, nothing unkind, about it. She was too gentle and true and Christlike to be harsh or unkind, but that was the shortest route to the conclusion she wanted to reach, and she took that route.

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast." Under ordinary circumstances, where little is involved, this advice might be considered all-sufficient; but extraordinary circumstances had already arisen and were afterwards to arise, and things of superlative importance were involved and were to be involved forever; hence the apostle saw fit not to rest the case there. It is not enough simply to be steadfast. "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." "Abounding," that is, being abundant in the work of the Lord. If we are told that a certain country abounds in oaks, we understand

that oaks are abundant there. If we learn that certain lakes abound in fish, we know that fish are abundant in those lakes. If we are "always abounding in the work of the Lord," we are abundant in labors of love in the name of the Christ Jesus our Lord, whose name we are graciously permitted to wear. It can do us little good to be steadfast, unmovable, if we stop at that. If we could, and should, be as steadfast and unmovable as the rock-ribbed mountains, but do not work for the cause of Christ, never abounding in works of love in the name of the Lord, we are in steady, downright, persistent rebellion against high heaven every day and every hour; and God cannot consistently give us glory, honor, immortality, a crown and robe and palm, and a place in his eternal home forever, if we live in stubborn rebellion to his will; and what God cannot do consistently he will not do. Our eternal welfare is not certain simply because we have heard the gospel, believed the gospel and obeyed the gospel. Nor is our eternal welfare sure because, in addition to this, we are both steadfast and unmovable—solid, sound, rooted and grounded in the faith. We must always abound in the work of the Lord.

The apostle Paul gave the Corinthian brethren an important reason why they should be as he advised them to be: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." He exhorts them to have a faith of their final reward so strong, so firmly fixed upon the promises of God, that it amounts practically to knowledge—"forasmuch as ye *know* that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." Many of us have realized the vanity of earthly things, have labored and looked for rewards we failed to receive, hence we should rejoice that we can turn from the fleeting things of time and sense to that that i

more reliable, and put our heads and hands and hearts into work that we know is not in vain in the Lord.

If we are abundant in labors for the Lord, the world is blessed by our work. Our field of labor is simply the earth, so far as territory is concerned: the human race, so far as souls are concerned. When we labor for the Lord, success in our work means good for all, evil for none. The man who succeeds in reaching the goal of his ambition in politics climbs over the prostrate forms and broken hearts and crushed hopes of his rivals. So in financial affairs and so in all struggles for earthly success. When, however, we labor in the vineyard of the Lord, we can work hopefully and joyfully, knowing not only that our work will be a temporal and eternal success, but that it means weal for all and woe for none. Success in work for the cause of Christ brings bliss to otherwise sorrowing hearts, brightens homes, and blesses men, women and children every day and every hour.

Now, if this were the case and all the results were confined simply to time, it would be folly to not heed the advice given by Paul in the language under consideration; but time is insignificant in comparison with eternity, and the issues of this work are eternal issues. May the Lord bless us all in realizing these things. May he bless those who are Christians in being faithful until death. May he bless those who have not obeyed the gospel in doing so without delay, by accepting Christ as their Savior, repenting of their sins, confessing their faith in him, and being baptized by his authority into the solemn names of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Having been thus born into the family of God, may the Lord bless them in being steadfast and faithful, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing their labor will not be in vain in the Lord.

CHAPTER XI.

Prayer.

IN an article on Prayer, Mr. Larimore wrote:

"What is prayer? Webster says prayer is 'the offering of adoration, confession, supplication, thanksgiving, etc., to the Supreme Being.' James Montgomery, British publisher and poet, wrote:

'Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.'

"Probably the simplest definition of prayer is 'petition,' and Webster gives that, too. On this theme, however, there is higher authority than Webster, Montgomery, or any other mortal man. While the Bible does not, in a formal way, define the word 'prayer,' or 'pray,' it sheds sufficient light on the subject to show what each of the words means.

"Both the Old and the New Testaments abound in admonitions to pray, of which only a few can be given in the space of this brief article. 'Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.' (Isa. 55: 6.) 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.' (Matt. 7: 7, 8.) 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.' (Matt. 26: 41.) The parables found in

the first half of the eighteenth chapter of Luke teach in an effective way the importance of prayer.

"The epistles, God's love letters to his children, contain many admonitions to pray. '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, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.' (Phil. 4: 6, 7.) 'Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving; withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ, for which I am also in bonds: that I may make it manifest, as I ought to speak.' (Col. 4: 2-4.) 'Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.' (1 Thess. 5: 17, 18.) 'I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.' (1 Tim. 2: 1, 2.)

"Who ought not to pray? Are there human beings who should not pray? Solomon says: 'He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law'—the law of the Lord—'even his prayer shall be abomination.' (Prov. 28: 9.) Of course the man who is in such a condition that the prayer that wells up from his affrighted soul in some sudden emergency is abomination to Jehovah should not pray. The man who declines to hear the law of the Lord, then, should certainly not pray, his prayer being abomination.

"A man born blind, to whom Jesus gave sight, said to the unbelieving Jews who questioned the miracle: 'Now we know that God heareth not sinners: but if any man be a worshiper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth.' (John 9: 31.)

"Can all responsible human beings consistently and

acceptably pray to Jehovah, calling him 'Father?' Jesus said to the scribes and Pharisees: 'Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do.' (John 8: 44.) The children of the devil certainly cannot consistently pray to God, calling him 'Father.'

"Did not Christ, in the Sermon on the Mount, teach the multitude, consisting of both saints and sinners, to pray, and how to pray? Let us see. 'And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth and taught them' —his disciples—the things that constitute what we call the Sermon on the Mount.

"Who ought to pray? 'The Lord is far from the wicked: but he heareth the prayer of the righteous.' (Prov. 15: 29.) 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.' (Matt. 7: 21.) 'Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them. And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any; that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.' (Mark 11: 24-26.) 'If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what you will, and it shall be done unto you.' (John 15: 7.) Paul wrote to Timothy: 'I will therefore that men pray every where, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting.' (1 Tim. 2: 8.) But who can pray 'lifting up holy hands without wrath and doubting?' Certainly not those who refuse to accept the leadership of the Lord, for they turn away their ears from hearing the law of the Lord, and the Bible says the prayer of those who do that is abomination. Under the Christian dispensation only those who obey the gospel and live the Christian life accept the leadership

of the Lord, and all who do that are Christians. So, then, Christians ought to pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting. Christians—and Christians only—now have the right to pray to God as their Father, having been, by obedience to the gospel, born into his spiritual family, the church. He is the Creator and Preserver of all, but the Father of none but his own children, of course. All human beings are creatures of his creation and care. Those who obey the gospel become, by that obedience, his children.

"Cornelius, a Gentile, 'a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, who gave much alms to the people,' of whom we read in the tenth chapter of Acts of Apostles, 'prayed to God always,' and had assurance from on high that his prayers and his alms had received the approval of God. He was not a Christian, but was a God-fearing man, God-serving man, and he became a Christian as soon as he learned how to do so.

"Christians are admonished to 'pray without ceasing.' (1 Thess. 5: 17.) If I understand that, it teaches that Christians should never cease to pray at proper times and places. It may also, and probably does, teach that they should always be in a prayerful frame of mind.

"Jesus Christ is the Christian's 'advocate with the Father.' (1 John 2: 1.) Hence, we should pray and give thanks in his name 'And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him.' (Col. 3: 17.) Notwithstanding this, I attended a national Thanksgiving service once, simply as a silent listener, in which service the name of Christ was never mentioned, and no allusion was made to him. Why? A prominent Jew was on the platform and took part in the exercises, and presumably it was through respect for him that our Saviour was ignored.

"Our prayers should be offered in faith. 'If any of you

MARY ESTHER WHITE.

LARIMORE WHITE.

(His California Grandchildren.)

lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord.' (James 1: 5-7.)

"The Book of books contains abundant assurance that God hears and answers prayer. 'The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth. He will fulfill the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them.' (Ps. 145: 18, 19.) 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name· ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.' (John 16: 23, 24.) 'These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God. And this is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us. And if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him.' (1 John 5: 13-15.)

"Custom has established the habit of calling the *formula* of prayer beginning, 'Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,' which the Lord taught his disciples, 'The Lord's prayer.' That really is nobody's prayer. It is simply a formula of prayer. The Saviour did not pray that prayer, even if it be a prayer. Indeed, he could not have consistently prayed, 'forgive us our sins,' for he was without sin; and what he could not consistently do, he could not do. Probably if it is proper to call any part of the Bible the Lord's prayer, that part is the seventeenth chapter of John; but the most wonderful prayer ever uttered, so far as the records show, was 'Father, forgive them,' uttered by the Saviour on the

cross. That prayer was short, the petition part of it containing only those three words; but what a wonderful prayer it was! A prayer for the forgiveness of the mob then murdering him!

"Was that peerless prayer ever answered? If not, why should! mortals pray? Yes, that wonderful prayer was answered, but not then; for, by divine authority, it was remembered against those people after that time, and Jehovah had declared, referring to that time, place and people: 'I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more.' (Jer. 31: 34.) So, then, as Jehovah did remember that very sin against them after that time—(Acts 2: 36)—it is absolutely certain that he did not forgive them when that wonderful prayer was uttered. On the first day of Pentecost after the resurrection of Christ, about fifty days after the memorable prayer was uttered, those selfsame murderers were arraigned before the bar of justice, charged with this appalling crime. The inspired record says: 'Now when they heard this they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren [brethren in Abraham, not in Christ] what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins.' (Acts 2: 37, 38.) What sins? Certainly sins including the sin then and there under consideration, and Peter had just charged them with the sin of crucifying Christ. 'Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls.' (Verse 41.) 'And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.' (Verse 47.) Who should be saved? Those who had the promise of salvation. Who had that promise? Those who rendered the obedience demanded.

"Now, as Jehovah would not and did not answer the prayer of his own Son for the forgiveness of those people

until they obeyed the gospel, shall we expect him to pardon people for whom *we* pray before they do what Divinity demands that they do to that end? Surely we should know better than that.

"Sordid selfishness should not control the spirit of our prayers, of course. 'They say' a sturdy and somewhat selfish Scotchman daily prayed: 'O Lord, bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more.' But 'they' say many things that are not so, and probably that is one of them. The spirit of our prayers, however, should be as broad as the needs of the human race, if not, indeed, much broader.

"Moreover, we must work as well as pray, and work in harmony with the will of Him whom we wish to hear and answer our prayers. Two little girls on their way to school one morning heard a bell that warned them they were about to be late. One of them said: 'Let's kneel down right here and pray God not to let us be late.' 'Oh no,' said the other; 'let's hike on to school, and pray while we hike.' She had the correct idea: that we must do all we can to bring about the answer to our prayer: we must do our part, and ask God to help us in doing it. Expressing the same truth, Doctor Cunnyngham, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, said in a sermon: 'The best place to put in a prayer for a good crop is at the end of a hoe handle.'

"A good brother was sick, and his family was in want. At prayer meeting it was agreed that some of the brethren should go to the sick brother's home, the next day, to pray with and for him. As Brother Jones was not present at prayer meeting and they desired him to go with them, they decided to go by his house and ask him to go. But Brother Jones said: 'It is not good for our sick brother for too many of us to go there to pray for him. We might make him think his condition is more serious than it is. I'll stay at home and

send my prayer.' Whereupon he sent a liberal share of meat and meal and flour and potatoes—things he knew the sick man's family needed.

"Years ago a brother who always prayed for temperance, when he prayed in public, worked and voted with the whisky party in politics. His home was called—correctly called—'the preachers' home' in that community. A great and good preacher preaching there proclaimed the opinion from the pulpit that a man should vote for what he prayed for, if he voted at all. Forthwith that home ceased to be 'the preachers' home.' I know, for I have seen the outside of that home when the inside was not accessible to me, notwithstanding I was not the great and good man who caused that home to be closed against preachers by affirming that a man should not vote against that for which he prayed and preached.

"Aside from providential protection and provision, what good do we derive from prayer? It naturally tends to make and keep us humble, for it is always an acknowledgement of a dependence upon One who is higher and holier than we. Moreover, it makes us feel that we are near and dear to One who loves us, and who has the will and the power to protect us and otherwise bless us.

"I have never said, never thought, our petitions are not prayers unless we offer them 'upon the bended knees of our fast-decaying bodies.' Sometimes some of those who do think and say so find themselves entangled in inconsistencies. I have been credibly informed by conscientious Christians that a brilliant young brother preached an hour and a half, not many months ago, at an out-of-doors meeting in old Kentucky, to prove the proposition that standing in prayer is altogether unauthorized in the word of God; and then, a few moments later, stood flat-footed and prayed over the loaf, then over the cup, and then, in that selfsame position, prayed a little prayer to dismiss the audience. That was

not I; for I'm neither young nor brilliant, and I never pray over the loaf or the cup—*never*. I simply give thanks, having divine authority for that and having no authority for the other.

"I am sure the most devout, humble position we can assume is neither too devout nor too humble when poor, weak mortals address the Lord of all the earth; but in this, as in all other things pertaining to our worship of Jéhovah, I think the Bible abundantly shows that the condition of the heart is the important matter. The posture in prayer is only incidentally mentioned, but the Book of books abounds in references to the heart and the soul in connection with prayer, it being referred to as 'lifting up the soul,' 'lifting up the heart,' 'pouring out the soul,' 'pouring out the heart,' 'drawing near to God,' 'seeking unto God;' and we are told it should be offered 'in faith,' 'in full assurance of faith,' 'in a forgiving spirit,' 'with the heart,' 'with the whole heart,' 'with preparation of heart,' 'with a true heart,' 'with the soul,' 'with the spirit and understanding,' 'with confidence in God,' 'with unfeigned lips,' 'with holiness,' 'with humility,' 'with truth.'"

Am I to thank God for everything? Am I to thank him for bereavement, for pain, for poverty, for toil? Be still, my soul; thou hast misread the message. It is not to give thanks *for* everything, but to give thanks *in* everything.

—Matheson.

CHAPTER XII.

Grace.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." (Eph. 2: 8-10.)

"Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling: for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." (Phil. 2: 12, 13.)

THERE are apparent—not real, only apparent—contradictions in the Book of God, just as there are apparent contradictions in the book of Nature, which is also the book of God—apparent contradictions in the Bible, the Book of God, as there are in Nature, another Book of God.

There are not, however, as glaring apparent inconsistencies, discrepancies, contradictions, in God's Book that we call the Bible as in God's Book we call Nature. There is no such glaring seeming contradiction in the Bible as we see in nature when winter, having relaxed its icy grasp upon our land, when the buds are swelling, the flowers bursting forth in beauty, the leaves fluttering in the breezes of spring, turns back, like a wounded bear growling harshly, and breathes the breath of death upon all nature, so that the buds and flowers, the prospective fruit and the little tender twigs and branches are covered with frost, and it seems that vegetation is dead.

But man does not deny the existence of God and refuse to

accommodate himself to the circumstances confronting him, decline to plant or cultivate or look for a crop, because of this apparent contradiction or inconsistency in nature. But if a man is disposed to reject God, reject Christ, the Holy Spirit, the apostles, prophets and inspired evangelists—in other words, reject the Bible, wishing to live the life condemned by the Bible—it is an easy matter for him to find something in the Book of God that he can construe into a contradiction and furnish a pretext for refusing to be a child of the living God, a pretext for refusing to become a Christian and live the Christian life.

We have one of these apparent contradictions suggested in the two passages of scripture quoted at the beginning of this lesson—an apparent contradiction between the doctrine of justification or salvation by works, and justification or salvation by grace. The apostle Paul, writing to the Ephesian Christians, wrote: "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them;" and the very same writer, writing to the same class of people—Christians—guided by the same Spirit—the Spirit of the living God—on the same subject—the subject of salvation—wrote to the Philippian brethren: "Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling: for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

There is, however, no contradiction here. The apostle Paul was evidently considering the subject from two distinct points of view. When writing to the Ephesian brethren, he was considering it from the divine point of view, considering the procuring of salvation by the grace of God, through the

blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. This precludes the barest possibility of the works of man in any sense, hence precludes the possibility of man's boasting of having in that sense procured his own salvation. But, when writing to the Philippian brethren, he had under consideration the accepting of salvation in God's appointed way, involving the absolute necessity of obedience on the part of man.

The human race was in a lost and ruined condition. Generations were being born and buried in the dim twilight of the Old Testament revelation, before the brighter light of the New Testament had been given, before the world had seen the light of the two harmoniously blended by divine grace. A sacrifice was needed—was just and merited, to meet the demands of outraged law, but man could not furnish that sacrifice. A man might have been offered for his brother man, but that sacrifice would not suffice, being human, not divine. All the men of one generation, one man excepted, might have been offered for the salvation of that one, but the sacrifice had not been sufficient, being a human sacrifice only. If all the angels in space had been immolated upon some broad altar in the highest heights of creation, and the worlds had been drenched in gore and left to drip with the blood of the angelic sacrifice, that had not been sufficient, since it had been an angelic, and not a divine, sacrifice.

In the fullness of time, Jesus, the Eternal Word, divine as God himself, who had dwelt with Jehovah from all eternity, seeing our hapless, hopeless, helpless condition, flew to our relief. He came to this world, became the Babe of Bethlehem, the Man of sorrows, and suffered and died upon Calvary's cruel cross, to bring salvation to the sons and daughters of men. It was from this point of view the apostle Paul was considering salvation when he wrote: "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast. For

we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."

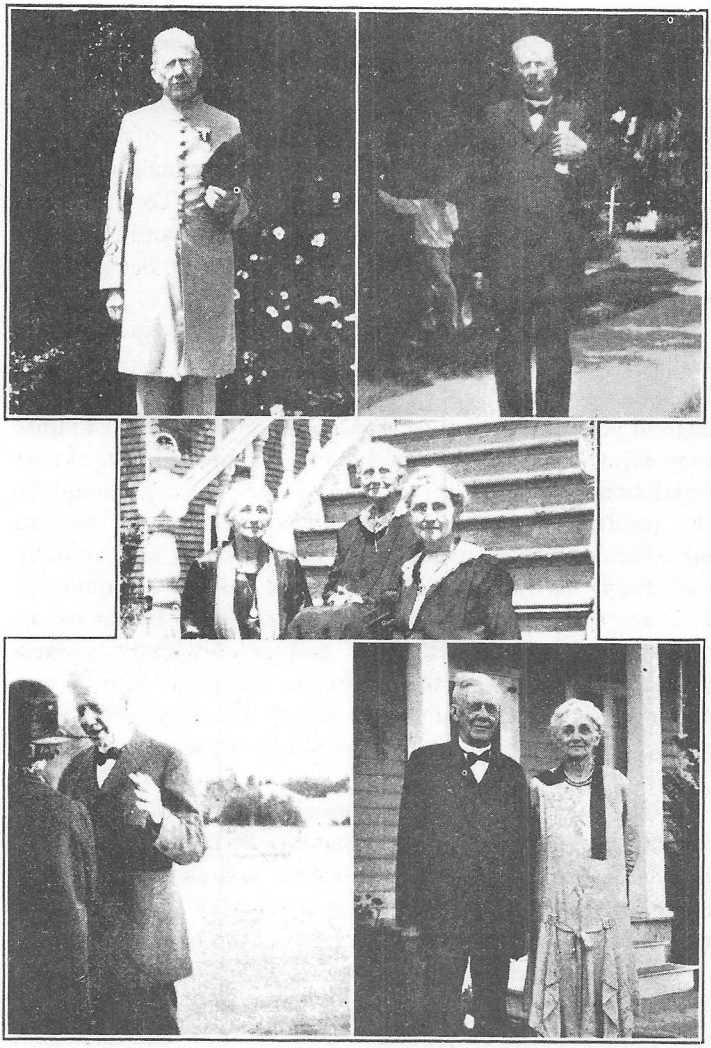
But notwithstanding this system of salvation had been procured by grace and offered to a lost and ruined world without money and without price, man must accept it, showing his appreciation of it by his appropriation of it, to enjoy the blessings purchased by the blood of Christ through divine grace; and it was to this Paul had reference when he wrote: "Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling: for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

Now, if man could have devised a plan of salvation, and after studying it, had devised a complete and perfect system to save men, then the salvation of men saved by and through that system had not been by divine grace, but, if by grace at all, by human grace; and if any man, following that system and living according to it, had been saved, he had been saved, not by grace divine, but by human grace. Just so, if we accept any human system of religion invented by man, as a substitute for the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, and are saved, we are saved, not by divine grace, but, if by grace at all, by human grace. In that case we are saved by works, by human works, from beginning to end, leaving God, Christ and the Holy Spirit entirely out of it. So, if we would be certain to be saved, saved in God's appointed way, saved by grace divine, let us accept God's teaching: hear, believe and obey the gospel, and, having been thus born into God's family, God's church, the church we read about in the Bible, live in harmony with divine directions given to God's children in the New Testament, and when we enter into that

rest that remains to the people of God we can give God the glory and attribute our salvation to grace divine.

One of the marvelous things in this age of marvelous things is that any responsible soul has to be told that twice. If we are something in religion that the Bible says not one solitary thing about, how is it possible for it to ever be possible for us to know we are what God wants us to be? Do we know anything about God's will save what we learn from his Book? If we are Campbellites or Mormons or members of any other church not clearly revealed in God's truth, not named and commended by the Lord Jesus, how is it possible for it to ever be possible for us to know we are what, where and as God would have us be? As human works do not save, if we would have divine assurance of salvation, we must hear the gospel, believe the gospel, obey the gospel, and, being thus born into God's church, the church we read about in the Bible, the name, the nature, the nativity, the doctrine, the discipline and the destiny of which are all clearly revealed in the love-light of God's eternal truth, stay there, be Christians, only this and nothing more, till heaven calls us home. We should never go off under the leadership of uninspired men, and be something the Bible says nothing about. If we have intelligence enough to be responsible in the sight of God, we have intelligence enough to understand and never forget that, as long as we live. If we turn our backs on the Bible after learning this, and throw our influence to some earthly institution that opposes the church of Christ, and then expect God to save us, it will not be, to say the least of it, because of any promise found in God's book to that effect, for God has not promised salvation to us unless we obey the gospel and serve him. He does not promise salvation to man through works of men, but by grace divine.

In all ages, when God purposed to bless man, he required man to do something to obtain that blessing. It has always



IN CHAPLAIN'S SUIT OF GREY, 1922. ON HIS 85TH BIRTHDAY.

Three Sisters.

MRS. LARIMORE, MRS. HAMILTON, MRS. SEWELL.

SNAPPED UNAWARES, 1928. IN BURBANK, 1928.

(Snapshots.)

been thus. Always, in all his dealings with man, God has demanded obedience from man. Man must do what God says he must do to enjoy the blessing conditioned upon the doing of that thing, whatsoever it may be. To show that this is a universal law, that it has applied to man in all ages, under all dispensations, it is necessary to go back to the beginning.

God planted a garden eastward in Eden and placed Adam and Eve there to enjoy it. He placed over them a restriction. He forbade them to eat of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil that grew in the midst of the paradise they enjoyed. He told them the result of disobedience of that restriction—that dying they should die. Death should be the result, because to break that commandment was to introduce spiritual anarchy into the universe, and anarchy has always been a curse wheresoever it has had an influence. It is necessary to obey law to be a blessing to self or to our human associates. Hence the man who wilfully violates law, or despises law, is to that extent a curse to himself and a curse to the community in which he lives, setting an example which, should it become universal, would wreck the peace of the world.

As long as Adam and Eve were obedient to God's requirements, they were, so far as we have right to believe, happy; but Satan influenced them to disobey, and an influence that leads men to disobey, whether it be the law of the land or the law of God, is the influence of Satan and is always against God and the human race. But Satan influenced Adam and Eve to disobey, and they fell, were banished from Eden, and, under the pressure of the edict "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return," were wanderers on the earth till at last the earth furnished their bodies a resting place and their spirits went into the boundless beyond.

Sixteen hundred years after the drama of creation, the

deluge enveloped the earth in an ocean without a shore, but one family was saved—Noah and his family. God tells us that "Noah was a just man and perfect in his generation, and Noah walked with God." But God made certain requirements of Noah and his family. He required Noah to build an ark, giving him the plans and specifications for it. Noah had to do that, or he and his family would have been swept from the face of the earth as others were. They rendered the obedience required, the general destruction came, but, borne upon the bosom of the waters to the place where the ark finally rested, they were saved by obedience, but saved also by divine grace. It was divine grace and power, exercised through works, that preserved the ark and saved them from destruction.

Coming down this side of the flood we find Abraham a conspicuous character, the "Father of the faithful and the friend of God." God required obedience of him. It matters not how sublime his faith was, it was not accepted so as to justify him until it was made a living faith by obedience. Hence James says: "Was not Abraham our father justified by works, when he had offered Isaac his son upon the altar? Seest thou how faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect? And the scripture was fulfilled which saith, Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness: and he was called the Friend of God." (James 2: 21-23.) The sublime faith of Abraham was not imputed unto him for righteousness until he made it a living faith by offering up his son of promise on the altar, being willing to burn him to ashes because he believed God demanded it. The apostle Paul, writing of this, says: "By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should afterward receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country,

dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise: for he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." (Heb. 11: 8-10.) And in the same chapter he says: "By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac: and he that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son, of whom it was said, That in Isaac shall thy seed be called: accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure." (Heb. 11: 17-19.) So, then, notwithstanding Abraham was the sublimest of the sublime, he was required to obey God just as other mortals are, God never, so far as the divine record shows, accepting his faith and imputing it to him for righteousness until he had demonstrated his faith by obedience.

Solomon, the wise man, says; "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." (Eccl. 12: 13, 14.) This is the conclusion of the whole matter drawn by the wisest man that ever breathed the breath of life. He wrote it at the end of a long, eventful life, when he was ready to drop his pen, to grasp it never more. Looking back over his life, thinking what he had seen and heard and known, and then, by the eye of faith, looking into the depths of the future, into which no mortal can look save by faith, he gave, in that last message, the substance of his wisdom and experience: "Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man; for God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."

But a wiser than Solomon, because more than man, the Man divine, the Immaculate Son of the living God, who became manifest in the flesh, said: "Not every one that saith

unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. 7: 21.) "Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life"—save his life by being untrue to the truth—"shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake, shall find it. For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works." (Matt. 16: 24-27.) This advice of our Saviour begins with something to be done by man and ends with his being rewarded according to his works.

Just before his ascension Christ said to his disciples: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark 16: 15, 16.) This emanated from the lips of the Saviour just before his ascension, glorification, coronation. This is the commission under which all gospel preachers have preached from the establishment of the church down to the present time, and under which they are to preach till time shall cease to be, and this commission demands that man do something to secure salvation.

"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" (Luke 6: 46.) This applies to us to-day, just as it applied to those to whom the Saviour addressed it nearly two thousand years ago, if we are in the same condition they were then. It applies to any of us who claim Christ to be the Christ, who pray in his name as Lord and still refuse to do anything he requires us to do: and in the twelfth chapter and forty-seventh verse of the same book he says: "That servant, which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself,

neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes." This is contrasted in the next verse with one who in ignorance failed to do what his master required, and the Saviour said he should be beaten with only a few stripes.

"Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." (John 5: 28, 29.) That includes all of us who are responsible. All the teeming millions of human beings for all time "shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

"Now we know that God heareth not sinners: but if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth." (John 9: 31.) "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." (John 13: 17.) "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." (John 14: 21.) "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." (John 15: 14.)

We, if we are rational, responsible beings, desire life eternal, and if we are trying to serve the living God, we hope to attain to life eternal. Well, the Saviour says, talking to the Father, "This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." (John 17: 3.) How can we know that we know Him? "Hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments. He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him. But whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected: hereby know we that we are in him." (1 John 2: 3-5.) There is absolutely nothing clearer than that.

"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: But in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him." (Acts 10: 34, 35.)

"Who will render to every man according to his deeds; to them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life: but unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile; but glory, honor, and peace, to every man that worketh good, to the Jew first and also to the Gentile. For there is no respect of persons with God." (Rom. 2: 6-11.)

"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." (2 Cor. 5: 10.)

"And to you who are troubled rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power." (2 Thess. 1: 7-9.)

"Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered; and being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him." (Heb. 5: 8, 9.)

"But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty,

and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed. If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." (James 1: 22-27.) But we must become unspotted from the world before we can keep ourselves unspotted from the world. If you have a handkerchief that is soiled, you can never keep it clean till it has been cleansed. So, to keep ourselves unspotted from the world, we must first become unspotted from the world, and this implies obedience to the gospel.

"Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethern, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently: being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." (1 Peter 1: 22, 23.)

"Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." (James 4: 17.) We must not only do what God requires alien sinners to do to become Christians, but we must then do what God requires Christians to do to enter into the eternal city of our God. Hence Peter says: "And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins. Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and

election sure: for if ye do these things ye shall never fall: for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." (2 Peter 1: 5-11.)

In the last chapter of the last book in the Bible, the Saviour says: "Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." (Rev. 22: 12-14.) This is the last chapter in the Bible and there are only twenty-one verses in it. Hence the Bible almost closes with this assurance of the necessity of man's doing something to gain the blessings of God, as it almost begins with this assurance and as it speaks from beginning to end.

So, then, we should not condemn our souls by vainly imagining that God will save us by grace, our faith being a dead faith, not having been made alive by works. We must hear the gospel, believe the gospel, obey the gospel and live the Christian life. The Bible teaches, as clearly as it teaches there is a God, that if we hear the gospel, believe the gospel, honestly and sincerely repent of our sins, confess with the mouth that we do believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, be buried with him by baptism into death, and, having been raised up to walk in newness of life, then walk in newness of life: take the cross of Christ and bear it, take the name of Christ and wear it, walk in wisdom's ways, the blood of Christ shall cleanse us from all sin, the Holy Spirit will abide with us, Christ will love us and lead us, God will go with us through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and there, upon the golden happy shore, crown us with glory and honor and immortality, and fill and thrill our souls with bliss unspeakable, while the eternal ages come and go.

CHAPTER XIII.

Good Suggestions.

WHILE always deeply interested in anything and everything that affected the success of a series of meetings in which he was engaged, Mr. Larimore paid especial attention to every detail of his part of the work, leaving those in charge of the congregation at that particular place to look after all other details of it. But if he observed customs or practices that he thought tended to hinder or detract from the effectiveness of the work in which he was engaged, he did not hesitate to speak—kindly, modestly, but earnestly and convincingly—against such custom or customs. He felt the responsibility resting upon him as a watchman upon the walls of Zion, to sound an alarm at the approach of danger. On that subject, he wrote:

"Having been a soldier of the cross, on the firing line or on guard, or both, sixty-one of my eighty-two years on earth, it is certainly not unpardonable presumption for me to presume to sound the alarm or utter a word of warning when I see signs of danger ahead. I think that is at least somewhat similar to the spirit or sensation that prompted the apostle Paul to write: 'But I fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtlety, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ.' Indeed, my own soul's salvation may depend upon my discharging this duty. 'Again the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, speak to the children of thy people, and say unto them, When I bring the sword upon a land, if

the people of the land take a man of their coasts, and set him for their watchman: if, when he seeth the sword come upon the land, be blow the trumpet, and warn the people; then whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet, and taketh not warning; if the sword come and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head. He heard the sound of the trumpet, and took not warning; his blood shall be upon him. But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul. But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand.' (Ezek. 33: 1-6.) I must not fail to 'sound the trumpet,' if I think I see signs of danger.

"I have fought in a simple and, I trust, scriptural way for simplicity in our sacred service a long, long time, and hope to continue the fight a little while longer—certainly will, if I live. I have tried and shall try to discourage and eliminate all superfluities that detract from our services by even the semblance of a departure from 'the simplicity that is in Christ.' I have made and am making this long hard fight, not that I think I am wiser or greater or better than others, but because I respect the sacred warning of our being 'corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ.'

"However, as the Bible, our guide through grace to glory and to God, simply calls our attention to 'the simplicity that is in Christ,' prescribing no specific form of what some of us call our 'Sunday service,' it would be wrong for us to contend for a specific form of that service. But in view of that sacred admonition, we should certainly exercise the strictest care that we lay aside all superfluities, and make that service as simple, as solemn, as devotional, as it is possible for it to be."

Relative to the song service, he wrote:

"Far be it from me to criticize adversely any custom among my brethren, unless duty clearly demands it. But through three-fourths of my more than eighty years, I have been a soldier of the cross, with my face to the foe, having obeyed the gospel about noon of my twenty-first birthday, and Brother B. C. Campbell and others having put me to work almost immediately after I was born into the family of God. It may not be unreasonable, therefore, certainly not unpardonable, for me to submit a few suggestions.

"A faithful, sturdy old Scotchman who took care of a church house and churchyard said—or at least is reputed to have said: 'I have heard every sermon that has been preached in this house in the last forty years, and, thank God, I'm a Christian yet!' Likewise, regardless of the sermons we preach and hear and the mistakes we make and observe, we should never allow our faith to fail, falter or waver—never.

"Now, then, while I am neither a musician nor the son of a musician, I wish to say a few words about the sacred song service. I have sometimes been sorry to note the efforts of song leaders to be funny, to say amusing things in connection with the song service. A man capable of leading that sacred service should be too much impressed with the importance of his work to make attempts to be funny when conducting the song service in worship to God. It is perilous for any man to try to be humorous before an audience unless there is a vein of humor in his nature, and, anyhow, religious service is not supposed to be funny.

"Many have said much, and much has been said recently, about the relative importance of certain items of Christian service, especially of the Sunday-morning service, but I am still sure every scriptural part of our work and worship is of sufficient importance to merit care and respectful reverence, and, hence to demand that it be performed without hurry or worry or abbreviation to save time. Better omit a song or a

prayer than hurry through to save time. Why sing 'the first, third and fifth stanzas' of a song instead of the song, and thus fail to get either the sense, sentiment or spirit of the song? Presumably the saintly soul who wrote the song believed all the lines necessary to develop the sense, sentiment and spirit intended to be developed by it. Why garble it? Better sing the whole of two songs than sing a part of three or four. If not, why not?

"Solomon says: 'To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven.' There is, therefore, a time to announce 'the next song;' and one of the few things I do know is that that time is *never* immediately before an audience is expected to engage in prayer—*never*. Let us see how that works. Just before the prayer the song leader announces: 'The next song will be No. 17.' The brother who is to lead the prayer begins: 'Our Father who art in heaven.' What are the others doing? Many of them are hunting the song announced, so as to be ready to begin singing when the prayer ends. They may be on their knees, but their thoughts are on the number of the song announced. The brother who is leading in prayer is trying to pray properly; but the others are turning the leaves of songbooks, trying to find the song announced, and, having found it, they must keep the place in some way, so as to readily locate the song as soon as the prayer ends. The result is almost a prayerless prayer.

"It is really not desirable that the song immediately following prayer should begin the moment the prayer ends, for the reason that there are always some stir and consequent confusion immediately after a prayer, incident to the change of posture and the reseating of those who have knelt to pray. Unless time is given for this confusion to subside, the song begins unsatisfactorily, only a few being prepared to begin with the leader. Late churchgoers often reach the door

while the prayer is in progress and enter when it is ended. Unless the song is then announced and time allowed for these late comers to find it, some of the people are singing while many others are consulting the index or hurriedly turning the leaves of songbooks. Announcing the number of the song, clearly and distinctly, *twice*—and it should always be announced twice—gives time for all stir and confusion to subside and all be ready to begin the song with the leader.

"Brethren, these things ought not so to be. Why not announce, clearly and distinctly, each item of the service as it is reached? That is, announce the number of the song to be sung—announce it, *clearly and distinctly*, *twice*, as some may not understand it the first time; then the number of the next song when its time comes, and so on. When the time for the prayer arrives, announce it, having previously privately notified the brother who is to lead it. After the prayer is ended, announce the song to be sung next, thus giving the audience time to be seated or reseated and to find the song, that all may begin singing together.

"The only exception to this rule is the announcement of the invitation song before the sermon, and the reason for that is obvious. The invitation song should begin immediately after the close of the sermon, and its announcement before the sermon does not create confusion, because the people are all seated and can arrange to readily find the song when the time to sing it comes, as all are supposed to be in their places by that time—*are* in their places, if they are at all interested in Christ and his cause.

"It somehow seems to me I have already written something on this subject before; but, be that as it may, possibly I may be able to write twice on the same subject, as I often preach twice on the same subject the same Sunday. But even though I may write what I have already written and you have read, my doing so will be no sin, I am sure. For

Paul says: 'To write the same things to you, to me indeed is not grevious, but for you it is safe.' (Phil. 3: 1.) And Isaiah says: 'But the word of the Lord was unto them precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little.' (Isaiah 28: 13.) So, then I have good backing when I write the same thing to the same people twice, or even thrice.

"My friend and brother and erstwhile Mars' Hill pupil, F. B. Srygley, was gravely informed by a somewhat sanctimonious brother, just after preaching, that he—Brother Srygley—had preached that selfsame sermon there a short time before. But Filo, neither abashed nor dismayed by what the brother had said, replied: 'Well, what if I did? Didn't you brethren sing the same songs you had sung be-before?' I can truthfully testify that Filo Srygley is not the only preacher that has preached the same sermon to the same people more than once."

On the subject of preserving peace among Christians—a subject always near and dear to his heart—he wrote:

"Personally I am, by both nature and practice, averse to discord, division, and strife, and in favor of union, unity and peace. More than fifty years ago, when, for the very best of reasons, I declined to even try to deliver more than one discourse to one and the same audience, 'Christian Union' was my subject and the Lord's prayer—the seventeenth chapter of John—was my text; and I am still working for the fulfillment of that sacred prayer—for unity, peace and harmony.

"When, half a century ago, I stepped into the pulpit at Burnett's Chapel, Tennessee, one beautiful summer Sunday morning, and opened the ponderous old Bible on the stand, to read my text, I was shocked when I saw that the leaf containing the seventeenth chapter of John was missing. Confused and embarrassed, I unintentionally, accidentally

or providentially opened the big book at the beginning, and found the lost leaf there. Gladdened and encouraged by the unexpected discovery, I proceeded to read the chapter I had so often read and to preach my sermon. At the close of the discourse C. G. Peyton, the first one I ever baptized, made the good confession.

"I have not preached on that chapter, or even read it publicly, in a long, long time; but it is just as sweet and sacred as it ever was, and I love it none the less. I believe no man, woman or child who knows me will say my teaching tends, or ever has tended, to either produce or perpetuate discord, dissension, division or strife.

"I have been trying to preach fully fifty-two years—much of the time three times every day; most of the time twice every day and three times each Sunday. During all that time I have tried to preach the word and let minor matters alone. I have never encouraged the wrangling and strife that have cursed the cause of Christ, dividing churches and alienating friends. I have always earnestly contended for union, unity, peace and harmony in Christ Jesus, our Lord. I do not consider myself wiser or better, to any extent or in any sense, than 'mine equals' who do otherwise; but I never call Christians or others 'antis,' 'digressives,' 'mossbacks,' or 'trash.' I concede to all and accord to all the same sincerity and courtesy I claim for myself, as the Golden Rule demands.

"I exhort all to whom the exhortation applies to simply take God at his word—that is, believe what he says, do what he commands, become and be what he requires, live as he directs, and trust him for what he promises; in other words, to accept God as their Father; Christ as their Saviour; the Holy Spirit, as their Comforter; the Bible, as their creed, discipline, confession of faith, waybill to heaven, guide through grace to glory, the lamp to their feet and the light to their pathway; the church we read about in the Bible,

LARIMORE McLESKEY. NATHANIEL LARIMORE BLACKWELL.
RAY LARIMORE BAILEY and ROY HARDEMAN BAILEY.
ERNEST LARIMORE BRIDGES. WILLIAM LARIMORE HENLEY.
(Little Larimores.)

with God's approval, commendation, and recommendation, as their spiritual abiding place; Christians as their religious associates and coworkers in the Lord; Christianity as their life work; and heaven as their eternal home."

On another occasion, he wrote the following suggestions for securing peace in a congregation where trouble existed:

"Recently I received a letter from an elder of a congregation in which trouble existed, asking my advise relative to certain phases of the trouble, and how to promote harmony in the one body and secure the interest and co-operation of the church in the work contemplated. It has occurred to me that my reply to that letter may be helpful to many other congregations facing similar situations. Hence, I herewith give in substance my reply to it.

"Please permit me to suggest that you carefully and prayerfully consider Galatians 6: 1, 2: 'Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.' Be absolutely sure that all your proceedings are prompted simply and solely by an earnest desire to do good, and only good, and are conducted in the spirit of sacred love. With these assurances, 'be sure you're right, then go ahead.'

"Great good might result from your having a come-together meeting, with an earnest desire and endeavor to make it a get-together meeting, something somewhat similar to an old-fashioned Methodist love-feast. The Bible is authority for Christians' having 'feasts of charity.' (Jude 12 A.V), 'love feasts' (Jude 12, R.V.) Allow no wrangling or disputing, but permit each one—only one at a time, however—to state briefly, but clearly the mistakes he himself has made and the wrong he has done or said in any way concerning the situation or the trouble tending to produce the situation,

but permit no one to mention any mistake, fault or wrong of any one except himself, not even by intimation.

"Of course it will be essential to have the meeting, by unanimous consent, presided over by a clean, Christian gentleman, well-informed and of good judgment, as well as of good report, and perfectly impartial.

"First of all, however, 'seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently.' (1 Peter 1: 22.) Being sure of this, then 'let all things be done decently and in order.' (1 Cor. 14: 40.) 'Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.' (Eph. 6: 18.)

"Strange as it may seem, I have not heard from the elder who sought my advice since I submitted those suggestions to him for consideration; hence, I presume the course suggested proved to be satisfactory and successful."

In response to a request for a special article, Mr. Larimore wrote:

"I am requested to write something on 'The Old Paths,' and accompanying the request was a suggestion that I go back to 'ye olden times' and also make the writing concise and brief.

"This reminds me of the thesis of a wise young medical student. One of the professors had assigned to the class of which he was a member 'Microbes' as the subject of a thesis from each member of the class, offering a prize for the best paper on the subject, and advising his students to go back as far as possible in their research and be as brief as possible. This wise young student was the last to read his thesis in the presence of the class; and the class—probably the professor also—having listened to various and varied thoughts on the subject assigned, looked with anxious interest at the

big roll of paper in his hand as he rose to read the result of his research relative to 'Microbes.' He slowly unrolled the paper, looked at it thoughtfully, and then read: 'Adam had 'em.' That was all. Just simply 'Adam had 'em.' It is needless to say he won the prize, for Adam had 'em.

"Though requested to go back as far as possible and be as brief as possible, I cannot go back that far or be that brief. I can do as the countryman and his oxen did, however. This countryman, driving his yoke of oxen, saw, when he reached the city limit, the following notice conspicuously displayed: 'Speed Limit Twelve Miles an Hour.' He read it very carefully and thoughtfully, and then said to his patient oxen: 'Well, boys, I don't believe we can make it, but we'll do the best we can.' Then he popped his whip and they went through the town in a trot.

"So, I may not go as far back as some, and may not be as brief as others, but I'll do the best I can.

"Some of the old paths are somewhat dim, a natural result of disuse, and some of the new paths are unquestionably questionable; but, as more than half a century has come and gone, I have persistently and hopefully exhorted saints and sinners to just simply take God at his word—that is, believe what he says, do what he commands, become and be what he requires, live as he directs, and trust him for what he promises. Believe what he says, because he says it; do what he commands because he commands; become and be what he requires, because he requires it, live as he directs because he directs, and trust him for what he promises, because mortal man hath never trusted the Lord Almighty in vain. This advice embraces, commands and recommends all the scripturally authorized old paths, if I understand the subject, while condemning and excluding all the questionable paths, both old and new.

"Many years ago I wrote our immovable brother and

peerless logician, M. C. Kurfees, a letter which he converted into a tract, giving me due credit for it. I have no copy of the tract, but I remember the sentiment and substance of it well, for they have been prominent factors in my work all these fifty busy years. The sum and substance, sense and sentiment of it all, as submitted to my audiences everywhere, is as follows: 'If you cannot conscientiously and consistently co-operate with me in my work and sincerely wish me to succeed, it must be because of one of two things—you think I either teach something I should not teach or do not teach something I should teach. If the former, tell me what it is, and I will either cease to teach it or make it perfectly plain to you that according to the New Testament it is my duty to teach it. If the latter, tell me what it is and prove to me by the New Testament that divinity even permits me to teach it, and I'll teach it all the remnant of my days.'

"Can a man who simply preaches the word wheresoever he goes and wheresoever he preaches, and always stands behind that proposition, be justly accused, or even suspected, of being responsible for discord, dissension, division or strife among the children of God? If all of us would reduce that proposition to practice, would we not, necessarily, become and be one, thus fulfilling the Lord's prayer? If some of us refuse to do this, thus preventing the fulfillment of that sacred prayer, who of us are guilty? It is a fearful thing to bear such a burden of guilt as that. Of the seven things Solomon declares to be an abomination unto God, the crown of the climax is 'he that soweth discord among brethren.' (Prov. 6: 19.)

"My head, my hand, my heart are pledged for the promotion of peace, scriptural peace, honorable peace, universal peace, among all the children of God, the Bible being the basis; hence for the final and perfect fulfillment of the Lord's

prayer for oneness as found in the seventeenth chapter of John, 'let us have peace.'

"David says 'thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.' (Ps. 119: 105.) And 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.' (1 John 1: 7.) Let us therefore walk according to his word. Then, cleansed from all sin, we shall ever be walking in the old paths."

Relative to marriage ceremonies, he wrote:

"If my memory is accurate and complete on that subject, the word 'Obey' has never been in my marriage ceremony, and I have been marrying people a long, long time. 'Curt' Hooks and Jennie Wade were my first couple. As I now remember the event, Curt made the confession at the water, I pushed a block of ice out of the way and baptized him. We then walked down the creek to the Wade home, made necessary—*very* necessary—change of clothing, and I married him and Jennie, than whom there was no brighter girl-graduate, honor student, in her class, in all that goodly land. I almost know the word 'obey' was not in the ceremony that made them one—that made them husband and wife.

"There is probably no higher human authority for marrying people than that which backs me; for, many long years ago, I was licensed by the government of the United States of America to perform that important service—to 'solemnize the rites of matrimony'—and to do many other things that I could not then legally do without license backed by that high authority. Having been a Rebel in the sanguinary sixties, before I obeyed the gospel, an agent of the United States government, after I obeyed the gospel, licensed me, in the name and by the authority of the government, to do various things the law would not otherwise allow me to do in those dark days of 'reconstruction,' after the war. So,

my license is as good as the best. I believe I have known marriages (?) to be performed by men who had absolutely no license or authority whatsoever to perform such service.

"But to go back to the matrimonial 'obey,' a bride called me aside once and requested me to omit the word 'obey.' I assured her that her wish should be respected. Then she wiped the tears from her face, we returned to the appointed place, and the marriage was 'solemnized;' but it was really solemn enough without my 'solemnizing' it.

"Once a beautful bride-elect, with abundant auburn tresses, said to me at a rehearsal; 'Do you make the husbands promise to obey?' I replied: 'Not if the wife is red-headed,' and that seemed to satisfy her. I left the rest to her; 'and they lived together happily ever after,' so far as I know.

"On a marriage occasion in a hotel in Louisville, Kentucky, some one said to me: 'I notice you omitted the word "obey," and that seems right to me; but it's in the Prayer Book.' The peerless, important points are love, loyalty, purity, fidelity, on the part of the bridegroom, as well as of 'the party of the first part,' and these should last a lifetime. The Bible settles all these questions, however, and we should be satisfied with what it says. The Bible commands wives to obey their husbands (Eph. 5: 22), and that settles that; hence there is no reason why I should exact, or demand, a promise of a prospective wife to obey her husband.

"The Prayer Book also pronounces the 'high contracting parties' 'man and wife.' I have certainly never done that. I think I should pronounce them 'man and woman' or 'husband and wife,' and I prefer the latter. The wife is as manifestly entitled to a husband as the husband is to a wife. 'Man and wife' is 'too much out of proportion,' as Brother Christopher Russell used to say. 'Husband and wife' is all right—I mean, of course, it is all right to call them husband and wife.

"Speaking of matrimonial matters: I was somewhat mixed up with a rather peculiar situation along that line once, in which a young man got drunk Friday, was baptized the next day, Saturday, and stole a fortune and got married twice the next day, Sunday. 'Now what do you think of that?' as they say out here in California. Well, it was this way: Some young men managed to make a moral young man who, they imagined, held himself above them socially, drunk one Friday. He was so mortified and felt so humiliated that he resolved to settle the question forever, and settle it right; hence, he made the good confession and was baptized Saturday. The next day, Sunday, he stole the girl who had won his heart, she being a real fortune, and they were immediately married in a house that was near the county line. Learning, a few moments after they were married, that they had not been married in the county from which he had obtained the license, they stepped across the line and were made one legally. Even the matrimonial borderland has its perils and trials; but when and where mutual love has and keeps control even unto the end, the results are a just and blissful 'recompense of reward.' So mote it ever be in all cases."

CHAPTER XIV.

What Is Grace?

"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." (Eph. 2: 8-10.)

BECAUSE gospel preachers and gospel people—those who are trying to be Christians, "only this and nothing more"—are satisfied, perfectly satisfied, with the word, the will and the way of the Lord Almighty, "thus saith the Lord," "thus it is written," being the end of all controversy with them, and because they insist, publicly and privately, upon others' hearing the gospel, believing the gospel, obeying the gospel and living the Christian life to be saved, there are good, pure, prayerful people who think we neither believe in nor teach a free salvation, claiming that nothing can be free provided we have to do something to enjoy it.

While this claim has some plausibility, some appearance of being true, there is really no logic, no reason, no truth in it. It does not follow, never has followed and never can follow, that because we must do something to enjoy a blessing that that blessing is not free. It does not take us long to see that, if we have intelligence enough to be responsible in the sight of God. We must do something to enjoy every blessing vouchsafed to us under either the laws of nature or the laws of grace, and all these laws are the laws of God.

Take for instance the law of light. We recognize the light of the sun as being free. No speculator can ever make a

corner on sunlight, no mortal can ever make merchandise of it. It can never be sold, it can never be bought. It is always and under all circumstances free, but man must open his eyes and keep them open to enjoy the blessing of light. He may close his eyes and grope his way in darkness, not because light is not free, but because he refuses to see—not because the world is not flooded with light, but because he refuses to appropriate the light according to nature's demands, according to the laws of God which we call the laws of nature. Is it logical to conclude that light is not free because we have to open our eyes to see? It is just as logical as to claim that salvation is not free because we have to hear the gospel, believe the gospel and obey the gospel and then live the Christian life, to be saved.

The atmosphere we breathe is free. This earth is wrapped in an ocean of air, no mortal knows how many miles deep. We can breathe that atmosphere, none having the right to prevent that. Yet a man may shut himself up in a little narrow closet, stop the keyhole and exclude the air, and die, not because the air around is not free, but because he refuses to appropriate it. It would be a strange kind of argument to say air is not free because man must breathe to live.

On general principles water is free. Some of us have to pay for certain conveniences in the use of it sometimes, but water is free. We sometimes use the expression "as free as water," and there is always a probability of our exaggerating in the use of such expression, as when we say "as cold as ice," "as hot as fire," "as white as snow," but notwithstanding water is ordinarily free, a man must drink to live. On general principles it is free, but a man combining the elements of a physical, financial and moral giant may stand by the side of as beautiful a spring as ever leaped like a thing of life and beauty from the bosom of the earth, see a gourd hanging on the trunk of a beautiful tree shading the spring, and die

of thirst, unless he drinks. He has to reach forth his hand, take the gourd, dip it into the water, raise it to his lips and drink. He has to take it or not slake his thirst. Shall we say, therefore, that water is not free? Just precisely so, salvation, the water of life, is free. The gospel is free, but we must hear it, believe it, obey it and then live according to God's direction, to have the assurance of everlasting life.

In strictest accord with all this the Saviour lovingly and tenderly invites us to a free salvation: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"—not sell it to you, but give it to you. "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." (Matt. 11: 28-30.) He does not say "You shall merit or purchase rest unto your souls," but "you shall *find* rest unto your souls." But we must come to him, and take his yoke—his authority, his government—upon us, to enjoy these blessings. In other words, we must hear the gospel, believe the gospel, obey the gospel, and thus becoming members of that spiritual body of which Christ is the head, we must live the Christian life, to attain salvation. We become members of that spiritual body, not joining it, but being members of it, therefore belonging to Christ, since the church is Christ's, and while we must do all this to enjoy the blessing of salvation, still salvation is free.

Just as there are intelligent people who claim that we neither believe in nor preach a free salvation because we urge people to hear the gospel, believe the gospel, obey the gospel and live the Christian life, to attain salvation, so there are intelligent people who claim that we therefore do not preach salvation by grace. Years ago a great ecclesiastical dignitary, a man who was entitled to more letters after his name to express his high position than all the gospel preachers, martyrs, prophets, apostles and even Christ himself ever used for

such a purpose, said to me: "My greatest objection to you people is that your system of salvation is a system of works, and not of grace." I didn't argue the question with him, because he affirmed positively that our system is a system of works, and not of grace, and, as he had so positively affirmed it, I thought it would not be polite for me to positively tell him he had positively not told the truth. I thought it best to say nothing, and be very easy about *that.* He was a doctor of divinity, and you couldn't expect a plain gospel preacher to take issue with a doctor of divinity; and then I was not disposed to say anything, because I was of the opinion that if we had a system of salvation there would not be much grace in it, certainly not enough to fuss about. Indeed, if we had a system of salvation it is exceedingly probable that it would be a system of egotism and works more than of humility and grace. The very fact of our having a system of salvation would show that we had assumed to "paddle our own canoe" and had so informed the Lord. But, having no system of salvation, we are satisfied to be pensioners upon God's bounty to the extent of simply accepting his system and appropriating it to the salvation of our souls. In doing this we absolutely know we are accepting, appreciating and appropriating a system of salvation that is grace from beginning to end—a system that was conceived in grace, born of grace, full of love and grace divine every day and every hour.

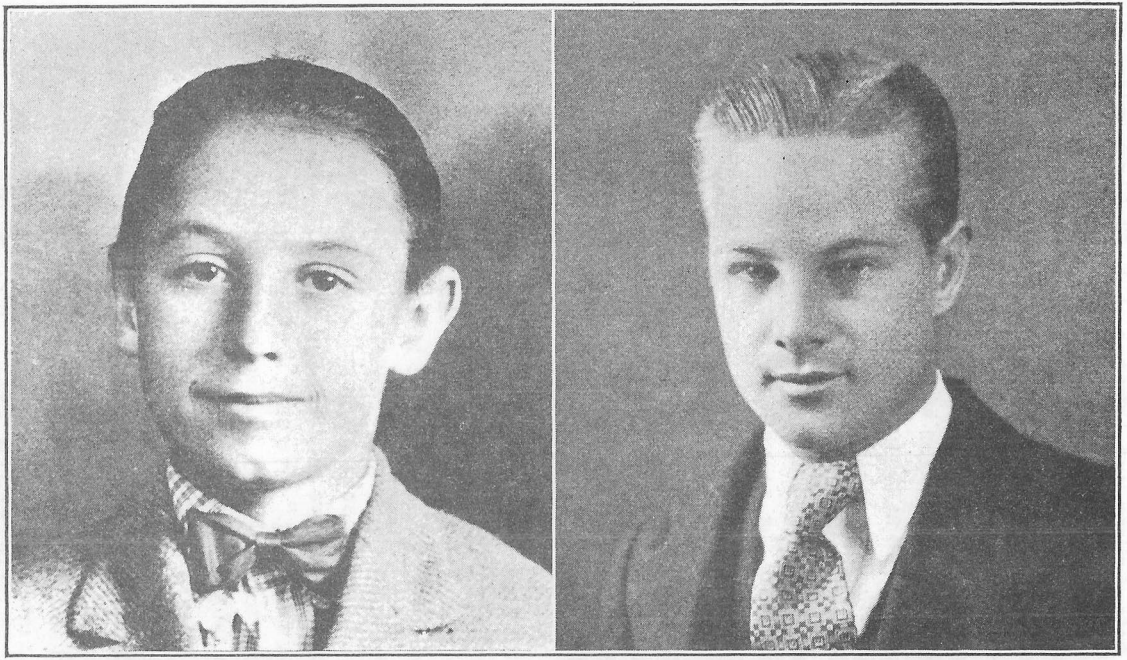
We believe we are saved by grace divine, but we do not believe we are saved by grace only. Our faith "cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God;" and it is not possible for us to believe we are saved by grace only, since the Bible does not say so. We do not believe we are sanctified, purified, saved by anything *only.* We believe we are justified by faith. Why? Because the Bible, which is our creed, our discipline, our confession of faith, our guide to glory, tells us

so. It says: "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." (Romans 5: 1, 2.) But we do not believe we are justified by faith *only*. Why? I can give you many reasons, but I will give you two sample reasons and let you take these simply as samples, and if they are a reasonable set of samples you can examine all the others from which these are taken. The first reason is that, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelation there is not a single, solitary sentence, sentiment or syllable remotely resembling the shade of a shadow of an intimation that God ever imagined that mortal man would ever think of such a thing as that any man, woman or child ever might, could, would or should be justified by faith *only*. All of us have access to the Book and can find it, if it's there, but it's not there.

The other reason is simply that in the only verse in the Bible in which justification by faith *only* is spoken of, the Bible says positively that we are not justified by faith only. "Ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and *not by faith only*." (James 2: 24.) This twenty-fourth verse of the second chapter of James' epistle to Christians is absolutely the only verse in all the sixty-six volumes, eleven hundred and eighty-nine chapters of God's book of revelation to man that says one single, solitary thing on the subject of justification by faith only, and that verse says positively we are *not* justified by faith only. That verse, which is addressed to all the children of God for all time, says: "*Ye see then* how that a man is justified by works, and not by faith only." If I do not see, then, "how that a man is justified by works, and not by faith only," am I God's child? Do you say "Not if the Bible is true?" We should not say that. We should never cast the shadow of an "if" across the Book of God. It

may be admissible, barely, to say "The Bible being true," and in this case you may say, "The Bible being true, you are not God's child," because God says all his children see that a man is justified by works, and not by faith only, and the Book never makes a mistake. Hence it behooves us all to see to it that we see "how that a man is justified by works, and not by faith only."

But, notwithstanding all this, we are justified by faith, and every Christian on earth believes we are. We are also justified, saved, by grace, for the Bible says: "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." Something is here declared to be the gift of God. "Grace," "saved" and "faith" are the three words under consideration, so making each one a noun, we have "grace," "salvation" and "faith" as the three words involved, and one of them is declared to be the gift of God. What is the gift of God? Well, the popular theological idea is that faith is the gift of God. It is assumed that faith is the direct gift of God, and then it is assumed that the moment we get faith we are saved. It is assumed that in a sudden, mysterious way, we receive faith, and when we receive it we are saved. Does this language teach that faith is the gift of God? All over this land children in school, studying the English language, are taught that when two substantives come together, as "faith" and "grace" in the passage we are considering, and "this" or "that" is used referring to either of them, "this" refers to the latter and "that" to the former. We find these words so used in books, papers, magazines, anywhere and everywhere, and careful writers always so use them. "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and *that* not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." If "faith" was meant as the gift of God, it would be "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and *this* not of your selves; it is the gift of God." "That" may refer to grace and it may refer, and most



MARVIN CHASE.
(Who was drowned in San Francisco Bay, December 16, 1929.)

CHARLES DAUGHERTY.
(Whom Mr. Larimore baptized August 28, 1927.)

(Two Berkeley Boys.)

probably does, to salvation, but we positively ignore both reason and revelation, as well as the English language, when we assume that it refers to faith.

In one sense, however, faith *is* the gift of God. It is the gift of God in the sense in which our daily bread is the gift of God. God gives us the soil—he gives us the seed—that is, he instituted laws by which we have the seed—he gives us the time, and the mental and physical ability to prepare the soil, plant the seed and cultivate the crop, and he sends the sunshine and the showers and the silent dews. He has established the laws of vegetation, and we can plant and cultivate and reap; and, at the end of the harvest, can seat ourselves at the proper time around the family board and express sincere and heartfelt thanks to God for the blessings before us. There is no hypocrisy, no fraud, no deception in a Christian man's thanking God for his daily bread, when he seats himself with his loved ones around the family board, notwithstanding he and his loved ones have made that bread by honest toil. They can sincerely thank God for the food before them, for they understand that without the grace of God manifested through these laws of vegetation it would not have been possible for those things to be. This is the way God gives us our daily bread, and when we meet around the family board we should thank Him. It is not the place to "ask a blessing." We have already been blessed, but it is the time to thank God, and we should do that as fervently as if a table had been let down from heaven spread with all those good things before us.

God gives us our daily bread by his grace, through his established laws. Just precisely so he gives us faith. He gives us in his word the truth to be believed. He gives us the mental and physical ability to understand the truth, and the time to investigate it, accept and believe it, and when we do that we have the faith that saves the soul. This is the way

faith comes. It comes in the way God has appointed, by investigation and study, proper appreciation and appropriation.

In the gospel records God has given us the truth concerning his Son, Jesus Christ, and when we accept these truths we have faith. "Many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book: but these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name." (John 20: 30, 31.) Faith comes by our hearing and believing the truth. So then "faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God"—Rom. 10: 17—and that settles that with those who believe the Book.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." We are saved by grace, but what is grace? "Well," says one, "I always thought, if I thought of it at all, that it is grace." In thinking that, you were correct of course. Grace *is* grace. But there may be a more satisfactory answer than that. What is grace? A very popular idea is that it is some mysterious, supernatural influence that strikes one man in a neighborhood and misses every other man in that neighborhood, or strikes one man in a house where there are a hundred men, women, boys and girls, missing all the others, just as the lightning leaps from the bosom of a cloud, enters an oak, splinters and rends and kills it, leaving all the other oaks in the forest untouched. Is that the grace of God? As this is probably the most popular idea of it, it is important for us to examine and see whether this is the grace that saves the soul.

How shall we settle it? Suppose this audience votes on the question, the vote is a tie, and I cast the deciding vote. Does that settle it? Not at all. Suppose I vote on one side and this entire audience on the other? It is no more settled than it was before. Voting cannot settle any question of divine

truth. Voting does not settle any question of duty revealed by Jehovah, in the church of Christ. The church of Christ is not a republic, not a democracy. It is an unlimited monarchy, God being the head of it and divine law the law thereof. The word of the Lord is the end of all controversy with Christians, in reference to these things. How shall we settle this question? By appealing to the Book of God. "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." (Titus 2: 11-14.) That settles it that the grace that saves is not like the lightning that strikes one and misses another, "for the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to *all* men." A mysterious, supernatural influence that startles a man does not teach him anything, but "the grace of God that bringeth salvation" teaches us that, "denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world." That settles it that the mysterious, supernatural influence that strikes one man and misses another is not the grace that saves souls, all human theology to the contrary notwithstanding.

Still the question "What is grace?" is open. "Well, says one, "I'm certain it is something better felt than told. It is something that can never be defined." Well, men have defined it, and men understand it in temporal affairs. The word has a meaning. We may take the English word and trace it back through the Roman tongue and the Greek tongue, and wherever we can find the footprint of any word belonging to this family of words, we see that everywhere

and under all circumstances what linguists call the "root idea" is "favor." Favor is grace and grace is favor. This is the way we understand it in other things. Until very recently banks in many States through courtesy allowed their patrons to have the advantage, in the payment of loans, of three days beyond the number of days for which a sum of money was borrowed, and these three days were called "days of grace." If a man were in a close place and the time on a loan was about to expire, the three days of grace meant something to him. They were not days of moonshine or of "something better felt than told," but they were days of grace, days of favor. Most of the states have abolished these days of grace, but they were formerly the rule in all the States. They were embodied in our arithmetics, and children had to worry with them, but they all understood what the three days of grace meant. So grace is favor and favor is grace, and by divine favor "are ye saved through faiths; and that not of youreslves; it is the gift of God."

Now, then, understanding and absolutely knowing that grace means favor, we can see the absurdity of alluding to any man as having lived on earth thirty, forty or fifty years and still never having experienced the grace of God. We might as well speak of a bird's flying around this earth a thousand times and never touching the atmosphere with its wings, or of a fish's having lived in the ocean a hundred years without touching the water with its fins or tail, as to talk of a mortal's living on earth a day or an hour without experiencing the grace of God. There is no blessing vouchsafed to mortal man, from the time he is first kissed and caressed by a loving mother to the time when, ninety years afterward, his body is lowered into the earth, that is not vouchsafed to him by the grace of God. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

(James 1: 17.) Every blessing we enjoy is vouchsafed to us by divine grace, and it follows that there are many manifestations of this grace. The highest and most important manifestation of divine grace is God's giving his Son to die for a lost and ruined and recreant race.

It is a disgrace to man and an insult to divinity to talk of the grace of God as a mysterious something no more understood than witchcraft. It is a plain, simple thing, easily understood. It is a sublime thing that fosters the life of humanity and the salvation of poor lost and ruined souls. The Spirit of the living God has defined it, and before claiming it cannot be defined we should read the Bible. The same apostle who wrote to the Ephesian brethren, wrote to the church at Corinth: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." (2 Cor. 8: 9.) Never was there such a manifestation of favor, such a manifestation of grace, and the apostle Paul, guided by the Spirit, calls this the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, thus defining it, and says the Corinthian brethren knew this grace. The sacrifice God made in giving his Son to die for us was a manifestation of divine grace. Jesus possessed the wealth of the universe, but, seeing our hapless, helpless, hopeless condition, he gave up heaven, with all that heaven means, laid aside all the wealth of all the worlds in space, and came down from the throne of God, where angels and archangels could do nothing more appropriate than to cast their crowns before his feet and call him holy. He came to earth, took upon himself the form of humanity, became the Babe of Bethlehem, the waylaid, persecuted Man of Sorrows, was rebuked, reviled, persecuted, slandered, misrepresented, was finally nailed to the cross where he died amid the convulsions of the universe, this old world reeling and rocking, shrouded in impenetrable darkness; he was buried in a borrowed tomb,

from which he was raised, the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his wings, to flood the world with light divine and lift our souls to God.

This is the grace of God, the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, that saves souls; but to be saved by grace through faith, we must hear the gospel, believe the gospel, repent of our sins, confess with the mouth that we do believe with all the heart that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, be buried with him by baptism into death and raised up to walk in newness of life, and then, having been thus born into the family, the church of God, we must walk in newness of life till God shall call us home. May the Lord bless all of us who have become his children in being faithful until death. May the Lord bless those who have never obeyed the gospel in doing so without delay, and then living as God would have them live, and thus obtaining the crown of life promised to the faithful.

CHAPTER XV.

Bad Habits.

REALIZING that God demands of his children purity—purity of body, soul and spirit—Mr. Larimore endeavored to teach, by precept and example, in the pulpit and out of it, the lesson of purity. Knowing that we are admonished to be like our great Exemplar, the Lord Jesus Christ, who was purity itself, that our bodies are the temple of the Holy Spirit, and that we are commanded to glorify God in our bodies and in our spirits, which are His, he earnestly endeavored to persuade all the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty to be pure, always and everywhere, to avoid or relinquish all bad habits.

He realized that preachers are not necessarily better than other mortals, but he had abiding sense of the responsibility resting upon them to be examples in word, in deed, "in manner of life." On that subject, he wrote:

"Divinity demands that gospel preachers be examples. 'Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.' (1 Tim. 4: 12.) Webster's definition of 'example,' applicable in this connection, is, 'something to be followed; pattern.' The impression has long been firmly fixed and steadfastly established in my mind that no gospel preacher should have any habit, certainly be the *slave* of any habit, that the purest Christian mother could not consistently and conscientiously commend to her own children. Paul's command to Timothy confirms that conviction: 'Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou

an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.' Whether I meet that demand, even approximately, is not the question. That is the divine demand, and we either comply with it or we deliberately defy Divinity. That's a safe assertion, I am sure.

"Many long years ago, Brother Wright, who then lived in the greatest State in this Union of States—the Lone Star State—was the honored guest in a good home, in which were a bright little boy and a pretty little girl, while he was engaged in a series of meetings. One morning he heard the following conversation between those two children: 'Papa'll skin you alive if he catches you smoking.' 'Well, he smokes himself, doesn't he?' 'Yes, but he'll give you a thrashing you'll never forget if he catches you at it.' 'Well, when I'm old enough, I'm going to be a preacher, like Brother Wright; then I'll smoke as much as I please. He smokes. He's smoking now.' Brother Wright said to himself, 'Yes, I am; but never again'—and it was really 'never again,' I have been informed.

"Far be it from me to declare that gospel preachers should not 'smoke' and 'chew,' of course. Paul, so far as the record shows, never told Timothy to not do both or either. He simply told him to be clean—pure—to be 'an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.' In the Revised Version 'manner of life' is given instead of 'conversation,' and 'love' instead of 'charity,' which renderings are universally accepted as correct, so far as I know.

" 'Be thou an example of the believers.' Divinity demands, then, that a gospel preacher, any gospel preacher, be a man to be followed, a pattern. 'Yes, but Divinity does not say preachers must not smoke or chew.' Neither does Divinity say preachers must not steal, be guilty of adultery, or commit murder. Many long years ago a man who was very near and

dear to me obeyed the gospel. A few days after that he said to me: 'Does the Bible say we must not gamble?' I told him I knew of no such language in the Bible. He said: 'I'm a successful gambler. When you can show me where the Bible says Christians must not gamble, please do so. Then I'll quit; but not before.' I have no evidence that he ever quit; neither did he quit drinking, and that unfortunate man died drunk.

"I have heard of a preacher who declared he would give up his charge and quit preaching before he'd quit the use of tobacco 'to please anybody.' That doesn't seem reasonable, but 'they' declare it is true. Imagine the apostle Paul's saying this: 'Though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of: for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel! But I'll abandon the ministry before I'll give up my quid, my cigarette, or my pipe, to please anybody!'

"As the bishops of some denominations have to decide whether certain preachers shall preach for certain churches, so bishops, overseers, elders of the church of Christ are responsible for the kind of preachers permitted to preach for congregations they serve in the capacity of elders, overseers, bishops. Of course the tobacco question is only one of many questions with which they have to deal, and possibly I have devoted undue time, attention, and space to it, notwithstanding it is a question of vital importance, something that should be stressed by elders, overseers, bishops, and especially by preachers, not only by tongue and pen, but, above all else, by example, by personal practice. Example is more potent than precept. Æsop tells us a sea crab, walking with his son on dry land, reproved the son for his ungainly walk, whereupon the younger crab replied: 'When I see you walking straight, I may try to do so, too.'

"The little incident I have related of Brother Wright and

the bright little children in that far-away Texas home is exactly in line with Æsop's fable of the crabs. The children of the head of that household believed, as they expressed it, their own father would 'skin them alive,' 'give them a thrashin' they'd never forget,' if he caught them doing what they saw him do every day. The mother in a home where I was temporarily located certainly had a clearer conception of consistency than that Texas father had. Just after hearing a sermon on 'Purity,' she said to her husband: 'Willie, when the boys begin to chew tobacco, I reckon I'll have to whup 'em for it. You can't do it, because you chew tobacco yourself.' She said it softly and sweetly, having one of the sweetest voices I have ever heard; but she said it, nevertheless. She seemed to take it for granted that the boys would chew tobacco, of course, as their father did, and, equally, of course, they would have to be 'whupped' for it: but she would have to do the 'whupping,' as they had not only inherited the habit from him, but had had his example as a tobacco chewer before them every day of their lives! So, of course, he couldn't consistently 'whup' them for using tobacco—couldn't even consistently reprove them for doing so or even advise them to refrain from the use of it. This applies to not only the boys, but with equal force to the girls in a family; and in this age of the world, when the tobacco trust is constantly endeavoring, by enticing advertisements, pleasing stories, and alluring examples, to increase the use of tobacco by women, and the habit is gaining hold on them to a deplorable and alarming extent, girls may need as much admonition, advice, and reproof along that line as boys.

"Fathers and mothers, prospective fathers and mothers, elders, overseers, bishops, and especially preachers, should 'think on these things.' "

Soon after the foregoing article appeared in print, Mr. Larimore wrote: "I would and should be at least unselfish

enough to share with those who read what I write the following good letter from my beloved friend and brother, John J. Pierce, whom I learned to love when my work was in Washington City."

"Dear Brother Larimore: For some time I have been thinking I would write you and tell you how I enjoy 'Greetings from the Golden Gate.' I especially enjoyed reading your article in the Gospel Advocate of March 17, and wish every one who uses tobacco could and would read it and resolve to never do so again, and make that resolution good.

"When you began preaching here in Washington City, I was a smoker, but your strong sermons on personal purity and cleanliness opened a field of thought to me. After studying and learning what the Bible teaches on purity and holiness, I soon resolved to set as good an example to others as possible. It was not long till I had mastered the habit, throwing pipe and tobacco away, never to be used by me again.

"It might be interesting to you to know a certain experience I had relative to smoking just before I quit. There was a young lady here in Washington City who was not a member of the church of Christ, and I was trying to teach her the way of the Lord. We often talked about religious matters, and I pressed the thought of being and doing just what the Bible commands and demands, till she believed, or seemed to believe, that I was just about right. Of course, I was exactly right in theory, but I'm sorry to say I was not right in practice.

"Somehow, it was a long time after I first met her before she saw me smoking. One day, however, she did see me smoking, and I have never seen any one look more surprised than she did, and she told me she was actually *shocked.* I told her I thought it was a very unchristianlike habit, and that I was planning to give it up right away. After pipe and tobacco

had been thrown away, I told her about it, but that did not seem to help matters very much. It seems that she lost interest that moment in my idea of being and doing just what the Bible bids us be and do.

"No doubt I was a stumblingblock in her way; but never will I be in the way of any one else, in so far as smoking or using tobacco in any way is concerned. If our Lord were here on earth, I do not believe he would want to take into his arms one whose breath was tainted with the odor of tobacco. You are right Brother Larimore, you are right. Christians claim to be followers of Christ, and not one of them believes Christ would use tobacco in any form, if he were here on earth to-day."

The following little story, which Mr. Larimore clipped from *Pacific Tidings*, is appropriate here:

"The manager of a leading Western railway decided to employ no one who was addicted to the cigarette habit, and posted notices to this effect in all the company offices, whereupon a freight clerk wrote to the manager as follows:

"'Dear Sir:—I have been in this office for ten years. During this time I have smoked from twenty to thirty cigarettes a day, and nobody has complained about my work.'

"To this the manager replied:

"'Dear Sir:—If you had not kept yourself spiked down with "coffin-nails" you might have been president of the road. I started in the same freight office with you ten years ago.'"

In Denton, Texas, May 11, 1908, Mr. Larimore delivered the following address to the Young Men's Literary Societies of the Texas State Normal School:

"My Dear Young Friends, the beloved apostle John, by the pen of inspiration, wrote: 'I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one.' (1 John 2: 14.) I have consented to speak to you because I

hope to thus assist you in your struggles for right against wrong. I am glad you are young. I am glad you are strong. I am glad the field of usefulness, success and happiness before you is so inviting and so great. You whose lives are to reach the limit of three score and ten or four score years have yet, approximately, fifty years—half a century—to live in this beautiful, wonderful world. I fain would hope, and I fervently pray, you may all live that long, and make your lives beautifully and blissfully eventful, useful, sublime, by properly developing and preserving your powers and righteously using all your opportunities and possessions, always being what and as you ought to be, and doing whatsoever duty may demand as wisely and well as you can. As 'I have been young and now am old,' I may be able to say something that will be helpful to you. That is why I am here.

"Each of you is, of course, to determine his own destiny—is doing so now; 'for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.' (Gal. 6: 7, 8.)

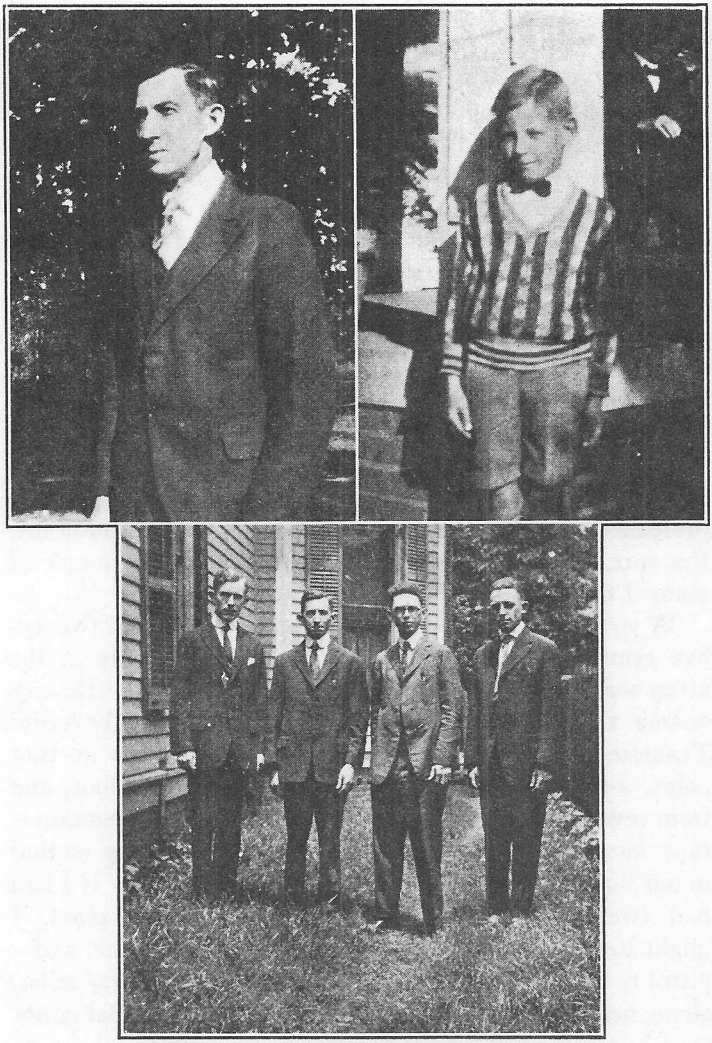
"That is true in nature. It is true in grace; has always been true, is to be true forever. This principle applies to body, soul and spirit, for time and for eternity. How important, then, in the springtime, the seed time, the morning of life, to sow good seeds, do good deeds, *form good habits*, especially since you are to be teachers, and should, therefore, be models, as the days are going by! Habits make us or break us—are wings to waft us to the heights of glory, or weights to drag us down to the depths of degradation, destruction and despair.

"While I am not here to preach myself, but to try to bless you, and while it is neither prudent, proper nor consistent with the truth for me to claim absolute freedom from all

bad habits and sin, I sincerely thank Providence who has, I believe, protected me all the days of my life, for the precious poverty that made it practically impossible for me to contract and cultivate costly and expensive bad habits—such, for instance, as the tobacco habit, the whiskey habit, the morphine habit, the cocaine habit, the coca-cola habit and other habits, some of them too shameful and sinful to be mentioned here—till I was old enough to know better.

"Of course we all know some of the habits just mentioned were absolutely unknown and unknowable and impossible then; but, unfortunately, they are far from being unknown, unknowable and impossible now. Many a time, in the days of my youth, I might have been tempted to run the risk of becoming the slave of some such habit or habits, but for the protection of Providence and poverty. You will pardon me, I'm sure, if I submit one little simple story, as a sample of many I can never forget, to illustrate this point.

"A youth in about the middle of my teens, I had twenty-five cents—and only twenty-five cents—when, late in the afternoon of a sultry summer day, I reached a little city among the mountains on the left bank of the beautiful Tennessee River. The river, nearly a mile wide at that point, a mountain twenty-two miles from foot to foot, and from seven to eleven miles on either side of the mountain—fully forty miles or more—were between me and my mother in our humble home, waiting and watching for me. If I had had twenty-five dollars, instead of twenty-five cents, I might have deemed a bottle of whiskey, to cheer me, and a pistol to protect me, necessary, as I walked that forty miles, alone, next day—a lonely journey on which I'd probably not see a human being from foot to foot of the mountain I was to cross, so sparsely was that mountain inhabited then. But, as I was simply a stranger among strangers, and had only twenty-five cents, no such thought tempted or tried me.



ROBERT LARIMORE BREWER. ROBERT LARIMORE BREWER, JR.
GROVER C., ROBERT L., CHARLES R., WILLIAM C.
(A Page of Brewers.)

"I promptly proceeded to do all I could to relieve the financial stringency then causing the cry of 'hard times' to be heard in the land, however, by putting all my money into circulation. Having had no dinner that day and supper time being at hand, and believing I could not very comfortably walk the forty miles between me and my mother next day without something to eat, I invested one-fifth of my capital in a ginger cake. As the sun set I paid a ferryman ten cents to 'set me across the river.' For the ten cents remaining that selfsame, sympathetic ferryman let me spend that night in his 'shanty,' as he called it. One-third of my ginger-cake and a gourd of good water made me a perfectly satisfactory supper—a supper that I keenly relished, having eaten nothing since I started on my lonely journey at dawn of that long day.

"The middle third of my ginger-cake and pure spring water constituted my breakfast next morning, and gave me a safe and satisfactory send-off for the day.

"About noon, I reached a romantic spot surrounded by mountain scenery sublime, the feature of that romantic spot that tempted me most being a limpid spring, clear as crystal, its water cool, refreshing and pure, life-sustaining, if not, indeed, life-giving. That beautiful water, pure as the dew of Heaven, the breath of beauty or the spirit of love, burst from the bosom of a ledge of broken sandstone upon the brow of a mountain and formed a chain of crystal cascades, as it ran its rapid race to the river far beneath it, while the calm and cloudless heavens that bent in beauty above it seemed to rest upon the towering peaks of loftier mountains as calmly and peacefully as a sweet, sinless babe on its mother's breast. Then and there I dined on the remaining third of my dry, but delicious, ginger-cake and as pure water as mortal man hath ever drunk, and then, happy as a king, resumed my joyous journey home.

"Of course I was happy. Why should I not have been? I was young, active, healthy and strong. It is true I had no money, but I needed none. My conscience was clear. My brief record was clean. I dreaded no danger. Indeed, there was no reason for fear. I had enjoyed two square meals, good enough for the Prince Imperial of any realm that day, and the humble, but happy, home where my mother was waiting and watching to welcome me and where we supped together at nine o'clock that night, was scarcely a score of miles away. Povery that saves from sin—from slavery to bad habits—is certainly no curse. It is indeed and in truth a blessing in disguise.

"We may inherit weaknesses, evil propensities and unfortunate inclinations; but we are, nevertheless, free agents; otherwise we could not, and should not, be responsible. We can contract and cultivate bad habits, or abstain from them. In that sense, we are certainly free. We may, however, practically forfeit that freedom forever. Having voluntarily become slaves of bad habits, we may permit them to rob us of our manhood till we find it practically impossible to free ourselves from them. Then wreck and ruin of body, soul and spirit, for time and for eternity, may reasonably be regarded as the inevitable result, if the habits are sufficiently serious to naturally lead to such serious results.

"Wilson, in his work on Ornithology, tells the following story that illustrates this important point: A gentleman on horseback saw a hawk of the finest and largest species flit, like a flash of lightning, from the heavens to the earth, and almost as quickly and rapidly flit away to the heavens again, having been within a few feet of him when it touched the earth. Scarcely a moment later, the hawk, high up in the heavens, began to flutter and otherwise show signs of distress; and a few moments later, it fell near the astonished horseman, who saw a weasel run rapidly from the lifeless

bird. A careful examination of the hapless hawk revealed the secret of its distress and death. The active little animal had gnawed a hole under the wing of the bird, cut a large blood-vessel and thus destroyed the hawk that had caught the weasel to eat it.

"It was easy enough for the hawk to catch the weasel; impossible for it to free itself from it. So also it is easy to catch, contract, cultivate bad habits; but, having become their slaves, it may be practically impossible to free ourselves from them. We have probably all heard of the hero who caught the bear, then begged for help to turn him loose.

"May the Lord help us to turn our bad habits loose; and he will, if we help ourselves."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Highway of Holiness (No. 1).

"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." (Isaiah 35: 8.)

ALL of us recognize the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah as being, to a very great extent, figurative—a chapter in which the figures, notwithstanding they are sublimely beautiful, are divinely simple, so that it is an easy matter for us to look from the beginning to the end of these brief, beautiful figures, and get the lesson taught by this language.

Isaiah in this chapter prophesied of a peaceful age that should come to the world, an age in which blessings should abound, when the desert should rejoice and blossom as the rose, the eyes of the blind should be opened, the ears of the deaf be unstopped, the lame should leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; in the wilderness waters should break forth, and streams in the desert—a figurative description of a wonderful, peaceful age wherein the sons and daughters of men should receive great blessings.

But the central thought of all is that in the midst of, or connected with, this peaceful age "a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." Only the redeemed should walk in that way, and by it the ransomed should come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy

upon their heads, and by walking in this way, they should obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing should flee away. From all that is said about this highway, we understand it is a way that leads to redemption, that leads to God, and, as salvation is the greatest boon a soul can receive, it behooves us all to see what we can see, learn what we can learn and understand what and all we can understand about this wonderful, beautiful way.

Of course all of us would understand, if we were not taught so in this passage or anywhere else in the Bible, that the Way the Lord Almighty gave to the human race for the salvation of souls would be simple and easy enough to be readily located and understood by those who are responsible in the sight of God. Otherwise a man might be condemned for not performing impossibilities; and such a God as the Bible reveals could not and would not condemn people for not doing what they could not do, for not understanding what they could not understand. But a man does not have to be an educated man to understand the way of salvation. In the passage under consideration now it is stated that "wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." The word "fools" is not used here in the sense in which it is used at the present time, but means illiterate. The way is so plain that no responsible soul, howsoever illiterate, should err therein, or make any mistake in reference to it.

If the application almost universally made of the seventh and eighth verses of the seventh chapter of Matthew be correct, then it is certain that the way of salvation is as plain as even God himself could make it, and this is exactly what we would expect it to be. The Saviour said, in the language to which I have referred: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you; for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be

opened." It is almost universally claimed—so far as I know is conceded in the religious world—that this language has reference to entering the way of life, coming into that relationship with the Lord Almighty in which the human soul can obtain peace, pardon and salvation.

Conceding that to be true, the Way must, of necessity, be as plain as it is possible for it to be, since many people are seeking the Way, some who are wise in a worldly sense, and some who are otherwise. People ranging in mental power from the very verge of responsibility to the highest degree of education and knowledge are asking, seeking, knocking for admission into the Way that leads to life, and this language is almost invariably quoted to them: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you; for every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." If this be correct, the Way must be so plain that every one that has intelligence enough to seek it can find it at once. But if one soul asking, seeking, knocking in God's appointed way should fail to realize that for which the soul is struggling, that would prove these propositions to be false, for they are universal propositions, and to prove one exception to a universal proposition is to overthrow that proposition. Take the universal proposition "Every man is black," and then find one white man, and the proposition is overthrown; or take the universal proposition "All men are honest," and then find one thief, and your proposition is gone, of course. Take the universal propositions, "Every one that asketh receiveth," and "He that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened," and find one sincere, earnest soul asking, seeking, knocking in God's appointed way that fails to realize the boon for which that soul is struggling, then these propositions have failed, of course.

But for authority on these propositions we have the word of

the Lord Jesus Christ; hence to overthrow them is to destroy confidence in his veracity, and that would remove the very foundation of our hope. So, then, of necessity, as certainly as the language of Matthew 7: 7, 8 has reference to seeking the way that leads to life eternal, that way is so plain that if a million people, at the beginning of any day, should be asking, seeking, knocking for admission into that way, all of them, before the sun sets, can be in that way; and any system that makes it necessary for people to continue to ask, seek, knock, and struggle and agonize and still be out of the Way, is, to say the least of it, not a system that originated with God and was confirmed and perfected and sealed by Jesus and his precious blood.

A way is something of importance, whether it be the way to do something that should be done, or the way to avoid doing something that should not be done. This way spoken of in Isaiah, being the way of salvation, is of superlative importance, and we should try to locate and identify it. As we learn from the chapter under consideration—Isaiah 35—this way was to be introduced in an age characterized by wonderful miracles, when the blind should see, the lame leap, the dumb should talk and the dead should live again; and then as the glories connected with this Way were to develop, referring to the blessings to be enjoyed in that age, Isaiah pictures them as streams breaking forth in the wilderness, making the solitary places glad and the desert to blossom as the rose. This all points to Christ, Christianity and the Christian age. No other age than the Christian age has ever produced the blessings Christian civilization brought to mankind. All of us understand that the days of Christ's personal ministry on earth were the days of these wonderful miracles, when the blind saw, the dumb talked, the lame leaped and the dead lived again, Jesus raising Lazarus and others from the dead.

Isaiah prophesied of a voice that should herald the coming of the Lord: "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." (Isaiah 40: 3-5.) If we can locate this voice in the wilderness that was to introduce the Way, we shall be able to locate the Way. Coming down the stream of time from the prophecy of Isaiah to events recorded by Luke, we find this language: "Now in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judea, and Herod being tetrarch of Galilee, and his brother Philip tetrarch of Iturea and of the region of Trachonitis, and Lysanias the tetrarch of Abilene, Annas and Caiaphas being the high priests, the word of God came unto John the son of Zacharias in the wilderness. And he came into all the country about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins; As it is written in the book of the words of Esaias the prophet, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth. And all flesh shall see the salvation of God." (Luke 3: 1-6.)

This voice crying in the wilderness, as prophesied by Isaiah, was to introduce the Way. What or whom did John the Baptist introduce? Christ. He was the harbinger or forerunner of Christ. As the sun has been called the harbinger of day, so John has been called the harbinger of Christ. At certain times of the year, people who get up early can see a beautiful star in the heavens, glittering like the chief jewel

in the diadem of some proud monarch, and that star blazes and glitters and sparkles in beauty, while the shadows of night lie beneath, but as the day grows brighter, the star seems to grow dimmer, until as the sun rises, it fades away and is lost to sight, sinking down into the ocean of light streaming from the sun. Just so John, the harbinger of Christ, said, "He must increase, but I must decrease," and when Christ began his work, John's star went down and was lost in the brighter light of the Sun of Righteouesnss.

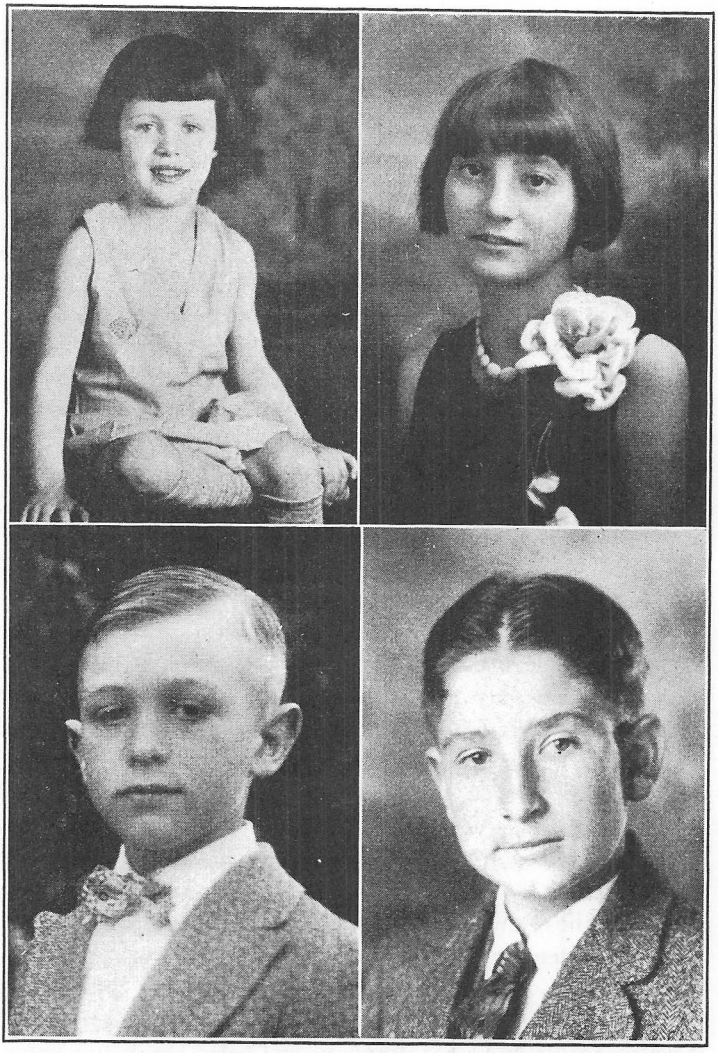
These things point so unmistakably to Christ that it would be doing no violence to just assume that Christ is the Way; but, as a dying man talking to dying men, women and children of things eternal, and considering something the Holy Spirit declares to be so plain that wayfaring men, though fools, need not err therein, I would scarcely be excusable for relying on anything not backed by a plain statement of truth divine. We want to know, and we want to know we know, what the Way is. The Saviour himself tells us: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way? Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." (John 14: 1-6.)

Remember, the Way Isaiah pointed out is the way that leads to God, the way through which souls reach God, and Jesus says: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." Jesus, then, is the Way spoken of by Isaiah. That settles that, and to deny it is to set the Book of God aside.

Jesus declares positively that he is the only way leading to the Father. It follows therefore, with the force of a mathematical demonstration, with the force of God's word backed by Divinity, that Jesus is the Way. This raises another question for our consideration: How can those who are away from, therefore out of, this Way, get to it, reach it? As long as we are aliens from God, strangers to the covenant of Christ, without God and without hope in the world, of course we are out of the Way, away from the Way. Well, if we have intelligence enough to be responsible in the sight of God, if we believe there is a God, believe there is a heaven to gain, a hell to shun, perdition to avoid and everlasting life to seek, we are, or certainly should be, intensely interested in knowing how to find this one way that leads to the land of eternal blessedness.

Of course if a man believes that what we call religion is false, that there is no reality in Christianity, that there is no God, that Christ was nothing more than an ordinary man, that the Bible is fiction, he is not interested in learning anything about the Way. He does not believe there is a way leading to heaven, for he does not believe there is a heaven. If he is so rooted and grounded in that belief as to be beyond the reach of argument, of course we cannot expect him to take any interest in this. But if a man believes the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is a divine reality, believes in God, Christ, the Holy Spirit and heaven, he is deeply interested in the question: How can those who are away from Christ get into Christ?

Just as in reference to everything else, so in reference to this, there is a multiplicity of opinions. But, remembering that Christianity is not a matter of opinion, but of faith, we should not waste any time over opinions; but should turn on the light divine, and look and see, that we may learn and find



LINNIE LARIMORE McCRAW. GRACE LARIMORE SPRINKLE.
WILLIAM LARIMORE BUFFALOE. LARIMORE PEARSALL.

(Youthful Larimores.)

out and understand and know how we can get to Christ—how we can reach the Way divine.

Jesus answers this question. He says—John 6: 44—"No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him: and I will raise him up at the last day." This means of course any responsible soul. Of little children Jesus said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and of course no sane man who reads the Bible has any uneasiness about the destiny of little ones who leave this world before they reach the years of accountability But responsible souls cannot come to Christ absolutely independent of God's power, cannot come without divine assistance. "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." This is clear, definite, positive and final. Without divine drawing there is no coming to Christ, and without coming to Christ, there is no reaching heaven, because Christ is the only way that leads to God, the only way that leads to heaven.

Believing this, of course we are interestedly anxious to know exactly how God draws souls to Christ. If we do not know this, we may accept for the drawing power of God something that is not that power, or may be mystified and confused by doubt or uncertainty in regard to it. We should not want to be wise above what is written, of course. If, however, this is revealed—if the Bible teaches us how God draws souls to Christ—then we should be anxious to learn how he does it. "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God: but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children for ever, that we may do all the words of this law." (Deut. 29: 29.) If we do not know how God draws us to Christ, we do not know he has drawn us to Christ; and if we do not know he has drawn us to Christ, we do not know whether we are in Christ, for there is no possibility of getting into Christ unless God draws us.

How does God draw us to Christ? Well, we may imagine

various ways in which this drawing is done, and men do imagine various ways by which they are drawn to Christ. One man imagines he has been drawn to Christ by a wonderful dream. His neighbor imagines he has been drawn to Christ by a happy feeling, a blissful shock, while a neighbor to both of them imagines he has been drawn to Christ by a combination of dream and shock—a strange dream and a blissful shock combined, the experience of no two of them being alike. It would be strange indeed if God draws souls to Christ in these various ways and many other ways in which people imagine they are drawn to Christ. It would indicate that God has no system in his most important work—the saving of souls. When we look out over nature, however, we see absolutely perfect system, all the glittering worlds in space moving on in their appointed orbits without conflict or confusion. The whole world of nature proves that God works by an absolutely perfect system, and he also tells us plainly—1 Cor. 14: 33—that he is not the author of confusion.

Does the Bible teach these various ways of being drawn to Christ? No. From the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelation there is not one single solitary sentence, sentiment or syllable remotely resembling the shade of a shadow of an intimation that God ever imagined mortal man would ever think of any of these things I have mentioned as having any bearing, in this world or in the world to come, on how souls are drawn to Christ. So we have cut loose from the Bible and are out on the sea of speculation without chart or compass, when we are relying on things of that sort. We are absolutely lost in the darkness of human speculation, philosophy and theory, unless the Bible throws light on it. Let us see.

Christ tells us "no man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." We all agree on that. In the next verse he tells us just as plainly, just as positively,

how he does it. Will we accept it? Probably all of us are ready to say, "I will accept anything that is in the Book." It is easy for us to think that, but it is just as easy for us to object to, and try to get around or reason out of the way, anything in the Bible that does not agree with our theories. I remember reading, just about the time I obeyed the gospel, of a man living out in the country somewhere who was very fond of hunting, often going out at night over the hills and hollows, hunting 'possums, coons and such things. But the organ of locality was not very well developed in his head, hence he was often confused and bewildered, would come home late and, being disgusted, would say he would not go hunting again while the world stood, and not go for probably a week. Finally a friend, wanting to help him, gave him a pocket compass, saying to him: "When you get lost, strike a match and look at this compass. This point is always toward the north, and from that you can locate east or west or south, of course." He took it and expressed his gratitude. He was really anxious to go hunting that he might get lost, so as to use the compass. He went hunting and very soon he was absolutely lost. He said, "I'll strike a match and consult my compass." He did so, but it didn't satisfy him. So he wandered around as usual and didn't get home till very late. His friend, hearing of it, asked him: "Why didn't you use your compass?" The hunter replied: "That compass is a strange thing. It's like some friends I have—always ready when I don't need help, but not to be relied on when I do need it. I tested that thing just before sundown and it worked all right. So, when I got lost I looked at it, but instead of pointing north it pointed due southeast. I joggled it and shook it and worked with it, but it still pointed southeast! So I just put it into my pocket and got home as best I could." The trouble was he was not willing to trust the compass. Of course there was no variation in the compass,

but, being bewildered and confused, he thought it was pointing southeast, instead of north, so he decided to pocket the compass and rely on himself.

We sometimes treat the Bible that way. We will not follow the way it points, because that way does not seem to be right; so we follow our theories, our personal preferences, our fancies or our fads, instead of following our unvarying compass, our infallible guide, the Bible. Let us see what it says on this point.

I have quoted what Jesus says in the 44th verse of the sixth chapter of John. I want to quote in connection with it the next two verses: "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him: and I will raise him up at the last day. It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man therefore that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me. Not that any man hath seen the Father, save he which is of God, he hath seen the Father." (John 6: 44-46.) This is the way the Saviour says God draws to Christ every man he does draw to Christ. "It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God." How does he draw them? By teaching. "Every man therefore that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me," the words "hearing" and "learning" being used in the sense in which they are frequently used in the Bible: hearing, to learn; learning, to do: and accepting the things learned as correct.

Is there any mystery, any confusion, about how God draws people to Christ? No more mystery about it than there is about the simplest drawing power known to the sons and daughters of men—the drawing power of the dinner horn away out on the farm. The wife sounds the dinner horn about half past eleven o'clock, and that sound draws the husband and sons home, and the dinner bell finally draws them to the dinner table, or the little daughter draws them

to the table by saying, "Dinner is ready." No mystery about the drawing power of the dinner horn or the bell, or about the drawing power of the little girl's sweet voice, when she says, "Papa, dinner is ready."

God draws us to Christ by teaching. If we will just understand this and accept it, there is no difficulty in coming to Christ. "Every man therefore that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me." God does not draw you one way and me another. He does not draw you by teaching you in a plain, sensible way the truths of the gospel and draw me by a dream or a vision. He is no respecter of persons. He draws all whom he draws to Christ the same way. How does he do it? By teaching. If we come to Christ, therefore, it follows that we have been drawn by teaching. This agrees precisely with the importance attached to the gospel, for the power of the gospel is applied by teaching. Hence the Saviour said—Matthew 28: 19, 20—"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16: 15, 16); and Paul wrote: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith: as it is written, The just shall live by faith." (Rom. 1: 16, 17.)

God, then, draws all souls to Christ who come to Christ, and he draws them by teaching. They, however, must yield to his teaching—understand it, believe it and walk in it, to be drawn to Christ.

This is so plain and simple that it is difficult to make it plainer or simpler by an illustration; but let us suppose we are in some rural district, in a meetinghouse built after the old-fashioned country houses of long ago. Horses are hitched in the grove that extends to right and left, back and front of the house. A mother sitting where she can look outside sees her little girl, three years old, out among the horses. Realizing the danger the child is in, she calls to her, saying, "Bessie, come here." Bessie does not come. So she says: "Bessie, come here and mother will give you this big orange." Well, that mother is exercising her drawing power over that child. The child can resist it and stay away, granting the mother does not interfere with Bessie's free agency to the extent of bringing her by force or having some one else to do it. But she may yield to the drawing power as expressed in that language and come to her mother; and the mother will welcome the child and give her the orange promised for her coming.

Well, the way God draws souls to Christ is just as mysterious as this, and it is no more so. There is no mystery in any of these things, but it is mysteriously mysterious that God should have so loved the world as to make such rich provision for the salvation of the sons and daughters of men. It is wonderful that he will exercise his drawing power over them day after day, month after month, year after year, while all that time they are resisting his drawing power and refusing to come to Christ. The written word, given by inspiration of the Holy Spirit, the church by its preaching and teaching the gospel, Christians who by their lives are exerting an influence for the truth—these are mediums through which God exercises his drawing power over the hearts of men. They can yield to these drawing influences and come to Christ, if they will. It is a matter of will.

May the Lord bless all who are out of Christ in coming

to him without delay. May he bless all who are away from this highway of holiness in seeking it, finding it, entering it and walking in it faithfully until death, that they may reign and rejoice with God, Christ, the Holy Spirit and all the redeemed while the eternal ages roll their endless cycles on.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Love of Money.

THERE was very little of the love of money in Mr. Larimore's heart. He liked to have money, but he wanted it for the good he could do with it, and he was very liberal with what means he had. Like all other generous souls, he deplored the love of money in others, and especially in Christians, believing that love of money and love of the Lord do not often abide in the same heart, and never dwell together long in any heart, for the stronger of the two will drive the other out. On that subject he wrote:

" 'Money makes the mare go' is an old, old adage, and that money may sometimes make the man go is unquestionably true; but I am not disposed to discuss this proposition, notwithstanding I might possibly do so without sawing the limb off between me and the tree.

"Some preachers may have had stranger financial experiences than I have had, and more of them; but I have had some that seem somewhat strange to me, and my making mention of a few of them may do good—and that is why I mention them.

"Before I relate any of my financial experiences, however, I must say, in sincerity and in truth, I have neither right, reason, nor inclination to murmur or complain. I have lived in this beautiful, wonderful world nearly seventy-seven years, preaching the gospel fully fifty-five of these seventy-seven years, and nearly everybody has nearly always treated me well—many, delightfully. Indeed, I have been treated with

such marked kindness, courtesy, and consideration by almost everybody, nearly everywhere and all the time, that I feel under obligation to all.

'But, then, you know,
There will be briers where berries grow,'

as the following little recital may show.

"A prosperous banker, who was the controlling spirit in the congregation, or church of Christ, of which he was a member, took me to his bank next morning after the close of a successful series of meetings which had added many members to his church, to pay me, he said, for my preaching. As he handed me one hundred dollars he said: 'I know, and all of us know, that is not half pay for your services. You are justly entitled to at least two hundred dollars for what you have done for us and for the cause here—and that is a low estimate; but we owe four hundred dollars on our meetinghouse yet, and we think it is our duty to be just rather than generous, when we cannot be both—that we ought to pay what we owe before we try to establish a reputation for generosity and liberality.'

"Now, what did that brother banker's little speech mean? It simply meant this: 'We are going to hold you up, under a pretense or pretext of *justice*, and rob you—make you pay one-fourth of our church debt.' That's exactly what it meant. Still, that preacher was poor, that church was rich. After reading this, you may not be astonished, startled, or surprised when I tell you the penitentiary has, since then, collected toll from that self-same bank.

"Chickens may not always come home to roost, but they did that time; and that's the rule. 'As saith the scriptures,' 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' The church-debt pretext for not paying the preacher is a standing joke, but a very

serious one, especially among preachers. 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'

"Reasonable compensation for my services in a certain prosperous city had been collected, and the 'official board' was about to hand it to me, when a member of that board seriously suggested that the money should be applied on their church debt instead of being paid to me. Strange to say, another member of the board approved the suggestion. The Christian gentlemen on the board, however, finally succeeded in effecting a compromise by which I received part of what had been publicly contributed and collected expressly for me.

"A devout disciple of Christ, my devoted friend, left among her personal effects when she passed away two five-dollar gold pieces. During my first meeting there after her departure, her brother and sister gave me that gold, saying: 'We want you to have it, and we know she would want you to have it, if she were here; but don't mention it. If you do, the brethren will deduct that much from the little they expect to give you for this meeting. We know them, and we know they'll do it.'

"At what the brethren who handled the funds probably considered the psychological moment that suited their purpose best, they began the probe with which every preacher who has evangelized much is familiar: 'We want to know whether anybody here has given you anything, and, if so, how much.' 'Twelve dollars and thirty cents,' I said. 'Well,' said the spokesman of the committee, 'we'll just give you thirty-seven dollars, then. We intended to give you fifty, and that's about it.'

"At the end of a hard meeting in a hard place, which I reached by a long, hard journey, 'a certain rich man, who fared sumptuously every day,' who also managed and

manipulated money matters for the church of Christ in his community, asked me for an estimate of the amount of my traveling expenses for the round trip, saying: 'We want to pay all your expenses and something more.' I gave him an approximate estimate of the cost of the trip, and he handed me that sum and a little more, saying: 'I'm sorry that's the best we can do for you; but we are simply a few of the Lord's poor.'

"I kept account of every penny spent on my return trip, and reported it to him. Twice that sum was about ten dollars less than he had allowed in his estimate. He requested me to send him the ten. I sent it, he received it, and that ended the story of my work there.

"The brother who handled the financial matters of a certain congregation said to a preacher who had agreed to preach for that congregation: 'We pay our preachers $25.00 a week, which makes $1,300.00 a year. Will that be satisfactory to you?' And the preacher told him it would. Everything moved on smoothly for a while, but finally the church fell behind in the payment of the preacher's salary for perhaps six months. When ready to resume payments, the treasurer suggested to the preacher that it would be more convenient to him to make payments twice a month, and asked if that arrangement would be satisfactory to the preacher, who assured him it would. So the preacher's salary was thereafter paid in fifty-dollar installments twice a month. The preacher felt some curiosity to know what would be done when a month with five Sundays should roll round. The payments for that month, however, were the usual two fifty-dollar payments; so by that skillful change the church saved (?) $25.00 that month, or $100.00 a year, there being four five-Sunday months in each year. Furthermore, when the account for delayed payments was made out, that astute treasurer settled it all on his ingenious twice-a-month plan, thus making

a further saving for the church! That treasurer evidently thought the preacher didn't have sufficient business ability to know the difference between the two methods of payment, and the preacher seemed to feel that more keenly than he did the money loss!

"Such strange conduct on the part of a few of those who claim to be Christians should not cause any one to repudiate the church, however. There are spots on the surface of the sun and the moon; but we should all appreciate the sun, that gives us light by day, and the moon, that reflects light by night, nevertheless. Moreover, the faults of one should never be allowed to cause us to be suspicious of another, of course—*never*.

" 'Love thinketh no evil,' and Christians are taught to 'love one another with a pure heart fervently.' "

In an article relative to contributions to a work of the Lord, he wrote:

"Thinking about these things, and especially thinking of the 'widow's mite' that was commended by the Savior, I find cause to rejoice that I have never been rich in this world's goods. If I had great abundance, I would be constantly in fear that I had not cast into the Lord's treasury enough to make my offering acceptable to the Judge of all the earth. I might be tempted to withhold enough for not only my present but my future needs, then cast in a small portion of what was left, and insult the Lord by calling that 'the widow's mite.'

"Moreover, I might be tempted to regard contributions to the work of the Lord as they were regarded by a certain rich brother I once heard speaking of the work, plans, and purposes of the congregation of which he was a member. He said: "Brother Jones and I gave more to the building, painting, and furnishing of the meetinghouse and to other work of the church than any other two members, and we

think we have the right to boss things—say who shall preach, stipulate the preacher's pay,' etc. In the light of Jesus' comment on the widow's offering, I wondered how that brother could decide who had given most to the work of the church. I believe there were members in that very congregation who had cast in only a few dollars, but whose gifts amounted, in the sight of the Lord, to more than the donations of those two rich brethren whose gifts totaled thousands of dollars. How, then, could those two claim the right to 'boss' the church because of having given more than others, when, possibly, they had given less than others, as the Lord estimates giving? When a church is ruled by certain men simply and solely because they 'give more' than any others to the work, that church is no longer a church of the Almighty Father, but a church of the Almighty Dollar!

"Paul says: 'Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things live of the things of the temple? and they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar? Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel.' (1 Cor. 9: 13, 14.)

"Just as certainly as the Lord hath ordained that they which preach the gospel shall live of the gospel, just so certainly hath he ordained that those who hear the gospel shall support those who preach it; for, otherwise, it could not be possible for those who preach the gospel to live of the gospel—the very thing Paul declares the Lord hath ordained.

"I have been trying to preach the gospel approximately fifty-five years, preaching most of the time twice every day and three times each Sunday. I have neither right, reason, nor inclination to boast, murmur, or complain; 'for though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of,' and though I be neglected, forsaken, and forgotten, greater and better men

have endured more in the name of Him who died that we might live.

"I am not afraid, however, of being neglected, forsaken, or forgotten. I have never demanded support, 'neither have I written these things that it should be so done unto me.' 'I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel.' If I have ever sought a salary or hunted a job, I have forgotten all about it; but my race is nearly run, my work is nearly done, and 'the time of my departure is at hand;' hence, personally, it matters little to me what others may think or say or do, except that I am interested in their welfare, both temporal and eternal; hence, I should like to know whether those whose duty it is to support those who preach the gospel have been giving three or four or five times as much to that end since prices began to soar as they gave before. If not, why not? And how do they expect preachers to live? If not, they have unquestionably neglected their duty, if they did no more than their duty before. All this, provided they are able to do more, of course.

"I infer, from what is written on the subject in the divine record, that the offerings brought to the altar to which Paul refers were precisely the same offerings when prices were high as when prices were low—that is, that the price of beef had nothing to do with the size, quality, or condition of the animals offered, but the commercial value of the offerings was proportionately greater, of course, when the price of beef was higher. How are you giving, my brother? How about your offerings? Do you give five times as much to support the gospel when your Shorthorns or White-faces or Berkshires or Poland Chinas are twenty cents on foot as you gave when they were only three or four cents? For your sake I ask this question, and suggest that you 'think on these things.'

"Not many months ago—and I presume the situation is

still the same—I knew something of a church of Christ that paid its preacher for half his time only a little more than enough to pay the rent he had to pay for the rooms in which he lived, another church paying him about one-third as much for the other half of his time, he devoting all his time to 'the work of the ministry;' while that very same church—the one that about paid the preacher's rent—paid each of two vigorous young men who were drawing large salaries for secular work to which they devoted almost their entire time, to preach for it one Sunday monthly. That may not be giving the children's bread to the dogs; but I'd be afraid the devil would get me, if I were that church or either of those two men—not preachers, for preaching was not and is not their vocation.

"Brother B. B. Sanders once said: 'We have more Bible and less sense than any other people on earth.' I am not willing to acknowledge that we have less sense than other mortals, but we certainly do not always make the best possible use of our sense—or cents, either.

"My brother, if all of us did as you do, while the cost of living is so excessively high, could those who preach the gospel live of the gospel? You say, No. Then, who is responsible for their not living of the gospel? Remember, the Book of books teaches us that, long ago, the Lord Almighty ordained that those who preach the gospel shall live of the gospel. Let us neither ignore nor fight against God.

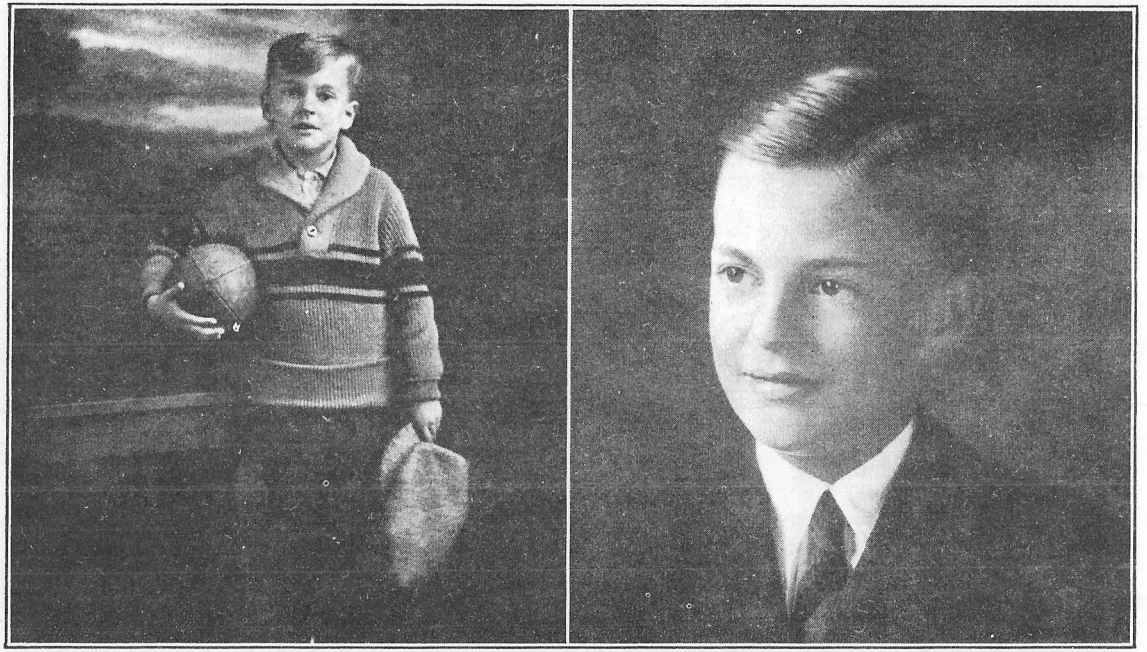
"So far as I know, all prices are high, except the price of preaching. I am neither proud nor ashamed of having plowed for four dollars a month, when we plowed from the rising to the setting of the sun, even when the days were longest, devoting one hour to rest and dinner at noon. Now, here in Kings County, California, a man who plows from 7 A.M. till 5 P.M., devoting the noon hour to rest and din-

ner, demands four dollars a day for his work—and he gets it, too.

"My experience is, of course, not peculiar; hence, the point I make is proper. Preachers are not supposed to be financiers; but they must live—at least as long as they preach—and Divinity hath ordained that they shall live of the gospel. How are they going to do it?"

One who wrote of Mr. Larimore's work after he passed away, called him "a builder of churches." He was not only a builder of churches, but a builder of meetinghouses in which churches meet. In looking over his diaries and note books a few days ago, I noticed that in 1866 he was deeply interested in securing funds to help the brethren in Huntsville, Alabama, to build a church home; and the very last thing he wrote—I'm sure it was the last time he had pen or pencil in his hand—was an appeal for help to build a meetinghouse in Fullerton, California. He wrote that the day before he went to bed sick with influenza, in Los Angeles, expecting to talk with the leaders of the Fullerton congregation about it the next Sunday, when he should resume his preaching there, and submit the appeal for their consideration. His sickness, his fall and consequent injury prevented that appeal's being made.

Over the sixty-two years between his work for the Huntsville church in 1866 and the appeal he wrote in the closing days of 1928, he had helped and encouraged many—very many—churches to build meetinghouses, always urging the brethren to make sacrifices to secure a church home, and trying to stir in the hearts of all a desire to have part in that good work. He always advocated the building of as good, commodious, comfortable and convenient a house as the congregation was able to build, deploring the tendency some brethren exhibit to "bore with a gimlet," as he expressed it, instead of "boring with a big augur."



CHARLES BARNES DARWIN.

(Charles as we knew him.) (Charles as he looks now.)

Soon after he made an appeal through the papers for a birthday building fund for the Berkeley church, Mr. Larimore wrote:

"I have just received a letter from our first contributor to the birthday building fund, Charles Barnes Darwin, eleven years old, in which letter he says: 'Mother teaches me that the more liberal I am with the church and the Lord's work, the more I shall have to give, and it seems I am prospering with my money; so I thought you would not mind if I sent you another check, as my first one was so small. One of my greatest desires is that I shall some day visit you at The Church of Christ by the Golden Gate.' Inclosed with the letter was a check for five dollars. Charles has learned what some Christians never learn—that to be liberal with the church and the Lord's work is the way to prosper with our money. It will be a happy day for me if I am spared to welcome Charles to 'The Church of Christ by the Golden Gate.' "

On another occasion he wrote:

"At the end of a tiresome, but pleasant, day's journey, on foot, I stopped at a place that seemed to be both peaceful and prosperous, to spend the night that was near. The sun was still shining, but seemed to be almost touching the top of the mountain behind which it was about to disappear.

"The dwelling that stood on the brow of the hill I had just climbed was a modest one, and the stables and barn were in a badly dilapidated condition; but there was no lack of farm stock, and I thought I had never before, in all my life, seen so many big, fat hogs about a home. The yard around the residence was distressingly small for a country home; but there was plenty of room round about it for hogs, and the hogs were there—hogs galore, big hogs, fat hogs, from the yard fence down to the foot of the long wooded hill, and far out into the field—hogs ready for the

market, ready for the slaughter—and the price of pork was unprecedentedly high.

"The family inhabiting that humble home was small. Less than half a dozen souls lived there. The day of little children to bless and brighten it was past and gone. The thought of hospitality, comfort, and convenience seemed to have never entered there.

"In due time—before supper, which was a little late—the pater familias appeared on the scene, tired, hungry, and evidently discontented, dissatisfied, disconcerted—probably disgusted and distressed about some real or imaginary grievance, I presumed. He scarcely had time to sigh before he said: 'We're poor and hard run.' I stayed there about fourteen hours, and I'm afraid to say how many times he said, 'We're poor and hard run,' while I was there. I ate three meals at his table, and every meal confirmed his solemn affirmation, 'We're poor and hard run'—an affirmation he had probably made but once had he lived in the days of Ananias and Sapphira.

'The natural conclusion to be drawn from the premises, as I saw them, was as follows: 'Some heartless Nabob has this unfortunate family here working like slaves for him for starvation wages, while he and his are living a life of luxurious ease and idleness.'

"That natural conclusion, however, was far from correct. That 'poor and hard-run' man owned, not only the farm on which he lived and all things thereon, but he owned, some of his Christian neighbors said, four or five such farms with similar attachments—hogs and horses and mules and cows and calves and things—and always had plenty of money to lend.

"What was disturbing and distressing him just then was the question: 'How shall I get my hogs to market?' He could have shipped his hogs, and cattle, too, by rail; but

the thought of the cost of doing so appalled and almost paralyzed him. He said: 'The railroads are robbing the country.' He could have driven his hogs and cattle to market; but the loss in weight might have reduced his surplus more than the freight the railroads would have demanded. He might have killed his hogs and converted the pork into bacon and lard; but that would have taken time, and, in the meantime, prices of hog products might have declined. So, the poor, rich brother's head was full of wheels, and he was the victim of a brain storm that made him miserable.

"There was a family, every member of which claimed to be a Christian, burdened with wealth, but living like paupers and working like slaves to increase the burden, the women of the family, in addition to doing much other drudgery, doing the family washing at the foot of the hill, and carrying the water used in the home, in buckets, three or four hundred yards, uphill all the way, while a very small part of the money the 'poor and hard-run' head of the household had on deposit and on interest would have paid for all needful improvements and conveniences in that home. Of course contentment was a stranger there. Indeed, it was manifestly evident that that unfortunate family knew neither comfort nor contentment. Such men love money, but not their wives and children. Men who love their wives and children make them as comfortable as they can.

"When I think of that home and that night, I think of and see another home and another night far away in the mists of the bitter-sweet long ago. I see a brave little woman—as brave as the bravest—carefully divide all the meal in the little log cabin in which she lives—about enough for supper—into two equal parts. She carefully prepares, with her clean, busy hands, one part for baking, and bakes it

on the hearth, before the open fire, in an oven, with coals of fire under the oven and coals of fire on the lid. When that cake, good enough for a king, is thoroughly done, I see her remove it, smoking hot, from the oven to a clean cloth, break it into the proper number of pieces, and then cheerfully enjoy that feast of bread alone with her little ones.

"The feast being followed by a good drink of pure, spring water from a good, clean gourd, to the perfect satisfaction of all concerned, I see her put the children to bed—except one little boy who sits up with his mother till midnight, while she finishes the work that little boy is to deliver the next day. The breakfast next morning is a duplicate of the supper so intensely enjoyed. After breakfast, that same little boy delivers the work his mother's hands and needle have so neatly completed to the customer three miles away, and returns before noon with good cheer for all—with something good to eat.

"This is a sample of many of the days of that good woman's life. She lived in this beautiful world nearly a century; but I never heard her say, 'We're poor and hard run.' Instead of that, she would say: 'It's better further on, my son; it's better further on.' She always believed, hence always said, the roughest part of the road was behind us.

"She obeyed the gospel the first time she ever heard it, and a million souls may pass through the pearly portals into glory that had never entered there if she had never lived, or, living, had never known the pangs of poverty. She loved Christ and his cause, and, through the influence of her life of faith and labor of love and careful training of her children, preached the power of God unto salvation to a never-to-be-numbered host—and still her work goes on.

"Paul, writing to Timothy, wrote: 'Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this

world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment let us be therewith content.' (1 Tim. 6: 6-8.)

"Of course Paul did not teach, or intend to teach, that we should not work for more, and live lives of indolence and idleness as long as we have food and raiment; but that, having food and raiment, so as to be neither hungry, cold, nor disreputable in appearance, we should not be discontented, dissatisfied, or gloomy, but be grateful, hopeful, and faithful.

"He did teach, and intend to teach, however: 'But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.' (1 Tim. 6:8-10.) Even as, also, our Saviour says: 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!' (Mark 10: 23.)

"And, in that selfsame chapter (1 Tim. 6: 17-19), the peerless apostle says: 'Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.'

"We should not repine because we are poor, for our poverty may be a blessing in disguise. Neither should we despair because we are rich; for our wealth may be wings to waft us home to glory, instead of weights to drag us down to everlasting degradation and despair, if we will use it as we ought to use it—for the glory of God, the honor of Christ, the good of humanity, and the salvation of souls.

"Let us be what we ought to be, live as we ought to live, and trust Him from whom all blessings flow for the temporal and eternal results. Then, whether rich or poor, learned or illiterate, when done with all the joys and sorrows, trials and triumphs, of time, and the grave claims our bodies, Heaven will claim us, and the angels will bear us home to glory, to be happy with God and all the redeemed forever."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Highway of Holiness (No. 2).

"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." (Isaiah 35: 8.)

IN a previous lesson on the subject of this wonderful way of which Isaiah wrote, we have learned that, as certainly as truth is truth and the Bible is the Book of God, Christ is this Way—the only way that leads through grace to God, Christ himself declaring: "I am the way, the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." (John 14: 6.) We then studied the question, How can those who are away from the way, away from Christ, get to Christ, and Jesus himself answers that question, saying: "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him"—John 6: 44—and then in the next verse explaining how that drawing is done: "It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man therefore that hath heard and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me." This shows clearly that there is no confusion in regard to the way souls come to Christ, God drawing all who come to Christ—drawing them by teaching. There are certain things we must do, certain impressions that must be made upon us by and through the truth. God in his word presents certain things to be heard, understood, believed and obeyed. His servants, either publicly or privately, or both, as instruments in his hands, impress these truths and facts upon the hearts

of others, and thus God, through his servants, is constantly exerting upon the world the drawing power of the gospel.

What steps must we take to come to Christ? We must hear, listening and investigating for ourselves. No teacher can educate pupils unless they will listen, give good attention, and that is what we must do to be drawn to Christ by the Father. When we refuse to do that, we are justly condemned; hence Solomon, the wise man, wrote: "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the truth, even his prayer shall be abomination." (Prov. 28: 9.) If we refuse to hear when God talks to us, if we are deaf to his instruction and fail to heed his teaching, when swift and sudden destruction comes upon us and we cry to him for help, we shall cry in vain. The very appeal that he will bless and save us will be to him abomination. This is what the Bible teaches, and we should not accept any teaching that comes in conflict with the plain teaching of the Bible, not even funeral preaching. We ought not to teach people that they can resist when God, Christ and the Holy Spirit plead, turning away their ears from the truth all the days of their responsible lives, refusing to yield to the drawing power of high heaven, and then, when swift and sudden destruction comes upon them, cry to God for mercy and receive salvation. This is equivalent to accusing Divinity of falsehood. When God talks we must listen, when God draws us, we must yield.

We must not only hear, but we must understand God's teaching. We can understand it, if we will to do so. If we have intelligence enough to be responsible in the sight of God, we can understand the truths he has presented for our consideration and acceptance. God could not be God—could not be the being the Bible represents him to be—if he should present his teaching in such way that we could not understand it, and then condemn us for failing to understand it. When we hear and understand, we must believe. First, we

must hear, then we must understand, then we must believe. This is the way these steps naturally come. We must hear; hearing, we must understand; understanding, we must believe. Paul asks—Rom. 10: 14: "How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" Before God's revelation was complete, the world received the word of the Lord from the lips of his faithful servants. Now we have the revelation complete—have it plainly written—and can diligently study and investigate for ourselves, either with or without a preacher. But when reading the written word, we are hearing the instruction of preachers whom God directed to write the things we read; and, in that sense, we are listening to the teaching of inspired preachers.

We must hear, understand, believe. We must believe the truth before we can take a step beyond that. In other words, we must have faith, before we can go further. The Spirit tells us plainly how faith is produced in the heart: "So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." (Rom. 10: 17.) If we imagine we have received faith in some mysterious, supernatural way, separate and apart from the teaching of God in his word, our imagination has bewildered us. That is not the way God produces faith; and if that is the faith we have, we have not that divine faith that will lead us to Christ. We cannot be brought to Christ by that sort of faith, for God must draw to Christ all who come to Christ, and we have found that he draws souls to Christ by teaching. John says: "Many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples that are not written in this book: but these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name." (John 20: 30, 31.) Through his revealed will, God has presented truths and

facts to be heard, understood and believed; and thus faith is produced in the heart.

What change is produced in the heart by faith? The Spirit answers that question. Peter said, speaking of the Gentiles: "And God, which knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as he did unto us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith." (Acts 15: 8, 9.) Faith, then, purifies the heart. We are not told how far faith purifies the heart—what degree of purification is meant; but we believe, because the Bible says so, that faith purifies the heart. It, at least, purifies the heart to the extent that it reduces the uncleanness of the heart. If atheism, infidelity and skepticism are spiritual uncleanness, then to the extent that faith supplants or reduces atheism, infidelity or skepticism in the heart, to that extent faith purifies the heart. Anything mysterious about that? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. For instance here is a glass filled with liquid poison—the most poisonous liquid known to the sons and daughters of men. It is a law of nature that no two substances can accupy absolutely the same space at the same time. We drop a jewel into this glass that is absolutely *full* of liquid poison. In obedience to this inexorable law of nature the jewel necessarily displaces at least its own bulk of the poison. There is not now as much poison in the glass as there was before we dropped the jewel into it. All the space in the glass was then occupied by poison; but now a portion of that space is occupied by the jewel. We drop into the glass another jewel and another and another—an indefinite number—and each jewel dropped into the glass necessarily displaces a portion of the poison equal, at least, in bulk, to the jewel. If this process could and should be continued till *all* the space in the glass should be occupied by jewels, how much poison would then be left in the glass? You say, None; since no two sub-

stances can occupy absolutely the same space at the same time.

Just so faith purifies the heart. Here is an atheist. He believes in neither God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, nor heaven. He is an honest, intelligent man, however, and is therefore open to conviction. Christian men, women and children, including an evangelist of purity, ability and untarnished reputation, make all necessary arrangements for a series of evangelistic meetings in the community in which this atheist lives; and the series of meetings begins on time, according to announcement. Through respect to his friends and neighbors and the religious sentiment of the land in which he lives, the atheist decides to make a full scholar in that series of meetings. He says: "I have hitherto considered Christianity with a prejudiced mind. I have looked upon it with a critic's eye. I have listened to it with a critic's ear. I have never tried to believe. Indeed, I have always tried to not believe. It may be, therefore, that I am what I am because of my desire and endeavor so to be. I have magnified the faults and foibles, and minified the virtues, of Christians. Thus I may have robbed myself, while doing them a great injustice; still they seem to be sincerely interested in me. Now I am going to lay aside all my prejudice and give myself a good chance to believe in Christianity, if the evidences thereof are worthy of belief. Christianity is worthy of my careful consideration, I am sure, for greater and wiser and better men than I am accept it, live for it and die for it."

He attends all the meetings, is always there, is there on time; and being a sane, sensible, civilized, sober man, he pays profound attention to the praying, preaching, singing—everything. He is a gentleman; and, therefore, would not do otherwise in the house of prayer. He hears nothing rough, harsh or unkind; but he cannot readily accept as true much that he hears. All is said in a proper spirit. The preacher is

evidently in earnest, and relies upon the Bible for proof of all the points of doctrine he makes. The atheist says to himself: "I cannot accept what I have heard; but my neighbors and friends—honest, earnest, intelligent people—have invited this man to come here and present these things; and they are standing by him and assuming the responsibility for what he says and does. Therefore the subject is worthy of careful consideration; and I will continue to consider it as diligently and carefully as I can." His heart, however, is still filled with the corruption, blackness and poison of atheism, if atheism is corruption, blackness and poison.

The preacher is investigating, with his audience, the fundamental principles of the truth he proclaims—examining the evidences of the truth of the Christian religion. Finally he proves one of these principles so clearly—makes the point so plain and so strong—that the atheist accepts it. He cannot thrust that truth aside. It is so clearly established that it would be silly, reckless and wrong for him to reject it. So he accepts that truth. There is now not as much disbelief, darkness, corruption, poison in his heart as before; for he now believes one point, whereas previously he believed none of the doctrine preached. This is encouraging. He says: "I never believed any of it before; but now I believe that point. I will continue to listen." One point believed, it is easier to receive another, and another, and another. Finally he concedes—believes—that God is. His heart is, to that extent, purified—freed from atheism. When he believes that God is he is prepared to give more diligent attention to the subject of the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the holy scriptures. He, therefore, finally believes that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and accepts the entire Bible as a revelation from on high. How much atheism, infidelity or skepticism is in his heart now? None. If atheism, infidelity and skepticism are poison or corruption, has not his heart

been purified? Yes. How? By faith. When he believes in the existence of God, the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Bible, all the impurity, blackness, darkness and poison of atheism, infidelity and skepticism are gone. His heart purified by faith, he is ready for the next step toward the way of salvation.

What is the next step? Repentance. We must repent of our sins. It is impossible for us to repent and please God in doing so before we have faith, because the Bible says, "Without faith it is impossible to please Him, for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him" (Heb. 11: 6); and Paul declares—Rom. 14: 23—"Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." This is not my opinion. It is Bible truth. We can all see how it would be a sin to repent toward God without believing in God. Indeed, it would be an impossibility. How could we repent toward God, not believing in him? How could we repent toward Christ, not believing in Christ? We cannot repent of our sins till we realize they are sins. We cannot believe they are sins unless we have knowledge of the law of the Lord. Paul says: "What shall we say then? Is the law sin? God forbid. Nay I had not known sin, but by the law: for I had not known lust, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet." (Rom. 7: 7.) John gives us a definition of sin: "Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law; for sin is the transgression of the law." (1 John 3: 4.) How can we know an act is sin, unless we know the law? So, the Bible being true, we cannot be conscious of sin against God unless we believe in him.

It is true the Saviour said to Jews, when he was the Man of sorrows here on earth: "Repent ye, and believe the gospel"—(Mark 1: 15); but he said it to people who believed in God—to Hebrews, to Jews, who had practically abandoned the law of Moses, making the commandments of God of

none effect by their tradition, substituting partyism for Judaism. Hence the Saviour exhorted them to repent of their violations of the law of Moses—the law of the Lord given to, by and through Moses—and return to loyalty to God according to the law or principles of the Jewish dispensation. They would then be in proper condition to hear and believe the gospel of Christ, and repent of any sins they might have committed against Him who "brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." Until they repented of their rebellion against God, in whom they believed, and became loyal to the Mosaic law, they could scarcely be expected to believe and obey the gospel of the Son of God.

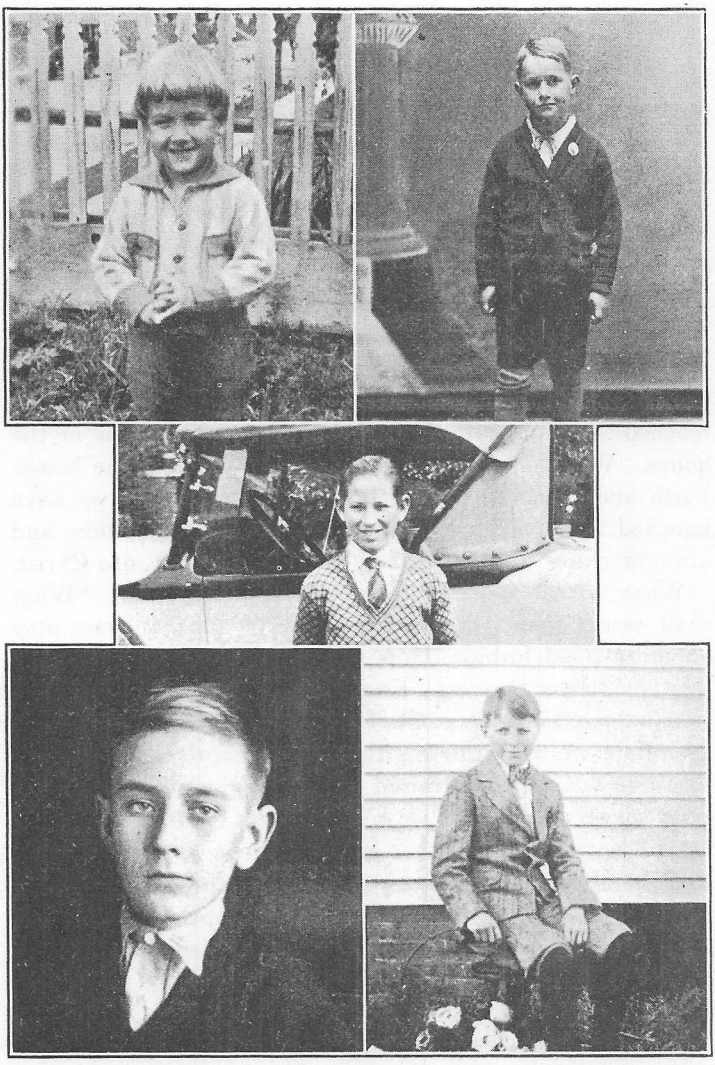
Repentance, then, follows faith, in coming to the way of salvation. We first hear, understand, believe and then we are ready to repent—repent toward God, toward Christ, toward heaven. That is, we resolve by the grace of God to abandon sin and Satan and serve the Lord. Repentance purifies the life. If we resolve to abandon sin, with full purpose of heart to obey the gospel and live the Christian life, that necessarily purifies our lives. We can all see and recognize that. Suppose a desperado, by his evil deeds, has filled with terror the community in which he lives. When the report is circulated and believed that under the influence of gospel preaching he has become a believer and has genuinely and thoroughly repented, with full purpose of heart to become a Christian and live the Christian life, all the people in that community will feel profound relief. Why? Because they understand that his repentance, if genuine, has purified his life, and he will be a desperado no more. The community will feel perfectly safe, so far as that man is concerned. As faith purifies the heart, so repentance purifies the life. How long it may take faith to perfectly purify the heart, or how long it may take repentance to thoroughly purify the life,

no mortal may know; but faith purifies the heart and repentance purifies the life.

Having our hearts purified by faith and our lives purified by repentance, we are ready to knock at the door for admission into Christ. We are ready to confess with the mouth that we believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Rom. 10: 10.) When we make that good confession, we have reached Christ. We have reached the Way that leads to life eternal, but we have not entered that Way. When we reached the door of this house to-night, we were not in the house. We had to step into the house, to be in the house. Faith and repentance have brought us to Christ, we have knocked for admittance by making the good confession; and are now ready to take the step that will lead us into Christ.

What is that step? Baptism. The Spirit says: "What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein? Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection." (Rom 6: 1-5.) "For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ." (Gal. 3: 27.) Baptism, then, is the door by which we enter Christ, enter the Way that leads to life.

Having been buried in the waters of baptism with Christ, and raised up to walk in newness of life, we are new creatures. "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are new." (2 Cor.



LARIMORE NORDYKE SAMPSON. WAYMON LARIMORE NEWSOM.
ROBERT LARIMORE RIGGS.
H. BROWN WALKER. LARIMORE MAYO
(Namesakes.)

5: 17.) Do you believe and say that Paul referred to Holy Spirit baptism when he wrote: "Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life?" I cannot understand how it is possible for it to be possible to imagine that this refers to Holy Spirit baptism. The baptism Paul was writing about was something in which people were buried and raised up out of. In Holy Spirit baptism are people buried in the Holy Spirit and raised up out of the Holy Spirit? The baptism of which Paul wrote is referred to as a burial and a raising up, as a planting and a resurrection, and these figures do not and cannot apply to baptism of the Holy Spirit. They do apply to immersion in water and the raising up out of the water, which are appropriate and suitable symbols of the burial and the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. By baptism Paul meant that ordinance to which Jesus submitted when he was baptized of John in Jordan and "came up out of the water," the ordinance which his disciples are commanded to perform in the name of Christ, into the solemn names of Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

But in reference to baptism, as in reference to all else that pertains to the salvation of souls, God has not left the slightest room for doubt, question or quibble; but teaches us plainly and clearly what is meant by baptism.

There are two systems of teaching in vogue among men, either one of which is good alone, but when the two are judiciously and perfectly blended, they make a better system than either one can ever be alone. One we sometimes call the subjective system of teaching, the other the objective system of teaching. For instance, children study botany in school ten consecutive weeks, studying the best textbooks available on that subject, and may learn much about plants of various kinds—about trees and vegetables, fruits and flowers, buds

and blossoms. Then a good teacher can take them through garden and grove, over hills and hollows, through fields and forests, ten days, five hours a day, and they will learn more during those ten days than they have learned the ten weeks they have been poring over textbooks. Still they would have learned comparatively little about the beauties of nature in those ten days if they had not studied the textbooks and learned valuable lessons that way, preparing them to readily receive and correctly retain such lessons as they desire to receive and retain. They learn to apply and thoroughly understand what they have learned from the textbooks.

So children study zoology weeks and months, studying textbooks, memorizing answers to questions or studying so as to answer the questions in their own language, which is better. Then they may go to a zoological garden, or go to a circus, if no zoological garden is within reach, where they can see the animals about which they have been studying and thus receive object lessons, learning to apply the subject lessons they have learned from their textbooks. They will learn more from a few such object lessons, perhaps, than they have learned in weeks of study, the object lessons impressing upon their minds what they have learned from the textbooks.

Well, God in his goodness, knowing human nature, has given us a system of teaching in which are judiciously and perfectly combined these two systems of teaching. He has revealed certain truths and facts to us in plain language; language so plain that we can readily understand it, and then, in reference to things of the greatest importance, he has given us examples or models, so that we can look at these examples or models and see if we have understood his teaching. For instance, on the subject of conversion, in reference to what sinners must do to become Christians, what those who are away from the way of salvation must do to enter it, we have the gospel records of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. We

have the commission given by Matthew, Mark and Luke, Matthew recording it: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world"—Matt. 28: 19, 20—and Mark tells us that the Saviour said, just before his ascension: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16: 15, 16); and Luke tells us the Saviour said: "Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day, and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." (Luke 24: 46, 47.)

In these gospel records God teaches us by the subject system what we must do to become Christians. He has also given us object lessons on conversion, so there is no reason for a diversity of opinion about it. Indeed, there is no reason why we should have any opinion about it. It is not a matter of opinion, but a matter of faith. In Acts of Apostles we have models of conversions, and by studying them we can learn and understand and know whether we are following God's models or our own opinions about these superlatively important things. Indeed, the book of Acts of Apostles is a great storehouse of models of conversions; and I want to hold up for your consideration one of these models and let us study it together. It is peculiarly applicable to the lesson under consideration, because it is the conversion of a wayfaring man. There is nothing in the record to indicate that he was an illiterate man, but rather the contrary. The gospel of Christ, however, while so simple and plain that the uninformed, the illiterate, can understand and appreciate it, is

still so profound as to claim the attention of the wise and cultured. This model case of conversion to which I am going to call your attention was begun under the direction of the angel of the Lord, and was continued and completed under the supervision of the Holy Spirit; hence it must be a safe model to follow. Let us see.

"And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south, unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert. And he arose and went: and, behold, a man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority under Candace queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship, was returning, and sitting in his chariot read Esias the prophet. Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot. And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the prophet Esias, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him. The place of the scripture which he read was this, He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth: in his humiliation his judgment was taken away: and who shall declare his generation? for his life is taken from the earth. And the eunuch answered Philip, and said, I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man? Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus. And as they went on their way they came unto a certain water: and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he

baptized him. And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more: and he went on his way rejoicing." (Acts 8: 26-39.)

We find that in this model case of conversion, when the Ethiopian officer who had been led to the Way by the preaching of Philip, having confessed his faith in Christ, was ready for the ordinance of baptism, he went with Philip "down into the water," was baptized, and then "came up out of the water." There is but one point about which there can be doubt, quibble, or question, and that is What was done in the water which the divine record refers to as baptism. Well, Paul settles that when he says—Rom. 6: 3-5—"Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection;" and also when he says—Col. 2: 12: "Buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead." When this wayfaring man, then, went with Philip "down into the water," and was baptized, he "was buried with Christ by baptism into death," and "as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father," so he also was raised up "to walk in newness of life." He was "planted in the likeness" of the death of Christ, he was "buried with him in baptism." Is there any room for doubt, question or quibble relative to baptism which is referred to as a burial and a raising up, a planting and a resurrection?

The way of salvation is so plainly taught in the word of God that not only is it not hard to understand it, but it is

impossible for us to not understand it, if we will to understand it. If we hear the gospel, believe the gospel, repent of our sins, confess our faith in Christ, are buried with him by baptism into death and raised up to walk in newness of life, we are in Christ, and have received redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins. Thenceforth, if we live as God would have his children live, live as he has taught us to live, being faithful until death, he will take us to that land where we shall have eternal joy and gladness and "sorrow and sighing shall flee away." He has taught us these things so plainly in his word that responsible souls are absolutely without excuse if they do not seek the Highway of Holiness, come to it, enter it and walk in it in God's appointed way.

CHAPTER XIX.

Sympathy.

It's the human touch in this world that counts,
The touch of your hand and mine,
That means far more to the fainting heart
Than shelter and bread and wine.
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er,
And bread lasts only a day,
But the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice
Sing on in the soul alway.

GIFTED by nature with a very tender heart, and having had long training himself in the school of sorrow, Mr. Larimore was very gentle and sympathetic with all the sorrowing, suffering sons and daughters of earth, and he so impressed all with whom he came in contact. So, naturally, when in grief or trouble, his friends turned to him for comfort and consolation. He received many letters from grief-stricken friends, and always gave them all the comfort possible, answering their heartbroken, and sometimes heartbreaking, questions as best he could in the light of truth divine. On this subject, he wrote:

"Many people write me when death invades their homes, seeking sympathy, comfort, consolation. I always try to write in reply as comforting assurances as the Book of books justifies my offering to the sorrowing, suffering writers of such letters. Weak as words are under such circumstances, they may contain a few crumbs of comfort. For that reason and because the whole world is subject to such sorrow, I write

this, which I have just written, in substance, to a mourning mother.

"One question almost invariably asked by those who mourn the departure of a loved one or loved ones is, 'Shall we know each other in the world to come?' It is not difficult to understand why this question comes so persistently to those who have seen a dear one slip away into that boundless beyond whence no whisper, no word, no sign can come to tell us of the welfare of that loved one. In seeking Bible light on this question, as in all other study of the Bible, we must not forget that 'the secret things belong unto the Lord our God: but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children for ever, that we may do all the words of this law.' (Deut. 29: 29.) While this prohibits our trying to pry into things God has not revealed, it encourages us to try to understand and appropriate all that he has revealed, for the things that have been revealed 'belong unto us and to our children for ever.' Why? 'That we may do all the words of this law'—the law of the Lord.

"We are not told specifically in the Bible that we shall recognize our loved ones after death, but there are many things in the Book of books that suggests that we shall know each other Over There. Paul, contrasting the present with the future life, says: 'For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part: but then shall I know even as also I am known.' (1 Cor. 13: 12.) That certainly must mean that we shall know each other as God knows us. And why not? We know others as others know us now, but then, Over There, we shall no longer 'know in part,' as we know now, but know without limit, as God knows.

"The apostle Paul wrote to the Philippian brethren: 'Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling: for it is God

which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure. Do all things without murmurings and disputings: that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world; holding forth the word of life; that I may rejoice in the day of Christ that I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain.' (Phil. 2: 12-16.)

"Now, this not only shows that those Philippian brethren were not to be saved unless they followed that advice, but it just as clearly shows that Paul was to know at the last great day whether they worked out their salvation with fear and trembling. If so, he fully expected to meet them in glory, recognize them and know that his labors among them had not been in vain.

"How much of the last paragraph of the sixteenth chapter of Luke is literal and how much figurative, I do not claim to know, but that paragraph clearly suggests recognition after death. The same capacity that enables us to know ourselves and others here should enable us to know each other there. The rich man recognized Lazarus, whom he had probably seen and known on earth. Not only did he recognize Lazarus, but he also recognized Abraham, whom he had not known in his earth life. That is in line with the suggestion in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians that we shall know each other then, even as also we are known, even as God knows us. It is in line with reason also to believe that our knowledge and perception will not certainly be less, but that we shall then have a broader, deeper knowledge, a truer, more extended perception, than we can have in this life, with our human limitations.

"There are difficulties in the way of believing we shall know each other there. We cannot expect that all whom we love will reach that blissful place, hence the question arises:

How can we be happy there, if some one we loved devotedly here is missing? A reply sometimes made to that question is that, of all the ties of love that bind us to others here, only those that are spiritual will outlast and outlive the chill of death; that if we are bound to our loved ones by spiritual ties as well as earthly, only the spiritual ties remain. If we are bound to beloved ones by earthly ties only, those ties are dissolved in death. Hence, we can be happy in that land of happiness, notwithstanding some we loved here are no longer with us. It is also argued that God can remove from our souls all pain; that he loves all our lost loved ones, and, as he can accept their doom, we can do so, too, having there a clearer perception of the justice of the decision that bars them from bliss. But, be these things as they may, they are some of the things that have not been revealed. They belong to God, and we should be content to leave them with him.

"This thought remains with us sufficiently, however, to make us more anxious, more diligent, more earnest, in trying to lead our loved ones to, into and in the way of holiness, that the ties binding our hearts and theirs may not be severed, but only strengthened and spiritualized, by the hand of death.

"A sorrowing mother asks: 'Will my baby remain a baby in that other world, or will she grow to womanhood?' This is one of the unrevealed things that belong to Jehoyah, not to us. Of this, however, I am sure: a mother will not love her daughter less when she meets her Over There, if that daughter has changed from a babe to a woman. If we love a child here, are separated from her while she is still a child and see her no more till she reaches womanhood, when we recognize her as the one we so fondly loved as a child, we love her no less, but rather more, if she has grown in grace

and sweetness as in statue. Why should it be otherwise there?

"The fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians reveals much concerning the body that will be raised in the general resurrection. It is to be a spiritual body, a glorious body, and we are told that we shall be like the Lord when we are raised with him, 'for we shall see him as he is.' (1 John 3: 2.) When I think of what those bodies may be, I think of the transfigured Saviour, with Moses and Elijah, on Hermon's holy height. But be this as it may, we can take comfort from what is revealed concerning the bodies we shall wear in that blissful land, and leave the rest to the merciful, loving Lord.

" 'How can it be,' asks a mourning mother, 'that this dreadful sorrow can work good to me, according to the promise of the Lord to those that love him, and I am sure I love him?' I will let another mother, mourning the untimely departure of a sweet young daughter, answer that question. She wrote me: 'After this, it will not be so hard for me, I am sure, to live so as to reach heaven, and I am much more capable of taking with me the rest of my loved ones and others.' She had learned a great lesson from her sorrow, an all-important lesson, and as the years go by many others will be comforted and encouraged by the tender sympathy of this mother who has learned in the school of sorrow how to sympathize with the sorrowing, suffering sons and daughters of men.

"The one supreme, unfailing source of comfort, however, is the divine source. When sorrows make this world seem so dark that our souls are almost hopeless, we should look aloft to the Sun of Righteousness that arose with healing in his wings, to flood the world with light divine and lift our souls to endless bliss. 'Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time:

casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you.' (1 Peter 5: 6, 7.)

"I have just received from a sister in a far-away State a letter in which she says: 'Brother Larimore, have you time to write something about the great reunion Over Yonder? Shall we know each other there? I would first of all love to see Jesus, kneel, kiss his feet, and thank him for all he has done for us. Next I would ask to see my pretty little boy who has gone from us; and then I'd love to see all my faithful brethren and sisters there. I love to think of that blissful reunion and would like to learn more about it.' "

On another occasion, he wrote:

"I have recently received two letters that demanded my attention and that I believe may be interesting and helpful to others. I gave the advice, as requested in the letters; and while I always try to be consistent, my advice in the two cases was entirely and radically different. The first letter was from a young sister, who told her story as follows:

"'My parents are Baptists, but I never did accept that doctrine. When I was seventeen, I heard the gospel and obeyed it. Of course, at that time I did not understand everything about my Christian duty, and, being a newborn babe in Christ, Satan, at the critical moment, whispered various disturbing insinuations about "Mossbacks," "Nonprogressives," "arguing Campbellites," "Campbellite Bibles," etc. There was no long-suffering, patient brother or sister in Christ near me, who, knowing the Bible, could feed my soul on the sincere milk of the word.

"'At last, whipped and borne down in the strife and worried by constant opposition, I finally went into the Baptist Church. I did not go to the church of Christ for five years. Then a consecrated preacher of the church of Christ preached near where I lived, and taught me the things I needed to hear. I was restored, and have been trying since that time to do all for the Lord that I can do; but sometimes the question arises in my mind, should I have been rebap-

tized? I certainly did not understand the plan of salvation and Christian duty as fully as I do now, but I know I was baptized because our Saviour commanded it. I know I had believed and repented, and, of course, I confessed my faith in Christ before my baptism. What should I do?'

"My reply to that sister concerning her being immersed again was substantially as follows:

"'No, your baptism, being preceded by faith, repentance and confession of your faith in Christ, was all right. You did not understand, you say, as much about the plan of salvation and your Christian duty when you were baptized as you do now, which is true of most of us—indeed, of all of us who study the Book of books and try to understand its teachings; but you doubtless understood all these things as fully and as well as did the three thousand who were baptized immediately after hearing the first gospel sermon ever preached—Acts 2—or as did the Ethiopian officer who was baptized immediately after Philip 'preached unto him Jesus' —Acts 8: 39. You made a mistake after you became a Christian; you afterwards saw that you had erred, you repented of that error and were restored to your 'first love,' the church of Christ. An erring Christian, to gain forgiveness of sin, must repent of the sin and pray God for forgiveness. (Acts 8: 22.) Having done this, your way is clear, and you have only to rejoice and be glad, and work and worship with a joyful heart and a contented mind.'

"The second letter, stating a condition that troubles many similarly situated, was as follows:

"'Realizing the full knowledge you have of God's word through a long life of earnest and prayerful study of it, obedience to his will and service in his cause, I come to you for help, advice and guidance in a problem with which I am confronted and about which I am most anxious.

"'I am now thirty-three years of age. I was immersed when I was about fourteen years old. I suppose I had the

usual faults and possible sins of the average boy of that age, and while I did not feel any great remorse of conscience for any wrong acts, I had a great desire to, and resolved to, live a better life, to live a good life. My father and mother attended Sunday School and church regularly, and so I, too, attended Sunday School and church services regularly from the time I was a very small child. Being of an obedient temperament, I was always inclined to do what my parents wished me to do. They naturally expected me to become a Christian, and I responded to the invitation in what I and the church thought was faith and repentance, and was immersed.

"'Of course there has been much in my life since my act of "joining the church," as it is erroneously termed, of which and for which I am very sorry; but I have lived up to my belief and understanding to a rather full degree, and I think I can truthfully say that I have practiced good works with more zeal and earnestness than the average church member. I have been a regular attendant at the various services of the church, except when hindered by sickness, and have taken active part in church work; my morals and habits have been good; I have often served at the Lord's table, have even tried to preach some, and have read and studied the Bible some almost every day, especially for the last ten years. I have been so satisfied in my belief that I was in Christ's kingdom that I did not give the matter any thought or study.

"'For the past year, however, I have had a growing doubt whether I have accepted Christ in such a way as to make me a member of his church, or kingdom, and so as to gain the salvation that can be had only through faith in him. I fear I drifted into the church nominally without any very positive convictions or belief, acting more on my faith in my parents and the church than on faith in Christ. I believe my repentance met the requirements of Bible repentance, notwithstanding such things as faith, love and repentance are never as full and complete as possible. My doubt is about my faith in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God, at that time. When I was asked if I believed that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, I answered that I did, but I doubt now whether I really knew and understood then what Jesus as the Son of

DOROTHY DUMM.

God meant and implied. It seems to me now that I thought of Jesus more as just one of the prominent characters of the Bible. Not that I doubted his being the Christ, the Son of God, but I did not have an understanding and conviction of it, such as to make my immersion a valid baptism.

"'My concern now is, if I did think of Jesus as only a prominent character of the Bible, as Abraham, Moses, Peter, Paul, could I have had that faith in him as the Christ, the Son of God, that is necessary to obtain righteousness and salvation, which can be obtained only through faith in and obedience to him? Without that faith in him as the Christ, the Son of God, I cannot believe that immersion is baptism. In Acts 19 we read of Paul's commanding a group of people that had been baptized into John's baptism of repentance to be baptized into Christ.

"'If I did not have sufficient faith in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God, to cause my immersion to put me into Christ, what has been my condition all this time in partaking of the Lord's Supper, serving at the Lord's table, and taking part in the services of the church? I believe this matter of being born into Christ, rather than just becoming nominal church members, is a more serious, important matter than even most preachers realize. What do you advise me to do?'"

"To this letter I replied substantially as follows:

"'Believing as you do regarding your baptism, I would advise you to make the confession and be baptized as early as possible. If your baptism was valid, the re-immersion cannot do you any harm, and it will silence the doubt that is troubling you. Since you, who alone of all the world can testify relative to the validity of your baptism, are in doubt, that doubt cannot be removed by argument. The only way to remove it forever is to make a new start, beginning at the very beginning of obedience to the gospel and going through its requirements without fear or doubting. Of course the confession and baptism can be public or private, as you may prefer.

"'The case recorded in Acts 19 is not, I think applicable to

your case, however. The group of people Paul found at Ephesus had not been baptized into Christ, and not having been baptized into the name of Christ, had not received redemption through his blood or been translated into his church, his kingdom, that not being possible through John's baptism. 'Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son, in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins.' (Col. 1: 13, 14.)

"'As to your condition in partaking of the Lord's Supper, serving at the Lord's table, and performing other duties devolving upon a Christian, no sin attached to you because of these acts. You believed you were a Christian, and were doubtless sincere and earnest in the performance of these acts. The Bible says: "For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body." (1 Cor. 11: 20.) "Unworthily," in that connection, is, however, as you know, an adverb, referring to the manner of eating and drinking—in a light, frivolous way—and I am sure you were never guilty of doing that. As to the years you spent thinking you were in the church and entitled to the privileges of a Christian, I think they have been a blessing to you, rather than a curse. You have had the benefit of association with Christians, the training afforded by the church, and the benefit of careful study of the sacred Scriptures. If your immersion was not baptism, that mistake can be easily rectified. You can then go on to higher heights of holiness and deeper depths of devotion in the service of the Lord you love and love to serve.'"

A few years ago a sister wrote him, asking for all the information possible on the subject of child-bearing, adding: "I think this is a much-neglected subject. Though it is rather a delicate matter, like all other issues of life it must be met, and there is a right way to meet it, I am sure."

Mr. Larimore replied to her by personal letter, and later decided to incorporate her questions and his reply in an article for publication, as follows:

"Of course all of us know my opinion has absolutely nothing to do with the subject; hence, I shall try to ignore it entirely—try to ignore all opinion. That will simplify the subject and enable all to understand whatsoever I may write. It *is* a delicate subject—'an issue of life that must be met,' however, and Christians should certainly meet it conscientiously and consistently, regardless of what others may think or say or do. I know I can speak without prejudice against women, for I have cherished the profoundest and sincerest sympathy and respect for women nearly all the days of my life—all the days of my life since old enough to think of these things. Now, 'to the law and to the testimony.'

" 'So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth.' (Genesis 1: 27, 28.)

"This is in the Old Testament. Now let us see whether we can find anything in the New Testament that harmonizes with this passage from the Old Testament.

" 'I will therefore that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house, give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully.' (1 Tim. 5: 14.)

"Of course we have neither right nor inclination to set aside either of these two divinely inspired statements, nor have we need of anything more to settle the question under consideration.

" 'Should any means be used to suppress or control child-bearing?' I was about to answer that question, when I remembered we are deferring to Divinity in this investigation, and Divinity says: 'I will therefore that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house, give none occasion to

the adversary to speak reproachfully.' I was about to say if a woman is averse to bearing children she should not marry; but 1 Tim. 5: 14, just quoted, settles that; hence I forbear to say it. Indeed, I neither know nor know of anything in all the realm of God's revelation to man to authorize or justify voluntary interference with nature's course in harmony with Jehovah's unquestionable demand: 'Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth.' Moreover, the verse begins with, 'And God blessed them, and God said unto them.' He evidently considered the conferring of this favor upon them a blessing to be appreciated, instead of a curse to be shunned and evaded.

" 'Is it right to bring into the world more children than you can properly care for and educate?' Jehovah said, in Old Testament times: 'Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth. In New Testament times, under the last dispensation of mercy to man, he says: 'I will that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house.' That settles all these questions with those who are satisfied with what the Bible says. Nor can we evade these commands by setting up for ourselves and our families such a standard of living that the number of children in the family must be limited, that we may be able to maintain that standard. Parents often spend on the one child in the family money sufficient to support seven children, if economy and self-denial were taught and practiced in the household, and the children would be all the better prepared for life by having such teaching.

"With the Psalmist I can truthfully say: 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' (Ps. 37: 25.) Moreover, I have never known or believed it to be harder for large families to get along, physically, financially, educationally, or spiritually, than small ones. Just now as I write, I think

of two families near here—very near—neither of which has ever inherited any money, both of which have climbed from the bottom by close economy and honest labor. One of these two families is wealthy, as well as healthy and wise, and numbers nine. The other is prosperous, but numbers only seven.

"This moment I am reminded by seeing our nearest neighbor's house, scarcely twenty feet distant, that there are six happy children in that home, all little folks, extending stair-step fashion, from the cradle to the top, and the top is about as close to the cradle as it could be without twins. Moreover, these nearest neighbors are Roman Catholics; and that reminds me that the Catholics are slowly, but surely, gaining control of our country by natural increase, while Protestants are losing control by practicing race suicide.

"Large families are blessings, if properly taught and trained. I remember a family of nineteen: Father, mother, and seventeen sons and daughters, poor, honest, truthful people, all Christians, never owned a home, educated, principally in my Mars' Hill school, sufficiently to meet their demands. Some of them made preachers; some, postmasters; some, farmers; and all of them made good.

"As healthy and happy a family as I have ever seen, so far as appearances showed, consisted of a husband and wife and five pairs of twins—ten boys. They lived in my own home country, East Tennessee, where the heavens caress the mountains and the mountains kiss the stars. They were poor people, too, as were and are all East Tennessee mountaineers, so far as I know. I saw them—the undivided dozen—all out in the open air, in a little field—what we then and there called 'a new ground'—piling and burning brush, briers, and so forth, preparatory to plowing the ground and planting the prospective crop.

"I really wanted to stop and stay there and enjoy that

delightful work with them, but duty or destiny or both demanded that I should speed on, as I had to walk forty miles between the rising and the setting of the sun that happy day, which I did, reaching the end of the day's journey with a happy, hopeful heart and a good appetite."

CHAPTER XX.

Preach the Word (No. 1).

"But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. I charge thee therefore before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom; preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables." (2 Tim. 3: 14-17—4: 1-4.)

THE characters concerned in this charge demand our prayerful, careful consideration. Naturally, the first of these characters to be considered is the apostle Paul, who wrote this lesson. He was one of the sublimest of men, than whom the world has never known a sublimer. He, known as "Saul of Tarsus," was a prominent man in Jerusalem, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, a leader of the Pharisees, the sect, party or denomination to which he belonged. True to his convictions, he fought the church of God with all his might, believing it to be a curse, because it necessarily antagonized all the sects, parties and denominations in existence; because its success meant the failure, its life meant the death, of all the sects, parties and denominations of his day. He determined

to do all he could to destroy Christianity, and thus save those sects, parties and denominations, especially the Pharisees, the sect to which he belonged.

He persecuted Christians relentlessly, not only in Jerusalem, but "even unto strange cities." While on his way to Damascus, with "letters" authorizing him to arrest Christians wherever he might find them, and bring them bound to Jerusalem, Christ appeared to him personally, and convinced him that he, Jesus, was, and is, the Christ, the Son of the living God. That was pre-eminently the age of miracles—the age to which Isaiah refers in the thirty-fifth chapter of his prophecies, as one to be especially memorable because of its miracles. When Jesus appeared to Saul, Saul cried out, "Who art thou, Lord?" The Lord answered, "I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest." Evidently believing this with all his heart, Saul asked, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Jesus answered him, "Arise and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do." He went into Damascus, and remained there in a blind, believing, praying, penitent, fasting condition, three days and three nights—until heaven sent to him Ananias, an inspired man, to fulfill the promise of the Saviour: "It shall be told thee what thou must do." The Lord Almighty, by and through his inspired agent, Ananias, restored Saul's sight. Then Ananias, Jehovah's inspired, called, commissioned, qualified and sent agent, perfectly satisfied with Saul's faith and repentance, and knowing faith, repentance and baptism to be the divinely prescribed conditions of pardon to alien sinners, said unto him: "And now why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord." (Acts 22: 16.)

Saul immediately complied with the divine demand, was baptized, and at once began preaching Christ in the synagogue, "that he is the Son of God"—"proving that this is

very Christ." (Acts 9: 20-22.) From that day to the day of his death, he lived and labored, sacrificed and suffered for the cause of Christ, for the upbuilding and temporal and eternal triumph of the cause to establish which the Saviour shed his precious blood. In fealty and fidelity to the cause of Christ he has never had a superior. He did all he could, sacrificed all he had, and died—all for the glory of God, the honor of Christ and the salvation of souls.

When he wrote this charge to Timothy, he had fought his fight, he had finished his course. He had been true to the faith. He could almost see the death-dealing ax in the hand of the heartless Roman executioner, ready to sever his head from his body, on the banks of the classic Tiber. He feared not the fatal stroke, knowing that stroke would simply cut the cords that bound him to earth, that he might be borne by angels beyond the stars, to be "forever present with the Lord." He could look, with the eye of faith, beyond the mists hanging over the deep, dark river of death, and see the radiant crown of righteousness in the hands of the blessed Redeemer, to be placed upon his brow when he reached that glorious land of life eternal—of endless life and light and love and bliss divine. Standing in the very shadow of death, rejoicing in the hope of the release so soon to come, he thought of Timothy, his beloved son in the Lord. He thought of the interests, temporal and eternal, of the human race—interests involving the sweetest joys earth can give and all the bliss of heaven for ever—and, thinking thus, for our good and God's glory, he wrote to Timothy: "Preach the word."

This thought naturally calls our attention to Timothy, the second character concerned in this charge, the young preacher to whom it was addressed. Timothy was a young man who had enjoyed the very best opportunities, from his birth, for being a sublime and signal success, body, soul and spirit, for time and for eternity. Of course I do not mean

by this that he was of royal extraction, that he was born in a princely palace, reared in the lap of luxury, and had lived in ease, idleness and affluence all his days. Had that been true, it might be perfectly safe to say he had never had any chance at all. We learn enough from the Bible to know his opportunities had been of the very best character. We may reach this conclusion by reasoning from effect to cause, and we may reach the same conclusion by reasoning from cause to effect. We are taught in the first chapter of Paul's second letter to Timothy that Timothy was the son of a godly mother and the grandson of a godly grandmother. His grandmother, Lois, and his mother, Eunice, daughters of Abraham, were women of such spotless purity of character, such sublime devotion to the principles of justice and right that their names have been rescued from oblivion—which has not fallen to the lot of many women, notwithstanding there have been billions of them, good and pure, faithful and true, who have blessed and brightened the earth. But upon God's honor roll stand the names of the grandmother and the mother of Timothy; and, being part of the word of God, their names are to never be lost, for Isaiah says: "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever." (Isa. 40: 8.)

No mortal can ever too highly appreciate being the child of a godly mother, or the grandchild of a godly grandmother—the descendant of pure, chaste, clean, consistent Christian parents and grandparents—and if all the parents and grandparents, and prospective parents and grandparents in this land understood heaven's demands upon them, believed the Bible, and understood and properly appreciated the wonderful weight of the wonderful responsibility resting upon them by virtue of their influence upon their posterity and prospective posterity, through the laws of heredity and otherwise, they would, all of them, be what fathers and mothers,

grandfathers and grandmothers ought to be—as nearly perfect in the service of the Saviour as it is possible for them to be. How could they be otherwise? They should remember, and never forget, that they are voluntarily responsible for the very existence of their posterity to the thousandth generation, if there should be a thousand generations in their line of lineage, born after they are born. They should remember that, through the laws of heredity and other laws and influences, they have more to do with the character, temporal and eternal, of their posterity than any—it may be all—other human beings. They should remember that even one ungodly deed or word of theirs may doom, through its influence, some one for whose very existence they are responsible; whereas, that time spent in the service of God, might wing that self-same soul for a happy flight beyond the stars, to rejoice forever with the angels and archangels and all the redeemed of every age, and country and clime. We never know when we may do or say something that may change entirely and for ever the life-current of some one who loves us and trusts us—that may indeed settle the eternal destiny of that soul! Hence we cannot afford to be careless in regard to our influence, even for one day, one hour, one moment. A moment of wrong may mean an eternity of woe: a moment of right, an eternity of bliss!

"A pebble in the streamlet scant
Hath changed the course of many a river.
A dewdrop on the baby plant
Hath warped the giant oak for ever."

More than fifty years ago, in her humble little log-cabin home among the hills and mountains of glorious old East Tennessee, a godly, devout grandmother, one frosty autumn morning, was sweeping the ashes and coals from the solid stone hearth, after having cooked breakfast there, and her

little barefooted grandson was stepping first to one side and then to the other, to keep out of the way of his grandmother's broom, while still keeping his feet on the warm stone. Suddenly the grandmother stooped and picked up a little bit of paper, which looked like it might have been torn from an old newspaper or, more probably, from an old almanac. She brushed the ashes and dust from it carefully, laid it upon the mantel and put upon it a pebble she had taken from the brook near by. The little boy said, "Grandmother, why did you do that? Why did you pick up that piece of paper? What is it?" She said, "I saw the name of the Lord on it, my son, and I could not burn it. I could not sweep His holy name into the fire."

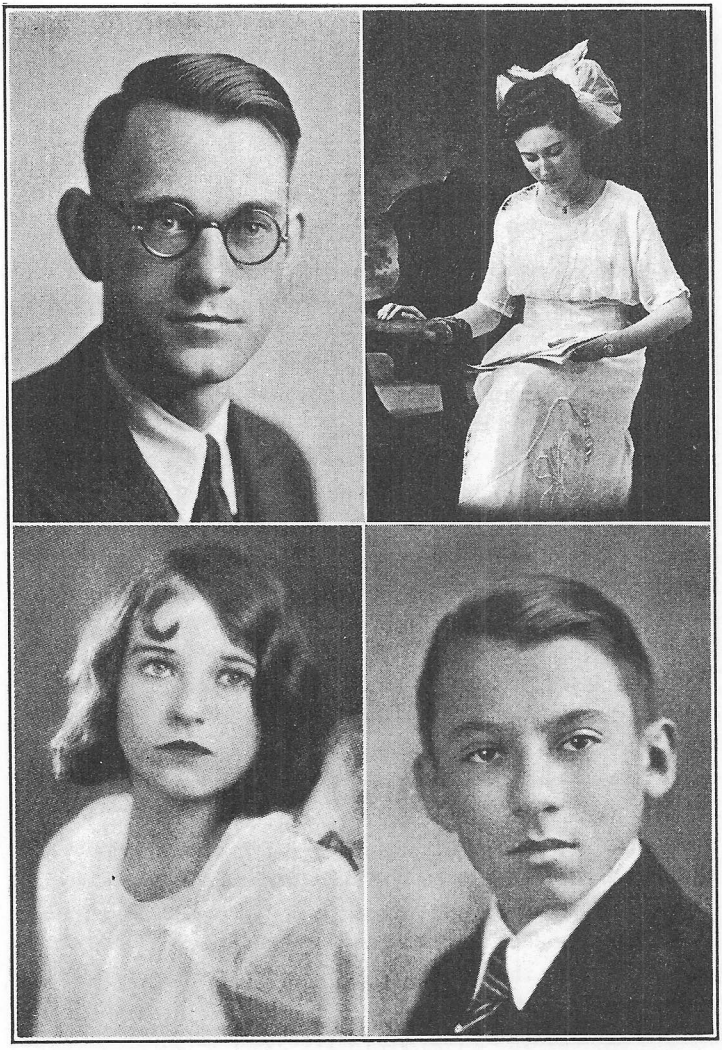
More than fifty eventful years have come and gone since that autumn morning, and for more than forty years the body of that devoted, godly grandmother has slept in the loneliness and solemn silence of a tomb in the bosom of a little forest-covered hill which nestles in a beautiful valley, rimmed by higher hills and shadowed by towering mountains that pierce the very heavens, as if God had stationed them there in rocky, rugged grandeur, still and silent, to guard that lonely grave; but, in all these years, that little boy has never forgotten the look or language, has never forgotten even the quiver of the tender, tearful voice, of that grandmother, as she said, "I could not sweep His holy name into the fire, my son;" and, as he has gone over this land, from ocean to ocean, from lakes to gulf, preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, telling the sweet old story of Jesus and his love, as it is revealed in the love-light of God's eternal truth, he has never ceased to revere the memory of that blessed grandmother, who may, upon that very occasion, have fixed and settled his destiny for time and for eternity, and through him wielded all the influence for good that he has ever

wielded, or may ever wield, till time's knell shall be sounded and all the redeemed shall be gathered home.

In a neglected grave in the bosom of that same beautiful valley sleeps the body of the greatest highway robber Tennessee has ever known. He himself said, and it went to print, to be preserved: "My father was a good-for-nothing, honest sort of man, but my mother was *true grit*." He told how his mother taught him, encouraged him and helped him to be a robber; but he complained that she demanded that he turn over to her all his ill-gotten gains, and once gave him an unmerciful flogging because he held back part of the booty he took from a poor Jewish peddler he robbed. If the circumstances of those two boys had been reversed—if the grandson of that devout grandmother had been reared under such influences as surrounded the childhood and youth of that highway robber, and the highway robber had been reared under the influence of such a woman as that devout, godly grandmother, their life-stories might also have been reversed —at least had been very different from what they were.

Timothy was blessed by the companionship of a godly mother and a godly grandmother, and, in addition to this, from a child he had known the holy scriptures, which are able to make us "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." Fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, ought to be models for their posterity. Being responsible for the very existence of their offspring, they are under the most solemn obligations to be models their descendants may follow through grace to glory, to be with God for ever. They should see to it that their children and grandchildren, who are under their immediate influence in childhood, have every opportunity they can afford them to know the holy scriptures. God demanded this of Jewish parents; he demands it no less of Christian parents. He demands that all parents be Christian parents, and wherever

the gospel of the Son of God is preached, parents and grandparents make the mistake of their lives when they throw away their opportunities to train their posterity aright. Fathers and mothers in this land are in danger of delaying this solemn duty till it is everlastingly too late to discharge it. You may wait till your little ones grow up, wander into forbidden paths, get into bad company, and are wrecked and ruined. When that stalwart youth for whose very existence you are responsible is brought home, from some grog shop or some other dark dive of death, dead, a dagger having been thrust through his heart while he was engaged in a drunken brawl, and you look into his pale face, and remember that in serving Satan he was simply following the example you set him in the days of his childhood, then, if you had a billion worlds like this, you would gladly give them all, that that son might be restored to life and be eternally saved, but it will be everlastingly too late then. You are living a life that tends in that direction and promises such results every day you, as responsible parents, are living out of Christ, in rebellion against God, thus encouraging your children to live out of Christ, die without hope and go into eternity without a promise of everlasting life. You should train your little ones, commencing as near the cradle as possible, train them for glory, honor and immortality, "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Just as early as you can, lovingly and with proper influences, teaching them the truth, you should lead them as lambs into the fold of the tender Shepherd of souls. As early as they can hear his voice and recognize it, let them come to him, encourage them to come to him, lovingly lead them to him. Then, if you are taken away from them, you may know you have led them into the service of the living God, and can rejoice in the hope of an eternal family reunion "on the happy golden shore," where partings are unknown. The same is true if they be taken



HUGH LARIMORE KING. RUTH LARIMORE PERKINS.
VIRGINIA LARIMORE KILLEBREW. ROBERT LARIMORE DUMM.

(Voluntary Namesakes.)

from you. These sad separations are sure to come. May the Lord bless all of us in so living as to always be properly and perfectly prepared for them, and for the blissful eternal reunion awaiting all the truly faithful.

Timothy, in addition to all these other advantages, had had the privilege of hearing the gospel from the lips of the sublimest of gospel preachers. Blessed by intimate association with Paul, who loved him and confided in him, and, determining to make the best of his opportunities, to do as much good and as little evil as possible, he had chosen the work of the ministry of the gospel of Christ. With all the enthusiasm of his young manhood, he was battling bravely for the right. Paul, who had "fought a good fight," who had finished his course, who had "kept the faith," in the solemn hour in which he was bidding Timothy farewell, so far as earth was concerned, gave him this important solemn charge: "Preach the Word."

The third and last character concerned in this charge is the human race, the universal brotherhood of man. We are, all of us, then, interested in Heaven's solemn charge to Timothy, "Preach the Word."

The solemnity of this charge deserves our careful consideration. It is true that

> "A little nonsense, now and then,
> Is relished by the wisest men,"

and it may be true that a little pleasantry, wit, or humor may be admissible occasionally in the pulpit, to rouse a listless audience, or to impress a point and make it stay; but the vocation of a consecrated gospel preacher is too superlatively, infinitely and peerlessly important to allow much room for levity, and certainly there should be no slang, no pulpit profanity, nothing bordering upon abscenity, nothing ir-

reverent, in the vocabulary of the man who stands, a dying man, in the presence of dying men, women and children, to talk to them of things eternal. No man occupying that important position should ever pursue his solemn calling so as to drag it down into the filth and mire of pulpit slang, profanity, levity or abuse. He should never indulge in anything incompatible with the will, life, spirit, or teaching of the Man of sorrows, the sinless Son of God, who toiled and suffered and sorrowed, who wept and bled and died, but, so far as the Bible teaches, never smiled in the atmosphere of earth.

No more solemn or important charge than this has ever been delivered. Paul says, "I charge thee;" but if the word "charge" had been omitted, the language would still have been readily recognized as a charge. Paul knew the importance of the charge, and wanted the world to always know he regarded it as an important charge. He also wanted Timothy to so regard it, and to know he so regarded it; hence "I charge thee." A judge is charging a jury. Every man on the jury who is awake understands this, of course; but the judge reaches a point that needs especial attention and emphasis, so he says: "I charge you." Then even the dullest juryman opens his eyes wider and listens better and makes an effort to understand that point and remember it. Paul is writing to Timothy, writing a wonderful charge, and that he and we may know it, he says, "I charge thee, therefore, before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom: "Preach the Word."

He not only charged Timothy, but he charged him in the presence of witnesses. From time immemorial, the name or presence of important witness or witnesses and the testimony of important witness or witnesses have tended to give validity, strength or force to a covenant, compact, contract

or charge. The aged, earnest apostle Paul wished this charge to have all the strength and support that was possible for even Divinity to give it. Hence, he wrote, "I charge thee, therefore, before God"—just as if he had said, "God witnesses this charge." The great I AM, the great Jehovah, Creator and Benefactor of all, the Father of those who put their trust in him and demonstrate that trust by meek submission to his holy will, the one from whom all blessings flow, the One who alone can create and who can alone absolutely destroy, the holy One in whose hands is the destiny of men and of angels, for time and eternity—that divine and holy One, Timothy, is present in this solemn hour, to witness that I charge thee to "Preach the Word."

One such witness might reasonably be regarded as sufficient; but Paul and heaven willed that the divine three—Father, Son and Holy Spirit—might witness this charge of charges, for time and for eternity; hence, God's faithful servant wrote: "I charge thee, therefore, before God and the Lord Jesus Christ"—that One, Timothy, whom you claim to serve, whose name you wear in being a Christian—whose name you honor in doing your duty, that One who, though divine as God himself, left heaven and came to earth and died upon the cross for the redemption of a lost and ruined and recreant race—that divine and holy One is a witness that I give thee this charge, and thou knowest I write it by the inspiration, direction and dictation of the Holy Spirit. Therefore, know, remember and never forget that the divine Three are all present to witness, through time and through eternity, that, at this supreme moment of my life, when I am bidding thee a tender final farewell, I charge thee to "Preach the Word."

The charge itself demands our prayerful, careful, constant consideration. What is it? It is license, commission, permission to preach. To preach what? To preach "the word,"

the truth, the gospel of Christ, "the power of God unto salvation." If Paul had simply charged him to preach, not telling him what to preach, Timothy might not have known what to preach, and might have preached his own opinions, personal preferences, some favorite hobby, fancy or fad, claiming divine authority for so doing, and quoting the scripture, "I charge thee . . . preach," as such authority; but Paul said more than that: "I charge thee . . . preach the word." Preach the gospel of the Son of God, Heaven's message of mercy to man. Bear the royal proclamation of emancipation and salvation to a lost and ruined race, teaching sinners how to become Christians, teaching Christians how to live, to make their calling and election sure.

Why give this solemn charge? The context tells us why. "All scripture is given by inspiration of God"—is worthy of being preached then—"and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. I charge thee, therefore, before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom; preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables." These are divine reasons, divinely given, for Paul's charging Timothy to preach the word.

This is all he authorized him to preach. This is all Christ authorized his disciples to preach, when he gave the commission under which gospel preachers, from the establishment of the church of Christ till now have preached, saying, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved;

but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark 16: 15, 16.) This is the commission, "preach the gospel," "preach the word." No mortal preaches, by divine authority, and is true to his commission, license or authority to preach, who does not preach the gospel. If I am true to this divine charge, to this glorious commission, I simply teach you the truth it is in Christ Jesus, our Lord, and ask you to accept the truth. You are not asked to accept my views, my theories, my opinions. You are simply asked, earnestly entreated, to accept the truth as it is revealed in the word of God—to hear the gospel, believe the gospel, honestly and earnestly repent of your sins, confess your faith in Christ, be buried with him by baptism into death and raised up to walk in newness of life; and, having been raised up to walk in newness of life, walk in newness of life. If this is dangerous doctrine, then the doctrine taught in the Bible is dangerous; otherwise, otherwise, as any sensible soul can see. You are asked to enter into no covenant beneath the stars with man, but you are asked simply to take God at his word; that is, believe what he says, do what he commands, become and be what he requires, live as he directs and lovingly trust him for what he promises till he shall call you home. Jesus tenderly begs you to come, saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

CHAPTER XXI.

Children's Chapter.

"Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.
Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

OF COURSE any book relating to Mr. Larimore's life and work should contain a chapter for children, because he loved children, tenderly and truly, and they returned that love in full measure. We are told that "all things work together for good to them that love God," and even the sorrows, trials and privations of his childhood wrought good to him, for out of those experiences he brought a fund of love and sympathy, especially for children. With the fine, unerring intuition of childhood, they realized that loving, sympathetic nature, and gave him a confiding affection, through which he exerted an influence over them. Even very small children were impressed by the tender earnestness of his speech. In a home where we were staying three little children were visitors for a few days. The youngest—a little girl of three summers—seemed greatly impressed when Mr. Larimore expressed thanks at the table, and, later, said to her grandmother: "Uncle Larimore talked *so* pretty at the table." She was always in her place at the

JOHN LESTER GASKIN, JR. ("Sullivan.")

LOUISE GASKIN.

(Little Berkeley Friends.)

beginning of meals after that, and when she went home she refused to eat till her father would "talk pretty like Uncle Larimore." He had abandoned expressing thanks before meals, but his little daughter insisted on his talking "like Uncle Larimore," and he did the best he could to meet her wishes.

Mr. Larimore has many namesakes, and he appreciated every one of whom he heard. A few years ago, he wrote:

"I appreciate no manifestation of love and confidence more than the naming of a child for me. My first namesake was Eva Larimore Mitchell, of Memphis, Tennessee. My first boy namesake was Larimore Hill, whose mother I baptized about three months before he was born. Those who add my name to theirs after they are old enough to decide for themselves, as Hugh Larimore King, Ruth Larimore Perkins, Virginia Larimore Killebrew, I call my voluntary namesakes. Of course I appreciate these no less than the others.

"I am not ashamed of any of my namesakes, notwithstanding one of them broke into jail once and stayed there longer than he wanted to. The twelve apostles whom Jesus himself selected were not all perfect, according to the Book of books."

He did indeed appreciate his voluntary namesakes, and I am glad he had the pleasure of hearing of one just before he left earth and earthly joys. About two weeks before he passed away, when Brother and Sister A. J. Dumm, of Los Angeles, with their children, Robert and Dorothy, came to see him and told him that Robert had added "Larimore" to his name, the tears came into his eyes as he expressed his appreciation of that mark of affection. We knew and learned to love Robert and Dorothy—also their father and mother—when they lived in Berkeley several years ago, and Mr. Larimore baptized Robert while he was on a visit in Berkeley in November, 1927.

A namesake who lingered amid the sunshine and shadows of earth scarcely long enough to be said to have lived at all was little James Larimore Gaskin, son of Lester and Lillian Gaskin, of Berkeley. Instead of his picture, I have used a picture of his older sister, Louise, and his younger brother, John Lester Gaskin, Jr., who made his appearance just a few months before we left Berkeley. When Mr. Larimore heard the name of this latest baby, he immediately said: "John L."—"John L. Sullivan"—and thereafter he always, when talking to Lillian, called the baby "Sullivan."

I know of only one instance in which Mr. Larimore suggested his name for a baby, and of that he wrote in 1927, when he had solicited funds for building the meetinghouse in Berkeley:

"The youngest contributor to date is a little lady of three warm summers and a corresponding number of cold winters in Washington City. Three years ago last June she made her appearance in a family that had previously for ten years past consisted of father, mother, two girls and two boys. Upon our return from our vacation trip to Tennessee, when the baby was two months old, we found her still without a name, no name considered pretty enough for her having been suggested. I suggested "Linnie Larimore," and that met with instant favor from those most concerned; so the little lady is Linnie Larimore McCraw. When we left Washington City more than a year ago, little Linnie Larimore was blooming in health and beauty, and her father writes of her now:

"'Others—and we, of course—think she is one of the brightest little girls of her age in the world. She wants to send you a birthday gift to the 'Church of Christ by the Golden Gate;' so I am inclosing ten dollars in cash, hoping it will reach you safe. Linnie Larimore says she would give you a hug and a kiss, if she could see you, for giving her your name. She was dangerously ill once, and I was on the

point of wiring you, asking your prayers, but she improved by morning. Our love for you has not abated one bit. All send love to Sister Larimore. We enjoy your articles in the paper each week almost as much as a personal letter. They are so instructive and interesting! Keep them coming, if the burden is not too great. Remember us in your prayers.'"

EDWARD H. MCCRAW.

He had such keen appreciation of freedom and such deep love of "God's great out-of-doors" that imprisonment of any living creature—any thing that could feel—a bird in a cage or a fish doomed to life in a little bowl of water—was a source of sorrow to him. That trait of sympathy with prisoners distinguished him in his boyhood, as the following little story shows:

"Long ago, when I was a boy, I met Johnnie Hatfield with a covey of birds in his hands, holding them by their feet, about half of them in each of his hands. He was glad, but the sight made me sad. He sold me the birds. Receiving them from his hands for value received by him, I released them immediately. Then I was glad and Johnnie was mad. Why my setting the innocent captives free made him mad, I do not know. Recently Johnnie and I met after the lapse of many years, and apparently the moment we met we both thought of the little incident I have just related. Johnnie was a white-headed man, working hard for a scant living then, and I was an old man, too, bearing burdens with which I shall not burden my friends. I have been a prisoner of war, hence I know what imprisonment means. I have been credibly informed, and I believe it, that mocking birds will, if they can, and do when they can, poison and thus kill their little ones in captivity, preferring death to captivity for them.

"Somewhere in old Kentucky, twin sister of my native

State, I delivered a discourse one Sunday that caused a young man who was in the audience to go home immediately after the audience was dismissed, feed bountifully an eagle—an American eagle—he had in a cage, then carry it to the top of a high knob near by, open the cage and set the captive free."

Mr. Larimore enjoyed telling the following little story of a monkey's experience with strong drink—enjoyed it especially because he knew and loved Mr. and Mrs. Woodfin, often made their pleasant Nashville home his home, and probably knew "Jack," too.

"To me it does not seem strange that Noah got drunk once, for, so far as the record shows, his drunk was the first one—the first, ever. If he had got drunk the second time, that would have seemed strange, but we have no evidence that he did. A shameful scene followed Noah's drinking, but Heaven didn't "hush it up." The pen of inspiration portrays that scene for our admonition and instruction. The world has been debauched and degraded, at least in spots, by grog, ever since Noah's day, and so it is now in some spots; but, as it is inevitable that either grog or the automobile must go, and the automobile is almost a universal necessity, as prohibition is in our Constitution and grog is under the ban of the greatest and best nation on earth and sentiment against it is increasing, it is evident that it can never debauch the human race in the future as it has in the past.

"It has never debauched any other race than the human race, so far as we know. Riley Woodfin, of Nashville, Tennessee, had a pet monkey, named 'Jack,' One day when Mr. Woodfin and Jack were at home alone, Mr. Woodfin decided to take a little wine for his stomach's sake. I think it was blackberry wine that had been left in the cellar a long time—long enough to be very fine, if wine improves with

age, as 'they' say it does. When he tried it, he decided it was good enough for anybody, hence good enough for Jack. He poured into Jack's plate as much as he thought the monkey ought to drink, and Jack 'licked the platter clean.' Then his plate was replenished once and again. There that little social affair stopped, so far as the drinking was concerned. In a few moments Jack was really drunk—'on a high lonesome.' In course of time, however, he quieted down and sobered up. So endeth the first chapter.

"Months after the monkey had recovered from the effects of his first spree, Mr. Woodfin decided it was about time for him and Jack to have some more fun. Accordingly he produced the wine, sampled it, and found it had lost none of its appetizing flavor. Now, the neat little collar on Jack's neck was attached to one end of a light but long and strong chain, and the other end of the chain was fastened to something stationary, to keep the monkey in the yard. When a liberal share of the wine was poured into Jack's plate, he went as far from the plate as his chain would let him go. Mr. Woodfin followed him round and round the circle several times—many times—holding the plate at arm's length toward Jack, while Jack continued to keep as far from the plate as possible. Mr. Woodfin couldn't induce him to even look upon the wine. Jack had never been to school—indeed, I believe he had never learned to talk, except monkey talk: but his actions made him say as plainly as it could be expressed in words: 'No! I made a *man* of myself once—but never again!'

"Men may not be descendants of monkeys, and monkeys may not be descendants of men; but I really do believe men should manifest as good judgment and as much common sense as monkeys, notwithstanding some of us manifestly do not always do so."

In both speaking and writing, Mr. Larimore made fine use of alliteration. Alliteration, children, is the use, near together, in the same sentence, of several words beginning with the same sound, as "the heavens *bending* in *blue beauty* above us," or "our *guide* through *grace* to *glory* and to *God*." But I sometimes told him jestingly that he "met his match" in alliteration in a little four-year old Florida girl. We were riding around Lake Verona, near Avon Park, and little Mary Wolf was standing just back of Mr. Larimore in the auto, with her hands on his shoulders. The lights of the town were mirrored in the clear water, and Mary, who couldn't sound her l's, cried out in delight, beating on Mr. Larimore's shoulders, to call his attention: "'Ook at the 'ake, Ber 'Arimore, 'ook at the 'ake; 'ots of 'ights in the 'ake!"

Animals seemed to instinctively love Mr. Larimore. On one occasion we, accompanied by my sister, Mrs. Sewell and Eunice, her daughter-in-law, "hiked" to the top of Grizzly Peak, the highest point of the Berkeley Hills—and the Berkeley Hills are mountains. On our way we were joined by three dogs—one of them a big, handsome fellow we called "Billy." He immediately took charge of us and wouldn't allow either of the smaller dogs to come near us, especially Mr. Larimore. He was not ill-tempered about it, but he would quietly step between us and the dog that was too officious to suit him and move him to a respectful distance, saying something in the dog language that must have meant, "Keep farther away." We had lunch with us, part of which we ate on the way, and when we reached the top of the Peak, we had a wonderful view: Berkeley lying at the foot of the hills, Oakland and Alameda on the left, Richmond to the right, the great bay, San Francisco and beyond the Golden Gate the blue waters of the Pacific. On top of the Peak was a huge rock, much higher than our heads, and through the centre of it was a cleft, as if a section had been cut out of

it, as a slice is sometimes cut from the middle of a square cake. The cleft was wide enough for Mr. Larimore to lie down in it comfortably. We gathered boughs of trees, made a soft couch, and he had a fine sleep in the cleft of the rock. We made a similar bed for Eunice in the shade of a near-by tree, and, leaving them in the care of Billy, my sister and I found a pleasant seat far enough away, so that our voices would not disturb the sleepers, and we talked and enjoyed the view. Later, a fog rolled in from the ocean, like a cloud, and shut out our view. Then we ate the remnant of our lunch, sharing, of course, with our canine friends, and started down the mountain. The smaller two dogs left us where they had joined us in the morning, but Billy went home with us, spent the night and several hours the next morning, seeming unwilling to leave Mr. Larimore. Finally, despairing, probably of having another "hike" with us that day, he went away, and we never saw him again.

Several years ago, when we were spending a month with Everett and Ettie, near Fresno, a bulldog, named Peggy, attached to the household developed a great fondness for Mr. Larimore. She always accompanied him on his morning walks, sometimes to the pasture, sometimes to the highway near by and down to the mail box. One day Peggy was struck by an auto on the highway, and, while no bones were broken, she was lame and disabled a week or more. After she was able to walk again, she would follow Mr. Larimore out of the yard, and wait to see which way he turned. If toward the pasture, she went gaily along with him; but if toward the highway, no persuasion or coaxing would induce her to go. Evidently disappointed, she would go back into the yard and wait for him to come back. She never one time went even toward the highway after the accident in which she was hurt. Mr. Larimore said Peggy learned from one

experience a lesson human beings are slow to learn: to avoid a place of danger.

Mr. Larimore liked very much and sometimes quoted in a sermon the following poem from Whittier:

IN SCHOOL DAYS

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar, sunning;
Around it still the sumacs grow
And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
Deep-scarred by raps official,
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's crude initial.

The charcoal frescoes on the walls,
The door's worn sill betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter's sun
Shone over it at setting,
Lit up its western windowpanes,
Its low eave's icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls
And brown eyes, full of grieving,
Of one who still her footsteps stayed,
Though all the school was leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish fancy singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered.
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes, he felt
Her soft hand's light caressing,

He heard the quiver of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelled the word—
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because—because—I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child face is showing.
Dear girl, the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn in life's hard school
How few who go above him
Lament their triumph and his loss
Because, like her, they love him.

Mr. Larimore appreciated the following little story sent him by his sister, Mrs. R. P. Meeks, author of the book, "Hearthstone Echoes," she having written the story for one of the papers to which she contributes regularly:

"In the long, long ago, there was a timid little girl who was very much in love with a certain young man—*only one* young man. She was very shy of boys, as a rule, and would have blushed at the mere mention of any other 'sweetheart.' However, she did not rebel at the attention given her by this one young man. In fact it seemed to rather please her; and, though modest and prudent, she manifested an unusual fondness for his society—notwithstanding she was a mere child and he, nine years her senior, was considered by her a 'real grown-up young man.' There was not enough difference for them to be referred to as 'May and December,' however.

"He, being exceedingly fond of study, succeeded in obtaining a fine education, and, at the age of twenty, began teaching school, one and a half miles from 'the old Kentucky home.' This selfsame little girl became one of his pupils; and as they walked together to and from school they were always busily talking, sometimes about the many beautiful

things of nature, or of the God who lovingly gave them to us, sometimes about the lessons, about many things that interested them. During those pleasant walks the young teacher taught his little friend many valuable lessons. One of them was that ever-dreaded bugbear: 'the multiplication table.' He had her to learn it thoroughly, forward, then backward and 'skip-about.' He impressed upon her young mind many other lessons of importance she has never forgotten. The other pupils seemed to understand the situation and did not even accuse him of being partial to his little friend, and he, very wisely, did not manifest any preference whatever for her in connection with their school work.

"Strange as it may appear, her relatives did not at all object to the young man's giving her his ardent attention. Even her devoted mother offered not the slightest protest, though the child was very young, and the only girl in the household—the baby—whom she fondly loved and with whom she was very careful. She felt sure the child's affection was not 'wasted on the desert air,' but was heartily reciprocated.

"Not very long after the close of two school years in Kentucky, the teacher and this little girl went away to college, but in different States. Separation frequently breaks up a 'love affair,' the lovers losing interest in each other, but not so with this young couple. He wrote her many long, sweet, affectionate, encouraging letters.

"Time passed away. To-days and to-morrows rolled back among the yesterdays; but that love affair continued. Next to her God and her mother, he stands most prominent among those to whom she is indebted for the advantages of her childhood and girlhood days. If she should cease to remember her obligations to him, an ungrateful person indeed she would be. With his superior educational attainments, his large heart, his wonderful strength of character and natural

aptitude, he did all he could to impress upon her mind and heart the principles of right.

"Different from the characters in most love stories, the lives of these two young people never merged into a closer relationship, though each married many years ago. The life companion of each became, before marriage, entirely familiar with this intensive love affair, which was still on hands, with no probability of ending during life; yet no spirit of jealousy ever manifested itself in consequence thereof. Nay, verily, to the contrary, the other two parties themselves became devoted friends; and it was so arranged that, being engaged in the same school work, the four spent several years together, in the same home, congenial and happy in each others' love.

"Indeed, nothing has ever occurred to destroy or mar the affection of this teacher and his little pupil friend, though they have lived to see life's sun cross the meridian and send the shadows farther and farther eastward. They have received 'showers of blessings,' and 'mercy drops' have fallen thick around them, for which they are indeed grateful; yet, at times, the clouds have hovered so thick and dark over their lives that nothing but God's mercy and love could penetrate and let the golden sunbeams through. From each of their homes, more than once has a precious treasure been removed, leaving broken circles, faded hopes, bowed heads and crushed hearts. Each time these devoted lifelong friends have done all they could, each to comfort the other. Together they hope to spend a blissful eternity, with loved ones gone before and those who will soon follow.

"As an apology, or explanation, for this girl's apparently bold manifestation of affection for that young man, she is pleased to introduce to you this special friend of hers, who is none other than her own dear brother, Theophilus Brown

Larimore, while she herself was Mary Frances Larimore, and is now . . . Mrs. R. P. Meeks."

On the subject of children's obeying the gospel, he wrote:

"My attention has recently been called to the question of children's obeying the gospel as early as they can understand it, appreciate it, believe it and intelligently obey it. I have known parents to oppose their children's obeying the gospel, and years afterwards, when those same children, deeply engrossed in the things of this world, were utterly indifferent to all appeals of the gospel, I have known those selfsame parents to bitterly regret having combatted those early inclinations of their children.

"Neither reason, revelation, history, observation, nor experience justifies the thought that children should not be encouraged to obey the Lord as early as they can do so understandingly. It is the duty of parents to train their children for glory, honor and immortality, and the earlier this training is begun, the better, of course. If we would bring them up in 'the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' we should begin before the allurements of the world have gained an all-absorbing hold on their tender natures. As early as they can hear and recognize his voice, they should be led to and into the fold of the tender Shepherd of souls, this leading being done by patiently teaching them the truths of the gospel; nor should such teaching ever cease as long as the children are under the influence of their parents.

"Children differ so much in development that it is not possible to designate an age at which they should obey the gospel. I remember two boys I have baptized, each at the age of seven and a half years old. That is an earlier age than children usually obey or can obey the gospel, and I do not suggest this as a precedent. The circumstances surrounding the first of these two boys to be baptized were

peculiarly calculated to develop early the devotional principle of his nature. His mother was left a widow when her only child was a little babe, she herself being scarcely more than a child in years, and her son had been her constant companion all his life. She had read the Bible to him and taught him its precepts earnestly and prayerfully, and at the age of seven he wanted to obey the gospel. She persuaded him to postpone that step; but six months later he still so earnestly desired to become a Christian that she brought him to me, asking me to question him to learn whether he understood and appreciated the truths of the gospel. After talking with him I was fully persuaded that he understood the importance of becoming a Christian and the way to do it as well as many persons thrice his age understand it. I baptized him; and, as he walked away, after being baptized, he said: 'Now, mother, I have a fight to fight, and I must fight it like a man.' I have seen that boy since he became a man more than six feet tall, and he was then still fighting the fight of faith 'like a man.'

"The second boy I baptized at the age of seven and a half years is Batsell Baxter, President of Abilene Christian College. He, too had had training and instruction in the principles of Christianity all his life, and fully understood the plan and purpose of obedience to the gospel. It is not necessary for me to say anything of him. The good he has done and is doing, and the position he occupies testify for him.

"Having led children to and into the church of Christ, we should continue the work of training them for glory, honor and immortality. They should be put to work by the older members of the congregation with which they are associated, that they may grow in grace and develop till they reach the 'measure of the statute of the fullness of Christ.' I believe we discourage young Christians and drive

them away from the post of duty by a vast superfluity of 'don'ts,' the force of which is rarely broken by a righteous, prudent, proper 'do.' It is the nature of young people to *do*. Indeed they must *do* or *die*. Why not teach them to do, encourage them to do, and give them something to do—to do the right, of course?

"I'm sorry to say I know, and know of, very few congregations of Christians—churches of Christ—in which young members wait on the congregation in the communion and contribution service. I'm glad to say that in the church for which I am now preaching, those who have oversight of the work have young men to wait on the congregation in the communion and contribution service, four young men being appointed and requested to serve in that capacity a certain length of time, and then four others doing that work for another period, and so on. In this way all who are available serve in turn, thus becoming accustomed to public work, and there is never any hitch or hesitation in the work.

"We should be careful to train our children—especially the children in our families—to take part in the contribution service. Occasionally I have known the father of a family to make the entire contribution for the family, notwithstanding the family included several Christians. There is in that course no training for the children of the family, except training in the wrong direction. All of us need teaching on the duty of Christian giving, and the earlier this teaching is begun the better, of course. The father may be the sole money-maker in the family, but he is not, except in very rare cases, the sole worker in the family. The mother is usually a wage earner, even if she is not a wage receiver, and she is entitled to a fair share of the earnings and the privilege of contributing a portion of her hard-earned money to the cause of the Lord—doing the contributing herself, too. The children should have a regular share of the work

of the household to do, and also a share in contributing to the work of the church. Parents can and should arrange for their children to meet these Sunday contributions by providing a way for them to earn, in some praiseworthy way, in the home, as much money as it is necessary, proper and best for them to handle, and then teaching them that a portion of all they earn should be contributed to the Lord. The Jews were required to give one-tenth of their earnings to Jehovah; and, as we are reminded over and over again in the New Testament that Jehovah has blessed us with an infinitely better covenant than that granted to the children of Abraham, we should be afraid and ashamed to offer Him less than one-tenth of our earnings, especially as he puts us upon our honor at that point.

" 'Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.' (Mal. 3: 8.)"

While Mr. Larimore numbered his friends among people of all ages, from the oldest to the youngest, children and young people always manifested an especial fondness for him, and he reciprocated their affection. A few years ago he wrote:

"When I was young, elderly brethren—elderly people do not like to be called 'old,' I think—elderly brethren and my mother led me to Christ. An elderly man—Brother B. C. Campbell—took my confession, an elderly man—Brother E. H. Hopper—baptized me. Elderly men and elderly godly women led me gently into the work in which I have been busily engaged more than half a hundred years. Like a fleet of pilot boats piloting a ship out of port, thus giving it a safe start on its perilous voyage across the trackless deep, and then leaving it to complete its voyage without them, these elderly men and women lovingly led me, corrected me, criticized me, shielded me, and succored me, till

I reluctantly slipped away from them—not in spirit, but in space—into a broader sphere.

"Fifty years have come and gone since I thus left them, and they have ceased to suffer, smile, or sigh here; but other elderly saints and faithful souls in Christ Jesus, our Lord, have counseled and cared for me even to this good day. The elderly blessed me in my infancy, they bless me in my age, they have blessed me all along the journey of life; and I am sure they will bless me even unto the end. Blessed be the aged in the service of the Lord! I am glad Solomon says: 'The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.' So mote it be.

"But through all these years of weary waiting and watching and working, the *young* have been no less lovingly faithful to me than the aged—and I love them none the less. May the Lord always abundantly bless the *young*—from the babe on its mother's bosom to the bride on her husband's arm. May the Lord always abundantly bless us all. Hosts of young preachers and other young people—boys and girls, young men and young women—have been as a band of angels around me, to guard me and help me, to love me and cheer me, as many eventful years have come and gone, and I believe my experience in the future will be as has been my experience in the past.

"Marvelously, mysteriously, have I been blessed. I was one of Spiller's scouts in the bloody sixties. In the fall of 1863, Captain Spiller introduced me at Bragg's headquarters, and said: 'This boy has been where a crow could not have escaped.' But I escaped. 'The Lord delivered me.' 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.'"

The children in the neighborhood of our Santa Ana home were especially fond of Mr. Larimore. There are many little people living in the block in which we lived, among them the

children of my nephew, James Sewell. From them the others learned to call him "Uncle," and very soon all the children in the block knew and loved "Uncle." One day I heard Margaret Showalter, our little neighbor on the south, having a rather heated discussion on our porch with Marjorie Sewell, James' little four-year-old daughter, who had from the very first laid particular and exclusive claim to "Untle." Margaret said something about "Uncle," and Marjorie very promptly corrected her, saying, "He's not *your* untle." Margaret calmly replied, "But I call him uncle," and Marjorie came back with, "You're not supposed to have an untle in this house." Margaret, however, refused to give up her privilege, saying, "But I'm going to call him uncle, anyway" —which she did, and which he appreciated.

Soon after we were settled in our Santa Ana home, the children began coming in to get Mr. Larimore to play the Brunswick for them, and he finally arranged for them to come at a certain hour—from five to six o'clock each evening —for a happy time with him. He played lively records for them, and they jumped and danced about the room and performed many athletic feats. The smaller children who do not go to school were impatient for "the children's hour" to come, and when they saw Mr. Larimore or me in our yard or on the street invariably asked us, "Is it five o'clock yet?" and would sometimes come before noon, ring our doorbell and ask that question.

While Mr. Larimore was in the hospital the children made many inquiries about him, when they could find any one at our home of whom to make inquiry, and after he came home they frequently came to the door to inquire how he was and when they could see him, and always waved their hands to him when passing by. On Valentine's Day, about two weeks after he came home, they told me they were going to have a Valentine party in the neighborhood the next day, the

fifteenth, and wanted to know if they could come "just a little while and bring Uncle some of the party." He was feeling well and wanted them to come, so after they had their party they came, all together, ten girls and four boys, ranging in age from three to twelve years, eagerly offering their gifts of apples, oranges, nuts, figs, cakes, candy hearts and valentines. He was propped up with pillows and they surrounded his bed, some kneeling, some standing. I so much wish I had a picture of that scene: the children so delighted to be with him again and he so pleased, so interested, and so careful to express his appreciation of each childish gift.

The days Mr. Larimore spent at home after his sojourn in the hospital were marked with pleasant time-stones, in which his little friends had a big share. He was in a bright, sunny room that has three front windows, hence he could see everybody that passed by on the pavement. Soon after his breakfast was over, the children began passing by on their way to school. They would wave their hands to him and he would wave to them. Next came the visits of the doctors, on the days the doctors came, after which he began to look for the postman, for his letters were a great pleasure to him. Then the children passed on their way home to lunch. After his lunch, he watched for the children going back to school, and soon after that came the afternoon visit of the postman, later the children going home from school, and last a boy on a bicycle bringing the evening paper. Then I pulled down the shades, turned on the light and read the paper to him.

Just two weeks before Mr. Larimore passed away we put him into a wheeled chair and took him to the back porch, that he might see the peach trees in the back yard, some of them then in full bloom. He often said he thought a peach tree in bloom was one of the prettiest things in nature. We then rolled his chair to the front porch, where, bathed in sunshine and soon surrounded by a group of his little friends,

he spent a pleasant half hour. The children rejoiced to see him out on the porch, and seemed to think, as we thought, that he would soon be well again. He did not like the wheeled chair, however, and used it no more.

The children brought him many flowers, keeping his room bright with blossoms all the time; and the day of the burial they came in, sad and subdued, for a last look at the face of the friend they loved, bringing flowers for his funeral. They are very tender, thoughtful and sympathetic with me now, seeming to have transferred to me a measure of the love they felt for him.

CHAPTER XXII.

Preach the Word (No. 2).

"But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. I charge thee therefore before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom; preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables." (2 Tim. 3: 14-17—4: 1-4.)

THIS solemn charge is superlatively important. Otherwise, such a man, under such circumstances, had never given it. Its origin and existence are proof positive of its importance. Paul, the peerless apostle, having run his race, having fought his fight, having kept the faith, when ready to lay down the cross and take up the crown, wrote to Timothy, "Preach the Word."

This solemn charge must be important then. It could not be important, however, if it did not carry with it some blessing or blessings for the human race—for those to whom God wills it to be preached. It behooves us, therefore, to investigate, that we may see, understand and know what "the word" preached, believed, appreciated and obeyed, does for the sons and daughters of men.

All responsible human beings may be divided, and are divided by the Holy Spirit, into two great classes: the world and the church; the children of God and the children of the wicked one; the saved and the unsaved. The word may do much for the unsaved, to bring them into a saved state. It may do much for the saved, to bring them into the full and final fruition of all their hallowed hopes and holy desires in reference to that world that is better and brighter than this. Logically, we should consider first what it does for alien sinners, since alien sinners run their course as alien sinners before they become responsible children of God. Let us, therefore, consider first the question, What does the word, properly preached, received, obeyed, do for alien sinners?

Before beginning the investigation of this question, however, another question must be settled—a question that should indeed never have been raised; but which has been raised, to the dismay, discouragement, confusion and bewilderment of responsible souls—the question, What is the Word? What is that to which Paul referred when he charged Timothy to "Preach the Word."

"The Word" is used in the Bible to designate and personate that divine Being, the constant companion, counsellor and bosom friend of the Lord Almighty from all eternity, who voluntarily dwelt in that body that suffered and died on Calvary's cross for the salvation of souls; hence the gospel, as written by John, begins thus: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. [That is, the Word was divine.] The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not." "The Word" as used here unquestionably refers to that divine Being who took upon himself the form of humanity and

dwelt among men. The seventh verse of the fifth chapter of the First Epistle of John says: "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word and the Holy Spirit: and these three are one." No one, so far as I know, or have either right or reason to believe, who believes the Bible, doubts that "the Word" as used in this passage means Christ, who, as the Man of sorrows, died upon the cross, that we might live with Him in God's eternal home forever.

These two passages and "His name is called the Word of God" (Rev. 19: 13) excepted, "the Word" as used in the Bible, means the will of God expressed in words. If there be an exception save the three exceptions just mentioned, I am not aware of it. Of one thing I am sure: in all the quotations I shall make, where "the Word" or its equivalent occurs, it means simply and solely the will of God expressed in language—sometimes called "the gospel;" sometimes "the law of the Lord;" sometimes "the scriptures given by inspiration of God."

Nothing can be clearer than that it means this in the charge under consideration. Now, let us see. A man is taken seriously—his faithful wife fears fatally—sick. She sends for an honest, conscientious, well-informed physician. Having made a thorough examination and correct diagnosis of the case, he says to the anxious, waiting wife, "Quinine and only quinine and quinine alone is indicated by every sympton of this case. Quinine and only quinine and quinine alone can save your husband, giving him perfect and permanent relief, no evil results attending or following the treatment; do not fail, therefore, to give him these capsules according to direction on the box."

Can that anxious wife tell what those capsules contain? If she has intelligence enough to give the medicine to her husband, instead of swallowing it, and trying to swallow the box, herself, she can; and could, even if she knew not one letter

in the English alphabet, or any other alphabet. It requires no more depth or breadth or strength of intellect, or thoroughness of education, to understand what is meant by "the Word" in the important charge under consideration.

Let us see. The Holy Spirit, by the pen of the apostle Paul, says: "All scripture [holy scripture] is given by inspiration of God; and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. I charge thee, therefore [that is, because "all scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works"] "preach the word"—preach the gospel, "the power of God unto salvation"—preach "the law of the Lord"—preach "the scripture given by inspiration of God," God's gracious message of mercy to man, to lead him out of darkness into light, to thoroughly furnish him "unto all good works."

As certainly as there is sense or consistency in God's truth, so certainly "the Word," in Paul's charge to Timothy, is the scripture given by inspiration of God. Divest it of this meaning, and we drag it down below the plane of ordinary nonsense. It means divinely revealed truth.

Now, what does "the word," the gospel, the will of God as revealed through Jesus Christ, "the law of the Lord," do for alien sinners? Well, whatsoever else it may or may not do for them, one thing is sure: the very first impression made upon them, according to divine direction, for the salvation of their soul—made according to the will and by the direction of the Lord Almighty—ordinarily called among men "conviction"—is made by the word, the word of God, the law of the Lord, the gospel of the Son of God. "Do not err, my beloved brethren. Every good gift and every perfect gift is

from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first fruits of his creatures." (James 1: 16-18.) "I write not these things to shame you, but, as my beloved sons, I warn you. For though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers: for in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the gospel." (1 Cor. 4: 14, 15.) That settles that, with those who understand and believe the simple teaching of the Bible on the subject—with those who believe the Bible.

The very beginning, the very incipiency, of spiritual life, then, in the souls of alien sinners is made by the word, the gospel, as certainly as the Bible is true. To doubt this, in the light of revelation divine, is to doubt the veracity of the Holy Spirit.

The same truth is plainly taught in the Lord's parable of the sower and the seed, recorded by Matthew, Mark and Luke. The Saviour says, "Now the parable is this: the seed is the word of God." (Luke 8: 11.) There is not a farmer in all this glorious land of farmers, there is not a farmer on earth, who does not know that the life principle which must be developed to produce the desired crop, sleeps in the bosom of the seed he plants. Every farmer in this land clearly understands that, notwithstanding how many broad, black, rich acres he may possess, how well he may prepare the soil, and how thoroughly he may cultivate his fields, he cannot raise a crop of corn without the seed to plant; and that the seed must contain the life principle that, developed, will produce his crop. Otherwise, the desired crop of corn cannot be even hoped for. The Saviour says, "the seed is the the word of God."

Taking these three illustrations together—all of them teaching practically the same, so far as this point is concerned

—we are absolutely forced to the conclusion, if we believe the Bible, that the beginning of spiritual life in the heart of alien sinners is in and by and through the word. So, then, that settles that; but there are other scriptural lines of thought leading to the same conclusion.

Faith is the foundation on which all spiritual life is built. "Now faith is the substance [foundation] of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. For by it the elders obtained a good report. Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God; so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear. By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he, being dead, yet speaketh. By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God. But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." (Hebrews 11: 1-6.) "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." (Rom. 14: 23.) Since, then, "whatsoever is not of faith is sin," and since "without faith it is impossible to please" God, it follows of necessity, that faith is the foundation of, is that which underlies, sustains, supports, all spiritual life, is at the beginning or is the beginning of all spiritual life of responsible souls. It is not possible for us to take a single step in religion, submit to a religious ordinance, or do anything of a religious character acceptable in the sight of God until we have faith. Before that time we are passive, simply receiving the truth. Nor repentance, nor baptism, nor prayer, nor anything else that believers may practice, submit to or do in submission to God's will, can please him without faith, God's word being true; for God

himself positively declares that "without faith it is impossible to please him," and man cannot perform impossibilities.

Hence, the first thing God requires of alien sinners is faith. This the Saviour understood perfectly, of course, when he exhorted Jews, believers in God, to "repent and believe the gospel" (Mark 1: 15); that is, repent of their rebellion against God, whose commandment they made of none effect by their tradition (Matt. 15: 6), "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men" (Matt. 15: 9), that they might be in proper condition to hear and believe the gospel.

But faith itself is the product of the word. Hence, in the parable of the sower and the seed (Luke 8: 11, 12), the Saviour says: "Now the parable is this: the seed is the word of God. Those by the wayside are they that hear; then cometh the devil, and taketh away the word out of their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved." The devil knows the danger to his cause and kingdom is not in man's being led away from him by human theology, human devices and human speculations, by the isms and schisms and doctrines of men, which are his heart's delight; but the danger lies in the word of God. Hence he is uneasy when he sees intelligent people earnestly reading or listening to the word. Then he goes to work immediately, and works through every available agency to destroy the effect of the truth. As "Satan trembles when he sees a child of God upon his knees," so he quakes with fear when he sees sane, sober, sensible civilized people giving such attention to the word as all such people always give when they are present when and where the gospel of the Son of God is preached.

Then he marshals his available forces and does his very best. His favorite scheme is to keep people from hearing the truth, knowing that "faith cometh by hearing; and hearing by the word of God." To this end he does not hesitate

to positively affirm, or cautiously intimate that Christians—gospel preachers and gospel people—"teach a dangerous doctrine," meaning doctrine contrary to the Bible and detrimental to the temporal and eternal interests of the human race, notwithstanding he knows they accept and teach the Bible as their only rule of religious faith and practice, and exhort all others to do the same! These are but samples of the falsehoods on which Satan relies to keep people from hearing the word, or to "take away the word out of their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved "

The evidence divine that faith is produced by the word is abundant and clear. "And many other signs [signs of his divinity] truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book: but these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God: and that believing ye might have life through his name." (John 20: 30, 31.) Paul argues the question in the tenth chapter of Romans, beginning with the fourteenth verse: "How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" finally and triumphantly reaching this conclusion—seventeenth verse—"So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God," and that settles that with those who believe the Bible. This, then, is the way faith comes—"by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."

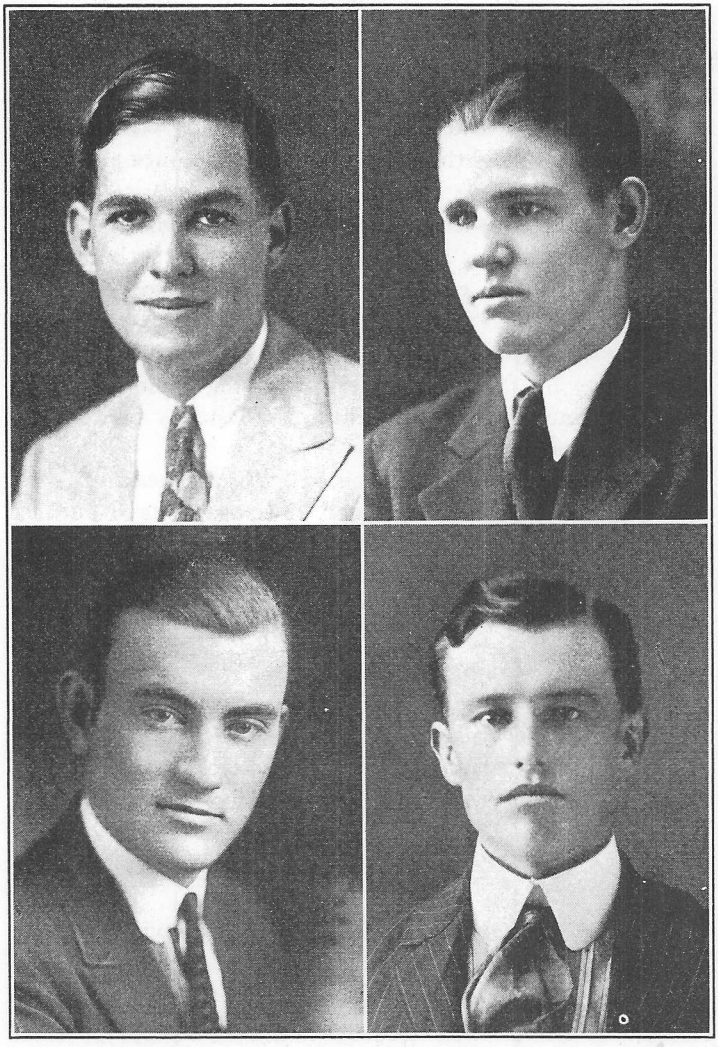
Now, since faith is produced by the word, it follows that whatever is the product, or result, of faith is produced by the word. The sons and daughters of a father are the offspring of that father, the posterity of that father; and their sons and daughters are also the posterity of that father, and so on and on till time shall cease to be. A seed planted produces a stalk, the stalk produces a cob, and on that cob

are many grains of corn. The cob, the grains on it, and the shuck sheathing them are produced by the stalk; but the stalk itself was produced by the grain which was planted; therefore the cob and the grains on it and the shuck sheathing them are all products of the seed planted. Just so, since faith is produced by the word, whatever is done by faith is done by the word. "And God, which knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as he did unto us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith." (Acts 15: 8, 9.) "Purifying their hearts by faith;" therefore purifying their hearts by the word, since the word produced the faith by which their hearts were purified.

If we may draw a distinction between the heart and the soul, we may go a step further: "Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth [the word], through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently." (1 Peter 1: 22.) The soul is, then, as certainly as truth is truth, purified by the word when we obey it.

We are also justified by the word. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God." (Rom. 5: 1, 2.) The faith that justifies us is the result of the word; therefore we are justified by the word.

Sinners must be quickened, as well as convicted. The best farmer in the land may plant the best corn in the land, in the best field on the best farm in the land; and still, regardless of care, cultivation and all favorable conditions, no crop can be realized from the corn he planted, unless it be quickened into the proper manifestation of active vegetable life. Farmers have just such unsatisfactory experiences



LESLIE LARIMORE RAWLINGS
T. B. L. HILL.
LARIMORE BURTON.
WILLIAM LARIMORE HAMM.

(A Page of Larimores.)

sometimes. Corn is planted too early, the ground is so cold and so wet, and continues so so long that the seed planted never "comes up" or even sprouts—is never, in this sense, quickened—therefore no crop results from that planting, since there can be no such crop without such quickening. Just so, there must be a quickening in the heart of the sinner.

Has the word anything to do with this quickening? David wrote long, long ago: "Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope. This is my comfort in my affliction: for thy word hath quickened me." (Ps. 119: 49, 50.) "I will never forget thy precepts: for with them thou hast quickened me." (Ps. 119: 93.) In the one hundred and seventy-six verses of the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm, the longest chapter in the Bible, the terms "word," "commandment," "precepts," and their equivalents occur exactly one hundred and seventy-six times; not one time in every verse, but more than one time in some verses, making an exact average of one time for every verse, always meaning God's revealed will, "the word." David says "the word"—"thy word"—that is, the word of the Lord, quickened him. He also says the Lord quickened him with His precepts—his revealed will, commandments, WORD; and that is entirely satisfactory to all who are staisfied with the word, the will and the way of the Lord Almighty.

From the language of One wiser and better and purer and holier than David, we get a confirmation of this thought. The Saviour says (John 6: 63): "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing:" that is, "it is not this fleshly body, that I inherited from Eve, that blesses you, but it is the Spirit, the Spirit divine." Then, lest some soul, some time, somewhere, somehow, should become so bewildered and mystified and confused as to actually think the Saviour meant that the Spirit quickens in some mys-

terious, incomprehensible, supernatural way, "better felt than told," he immediately added that which should prevent our ever believing or teaching such a thing: "the words I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." Please remember this is not my doctrine, or our doctrine, or your doctrine, but the Lord's doctrine. "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." So, then, the word quickens responsible souls unto everlasting life, leading them at last, through obedience, into that relationship with God where everlasting life is promised through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

It is as clearly and absolutely essential to the salvation of responsible souls for them to be converted as to be quickened. There is no divine promise, no promise in the Book of books, to unconverted, impenitent sinners, to be enjoyed in this world or in that which is to come, unless they be converted as God demands and directs. To be saved, souls in rebellion against God must be converted—must turn from the wrong to the right, from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God. Does the word have anything to do with conversion? David wrote, long, long ago, in one of the sublimest of his sublime psalms, "The law of the Lord [the word] is perfect, converting the soul." (Ps. 19: 7.) The law of the Lord, God's revealed will, the word, then, is perfect, converting the soul.

Now I want to ask you a question. God, himself, is no more than perfect as the manager and preserver of the material universe. His word—"the law of the Lord"—is perfect for the conversion of the soul. He himself has ordained it; that is, set it apart for that important purpose. Now, the question I wish to propound to you is this: which is the more honoring or dishonoring, pleasing or displeasing, respectful or disrespectful, to Him, to ask for some other

power—some mysterious, incomprehensible power, to convert souls; or to demand some heathen deity, Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune or some other creature of the imagination, to assist God in managing and preserving the material universe? "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."

Jesus is as clear and pointed on the subject of the word as God's perfect converting power as David is. Indeed the testimony of each is as clear as truth divine can be. The Saviour says: "For this people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed; lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and should understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them" (Matt. 13: 15); or, as it is in the twelth verse of the fourth chapter of Mark, "lest they should be converted, and their sins should be forgiven them." The context in which this language is found makes it perfectly clear that the word, God's converting power, is what the people referred to refused to hear and see. The Saviour clearly teaches, then, that the word is the power on which God relies to convert souls; and that, therefore, when responsible human beings shut their eyes, stop their ears, and harden their hearts against the truth, they thus close the avenues through which God's power to convert reaches the soul, thus cutting the soul off from that power, and must, of necessity, remain in that unfortunate, unconverted state and go into eternity unsaved, if they persist in keeping their eyes shut and their ears stopped against the truth.

Solomon says, Proverbs 28: 9: "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination." If we believe the Bible, then, we believe God reaches the soul of the sinner through the word, and not in some supernatural, mysterious, incomprehensible way,

that cannot be understood or explained by man. If God's converting power entered hearts and converted souls as lightning enters trees and rends oaks, could our shutting our eyes and stopping our ears and hardening our hearts against the truth prevent our being converted to Christ? Of course not. But our Saviour's own words being true, these things do prevent conversion. Therefore God's converting power does not enter hearts and convert souls as lightning enters trees and rends oaks.

The soul must not only be quickened and converted, but it must be born again. Those who believe the Bible, who accept it as the word of the Lord, and, therefore, respect it as their only rule of religious faith and practice, believe in the essentiality of the new birth. The Saviour said to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." (John 3: 3.) "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." (John 3: 5.) That stands for all time and is always true. The new birth is essential to the salvation of every responsible soul. The dear, precious little ones who leave this world before they know sin are simply transplanted from earth to Heaven, to grow, to bloom, to flourish in the garden of God forever. But, so far as responsible souls are concerned, the new birth is essential to salvation.

Has the word anything to do with the new birth? Peter, writing to the entire church of the living God for all time, wrote: "Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently: being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." (1 Peter 1: 22, 23.) That settles that, and we believe it if we believe the Bible. We must hear the gospel, believe the gospel, obey the gospel, that we may be born again. Thus

are souls born again, "not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever."

Being born again, we are made free, free from the power of sin and Satan by the Truth, by the word. "Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, if ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." (John 8: 31, 32.) What is truth? The Saviour, in prayer to God, said, "Thy word is truth." (John 17: 17.) When we are made free by the truth, by the word of God, we are free indeed. Hence, James says to Christians, to the free: "But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed." (James 1: 25.)

Would you be free—free indeed—free from the galling shackles of sin and Satan, free from all human substitutes for the law of the Lord, free from all the ecclesiastical institutions and inventions of men, as absolutely free from all human ecclesiasticism as are the flowers of the field and the birds of the air? Then hear the gospel, believe the gospel, repent of your sins, confess with your mouth that you do believe, with all your heart, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, be "buried with him by baptism into death, and raised up to walk in newness of life," and then walk in newness of life, for Jesus says, "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed, and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

May the Lord bless all of you who will to come to Christ in coming without delay. Jesus calls you now. To-morrow may be eternally too late. "Now is the accepted time. To-day is the day of salvation. Harden not your hearts," but come.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Birthday Thoughts and Incidents.

CERTAIN anniversaries had a peculiar interest to Mr. Larimore—interesting events in history, battles in which he was engaged, important dates in his own life. The recurrence of his birthday anniversary—July 10—whereso-ever it found us—in a meeting, at home between meetings, or traveling—was always noted with a deep but quiet interest. Some of his friends kept the date in mind, and he always received many loving reminders of the day, which he greatly appreciated.

One pleasant anniversary found us climbing the High Sierras, on our way from California to Tennessee. Mr. Larimore enjoyed those long trips on a train, seeming to be perfectly happy when we settled ourselves in a Pullman for a three or four days' journey. He always found pleasant companionship and made friends among his fellow travelers. There was a congenial group in our car that day. After supper we gathered in the observation car and on the back platform, and a Doctor Day, from New York, and two young girls from Alabama entertained us. They sang to the accompaniment the girls played on their ukeleles, told amusing stories and recited amusing bits of verse. We had resolved to remain with them till we passed Summit, the highest peak in our long climb, and it was nearly twelve o'clock when we reached that point. Mr. Larimore told them before we said "Good night" how pleasant they had made his seventy-sixth anniversary. Doctor Day said "Wait

a minute," and as we waited three rousing cheers for "Seventy-Six" rang out on the midnight air of the lofty mountain top; and as long as we remained on that train he was greeted every day and many times a day with the inquiry: "And how is Seventy-Six to-day?"

In 1920, while Mr. Larimore was preaching for the San Francisco church, we spent the summer in California, instead of making our usual cross-continent trip East. On that anniversary, spent at home, he wrote:

"Friends have in many ways manifested to me their sympathy, gratitude, appreciation and love to-day, all of which I greatly appreciate. I cannot walk forty miles in one day now, as I could do and did do in the days of my youth and early manhood—which was no wonderful feat for an East Tennessee mountaineer—but I can walk twenty miles a day, and, so far as I know, my health is absolutely perfect. I expect to evangelize in Tennessee and elsewhere much of the time next year—1921. Why should an evangelist be worn out and be forced from the field by infirmities when he is only seventy-seven?

"I live at 2115 B Durant Avenue, Berkeley; but I preach in Richmond Hall, Fourth Avenue and Clement Street, San Francisco, at 11 a.m. each Sunday, and in the Y. M. C. A. Building, Berkeley, at 7:30 p.m. Whensoever you may spend a Sunday in San Francisco, come to Richmond Hall, where our work begins at 10:30. When we leave the hall, follow the crowd and you'll make no mistake. At noon, each Sunday we walk to 'The Dimple,' a beautiful little grassy dimple in the emerald cheek of Golden Gate Park, where we always have dinner and a deligthful little love feast. Everybody is invited, everybody is welcome, and everybody seems to be happy."

That year, I remember, most of the members of the San Francisco congregation ate lunch every Sunday, from the

first of March to the first of December, in the Dimple, where we could find shade and sunshine, water and fresh air. All of us loved to go to the Dimple, and only a few years ago Mr. Larimore wrote of it: "The Dimple is a delightful little green, grassy bowl in Golden Gate Park, where in days that are gone forever we spent many happy hours. Almost every Sunday, year in and year out, we went there and ate a picnic lunch immediately after our services in Richmond Hall. I'm glad I named that now, to many, almost sacred spot 'The Dimple,' for, indeed and in truth it is a dimple in the cheek of Golden Gate Park, which is a beautiful place of many acres set apart for rest and recreation on the bosom of California."

The Golden Gate is another place that always had a peculiar interest for him. Of that he wrote: "The Golden Gate is the place through which and from which boats and ships and fleets steam and sail from here to every other port touched by the waters of the Pacific Ocean. We live in a house directly in front of the Golden Gate. I wanted my beloved friend and brother, F. W. Smith, to look through the Gate from that porch when he was here last year, but the day was so rainy that he couldn't even see that strip of water. But, be the day wet or dry, clear or cloudy, calm or stormy, the Golden Gate has a solemnly impressive, soul-subduing fascination for me—a fascination I always feel, but can never express or explain."

I remember his having many pleasant anniversaries of his birth: one at Shady Grove, near Morrison, Tennessee, with the Holmes family, was especially enjoyed. He was engaged in a series of meetings in Washington City when his seventy-ninth birthday came, and the congregation gave him a purse with seventy-nine dollars in it. Wilbur Barnes, one of the young men of the family with which we

made our home in Washington City, had the same anniversary, and he and Wilbur always celebrated it together; and at a special meeting of the church on Mr. Larimore's eithtieth birthday, Wilbur's wife made the good confession and he baptized her.

In 1924, Mr. Larimore was sick at the home of my sister, Mrs. Hamilton, in Nashville, Tennessee, when July 10 came, but his son, Virgil, and Dessie, Virgil's wife, from Florence, Alabama, spent the day with us. We had Doctor Shackelford, Mr. Larimore's physician, to take dinner with us, and in the afternoon, Brother and Sister Gibson, of Washington City, and other friends came to see us, so it was a pleasant occasion, after all, notwithstanding, with Mr. Larimore unable to sit up, it was somewhat like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

On a birthday occasion he wrote:

"Nearly everybody has always been good to me. I think I could count the exceptions I remember on the fingers of one hand and have some fingers left. If I have treated anybody badly I herein and hereby make all amends I can. I know I have no grudge against anybody, and I'm glad of that. Long ago I was in dreamland with my boyhood friend, Dan Deakins. He was troubled because he thought I had ceased to love him and was no longer his friend. Embracing him as tenderly as I could, I said: 'No mortal shall lose an enemy when I die.' That seemed to soothe and satisfy him—and it waked me. But, sleeping or waking, that is the sincere sentiment of my heart."

On his seventy-ninth birthday his daughter, Ettie, sent him the following verses in a pretty frame, which has since hung over his writing table:

FATHER

"When all my other debts are paid
My greatest debt will yet be due,
For sacrifices you have made
And cares that I have brought to you.

"I have been slow to understand
The patience and the love and pride
With which for my sake you have planned,
Your own ambitions laid aside.

"When others have withheld from me
The praise that I have longed to hear,
You, father, have been quick to see
And glad to speak the word of cheer.

"With eager efforts you have sought
To smooth my paths and make them fair,
Unselfishly expecting naught
In payment for your tender care.

"I have been slow to learn, but now,
With recollections that are sweet
I weave a laurel for your brow
And lay my tribute at your feet."

—S. E. Kiser.

Touched by the many loving remembrances he received on his eightieth anniversary, he wrote:

"I have long believed, and have often said to loved ones near me, that I am extravagantly and immensely overestimated, and recent developments have confirmed that belief and declaration. I have done wrong. I have made mistakes—many of them—I have made blunders; but my friends have evidently forgotten all these things. So mote it be; and may the Lord, forgiving, forget them, too.

"My hand shall write but little more, my tongue shall talk but little longer, but while my hand does write, I want it to write right, and while my tongue continues to talk, I want it to talk truth, to speak the truth in love, for 'love thinketh no evil.' I know those who write me write in love, and there is no evil in what they write.

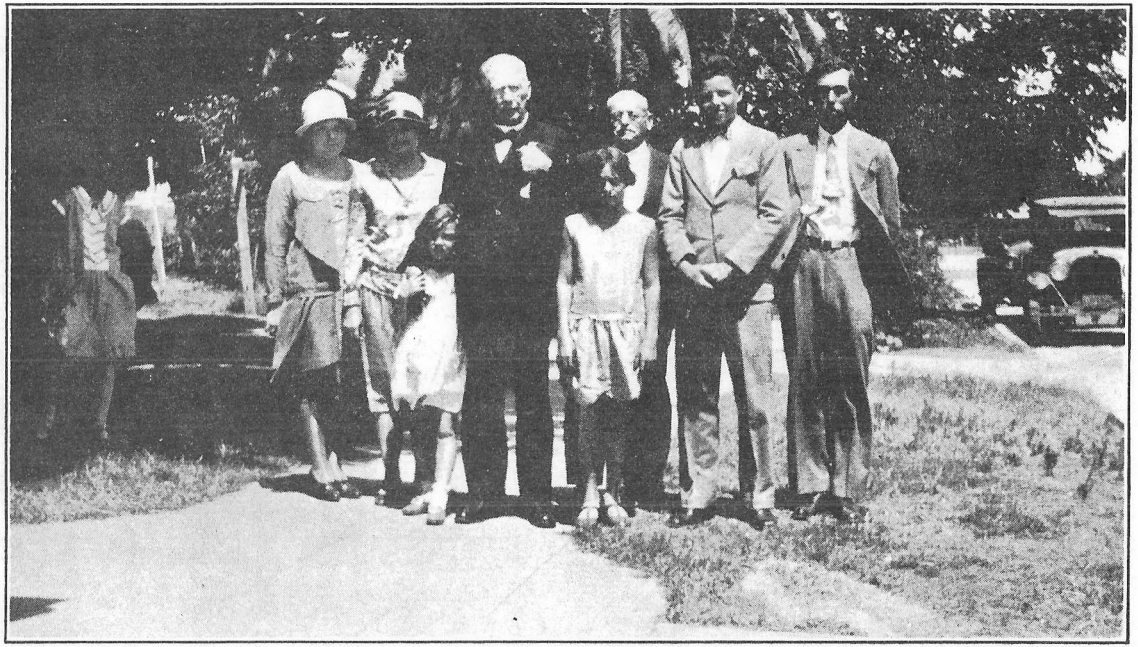
"I have delivered many discourses, I have baptized many people, and I am thankful that I can still preach and baptize. How long I may live or how many more I may yet baptize, no mortal knows, of course; but I want to preach as long as I live, and I want to baptize as long as I preach."

He did preach practically as long as he lived, and baptized as long as he preached. July 4, 1928, during the Santa Ana meeting, he baptized a young girl, Virginia Larimore Killebrew, one of his voluntary namesakes, who came five hundred miles that he might baptize her. She had said when she was a little child, that she wanted "Brother Larimore" to baptize her, and she had her wish. July 29, during the Fullerton meeting, he baptized two young girls, Marguerite and Lois Wheeler, Lois being the last person be baptized.

In 1926, he wrote:

"Since writing my latest 'Greetings from the Golden Gate,' I have finished another year's journey toward the tomb, the judgment day, and, I trust, the Golden Gate of the City of God, where the ransomed shall reign and rejoice forever.

"When July 10, 1926, dawned upon me, the singing of birds charmed me and the friends near me greeted and congratulated me. I was in Sequoia National Park, one of the wonders of this world that abounds in wonders—wonders marvelous and blessings innumerable—blessings not for human beings only, but blessings for beasts and birds and other things as well. Some of us poor mortals sometimes



A BIRTHDAY GROUP, JULY, 1928.

Left to right: MRS. JOHN POYNOR, Berkeley; MRS. C. D. JETTON, Arizona; BETTY-JUNE SEWELL, Santa Ana; T. B. LARIMORE, Santa Ana; NADINE MOON, El Centro; J. J. SMILEY, Santa Ana; CLIFFORD MOORE, Anaheim; W. R. ANDREWS, Los Angeles.

seem to think the sons and daughters of men alone have right to life, liberty and happiness here. As I listened to the sweet songs of those happy birds, I thought of the myriads of innocent birds in captivity, sentenced to life-time imprisonment for no crime on earth save the crime of being attractive or of being matchless musicians, and I almost felt the blissful thrill that would possess me if I could and should strike the shackles from every one of them and thus set them free.

"Firearms are not allowed in the park, and people are requested to molest nothing. One result of these precautions is that beasts and birds there are not afraid of folks. I know not how many kodak pictures of me were taken while a deer, as free as the birds, was eating sugar or salt out of my hand.

"As my eighty-third birthday was the day before Sunday, my part of the celebration of the event was to preach. Accordingly, as Sunday morning advanced, I selected Joshua 14: 10 as an appropriate lesson and talked briefly to the small, select audience present. Men have built temples, cathedrals, and auditoriums many, little and large, and some of us have preached in some of them; but, as I stood among towering trees on the bosom of Sequoia, the ground for my platform and the end of a huge log as a resting place for my book when I wished to lay it down, I realized I was talking in a temple made without hands, and it was easy for me to feel exceedingly small."

In 1927, he wrote, from Berkeley:

"I had a birthday anniversary last Sunday, my eighty-fourth milestone on life's journey, and it was a very delightful occasion, owing to the love, unselfishness and thoughtfulness of friends and loved ones here and elsewhere.

"We had a fine audience Sunday, and, after our services

were concluded, we repaired to Live Oak Park, near by, where we had a bountiful picnic lunch. Live Oak Park is an excellent place for a picnic, seats, tables and fireplace and wood all being provided by the city. In the middle of the table was a beautiful big birthday cake, with a forest of little pink candles on it, and that cake with its eighty-four candles was not all the table supported. A numbering of those present revealed a singular coincidence: there being present, including the babies, of course, just eighty-four at our picnic lunch! We had an abundant feast, probably enough to feed twice eighty-four. Lunch over, I came home for my usual afternoon rest, and that evening went to our meeting place and heard interesting talks by young men of the congregation, it being our custom to give them an opportunity to develop their talents in that line twice a month at our evening service.

"So many good wishes are expressed, so much love and appreciation manifested for me that I feel very humble and grateful, and resolve to try harder than ever before to be worthy of such manifestations of confidence, love and esteem. May the gracious Giver of all good bountifully bless all my friends everywhere, now, henceforth and forevermore."

Of his last birthday anniversary, July 10, 1928, he wrote:

"So many changes have occurred in my location and my experiences recently that I am about to overlook the fact that I have passed another milestone on my journey—my eighty-fifth birthday anniversary—July 10. The experiences that have come to me have been pleasant experiences and my various locations have all been satisfactory, however; so I have nothing of which to complain and much for which to be thankful.

"It is somewhat common among men to have birthdays,

and women might have birthdays, too, if they were not too busy taking care of the men to waste time on such trifles. For this or some other reason they call little attention, I have observed, to their own birthdays. I have had so many that I might have paid little attention to this one if tender, loving, helpful reminders of it had not reached me from all over the world so far as I am known.

"In numbers of such reminders, Sherman, Texas, leads, somewhat naturally, it may be, as there my longest series of meetings was held some thirty-three years ago. While I cannot even acknowledge receipt of all these reminders personally, I appreciate them all and gladly acknowledge in this article the receipt of every one of them. Each one gave me purest pleasure and brought to my mind a sweet picture of the sender and a warmth of the heart at thought of the love that prompted the sending.

"There was also a local observance of my eighty-fifth anniversary. The preceding Sunday, July 8, was the last Sunday of our Santa Ana meeting, and we had an all-day series of services. It was announced beforehand that the occasion would be in celebration, not only of my anniversary, but also of all present whose birthdays came in July. Sister C. A. Stockton, who is one of the best cake makers and cake bakers in all the region round about, baked a handsome birthday cake for me, other honorees had cakes, too, and the birthday table looked very fine. There were nine honerees present; and after a bountiful dinner served under the trees on the church grounds, eight of us had our pictures taken together, the group ranging in age from six to eighty-five, from little Betty June Sewell to me. Sister Jetton, of Arizona, whose birthday is July 10, sat at my right hand at the table, or the feast, if you please.

"There was an afternoon service at a quarter past two

o'clock and another at half past seven. It had been a long time since I had had the privilege and pleasure of preaching three times on a birthday anniversary occasion, and I greatly appreciated it. Five responded to the invitation after the last sermon that day, and that was something to be appreciated indeed. One of them was Clifford Moore, an honoree of the day celebrating his near-by fifteenth anniversary, who, with his brother, Oakley, two years older, was baptized that night.

"We had visitors that day from near and from far. My daughter Ettie, her husband and their two children, reached Santa Ana from Fresno that morning and remained till July 11. Mrs. Nellie Sewell, Mrs. Larimore's sister, was here, also Brother and Sister Poynor and their two little girls, from Berkeley, and Virginia Larimore Killebrew, one of my voluntary namesakes, who lives in San Francisco, and whom I baptized July 4. Altogether it was a good day. July 10 was rather a quiet day, which I spent in the happy home that was my home during the meeting, but I had friends and loved ones with me and was well content.

"The subject of my sermon the evening of July 10 was Joshua's determination: 'Now therefore fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and in truth: and put away the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood, and in Egypt; and serve ye the Lord. And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served, that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.' (Josh. 24: 14, 15.) If I did my duty, I preached about Joshua and not about myself, of course. It was known, however, that it was my birthday, and Joshua Smith, a bright boy of eleven, who desired to be baptized on my birthday, made the good con-

fession and was baptized 'the same hour of the night.' Joshua talked to his brother Peter, nearly two years older than he, trying to persuade him to become a Christian; but Peter hesitated, and Joshua said, like Joshua of old: 'Well, you can do as you like, but I'm going to be baptized to-night' And when Joshua started forward that night, Peter started right behind him.

"Peter and Joshua belong to a branch of the greatest family in the world—the Smith family. This branch numbers fourteen, including the father and the mother, all wear Bible names and all are members of the church, except the youngest two girls, and of these the Saviour said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

"Birthdays are supposed to be times for feasting and general jubilation, but to me they are times for meditation and reflection. Of course, to the Christian there is a golden or silvery lining to every cloud; but a cloud is there, nevertheless. I think of things I have right or reason to regret. I remember that 'friends who have loved me are slipping away.' I remember that the time of my departure is almost at hand, and I have so short a time in which to improve and complete my preparation for eternity that I cannot afford to waste a week, a day, a moment.

"But Jehovah said to Abraham, long ago: 'Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.' Paul says: 'And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.' Why ever fear, why ever waver? 'The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?' "

When his son Virgil, whom Mr. Larimore affectionately designated "my Benjamin and Joseph combined," read that article in the Gospel Advocate, he wrote his father:

"I always enjoy your articles, but the one this week

impressed me especially, for reasons you, no doubt, would little suspect. I enjoyed hearing of your meeting and the splendid results and also was glad to know that all things are pleasant with you; but when you referred to preaching from Joshua 24: 14, 15, it called very vividly to my mind the sermons I have heard you preach from that text. I think I have heard you use that passage every night for a week and every sermon full of interest. I have heard two good sermons to-day by Brother Goodpasture, and on many other occasions I have heard good sermons; but I'm sure I have never heard any preacher who is your equal. Possibly I have never told you this before, and possibly my sense of appreciation of your sermons was not so keen when I had the pleasure of hearing them oftener, as it is now, when I can only think of them and read them. That sweet old song that says, 'Strange we never prize the music till the sweet-voiced bird has flown,' is true to a great extent, but the memory of those wonderful sermons pouring forth from a great loving heart will linger with me and ever be an inspiration to me. I get a great deal of pleasure out of reading 'Letters and Sermons,' and am looking forward to the not far-away future when I can hear you again. I don't know how my plans will work out, but I am expecting to come to California next year, unless you and Miss Emma come East. That is, I expect to see you both in 1929, and am working to that end."

That last birthday article brought the following response from far-off China:

"Hongkong, China, Box 433, September 26, 1928.—Dear Brother Larimore: I have just finished reading your article in the Gospel Advocate of August 23, which reached here yesterday. I always look for your article first, and if it is missing I feel disappointed. This article is 'Another Milestone,' and it impressed me deeply for many reasons.

How gracious God is to mankind to bless us by giving so many years of fruitful service to one of his saints! We pray that you may have many more years to do service for Him who loves us so!

"Had I known the date of your anniversary, there would have been one more greeting to add to the list. My birthday immediately follows yours, being July 11. At that date my husband was five hundred miles interior, 'prospecting,' so it seemed as if the anniversary were to pass unnoticed; but a mail boat came in from Africa, bringing letters and a package, and a letter came from inland China, telling me where another package was hidden for the occasion. So, the day having started off so well, I borrowed an ice-cream freezer, invited the Oldhams over, and ended it with ice cream and cake.

"The family of Smiths you mention is indeed an ideal family and my idea of what a family should be. We now have two toward a dozen, both boys. The youngest is celebrating his birthday to-day—a very quiet celebration. He is spending it in peaceful slumber, a favorite pastime with him, which is as it should be, for he is one week old to-day. His name is 'David Thomas,' and he, like his brother, was dedicated to the Lord long ago. He differs from the Smith boys in that he is not good-looking. However, he may overcome that.

"A year ago the eleventh of this month we visited in your home in Berkeley—a visit that will be long remembered by us. A year passes so quickly, and it seems we accomplish so little!

"We plan to go inland as soon as David is able to make the trip. It will be a long, tiresome journey by boat, perhaps two or three weeks at this time of year when the river is low. It will be necessary to take food supplies, particularly milk. Anything 'foreign' we shall need we

must take with us. We plan to take a little mill, so we can make meal, flour, and breakfast food. A big supply of medicines and medical equipment will be needed, as we plan to open a clinic. When the poor, suffering souls come seeking physical health, we will do all we can to help them regain it, and at the same time point out to them their great spiritual sickness, urging them to accept the only remedy, telling them Jesus is the Great Physician.

"We shall be one hundred and seventy miles from a 'foreign' doctor. We truly need more faith and courage to carry on the work God has given us to do. Pray that we may be useful instruments in his hands, ready at all times to do his will, not our own.

"We hope you and Sister Larimore are enjoying health there in the land of sunshine and flowers. May God grant you many more years in which to labor in his vineyard.

"In Christian love,

"MARGARET BROADDUS."

Of that letter Mr. Larimore wrote:

"This is a fine letter from a fine source. Brother and Sister Broaddus were with us last year, just on the eve of their start to China, and we were delighted to meet them, to hear of their plans for work in their chosen field, and have ever since been even more deeply interested in them and what they are doing in that far-away land. No member of the Smith family, or any other family, has any advantage, in the way of good looks, on the baby boy they had with them, their eldest, and I am sure David Thomas will be all that can be desired in that respect if given a little more time 'to get his features all assembled,' as a good nurse used to say. Another thing of which I am sure, and which is of much more importance: The children of this dear sister, whether they number two or twelve,

will have fine moral and religious training as a heritage from their good father and mother, and will prove to be blessings to the world. Moreover, they will learn two languages as they grow up, associating with their parents and also with the Chinese around them, especially Chinese children, which will be very helpful to that missionary family in the great work they desire to do.

"Brother and Sister Broaddus—Emmett and Margaret—are brave, self-sacrificing souls. Sister Broaddus is a sweet, lovable woman; Brother Broaddus is an earnest, capable, successful preacher of the gospel; they love each other, and both of them love Christ and his cause. Trusting the Lord and faithful friends who should never forget or forsake them, they have said farewell to the comforts and conveniences of modern American civilization and gone to the opposite side of the globe to try to brighten and bless the 'Celestial Empire,' as China is called.

"It is easy to read between the lines of Margaret's letter and gain a slight idea of the sacrifices they must make, the risks they must run, the deprivations they must endure, to do the work they have undertaken. They must take their children into the interior of China, one hundred and seventy miles from a skilled medical practitioner; must do without many things we consider necessities, except such as they can take with them; must be cut off from even such association with friends as they have enjoyed since reaching China, and live altogether among a people whose language, customs, and manner of life are so widely different from theirs that it will be like living in another world.

"We who enjoy daily all the comforts, conveniences, and associations of our Western civilization should never forget these heroic, self-sacrificing souls. We should remember

them with our love and our letters, our prayers and our pocketbooks."

Two weeks after that last birthday, he wrote:

"In my 'Greetings' two weeks ago I told you I received many loving reminders of my eighty-fifth anniversary, all of which I greatly appreciate and some of which I am impelled to share with you. The first one received was from my little friend and brother, Charles Barnes Darwin, of Cookeville, Tenn. It was peculiarly impressive because it expresses in Bible language the sentiment expressed by many letters and cards in prose and in poetry. On a pretty card Charles wrote: 'For your birthday. 3 John 2.' And 3 John 2 is: 'Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth.' Much obliged, my beloved little brother, much obliged. My health seems to be perfect, and my soul hath no fear of the future. Charles is only a little boy, twelve years old, but he is a fearless Christian boy, a useful member of the church of Christ, and, I almost absolutely know, will always be true to Christ and his cause.

"From Brother T. Q. Martin, a well-known, well-loved preacher of the gospel, located at St. Marys, W. Va., comes the following love letter, inclosing a substantial gift from him and his wife:

"'My Beloved Brother: Many a time I feel constrained to write you, but say to myself: "I must not add to his already heavy burden of correspondence." But there are reasons why I must write you at this time. Your birthday is approaching again, and I want this little token of love to reach you by that time. It brings to you the assurance that Carrie and I hope God will grant you to remain with loved ones on this side just as long as in his wisdom he sees that it is good.

"'I am sure that no other preacher of the gospel among

the disciples to-day has such a host of warm friends scattered over so much territory as has the beloved T. B. Larimore. I have recently closed a meeting in Washington City, and you were a theme of conversation daily. I heard many expressions of the tenderest love for you. Several persons, both men and women, said I reminded them of you. One brother said: "Brother Martin, your preaching does me good. You remind me of Brother Larimore, and he is the dearest man on earth." You may know that I highly esteem such a compliment. I have loved you many years. I fell in love with you first from reading "Larimore and His Boys;" and when you came to Lexington, Ky., back in the nineties, to conduct a meeting, at which time dear "Toppie" was a student in Kentucky University, your sermons and your gentle, loving manner drew me to you, and that love has grown with the years. Carrie joins me in Christian love to both you and Sister Larimore.

"'Always faithfully yours,

"'T. Q. MARTIN.'"

"I have loved Carrie longer than Brother Martin has loved her, and I hope our love for her and for each other may never grow less. Carrie is one of the sweetest of women, as admirable in her sphere as Brother Martin is in his, and I am sure she is one of the sweetest and best of wives.

"From Brother G. C. Brewer, who calls himself my grandson in the gospel and whom I love as a grandson indeed, came the following letter:

"'Dear Brother Larimore: Under separate cover I am sending you a copy of my book, which the publisher has named "Brewer's Sermons," but which I wanted entitled "Christ Crucified," If you can find time to read some of these sermons, I shall greatly appreciate your opinion of them. I would rather have your indorsement than

that of any other living man. What I have written on the flyleaf of the book is entirely true and sincere. You baptized my mother when she was a young girl, when you must have been a much younger man than I am now, and your name has been a household word with us always. Mother has one son and two grandsons named for you.

"'Also your preaching and writing have influenced me marvelously. Great credit is due you for what I am and for much of the little I know. I desire here and now to acknowledge that debt, and promise to endeavor to pay it making an earnest effort to "preach the word" "till God shall call me home." I always read your articles with pleasure and profit, and sad, sweet memories of the days of long ago, when as a boy I used to sit at your feet—literally, sitting on the edge of the platform at old Mars' Hill—and hear you preach the gospel with eloquence, pathos, and power. I am always interested in you and try to keep informed about you through the papers. I often have an impulse to write you, but the press of duty usually hinders me from doing so, and that is, no doubt, better for you. But let this letter, as well as the book, assure you of my everlasting gratitude, my abiding love, and my lively interest in you. I trust you and Sister Larimore are both enjoying good health and that your days are full of peace and joy.

"'Gratefully and faithfully,

"'G. C. BREWER.'"

"I am impelled to add to what I have written the following letter from my beloved friend and brother, J. Pettey Ezell, one of the most lovable men I have ever known, who has, since this letter was received, done much to add to my comfort in a time of grief and shock:"

"'Dear Brother Larimore: This is your birthday, and I write that you may be assured that I remember, love, and

appreciate you for the great work the Lord has done through you and for the good you have done me personally. Your writings through the three papers the past years have been comforting and encouraging to thousands. The Lord be with you to-day, make you to be happy, comforted, and encouraged, and be with you as you launch out into another, I trust, useful, happy year.

"'Since leaving Cookeville, with the exception of the ten months spent with the Central Church in Nashville, I have been working at Hopkinsville, Ky. This is the place, I think, where you preached your first sermon. I mentioned your approaching birthday there last Sunday, and the brethren asked me to convey their congratulations, love, and good wishes to you. I began at Gamaliel last night. You were here in the long ago. Your room in the hospitable home of Brother Sam Harlan is my room now. No one save gospel preachers has ever been entertained in this gospel preachers' room. Brother Sam went home to God last year, and is much missed in this section.

"'May the Lord be gracious to you and Sister Larimore. If I can ever in any way comfort or assist you, please grant me the favor. Call on me. With love, prayers, and all good wishes for you both, I beg to remain,

"'Gratefully and affectionately,

"'J. Pettey Ezell.'"

"Brother E. H. Hopper baptized me in Little River, at Hopkinsville, Ky., July 10, 1864, and there I delivered my first discourse, Miss Editha Ritter, whose father was then a United States Congressman, making the good confession at the close of that discourse. I accepted that as my 'call to the ministry.'

"No wonder Brother Sam Harlan is missed in Gamaliel and all the region round about! Of such as he is the kingdom

of God. He was my friend, faithful and true, and I loved him."

Charles Darwin also sent him the following verses in a pretty frame, which still hangs in the room from which he passed away:

"Count your garden by the flowers,
Never by the leaves that fall.
Count your days by golden hours,
Don't remember clouds at all!
Count your nights by stars—not shadows—
Count your life with smiles, not tears;
And with joy, on this your birthday,
Count your age by friends, not years."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Preach the Word (No. 3).

"But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. I charge thee therefore before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom; preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables." (2 Tim. 3: 14-17—4: 1-4.)

WE have learned what "the law of the Lord," the truth, the word, the gospel, the "scripture given by inspiration of God," does for aliens. Beginning with alien sinners in the deepest, darkest depths of depravity, the word, the gospel, "the power of God unto salvation," the truth, brings them step by step on and up, till they rejoice in the light of the perfect law of liberty in Christ Jesus our Lord. Now we want to see what it does for Christians.

The discourse immediately preceding this practically closed with a quotation in reference to the new birth. "Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently: being born

again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever. For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you." (1 Pet. 1: 22-25.)

The quotation concerning the new birth, the birth that makes those born again Christians, members of the family of God, babes in Christ, closes the first chapter of Peter's first epistle to Christians, and the very next chapter begins with: "Wherefore, laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings, as new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby: if so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." (1 Peter 2: 1-3.)

When children are literally born, they are born with a nature that imperatively demands nourishment. They must have nourishment or quickly perish. God, who careth for all his creatures, without whose knowledge not even a sparrow can fall, has made the richest provision to meet this demand. He has prepared nourishment which, under normal conditions of mother and child, is absolutely perfect for the purpose designed. It needs not to be diluted, it needs not to be condensed, it needs not that even its temperature be changed; but, taken just as it is, it nourishes and sustains all the tissues and powers of both body and mind.

This hath God done for the sons and daughters of men, as well as for other creatures of his creation and care. It would be strange indeed for Him, an all-powerful, all-wise Father, whose grace and goodness and love are boundless, fathomless, limitless, to do less for his own children, babes in Christ. But he has not done less for these than for those, as the scripture just quoted clearly shows. He has prepared ab-

solutely perfect spiritual nourishment—the word—for his own children, for babes in Christ, as well as for those who have grown old in his service; and babes in Christ should never be fed on the dry husks of human theology, but on "the sincere milk of the word." If fed on the former, they perish spiritually. If fed on the latter, they grow, and are strengthened and developed.

Little ones need light as well as nourishment. I have heard mothers tell of their children's crying for light when they were but a few days old. The light out, the room dark, the little one would cry. The room flooded with light, the baby would be its own sweet self again. Of course the baby did not reason about it, but there was something in its very nature demanding light. A potato, confined in the depths of a dark, damp cellar, produces a vine, white and tender, which climbs upward till at last it reaches a crack or crevice, through which it sends its top leaves, to live in the light and, in a purer atmosphere, grow green and look like potato leaves ought to look. Neither the potato nor the plant it produces reasons; but there is something in its nature that makes the vine lift its leaves toward the light.

God has not left his children without light. But has this any connection with the word—the subject under consideration. Let us see. David wrote long, long ago, by inspiration of the Spirit: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." (Ps. 119: 105.) "The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple." (Ps. 119: 130.)

The apostle Paul, writing to the Philippian brethren, wrote: "Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling: for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure. Do all things without murmurings

and disputings: that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world; holding forth the word of life; that I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain. Yea, and if I be offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy and rejoice with you all." (Phil. 2: 12-17.)

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. (1 John: 1: 7.) David and Paul assure us that the Bible is the light. 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."

There is a thought here not directly and specially connected with the general line of thought under consideration that all who claim to be Christians should carefully and prayerfully consider. John says, talking to the entire church of God for all time, "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." It follows, therefore, the Bible being true, that if we do not, all of us who claim to be Christians, have fellowship with one another—if we are not all in such spiritual condition that we love and fellowship one another in the service of the living God, we do not, all of us, walk in the light; for, "if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another."

If we do not walk in the light, and, therefore, "have fellowship, one with another," the blood of Jesus Christ his Son does not cleanse us from all sin. If the blood of Jesus Christ does not cleanse us from all sin, we are not cleansed from all sin, for only the blood of Christ can cleanse us from

all sin; and we are, therefore, in danger of death eternal. How important, then, that we walk in the light of God's eternal truth! We cannot throw this off with a wave of the hand, or a toss of the head, as if it were something that man hath said. The Spirit of the living God clearly teaches that, if we do not have fellowship one with another, so that we can lovingly co-operate and commune one with another, some of us are in darkness, and, therefore, in danger of death. May the Lord bless all of us in having communion and fellowship, sympathy and love, with and for one another, lovingly and gladly bearing one another's burdens and so fulfilling the law of Christ, which is the law of love divine.

The sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty need not only nourishment and light, but creed, doctrine, discipline, confession of faith—something infallibly safe and correct, to guide and govern them under God. The church of God can no more succeed as God would have it succeed, without doctrine, discipline, creed, than any human substitute therefor can succeed as man would have it succeed, without doctrine, discipline, creed. Has God furnished his church doctrine, discipline, confession of faith, creed? Or has he left his church hopeless, hapless, helpless, in this important respect, subject to the whims, opinion and plans of uninspired men?

Paul says, (2 Tim. 3: 16, 17)—and this is the context in which our text is found: "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." God has given us the greatest abundance of doctrine divine then; for all sacred scripture, all "scripture given by inspiration of God, is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that

the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

But the church of the living God must have discipline, as well as doctrine. Of what does discipline consist? Of reproof, correction and instruction. You may study all the remnant of your days to find some other element of discipline, but you can never find it. Nor can you ever find a perfect system of discipline that lacks any of these elements. As the elements of water are oxygen and hydrogen, as the elements of the air are oxygen and nitrogen, so reproof, correction and instruction are the elements of discipline—no more, no less. Therefore, since the Holy Spirit says, "All scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," "all scripture given by inspiration of God" is profitable for doctrine and discipline; "that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

God has given us doctrine and discipline, perfect, and, therefore, all-sufficient, for his church through all the ages, from the moment of its birth till time's knell shall be sounded. If not, it absolutely must be, and therefore is, because He knew not, cared not, or could not. Bound to be one of the three. If He knew the needs of his church for all time, cared for his church, as a good Father for his own household, and could give his church, his household or family, doctrine and discipline perfect and all-sufficient for all time, He has done so. Therefore, if He has not, it is because He knows not, cares not, or can not. Take either of these positions, and we assume He is not the God the Bible represents him to be. If He knows not, cares not for, or cannot supply the needs of his church, He is not the God the Bible represents him to be.

We are, therefore, absolutely drawn, driven and dragged, chained, riveted and held, to the conclusion that God has

given us doctrine, discipline, creed, confession of faith, perfect for the needs of his church, all-sufficient for all time, or that there is no God. No-God-ism is Atheism. So, then, we must choose between the all-sufficiency of the holy scriptures and Atheism. To find a reasonable pretext for accepting some human substitute for the Bible, we must assume there is no God—take a position that logically leads to that conclusion. May the Lord bless us all in conceding that Paul wrote the truth when he wrote: "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

When we accept the Bible as our only rule of faith and practice, our only creed, doctrine, discipline, confession of faith, our waybill, our guidebook through grace to glory, we accept that which is absolutely perfect. The language I have just quoted proves that. Moreover, David says: "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." (Ps. 19: 7.) Being perfect, it is pure. It could not be perfect, of course, and not be pure. It is not only pure in whole, but it is pure in detail—pure in all its parts. Solomon says: "Every word of God is pure: he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him. Add thou not unto his words, lest he reprove thee, and thou be found a liar." (Prov. 30: 5, 6.) This sounds as if Solomon might have done, that one time, what I so often do: might have forgotten what he started to say, introduced a few irrelevant words, and then, remembering what he wished to say, said it. The words, "he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him," seem to have been thrown in out of connection; but such is not the case. They are the right words in the right place, and important words they are, too. God "is a shield unto them who put their trust in him;" but those who are not satisfied

with his word, his will and his way, but add to his word, accept human substitutes for it, and make of none effect the commandment of God by their traditions, walking in their own way, put their trust in men, not in God, and he is not their shield. Nothing can be clearer than that. "Every word of God is pure: he is a shield unto them who put their trust in him. Add thou not unto his words, lest he reprove thee, and thou be found a liar."

It is a fearful thing to not be satisfied with the Bible, the pure and perfect word of the Lord, and therefore accept the creeds and leadership of men. Great and good as Luther, Wesley, Campbell and others may have been, they were human, not divine; and we should never turn from God to follow them. If we accept their teaching as a substitute for the Bible, and virtually add to or take from the Bible, to make it conform to their theories, we demonstrate clearly that we do not put our trust in God, and may absolutely know he is not our shield. This may be one reason why the Bible almost closes with this admonition: "For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book. And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and out of the things that are written in this book." It is a fearful thing to lay vandal hands upon the book of God.

The Word, being perfect in all its parts, needs never to be revised. Do you suggest that probably it is a mistake to say it needs never to be revised? Nevertheless, it needs never to be revised. All human creeds need to be revised; and every time one is revised, to the extent of even erasing a letter or adding a syllable, this revising shows that, in the judgment of those who revise it, it was imperfect; and if

it was imperfect, it may, being a human production, be imperfect still, and may still be imperfect when time shall cease to be. If not, why not?

Not so the book of God. It needs not to be revised. Do you ask me why I occasionally refer to the Revised Old Testament or the Revised New Testament, or the Revised Bible? That is one of the improper things I never do. Better, therefore greater, and better-informed men may, but I do not. I am perfectly willing to quote from the Revised Version of the Old Testament, the Revised Version of the New Testament, and, hence, from the Revised Version of the Bible; but there is a world of difference between the revised version of anything and the revised thing itself. God gave to man the Bible, complete and perfect, and the man who dares revise it dares to defy God and run the risk of eternal condemnation; for God declares that to him shall be added the curses written in the book, and that from him shall be taken the blessings therein promised.

But man did the translating of the Bible into the tongues of many nations; hence, we may make and have Revised Versions; but we are not entirely free from danger and disappointment in the exercise of this liberty. Be it far from me, however, to protest against, or even criticize the proper exercise of this principle. Still, its results are not always entirely satisfactory, and its practice may lead to very serious results. Less than thirty years ago it was proclaimed and published from "the rivers to the ends of the earth," that a European committee and an American Committee, co-operating, would give us a revised version of the Bible in pure, chaste, clean, modern, up-to-date English. Many, if not all, who read or heard that promise, and who also loved the Bible and pure English, hopefully waited and fervently prayed for the faithful fulfillment thereof. Some hopeful, credulous souls may be waiting and watching and praying for

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the fulfillment of that important promise yet; for it has not yet been fulfilled, as "Our Father which," "man which," "whiles," etc., etc., in the revised version they gave us clearly show.

The American committee—a little farther from Rome than the European committee—dissatisfied with the result, submitted what, in parliamentary parlance would be called a "minority report," protesting against "Saint" John, etc., instead of plain scriptural John, etc., and many other things the other committee wanted, and the European version was published, with the American protest as an appendix. "The American Revised Version" followed, of course. Now we have "the Standard American Revised Version," "The Twentieth Century Bible," and I know not how many more we have or may have in the near future. Now, if, in twenty years, Europe and America have given us four or five distinctly different Bibles—and that's what they call them—what and where and when shall the end be? They are advertised all over the land as "Revised Bibles," "Revised Testaments," etc. This license to revise "the Word" may become or be an appalling calamity. Denominations may finally have their own denominational Bibles, each to propagate and desseminate its own distinctive doctrine. Then shall infidelity serenely smile and Satan be well satisfied. Now we can say, "That's what the Bible says," with telling, tremendous effect. Not so then, for then they can ask, "Which Bible?"

Still, while these may be shadows cast by coming events, "the Word" remains unchanged, unchangeable, forever just the same, as it came from God, in the original tongue in which it was written; and no man dares to lay vandal hands upon it. Do you say, "Let the people appeal to the original?" Almost as well tell an ordinary English audience to read the Chinese language. The people cannot read "the original."

They must depend upon translations into their own tongues. Whatsoever merits or demerits may commend or condemn other translations, I am glad we have the King James Version. It is the version with which the people are most familiar, and I purpose to preach it as long as my tongue can speak the praises of Him who died that we might live. Perfection is not claimed for it, of course—for the translation, I mean—but it was completed in 1611, and was accepted without protest by millions for nearly three hundred years, from seven to ten generations. Religious—denominational—partyism being then, as compared with now, almost unknown, the translators were comparatively free to translate the truth with strictest fidelity thereto—to translate it to please, not men, but God. Let us all devoutly thank Him for this, and be more thankful still that the word of the Lord as originally given, is never to be changed.

The Word is not only pure and perfect in all its parts, but it is to last forever. Isaiah wrote, long, long ago: "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever." (Isaiah 40: 8.) Peter says: "For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you." (1 Peter 1: 24, 25.)

Much is said, in this age and country, on the subject of sanctification—some things that are wise; some that are decidedly otherwise. But whatsoever God says is not only wise, but wisdom; and all Christians gladly accept it. Is that relevant to the subject under consideration? Has the Word anything to do with sanctification? Let us see. The Saviour, praying for his disciples, said: "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth. As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the

world. And for their sakes I santcify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth." (John 17: 17-19.)

The ultimate aim, object, purpose of all these things—the purpose of God in revealing these things—is the salvation of souls. Has the Word anything to do with saving souls? "Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls." (James 1: 21.) So, then, the Bible being true, the engrafted word is able to save our souls.

Paul wrote to the Roman brethren: "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise. So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also. For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith: as it is written, The just shall live by faith." (Romans 1: 14-17.)

To loved ones in the Lord, whom he was to see on earth no more, Paul said: "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them. Therefore watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears. And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." (Acts 20: 28-32.)

Now we have certainly found enough in the blessed Book

of books to satisfy us perfectly that the Word is a safe and all-sufficient guide for souls through this world of sin and sorrow to that world where sin and sorrow are unknown. Beginning with the alien sinner in the deepest, darkest depths of depravity, it leads him on, step by step till he rejoices in the light of the perfect law of liberty, and then guides him through grace to glory, till at last he passes through the pearly portals into the home of God; every step being taken in the light of God's eternal truth.

No wonder, in view of all this, that the apostle Paul should have been so sublimely and perfectly satisfied with the Word. No wonder, in view of all this, that he wrote to Timothy: "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom; PREACH THE WORD." Well may it have been written:

"Blessed Bible! How I love it!
How it doth my bosom cheer!
What hath earth like this to covet?
Oh, what stores of wealth are here!

"Man was lost and doomed to sorrow,
Not one ray of light or bliss
Could he from earth's treasures borrow,
Till his way was cheered by this.

"Blessed Bible, I will hide thee,
Hide thee richly in this heart.
Through life's journey thou shalt guide me,
And in death we will not part.

"Part in death? No, never! never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee!
Then, in brighter worlds for ever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be."

We can never know how sweet and precious these sweet and precious truths are—"more precious than gold, yea, than much fine gold, sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb"—till upon our enraptured vision shall burst the glad realities of God's eternal home, and we begin to realize what it is to be there. May the Lord bless all of us in walking in the light of the Word, through grace to glory, that we may be with God forevermore; and not only with God, but with Christ, the Holy Spirit, angels and archangels, with our loved ones, not lost but gone before, with the sweet little ones who shall be gathered there, and with all the redeemed of every age and country and clime.

May the Lord bless all of you who are in any sense subjects of the gospel call, in doing whatsoever duty may demand, while mercy lingers, truth invites and Jesus pleads that you may heed his loving call.

CHAPTER XXV.

What His Friends Say of Him.

IT HAS been said that a man's greatness is measured by his influence upon mankind. It might well be added that the true greatness of a man is measured not altogether by the extent of his influence upon mankind, but also by the character of that influence. As an indication of both the extent and the character of his influence upon those whom his life touched, by personal contact, by his preaching and his writing, I quote in this chapter some of the things said or written of Mr. Larimore after he passed away.

F. D. Srygley, in "Letters and Sermons of T. B. Larimore," Volume 1, wrote:

"It is not the purpose of this volume to give the estimate which people who have heard Larimore preach have formed of his gifts as a speaker and of his power over an audience; but to furnish data in his sermons and private letters from which people who have never heard him and who do not know him may form their own opinion of him, both as a man and as a preacher. His voice and personality, however, which cannot be put into a book, are potent elements of his popularity as a speaker and of his mastery over an audience. As readers of this book who have never seen him or heard him will be dependent upon the testimony of others as to his gifts in these things, it will not be improper to publish the following clipping from the Madisonville (Ky.) Mail:

" 'T. B. Larimore has been with us to "preach the word," to build us up, to make us one, to make us better, to make

us happier, to strengthen saints, to save souls, and has gone to other fields, to sow the seeds of righteousness, unity, peace and love. The seeds he has sown here are sure to germinate and produce an abundance of fruit "to the glory of God, the honor of Christ, and the salvation of souls," having been warmed by the lovelight of God's eternal truth and watered by the tears of sympathy and love.

" 'I have heard Gov. "Bob" Taylor in his happiest moods, and have followed him in his loftiest flights of fancy and dream. I have heard him on "The Fiddle and the Bow," when he touched every chord in the soul that can be touched by that that is pathetic and tender and sweet and soul-inspiring. I have heard him on "Paradise of Fools," as he talked thrillingly of "God's first thought for the happiness of man;" and he filled my heart with gentleness, kindness, and love—sweetest sentiments of the soul. I have heard him on "Visions and Dreams," when he so eloquently and tenderly told of his return to the dear old home of the long, long ago; and he filled my mind with sweet, sad memories of the delightful days, forever gone, when I dwelt with father, mother, sisters and brothers in the dear old home that can never be home again.

" 'I have heard Ditzler on "The Judgment Day," and he held me fixed to my seat and overwhelmed with horror as he depicted the tortures of torment and told of the shrieks of the doomed banished into outer darkness forever because of sin. I have heard him in his "Halleluiah Sermon," when he pictured so beautifully and vividly the bliss and grandeur and glory of heaven that the flame of love and reverence for heaven and heavenly things he kindled in my breast has never been extinguished, though long, eventful years have come and gone since last I heard him speak.

" 'These are but samples of men and things I have heard and seen; yet, as I sat last Sunday, and listened to T. B.

Larimore, as he reasoned of the "vanity of vanities" in wisdom, wealth, pleasure, power, and the alluring beauties of nature—beautiful words of wisdom pouring in torrents and bursting like flames from his lips, and sparkling and scintillating as purest gems of reason in brightest light of thought, filling and flooding every mind present with light almost divine—I involuntarily said, "Never man spake like this man;" and this was the unanimous verdict of one of the largest and most intelligent audiences ever assembled in the city of Madisonville.' "

Wayne Burton, in Christian Standard:

"T. B. Larimore, dean of evangelists, is no more. In Fairhaven Cemetery, near the little California city of Santa Ana, rests the body of that humble man of God and amiable and great-hearted friend of man; a preacher of the gospel of almost daily activity throughout more than three-score years; eloquent messenger of the Master who had preached more sermons, perhaps, than any man now living, and who may be safely accredited with baptizing more people with his own hands than any other representative of the Restoration movement since the inauguration of that movement by Barton W. Stone, David Purviance, the Campbells and their associates more than half a century ago.

"Out of the abundance of his rhetorical mind came an easy flow of phrase and illustration, and not only the choicest rhetoric served him well, but a characteristic use of the adjective and a fineness of alliteration that was charming and superb. But it was not upon oratory he depended. He had far more confidence in the power of the Scriptures to reach and influence the hearts of men, when faithfully presented, than in all the eloquence that he or any other man could employ. His sermons were freighted with Bible quotation and allusion, and he was a preacher of the one Book. His confidence in that Book was complete, his confi-

dence in the gospel was supreme, and he was great in power to win men to accept it. To this end he devoted his life from twenty-one to eighty-six."

G. W. Duke, in Your Weekly Caller:

"Our best-loved warrior has laid his armor down. Our beloved leader and brother, T. B. Larimore, Monday morning, March 18, 1929, at nine o'clock, in the presence of his devoted wife and Dr. U. G. Littell, passed from this world of sorrows to 'the land that is fairer than day.'

"It was the glorious privilege of the Broadway and Walnut congregation to hear Brother Larimore in an eighteen-day meeting last July. During that meeting he and Sister Larimore were guests in our home. He became to us as a father, and my wife and I loved them as father and mother. To have lived in his presence for that period of time has filled me with a great inspiration to serve God in every way I can, no matter what the cost may be. I shall try to imitate him, even as he was an imitator of Christ.

"There is a sweetness in the sadness that all his friends and brethren feel at this parting. In loving him, we have loved a great man. If we are as well prepared when we die as he was, we shall see him in heaven. May the Lord help us all to be so prepared."

Ernest N. Glenn:

"I have just returned from Santa Ana, where Brother Larimore's funeral was held this afternoon, March 20, at Broadway and Walnut church. Brother O. B. Curtis, who used to lead the song service in Washington City for Brother Larimore's meetings, led the congregation in singing softly three old, familiar songs—'On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand,' 'How Firm a Foundation!' and 'There's a Great Day Coming.' Brother S. E. Witty read Hebrews 11: 1-10 and made a few remarks about Brother Larimore's being remembered along with these heroes of faith mentioned by

Paul. Brother E. C. Fuqua offered a very impressive prayer of thanksgiving for this man of faith, devotion and service, who lived so nearly in harmony with the teaching of Christ. Then Brother James H. Sewell preached the sermon, paying tribute to the exalted character, the noble life of service and consecration and the exemplary walk of this grand man of God. The entire service was short and simple. The pallbearers were: Brethren Everett White (Brother Larimore's son-in-law), Larimore White (his grandson), Charles and Luther Sewell (Sister Larimore's nephews), Fred Germany, George Duke, Foy E. Wallace, Jr., and Ernest Beam.

"At the cemetery, 'In the Sweet By and By' was sung, and a short prayer by Brother John T. Hinds ended the service for this great man of God."

G. H. P. Showalter, Editor of Firm Foundation:

"On the morning of March 18, 1929, the gentle spirit of the amiable T. B. Larimore took its flight to the upper world. A worthy, true and faithful citizen, persistent Christian, and gospel proclaimer, enters into his well-deserved, quiet and eternal rest. To few men is accorded the blessing of such a long period of public service for the Master. . . . He was one of God's noblemen; eloquent, logical, forceful, pathetic, confident, in public and private life; a devoted servant of God whose faith and hope and love were deepened, strengthened and brightened with the passing of the years."

F. L. Rowe, Editor of Christian Leader:

"In my varied experiences of the Leader I have many times had vexatious questions to thresh out single-handed. Frequently when I have debated what to do, I have asked myself the question, 'What would Brother Larimore do?' In truth I regard him as approaching nearer to the Saviour in life than any one else I know. His life was serene, and yet it was not without its trials and severe experiences; but he had a wonderful power of self-control. He always had the

sweet, reserved, hopeful condition of mind that made one feel he was indeed a child of God—a child in disposition, yet a man of faith and a spiritual giant."

Jesse P. Sewell, Editor Gospel Herald:

"Brother Larimore, in his early manhood, conducted a school—Mars' Hill College—for a few years. During those years he gave a spirit and attitude to a large group of men that will be felt in the world for many generations. But first of all and above all, T. B. Larimore was a preacher of Christ. He knew and loved the gospel of his Lord and ever preached that gospel in simplicity, clearness, power and love, and left it just that way. To him the gospel of Christ completely and fully met the needs of men on every occasion, and under all circumstances. So he just preached the Word, calmly, kindly, gently, clearly, plainly and with complete confidence. He was one of the greatest preachers of his generation.

"I heard Brother Larimore preach much, I read all his books and articles. During late years, I have read with much pleasure each week, 'Greetings from the Golden Gate.' These can be no more. Our next 'greetings' from this dearly beloved saint will be near the gates of pearl. And there isn't a doubt in my mind that these greetings about the gates of pearl depend alone upon *our* going there. And it will be worth effort on our part just to experience those precious sweet greetings."

M. C. Kurfees:

"Assuredly in the death of the beloved T. B. Larimore there is an exhibition of Edward Young's declaration in 'Night Thoughts,' that 'Death loves a shining mark.' Altogether, from the intellectual point of view, he took rank among the strongest men of his time. He was one of the best-educated men of his day in the English language, and one of the most polished and accurate in the use of it whom

it was ever my privilege and pleasure to hear. He was as true to the Bible as he was to the use of good English, and no thoughtful person could listen to him long without observing his combined literary culture, his great familiarity with the Bible, his profound faith in it as the inspired word of God and his all-engrossing and dominant desire to make it known to the world. I think that we may truly say that few, if any, have been the preachers since the apostolic age that left a deeper or more widespread impression upon their friends and upon the people in general wherever they labored than did this stalwart and lovable man of God."

F. B. Srygley:

"I remember how Brother Larimore looked the first time I ever saw him in the pulpit—the second Sunday in July, 1867, when I was eight years old and he was twenty-four. He was tall and as straight as an Indian, and, I thought, as eloquent as Cicero, if I had ever heard of Cicero at that time. In my childish heart I could not understand how any one could learn so much about the Bible and other literature in the short space of twenty-four years as he seemed to know. I give God the glory that I came into contact with that good and great man at that time in my life. Next to my father and mother I owe more to T. B. Larimore than any other person my life has ever touched. If I shall ever reach the shining portals of glory, I shall expect to see my old teacher and my devoted friend and brother in that glad city."

F. W. Smith:

"Brother Larimore was not only my brother in the Lord, but he was one of my dearest and best friends. He spoke to me and of me as one of his 'boys,' although I did not share in the pleasure and profit of attending Mars' Hill College with the rest of his 'boys.' He was the most gentle, humble, godlike man I ever knew. While standing before an audience, his face lighted up as if he saw the glory land; while

in the social circle he had a calm, sad expression, as if his soul were touched and burdened with sympathy with the sorrowing, weeping sons and daughters of Adam's unfortunate race. I do not mean that such was always his attitude, because Brother Larimore had a keen sense of the ludicrous and laughed heartily at times, but his soul was of the serious mold. I think he was the most eloquent speaker to whom I have ever listened, and I have heard many of the greatest orators of modern times. His voice was deep and smooth, his manner one of natural gracefulness. As to command of language, I do not think I ever heard his equal. He could bear his audience on wings of the most eloquent flights far away from earth and earthly things, and then let them down with such ease and grace as not to jar the most sensitive."

T. Q. Martin:

"T. B. Larimore was both grand and eloquent. He was an orator of the rare type, truly an eloquent man. To my mind, one of the greatest things in the life of this man of God is the fact that later in life he suppressed his oratorical powers, lest people might be moved by his oratory rather than the word of God. A man whose reverence for the word of God would prompt him to do that is truly 'a prince and a great man in Israel.' T. B. Larimore was the very embodiment of kindness, a living example of gentleness, yet he was no compromiser of God's truth. No man among the disciples in the past half century was more widely known or more generally loved than was our dear Brother Larimore."

A. G. Freed:

"Like the Saviour, Brother Larimore taught by example. His order was to 'do and teach.' He was an example 'in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.' His clean life, pure speech, wonderful logic, matchless oratory, and noble bearing were an inspiration to all who touched that life. His faith in God's word was sublime. He lives in

the hearts and lives of multiplied thousands and will live on and on. The sweet story of his life as it was made into the Christ life will be told to children's children."

H. Leo Boles:

"Brother Larimore was an educated man. As an educated man he was in sympathy with the education of all young people and especially interested in the education of young preachers. Many young preachers of to-day are grateful to Brother Larimore for his help and encouragement to them in getting an education. He lives now in the hearts of thousands whom he taught the word of God and encouraged to live faithful to God. He was not only an educator in the schoolroom, but his sermons in meetings were always instructive to both saint and sinner. In a few things he excelled most men, and in many other things he was the peer. The world is better and happier because T. B. Larimore has lived in it."

N. B. Hardeman:

"Brother T. B. Larimore's name, for more than half a century, has been familiar to almost every Christian household in Tennessee and surrounding States. Few of the sons of Tennessee have so universally commanded the respect and confidence of all the people as has the lamented Larimore. His religious enemies have ever accorded him just praise because of his high integrity, honesty of purpose, and purity of life. Nature was indeed in a happy mood when she moulded his strong body and gave him a towering intellect, which was ever ruled and directed by a spirituality akin to Jehovah."

G. W. Riggs:

"I believe Brother Larimore lived an ideal life; a life worthy of imitation in more respects than, possibly, any other man of his day and generation. Early in life he chose the noblest of all callings: preaching the gospel. He followed

that calling earnestly, diligently and constantly to the close of his life. His position in regard to the Christian religion he often epitomized in one comprehensive statement: 'Take God at his word; that is, believe what He says; do what He commands, become and be what He requires, live as He directs, and trust Him for what he promises.' He who lives up to that position lives an ideal life; the best, happiest and most useful life possible to be lived on earth."

Mrs. A. N. Killebrew:

" 'And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, for ever and ever.' (Dan. 12: 2, 3.) Brother Larimore has influenced my life more than any other gospel preacher. For two years he preached for the San Francisco church, and my home was his home on Sundays between services. The summer of 1926 we spent in Berkeley, living in one of the apartments of the house in which he and Sister Larimore lived—the home of Mamma Sewell, Sister Larimore's sister, who also lived there. We were one big, happy family, and I love to think of our sweet association with them. My only brother, Wallace Larimore Coleman, was named for Brother Larimore; our older daughter, Virginia Larimore, is also his namesake—one of his voluntary namesakes. Virginia traveled five hundred miles last summer to be baptized by Brother Larimore, she being one of the last three he baptized. We shall always remember his calm, saintly face, and pray God's richest blessings on dear Sister Larimore in her lonely hours. O Brother Larimore, how sad we are since you went! But when I meet you, if God wills, I want to tell you again what you have meant to me.

"'For in that morn your angel face shall smile,
Which we have loved long since, and lost a while.'"

James H. Sewell:

"I have known and loved Brother Larimore all my life. His wife, formerly Miss Emma Page, is my mother's sister, and I am happy to have had the privilege of calling him 'Uncle Larimore,' which he always seemed to appreciate as a mark of affection and esteem. His work in California during the closing years of his long, useful life, is a fitting climax to his self-sacrificing service in the cause of Christ. Since 1918, he has preached in many places in California and has preached much in San Francisco and Berkeley. In the latter place, in recent years, under his peerless preaching and inspiring leadership, the congregation was built up and a comfortable, commodious church home constructed, he fostering and encouraging this work to the extent of publishing in the church papers an appeal in its behalf, which met with a generous response. Indeed, his articles in the papers have had a stimulating effect upon the work all up and down the coast. Active to the very last in preaching the Christ he loved and served, the final six months of his life, spent in Southern California, may properly be classed as some of the best of his career. Truly he was a man of God, a servant of Christ, a builder of churches, a friend of man."

Foy E. Wallace, Jr.:

"From very early childhood the faint recollection of the tall, slender figure of a neatly attired preacher, poised in perfect dignity and swaying vast audiences with the simplicity of his eloquence, has lingered in my memory. Years hurried by, and I often wondered if the opportunity to see and hear him who had made such lasting impressions on childhood's mind would again come to me. Not until a

few months ago, when Providence called me to the Pacific Coast, was that cherished hope realized. I sat at his feet again and heard him preach in the same elegance of style, beauty of diction, and dignity of mien that had characterized the man whose image was chiseled on memory's tablet. The few churches of the Pacific Coast have been most signally honored with the presence of this 'grand old man,' approaching his journey's end, 'rejoicing as a strong man to run his course.' The sunset of his life in 'the Golden West' has cast shadows laden with fragrance over our hearts, and the very presence of T. B. Larimore has been an invocation of blessing upon all of us whose lives he has touched."

J. F. Lilly, Los Angeles, California:

"I have just learned that Brother Larimore has gone to his rest. No death in our ranks can bring more universal sorrow. He was widely loved for his kindly interest in all who came under the magic spell of his personality. His contribution to the cause of his Master was equalled by few, and he will be missed as perhaps no living man in the brotherhood. It was an honor to Santa Ana that he spent his last days there. He has reached the consummation of his hopes and desires, and leaves behind a benediction to all who knew and loved him."

W. S. Long:

"Since 1916 I have had the pleasure of being associated with Brother and Sister Larimore in the work of the Lord in various ways, and it is not possible for me to express what this delightful fellowship has been to my life. We were together daily for years—in Washington City—and this association revealed to me his master mind, his noble spirit, his humility, and his courage. He lived daily so close to God and had such strong faith in his word that all who heard him preach were drawn nearer to God. One united States Senator said: 'I go to hear Mr. Larimore preach,

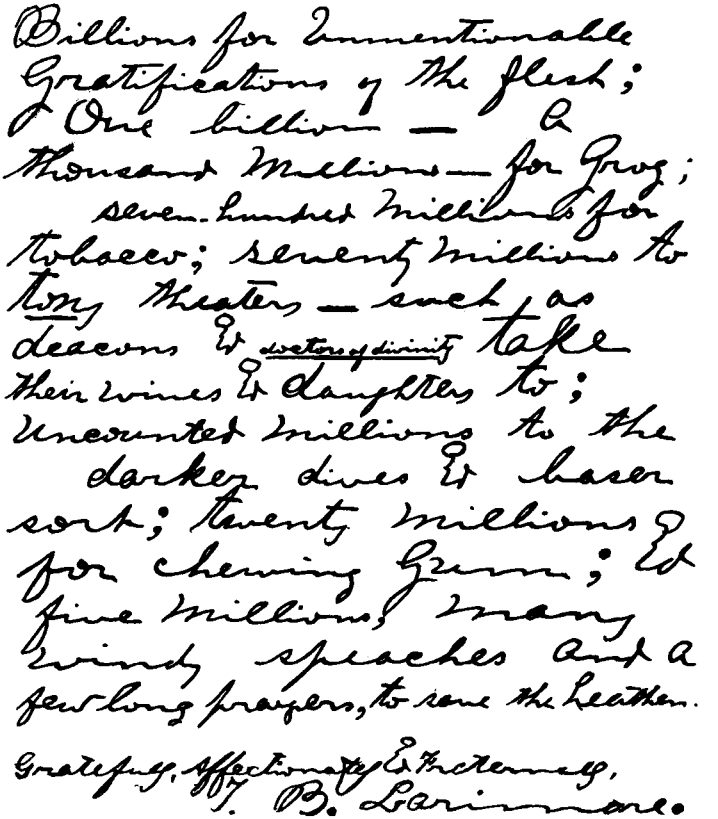
because I love his reverence for the Holy Scriptures and the sincerity and power with which he quotes the word of God.' It would be impossible to estimate the many people Brother Larimore's life has influenced for good. His direct preaching and personal association have led thousands to obey Christ. His written sermons and splendid articles in the papers have led multitudes to the truth. This good influence will continue; and while he is now resting from his labors, the work which he began will go on and on till time shall cease to be."

Felix C. Sowell:

"I am happy to say I belonged to the group of 'Larimore and His Boys' for three years while he taught at Mars' Hill College. During my three-years' stay under his mantle of love I never heard a harsh word fall from his lips. He was a perfect example of humility, and did not seem to realize what a great and wonderful man he was. Every pupil loved him and he loved them all. I presume there was never a group of young men and a teacher sealed together in love more closely than 'Larimore and his boys.' Some of the most sublime and beautiful sermons to which I have ever listened were delivered by T. B. Larimore to his boys in chapel."

C. L. Wilkerson:

"Throughout the school year of 1914-1915, while I was in Freed-Hardeman College, I was in the Bible classes of T. B. Larimore. If he had a hobby, I did not find it out. His corrections were always of a fatherly nature and ever characterized by love. Of all the men with whom I have ever associated, I think of Brother Larimore as possessing the greatest faith. I am made better by his influence. The good he has done can never be estimated here. How great to have been a soul winner!


Billions for Unmentionable
Gratifications of the flesh;
One billion — a
thousand Millions — for Grog;
seven hundred Millions for
Tobacco; seventy millions to
Low Theaters — such as
deacons & sometimes divines take
their wives & daughters to;
Uncounted millions to the
darker dives & baser
sort; twenty millions
for chewing Gum; &
five millions, many
windy speaches and a
few long prayers, to save the Heathen.
Gratefully, Affectionately & Fraternally,
J. B. Larimore.

FAC-SIMILE OF HIS HANDWRITING.

(Extract relative to annual expenditures of the American people.)

Ernest Beam:

"It would be well for those of us who knew Brother Larimore to inquire into the causes of his constant and continued influence. Sixty-four years is long enough to test the lasting qualities of any proclaimer of the divine message. He who can claim the memory, the respect, and love of thousands for so long a time with a message not appealing to the flesh must have something of the eternal about him.

"Brother Larimore has lived because he was grave. Memory of him is in itself a gospel sermon. That is the reason, in part, why his influence for good has lasted. Thank the Lord for a servant who so completely dedicated himself to the Lord!"

Thomas E. Milholland:

"T. B. Larimore's life was written in deeds of loving service to sinful, suffering humanity, perfumed and seasoned by the sweet, beautiful, loving spirit of his heavenly Master. Beginning life in obscurity in the mountains of Tennessee, with Abrahamic faith and strong trust in the providence of God, he pressed forward in the work of the Master and swept the field of the enemy of souls from ocean to ocean, from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. 'Preach the Word' was his slogan, and he did it with a pathos and power that few others possessed."

J. D. Smith, Dry Fork, Ky.:

"I first met and heard Brother Larimore preach in the fall of 1883, in McMinnville, Tennessee. I thought he was the meekest man in appearance I had ever seen, and the finest word painter to whom I had ever listened. He held his large audiences, during the entire meeting, more completely spellbound than any other man I have ever heard. I did not hear him again till he preached in Gamaliel, Kentucky, fifteen or twenty years ago. I had heard he said at

Dixon Springs, Tennessee, that he feared people were more attracted to Larimore than to the gospel, and that henceforth he would plant himself behind the cross and preach that simply. When I heard him at Gamaliel, I noticed a great change in his manner of preaching. He had laid aside that eloquent word painting and presented the simple gospel in the simplest way. I have been bettered by knowing him. He was a true benefactor of the race. He had many more years given him than most men, and has accomplished more for the Master's cause than any other man of our time. The world and especially the church has lost much in his going."

J. Madison Wright, Columbus, Ohio:

"From the day I met T. B. Larimore, at the home of Prof. J. F. Anderson, Whitewright, Texas, in 1892, where and when I was a student in Grayson College, call boy at the Young Ladies' Home, builder of fires for Brother Larimore each morning for a month, janitor, usher, clerk and treasurer for the church of Christ, and heard him preach sixty-four of the grandest sermons I ever heard, before or since, until he passed away like the mists of the morning, he has been, to my mind, an ideal Christian and preacher. Always the same to me through all the years, tears unbidden flow at every thought that he is no more on earth. But how sweet is the thought that he has passed from 'the sunshine and shadows of time,' 'the bitter-sweet things of earth,' to bask on the sunny banks of sweet deliverance."

J. G. Allen:

"I have been associated with Brother Larimore many times since I first met him, and in all those years I cannot recall even one time seeing him with a ruffled temper. Another striking peculiarity was his ability to draw people to him, and that, too, seemingly without effort on his part. Any preacher who can hold a protracted meeting five months,

preaching twice every day and three times on Sunday, is no ordinary man. This Brother Larimore did at Sherman, Texas."

Andy T. Ritchie, Sr.:

"There seems to have been a strong current for good that went out from Brother Larimore's life that was felt by all who came into his presence. In the long ago, God wrote of one of his faithful servants, and in that description I think Brother Larimore was very aptly and fitly described: 'My covenant was with him of life and peace, and I gave them to him that he might fear; and he feared me, and stood in awe of my name. The law of truth was in his mouth, and unrighteousness was not found in his lips; he walked with me in peace and uprightness, and turned many away from iniquity.' "

A. M. Burton:

"Every sermon I ever heard him preach was an inspiration to me. Everything I have read from his pen has strengthened me, and all of them have been great factors in implanting a deep conviction in my heart. Love for God and love for man seemed to me to be the keynote that ran through his entire life. I sorrow as one who has lost a true friend and brother. While he will speak to us no more, his life, his works and his influence will live on in the hearts and lives of good people."

Robert S. King:

"It was my blessed privilege to know Brother Larimore more than thirty years. Part of that time I heard him preach many sermons, with pleasure and profit, and in recent years I have been blessed by his pen. He was one of our most beloved preachers, and a man who lived so close to God and had such great faith that those who heard him were always drawn near to God. He was gentle, but firm; always kind in presenting his theme, but never compromising truth. He

wore the whole armor of God; he fought the good fight of faith; he finished his course in triumph and in full assurance of faith; and we rejoice to believe he has gone to receive the crown of righteousness which the righteous Judge has for those who have been faithful."

J. W. Brents:

"There has, perhaps, never lived a more brilliant orator than Brother Larimore. Had he chosen any other field of endeavor, his name would have been written high upon the scroll of fame. He would have easily ranked with Prentiss or Grady. But, as he chose the work of an evangelist, his powers were never known as they might have been otherwise. However, his words have ennobled tens of thousands and served to enrich the vocabulary of many ministers of the church. But, notwithstanding his brilliant gifts as a speaker, if I should seek to touch the secret of his greatness, I believe I would lay my hand upon his heart. His sympathies, his noble heartfulness, ran like a silver current through all his life. Perhaps one word would say enough: he loved little children."

G. C. Brewer:

"A few weeks ago, Brother Rowe, editor of the Christian Leader, said when he was troubled and perplexed, he would often ask himself: 'What would Brother Larimore do?' When I read that, I said, 'Well, I didn't know any one else felt that way. That is my own feeling.' Then I was reminded of a similar coincidence. A few years ago a group of preachers were guests in my home. At the table, we were talking of our burden and trials and doubts, and I said: 'When I become gloomy and doubts trouble me and when my faith in humanity begins to waver, I get one of Brother Larimore's books and read some of his sermons and letters, and the world gets brighter, human souls seem more precious, my heart becomes tender, God is nearer and heaven a reality.'

One of the preachers smiled and said. 'I didn't know any body else did that. That is my habit, and that is the way he makes me feel.' "

J. Pettey Ezell:

"When I was a boy, Brother Larimore's name was a household word in North Alabama, where I was reared. Although I had never seen him, I was greatly interested in him. My mother put into my hands a copy of 'Larimore and His Boys,' which thrilled and encouraged me and increased my love and admiration for the boy who had come from deepest poverty to a place in the hearts of a multitude. In 1914, he made the class address at Freed-Hardeman College, and my wife and I went to Henderson to see him. I was much impressed with his speech, and after the exercises were over I made my way to him, expecting to tell him what he had meant to me, but I was so overcome with emotion that I could not even tell him my name—just wept. However, in later years, I was with him much in meetings in Cookeville, Tennessee, and was able to tell him in part what his life had meant to me. I loved him much, and was rejoiced to be loved by him. Multiplied thousands call him blessed."

I want to add to the foregoing expressions concerning Mr. Larimore some extracts from letters I received after he passed away.

A. B. Lipscomb, Valdosta, Ga.:

"His life and influence are imperishable."

Mrs. R. A. Crenshaw, East Falls Church, Va.:

"It will seem so sad and strange to be in this world without Brother Larimore's being in it. If any poor mortals reach the pearly gates, he is right there now."

Mrs. S. W. Kanady, Denton, Texas:

"He lives in the memory of all whose lives he has touched as pure and unsullied as humanity could be, and we who

loved him treasure this precious memory as an incentive to greater and better lives."

D. C. Allen and William Longrus, elders of the North Oakland (colored) church of Christ, Oakland, Calif.:

"You have our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of your bereavement. We wish we could find words to express our sorrow at your loss, which is also ours."

Dr. J. C. Estes, Pasadena, Calif.:

"The Lord only knows the wonderful work Brother Larimore accomplished, and his influence will last coextensively with time. Eternity has claimed him as its own. Sufferings and sorrows with him are over, and eternal bliss is his."

Miss Laurie Barnes, Washington, D. C.:

"I think the world lost one of its noblest and best men when Mr. Larimore passed away. He was undoubtedly the most lovable man I have ever known. To me he seemed like a kinsman, and I know I loved him as I do my own relatives."

Miss Nellie Alsup, Washington, D. C.:

"Patsey and I are thinking much of you in this dark hour of bereavement. We can say nothing to add luster to a life that was so beautiful. The peace of his passing and the glory to which he is heir make me stand in awe of saying anything to try to comfort you."

Dr. Albert Seitz, McMinnville, Tenn.:

"I knew Brother Larimore nearly fifty years, and no other has had such an influence for good in my life. Death to him was not an evil, and he feared it not. It is the crown to his long and faithful life, filled with deeds and words of love and service to tens of thousands throughout the length and breadth of the land."

Susie Fulmer and her children, Florence, Ala.:

"We loved Brother Larimore for the great work he did

in the world, and we grieve that he has gone, and sympathize with you. But we are sure that all is well with him in a better land than this."

R. L. Hart, Hazel, Ky.:

"Although more than half the continent divides us, my tears flow with yours in the death of our God's most humble and faithful servant, Brother Larimore. I hoped and prayed he might live to see the sun set on Sequatchie Valley once again. God be praised for his life, and may he give us grace and love to meet him where the sunsets linger forever and the hills are flower-strewn."

Mrs. Louise Barnes Chinn, Washington, D. C.:

"We are so sorry to hear that Mr. Larimore has passed away. I am glad I had the great privilege of being with him those years he spent on Euclid Street. You both had a wonderful influence on all our lives. We were so fortunate in being the ones you lived with while in Washington City. There can never be any one like Mr. Larimore. I am glad that when his time came to go he passed away so peacefully, as was fitting to his great, calm life."

Earl Linton, Washington, D. C.:

"I was down at the Library of Congress this evening, and, while reading a Nashville newspaper, I saw an article about the death of your dear husband. You have my deepest sympathy. I shall always cherish the memories of you and your husband and how sweet you both were to me. May God bless you and keep you. Your friend at the Barker Bakeries." (A young man at a bakery where we bought bread almost daily, but whose name we did not know.—E. P. L.)

William M. Locke, elder of the church of Christ, Washington, D. C.:

"It is with great sorrow we learned of Brother Larimore's death. We had hoped and prayed for his recovery.

We all loved him. He was a wonderful character, lived a life of usefulness, and his influence will be felt in the hearts of many thousands of people. Brother George A. Klingman, who preaches for us here, made a good talk Sunday morning in tribute to the characters of Brother Larimore and Brother Elam, after which the congregation sang in in soft, sweet tones, the beautiful hymn, 'Asleep in Jesus.' "

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Sturgeon, Washington City:

"We have wanted to write you ever since we learned that dear Brother Larimore had gone. I know you truly gave yourself for him and his glorious work, and that your loneliness will be almost unbearable. We want you to know you have our love, our sympathy and our prayers."

Paul P. Hamilton, Miami, Fla.:

"Ingersoll said: 'Life is but the narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights; we cry aloud, but the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry.' That view may be fitting so far as Ingersoll was concerned, but it certainly is far from the truth regarding a man who lived the long and useful life Uncle Larimore lived. I know I am only one of thousands who have known him who will hear of and mourn his death. I should be glad to know that when my time comes I shall be half as ready for the journey as he was."

William M. Green, Berkeley, Calif.:

"I loved Brother Larimore for his work before I ever saw him, and later I counted it the greatest pleasure to be with him, sit at his feet and learn from a man who walked with God. You have had one of life's greatest honors in being the companion and helper of such a great man. Your loss is sad, but, since every couple must part for a while, it is better as it is. He could not have lived at all without you. We received the beautiful book for little William

Larimore. We couldn't say anything, but just shed tears for the great friend we had lost. I hope the book and our memories of its hero will help us to shape our baby's life, as far as may be, after that of the one whose name he wears."

Mrs. Bettie Vaughn, Tucson, Ariz.:

"I prayed often that, if it were the Lord's will, Brother Larimore's life might be spared to you and the rest of us who needed his loving counsel in sermon and song. The last time I saw him was the Sunday in Berkeley I had dinner with you. He was so well and talked so freely, telling so many interesting things. Then we went back to church that night, and I heard him preach again, the last time I ever heard him tell the sweet old story of Jesus and his love.

"Please tell James Sewell for me, I am so glad to hear such good reports from him from time to time. I once heard Brother Larimore say he wanted James to take his place in preaching the gospel and working for the cause of Christ when he was gone. It makes me rejoice to hear good things of James, for he has a great work to do—the work Brother Larimore can no longer do."

I think this chapter may fittingly close with the following two tributes—one to his early public work: the other to his last.

Gentry Reynolds, a friend who heard him preach in the early days of his work as an evangelist, wrote of him:

"I knew Brother Larimore intimately. We met, and I learned to love him, in 1867, at Franklin College, a few miles southeast of Nashville, Tennessee. While there in college he would preach to near-by congregations. All the boys in the college loved and honored him, and in every way possible showed their love for him. His eloquence in the debating society captivated us all. His quiet and humble manner told of his reverence for God and his love for his

fellowman. To listen to this servant of God, as he stood before an audience with his Bible in hand, preaching 'Christ and him crucified,' was an inspiration to any lover of the Lord. To hear him give a word picture of the beautiful city of God thrilled the heart and created in the listener's mind a new resolution to be one of the few the Lord said would enter the strait gate."

E. C. Fuqua, who heard his last sermon, more than sixty-one years later, wrote:

"T. B. Larimore was great. Christ made him great. He placed himself in the hands of his Saviour, and greatness is the inevitable reward for this. He was great in humility, in gentleness, in faith, in love. In few men have the 'seven Christian graces' found so perfect a setting, especially the higher ones—brotherly kindness and love. I believe these were absolutely perfect in him, and to admit this is to acknowledge perfection in the earlier and fundamental attainments in the same inspired catalogue. In him I learned that men can be 'perfect,' if they want to be.

"His last preaching was at Sichel Street Church, Los Angeles, Sunday, Dec. 2, 1928. His text in the morning was Jude 3: 'Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation, it was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.' The evening discourse was from the text: 'Why, what evil hath he done?' Powerful, convincing and sweet indeed were these the last sermons he ever delivered. A defense of the faith in the morning and a defense of the Author of the faith in the evening—these grand themes were the glorious end of his public ministry on earth. A most fitting end of a most astonishing life!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

Eternity.

"For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." Isaiah 57: 15.

I HAVE quoted this verse because I wish to call attention to a word in it that occurs nowhere else in all the realm of God's revelation to man: the wonderful, incomprehensible word Eternity. I do not wonder that God did not burden his book with the weight of this word repeated. It was important that it should be used once, else it had not been used once, but it was not necessary to use it twice, so it was not used twice in all the revelation God has given to a lost, ruined, and recreant race, to teach man his origin, his duty and his destiny, to lift him through grace to God, that he may spend eternity in that land of pure delight, where sorrow is unknown.

There are two words in the Bible the full import of which mortal man may never be able to comprehend. One is eternity, the other is despair, and God wills that we prepare for eternity that we may never fully know the meaning of despair. History teaches that when a great skeptical American statesman was on his death bed, and his trusted physician, when pressed to tell him the truth, assured him that he had but a few hours to live, that no skill of man could prolong his life, called for his card—his own card. It was pro-

asked him to write on it the word "Despair." He wrote it and returned the card to the dying man, who looked at it silently and thoughtfully a few minutes, then handed it back and requested the physician to write the word on the other side. He wrote the same word "Despair" on the other side and gave it to the sick man. Looking at it first on one side and then on the other, looking at it where it occupied all the space that was occupied on the otherwise blank card, and then where it was written immediately below his own name, the dying man, with a sigh, handed it back to his physician, to keep as a sad souvenir of that occasion, saying: "Sir, you have not the remotest conception of the meaning of that word 'despair.' "

In all probability that statesman was then willing to concede that never, till that moment, had he had anything like an approximately just conception of the meaning of that awful word; and even then he, of course, could not fully comprehend it. It is doubtful whether it is possible for a human being, as long as life lasts, to fully understand the meaning of the word despair. If we live without God and die without hope, when we drop the crumbling clay and plunge with an appalling shriek into the depths of the region of eternal darkness, then at that moment and through all eternity, we may understand the meaning of that awful word.

It is probable that I have as nearly comprehended the meaning of that word from actual experience as any one in this audience, unless there is some one here who has been where I have been, but who has a better mind than I have so that under similar circumstances he could understand it better. In the days of my youth, I tried with all the power I possessed, relying upon the grace of God and the work of the Holy Spirit, to "get religion," as we termed it then in East Tennessee, my native land. The people who instructed

me in religion were just as honest, sincere and candid as we are now, and did the best they could, and I am sure I have never been more sincere, more earnest, in reference to religious matters than I was then. I did not know the Bible says nothing about getting religion, and I presume the good people who taught me were not aware that the Bible is as silent as the grave on that subject. They taught me that I must get religion, and I was as sincere in seeking it as it was possible for me to be.

I cannot remember when I was not seriously interested in religion. I cannot remember my own existence when I was not seriously interested in my destiny. I thought seriously of life and thought seriously of death and heaven and hell, and among the very earliest questions I can remember propounding to my mother, whom I loved with a devotion that could scarcely be expressed, was the question, when I learned that somebody had died: "Mammy, has he gone to heaven?" or "has she gone to heaven?" When she would try to explain matters to me, my mind would sometimes be mixed up and confused. I could not understand it, but always shuddered at the thought that my mother was in doubt in reference to the destiny of any soul when that soul had departed this life, and was always glad when she gave me assurance that that soul had gone to eternal rest. I felt and realized then, as I feel and realize now, that we had infinitely better never be than not to be prepared for eternity.

Well, I was taught that I must get religion, or be lost; so I made up my mind to get religion or die trying to get it. I struggled long and struggled hard, prayed and was prayed for, did all that was possible to do. I resolved by the grace of God to do my very best to live an absolutely perfect life as long as I lived in this world, even if I never got religion, believing that if I went to hell, after doing my best to get

to heaven, God would still be just, and that for some reason I did not understand he refused to give me religion, refused to save my soul. But I continued to beg and knock and pray and agonize until I reached such a mental state that those who were nearest to me and realized my condition best feared that my reason would be dethroned, that I would lose my mind. I am sure that if I had had the wealth of a billion worlds like this, I would have been perfectly willing to give them all up, and in rags and tatters, without home or friends, have starved to death, if that had given me religion, and I could have died at the end of that period of starvation with the assurance of everlasting life.

I went so far that I had delirious spells, seemingly asleep, but conscious of everything around me and terrified with a waking dream. I remember that one of the dreams that haunted me was this: I was seated on a narrow point, a narrow road to my right and my left, reaching out beyond my vision—just room enough to sit there. Before me was a boundless body of water, as the Pacific Ocean to me now, and behind me a deep, fathomless gulf, filled with loathsome insects and venomous, hissing, crawling serpents, the most hideous creatures the imagination can conceive. I held in my hand a little bright new tin cup, and it always appeared to me that Jehovah gave me a chance to be saved, and that chance was to dip that fathomless, boundless, limitless ocean dry with that tiny tin cup, pouring the water back over my shoulder into that deep, fathomless abyss until I filled it up. He gave me to understand, however, that he had limited the time, and whether that time was short or long I could not know, but, unless I succeeded in dipping that ocean dry before that time expired, I would be thrown back into the depths of that fathomless gulf and spend eternity in the darkness of despair, in the midst of those hissing, writhing serpents, with Satan and his demons and the off-

scouring of creation. If I accomplished the task set me, I would spend eternity in heaven, with the pure and the sweet and the good, and be happy for evermore.

In that condition I was seemingly a maniac, and my dear, blessed mother spent many an hour walking with me over the woods, the hills and the fields, anywhere, everywhere, talking to me and trying to drag me up and get me out of the terrible condition into which I had been brought by that awful tension, that fearful agony, that dreadful pressure that was upon me because of my intense anxiety to get religion. But no relief came. At other times I could see the very hills and mountains blazing around me, the tongues of flame running down into the field where I was, and coming nearer, nearer, the circle of fire closing in about me, the flames leaping higher and higher, and I could always see and breathe as they closed about me and settled my destiny forever. Coupled with all this the thought that I must spend eternity in such a condition, in utter despair, made it terrible in the extreme. So I think that during those periods I came as near realizing and understanding and knowing the full meaning of the word despair as it is possible for a man with no better mind than I possess to do, while dwelling here in the flesh, and I pray God not to permit one of you to ever come as near understanding the word despair as I have come.

Finally I heard the gospel in its sweet, sublime simplicity, and my mind was directed to the thought that God teaches us in the Bible what he wants us to do and how he wants us to live, and that he is always willing to save us. So I realized that during all that period of my agonizing God was just as willing to save me as he was ever willing to send his Son to die for me; that where the procuring of salvation is a failure, it is not God's failure, but man's failure, and that if I would simply investigate the truth: hear the gospel,

believe the gospel, obey the gospel, I would thus be born again, born into God's family, which is God's church, and if I simply lived there, being a Christian, only this and nothing more, remaining faithful until death, God would give me everlasting life. When that thought was first suggested to me, I could not accept it. No such thought had ever entered my mind. Until then I had no more idea that human beings could, by their own volition, obey the gospel and become Christians when they wanted to, without a miracle, than that a tree could strike itself with lightning or the earth obliterate itself. I investigated and learned that that is exactly what God wants us to do, that he teaches alien sinners to hear the gospel, believe the gospel, repent of their sins, confess their faith in Christ, and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ, into the solemn names of Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and be raised up to walk in newness of life; and when they do this, they are born again, born from above, born of water and of the Spirit, born out of the kingdom of darkness and born into the kingdom of light; and, if they are faithful until death, God will give them eternal blessedness in his home above.

When I fully understood this, I knew it was never necessary for me to go through that period of agonizing, and as I saw it then it seemed a great calamity that I had had that suffering. It almost cost me my mind, and therefore almost cost me my life, and I could see no good in it. However, I went straight forward and obeyed the gospel, and now I see there may have been good in that experience for me, as it enables me to better sympathize with poor lost, ruined humanity—with men, women, boys and girls as honest and as intelligent as I have ever been, who are bowed down under a similar load, struggling to get something God has not promised, looking for that for which God has made no provision, in-

stead of hearing the gospel, obeying the gospel and then bravely battling for the right all the remnant of their days.

Not long after I obeyed the gospel I began trying to preach it. I obeyed it on my twenty-first birthday, but could have obeyed it on my seventh birthday with as pure motives and as serious impulses as on my twenty-first birthday, and I am sure I would have done so had I been properly instructed. So I have always believed that in that sense I lost those fourteen years. But after I obeyed the gospel, brethren began drawing me out, and it was only a short time until I began trying to preach the gospel.

Not long after I began preaching I was sick, unto death loved ones near me believed, and in my delirious state I was exceedingly anxious to live, not, so far as I remember, because I was afraid of death or the results of death. I think I had no such fears. I know I have no fear of the results of death now. I am sure the Bible is true, I am sure I am, to the extent of my ability, walking in its light, and I have no more doubt of spending eternity with God and the redeemed, if I am faithful, than I have of the existence of the God of heaven this moment. But I wanted to live that I might preach on eternity. I thought I could preach on it to perfection. I believed that if God would let me live, I would cut loose from anything and everything that could confine me to one place and go over the earth from place to place, preaching just one sermon in a place. I wanted to preach to the people the law of pardon, the law of Christian life, and then preach of eternity: tell them how to get into Christ, how to live in Christ and how to be happy in eternity, all in one sermon. I believed I could preach on those three points in such a way that no responsible soul hearing that sermon would be in any danger of living wrong and missing heaven. I was satisfied that I understood eternity perfectly, that I could handle it with as much ease as a child in a

nursery can handle a toy. I thought there would be no necessity for preaching more than one time to one audience, going all over the earth preaching that one sermon.

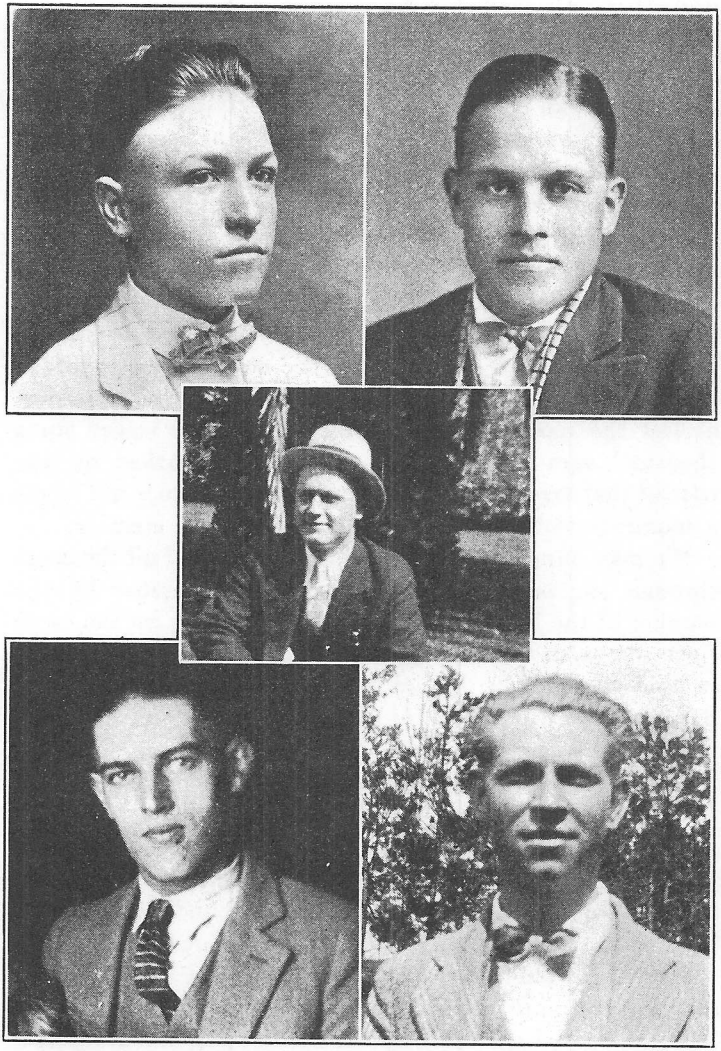
But when my delirium departed that delusion vanished, and from the moment I regained consciousness to the present moment I have never believed that I could, with satisfaction to myself or any one else, preach on eternity. I have always felt, when trying to preach on eternity that it was a task I could not satisfactorily perform; but I am trying to-night to talk to you about it, because one of your honorable, intelligent citizens has reminded me of his earnest desire that I preach on eternity and let him know when I would do so: so yesterday I informed him personally and privately that I would try to preach on that subject to-night. Hence by the grace of God, to redeem that promise, I am trying to preach the best I can on a subject that I know I am not able to handle satisfactorily.

There is nothing to illustrate eternity in such a way as to give us practical conceptions of it. There is nothing we can say about it that will enable us to conceive it as the awful, inexpressible thing it is, so as to believe that we really understand it. Loved ones leave us for an hour, a day, for a week, a month or a year. We hope they will return, and we measure the time they are to be absent and look forward to the time when they shall return, and that in a measure compensates us for the separation, and still the separation may last forever. We should always remember that. We never part knowing that we shall meet again—never. For this reason we should always part in a way that will keep us from condemning ourselves because of the way we parted, should we meet here no more. We should never part in such way that the very thought of the separation would make us miserable because we did or said something unkind to one we loved. When a man leaves home in the

morning and goes to his work, he does not know he shall ever see his loved ones again. I remember in Sherman, Texas, a man whom I knew well left his home and went to his place of business, expecting to return in the afternoon, as usual. A storm came up, wrecked much of the town, lifted his home, with his wife and children in it, shattered the house and not a member of his family was left alive. So when he said good-by that morning, it was good-by for all time to those he loved best.

There is a time when we separate from loved ones to meet again no more here, when the tender farewell and the touch of the hand of one we love will be for the last time. Death may overtake one of the two before they have a chance to meet again. Still, when our loved ones leave us for a time we hope to meet again. We count the years, the months, the days the hours and sometimes the minutes till they come again, but when they go into eternity we know they will come no more. They go hence, and spring and summer and autumn and winter, matchless nights and peerless days, come and go, but the departed loved ones come no more. Sorrows sweep like tempests down over the soul. We dream of them, but they are gone. We think of them, but still the time of their return is just as far away as ever, for they return never more. They are gone from us, so far as this life is concerned, for all eternity.

All time is insignificant in comparison with eternity. Time with all its rolling ages is scarcely a tiny bubble rocked upon the bosom of the sighing sea of eternity. Of course there may be many reasons why God has not furnished us in the Bible an illustration that would perfectly explain eternity. One reason—one that should be sufficient to satisfy us perfectly—is that we could never comprehend such an illustration. It is beyond the power of finite minds to



LARIMORE GRAMMER. LARIMORE GAUT.

WALLACE L. COLEMAN.

THEOPHILUS HAMM. ALBERT LARIMORE WEEKS.

(Young Men Who Wear His Name.)

understand it. All the mental power of earth could not comprehend an illustration that would fitly portray eternity.

We may take a broad, spreading oak, the monarch of the forest, clothed in its imperial robes, with its myriad of leaves, imagine one leaf slowly falling to the ground, all the others remaining on the tree till an age or a century has swept away; then another leaf falling and the others remaining on the tree till another century has gone; and after thousands of years have come and gone and its leaves by that slow process have all fallen, we may imagine the storms of a thousand ages sweeping over that tree, till the tree has slowly decayed, at last the root is gone, and the winds have wailed for a thousand ages over the spot that is not marked by any part of that tree, and still the tiny lapse of time is not worth a moment's consideration in comparison with eternity.

We may number the leaves of all the trees of all the earth through all the ages, and multiply that number by the number of the blades of grass that have grown on the earth since the earth was made, then multiply that by the grains of sand upon the earth, and multiply that by the number of drops of water in existence; then let each unit in that final, inexpressible product represent ten thousand ages, and all the time represented by that wonderful combination of units, each unit representing ten thousand ages, is inexpressibly small in comparison with eternity, and may be deducted from eternity millions and billions and trillions of time and eternity would be still the same awful, boundless, limitless, fathomless, inexpressible thing it was before.

Jehovah might call into his presence some mighty angel or archangel, and command that angel to obliterate every atom of created matter in space, obliterating one atom at a time, resting an age or a century and then obliterating another atom, and so on, resting a century between each act of obliteration. The angel stands in solemn silence in

the presence of the great I AM a moment, and is gone, speeding to the farthest realms of space. He obliterates one atom and rests a hundred years, blots out another atom and rests another hundred years, and finally a hundred years for every atom of matter in that world has come and gone, and that entire world is obliterated. Then the angel speeds to another sphere and begins the slow process of obliteration, and continues his work till that world is obliterated, then speeds to the next and the next and the next, obliterating atom after atom, till the last star that glitters in the mantle of night, the last sphere that revolves in space, has been absolutely blotted out, and then returns to stand before Jehovah's awful throne and say: "My task is done. What next?" And even then the time consumed in that process of obliteration, in comparison with vast eternity, is not what the billionth part of a second is to a century, from beginning to end. It has made no impression upon eternity, eternity being just the same, the redeemed in glory rejoicing in the love-light enveloping the throne of God, while the great billows of an endless day are spread out, filled with new beauties, new grandeurs, new glories to be enjoyed by those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, we who claim to be Christians—some of us sometimes, all of us too many times—are as careless and indifferent in reference to duty's demands, in reference to the life we live and what we are and what we do, as if we had all eternity in which to prepare for the judgment, and the judgment settled our destiny for just one day instead of forever. And all over the land are alien sinners who manifest the same indifference, trifling with sacred things, turning away from Christ, allowing days, weeks, months and years to come and go, while they stub-

bornly refuse to accept and obey as their leader the One who died that they might live.

May the Lord bless us in trying, while we cannot comprehend eternity, to at least realize the importance of being always prepared to live, therefore prepared to die, hence being prepared for vast eternity. One thing we know, we are dying—dying every day and every hour. When this day ends, we shall be one day's journey nearer our eternal home than we have ever been before. We know that when death claims our bodies, eternity will claim our souls; that as we live, we die, and as we die so shall we be through all eternity. May the Lord bless us all in doing whatsoever duty demands, in doing what, as and all that God would have us do, that we may have the assurance, when this life shall end, of being crowned with glory, honor and immortality and of being happy in that blessed home of the soul, throughout the endless ages of Eternity.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Conclusion.

IT is usual, in offering a book to the public, to state in the beginning, as an introduction or foreword, the reason for doing so; but I have postponed that part of this book till the last, hoping that the book itself would be the best reason I could offer for its having been published. Furthermore, it is often best to do what you have resolved to do, and make any explanations that may be thought necessary afterwards. This chapter is to serve that purpose and also to present certain articles for which a place was not found elsewhere.

While Mr. Larimore was here with me, he and I sometimes talked of preparing other volumes of his letters and sermons. Each of the three volumes that had been published had met with a cordial reception, and friends frequently expressed a wish for other volumes; but we were always busy, either in a meeting or traveling from one field of labor to another, and there seemed to be no time for the preparation of material for a book.

After Mr. Larimore passed away, much was said in the papers about his work and the good that had been accomplished by his published writings. Many wrote me expressing the hope that I would compile his writings and sermons in a book, saying that the Larimore books had done much good and would continue to do good wheresoever they should be read.

The Larimore books are not available now. "Larimore and His Boys" is out of print, and only the third volume of

"Letters and Sermons of T. B. Larimore" can be purchased now, and only a few copies of that are left. I very much desired to have other editions of these books published; but it seemed best just now to prepare another book devoted to Mr. Larimore's life and labors.

Soon after Mr. Larimore passed away, his granddaughter, Miss Myra Larimore—Herschell's daughter—now Mrs. Irby, wrote me suggesting that she would like to write a biography of her grandfather, unless I expected to do so. I'm sure Myra, who is a talented young woman, could have written an interesting biography, judging from the letters she wrote her grandfather after his injury; but I had already begun the work; and, having much material on hand in the letters and articles Mr. Larimore had written and in the shorthand notes I had taken long ago, it seemed best for me to continue it, leaving the field open, of course, to any one else who wished to write of him and his work.

I realize that this is not a reading age. Just as the automobile has, to a great extent, superseded walking and other forms of locomotion, so the radio has superseded reading. It may be that in the not distant future the world will depend upon the radio or some kindred invention, for its news and information on all subjects in which it is interested, and books and even newspapers will be relegated to the limbo of "things that were but are not!" The reading of books of a religious or serious nature seems to have suffered an especial falling off. The popular current is altogether away from books of that kind; but, instead of drifting with the current, we should try to stem the tide—doing all we can to furnish a beneficial class of reading for those who can be induced to read.

I sometimes notice people reading on trains and in other public places, and the books they read are usually movie magazines or some of the hectic romances that are so nu-

merous, so trashy and so much worse than worthless. The Gospel Advocate says: "No home should be without good books. Fathers and mothers cannot estimate the good that will come from having good books always within reach of their children. A man is what he feeds upon mentally, as well as physically. He can no more expect to grow intellectually without feeding his mind than he could reasonably expect to grow physically without feeding his body. Improper feeding of the mind is inestimably worse than improper feeding of the body. The best way to keep the sensual, chaffy, poisonous books of the day out of the hands of our children is to put good books into their hands."

Soon after Mr. Larimore and I were married, one of my friends who knew I had been offered a position in an orphan home told me I should have accepted that place, saying: "You could have done more good in work of that kind than you can do now." I was sure that was not correct. I believed the very best work I could do in the world was to prolong the life and labors of the preacher who had already done so much good in the world and was still able to accomplish great good. If, as he and others thought, my care of him served in any wise to lengthen his period of usefulness, it was work well worth while; and, in now endeavoring to prolong and extend the influence for good he wielded, I am simply carrying on the work I elected to do long ago.

At the request of a friend Mr. Larimore wrote and had published the following account of two of his personal experiences that were very singular and which he could not explain.

"I was on the Pacific Coast, in California, June 7, 1909, expecting to remain there three weeks longer, and had so written W. R. King, my personal and very special friend in Denver, Col. Brother King was a lawyer of recognized ability and integrity whose home was in Lawrenceburg,

Tenn., but who was temporarily living in Denver because of failing health.

"The very day I wrote Brother King I would be in California three weeks longer, I decided to start home, and did so without notifying any one of my change of program. At the Antlers Hotel, near the foot of Pike's Peak, early in the morning, June 9, I tried to get a good view of the Peak, but could not, as somber clouds enveloped it. I had decided to stand on its summit that day, however, and I did, regardless of the gloom. Accordingly, my daughter Ettie and I and a few others—seven, all told—paid our fare at the foot of the famous peak and soon stood on its top.

"As we stepped from the car that carried us up the mountain, a man who was interestedly waiting for us led us to a near-by tower about forty feet high, crying: 'Right this way to the highest tower in the world! Right this way to the highest tower in the world!'—relieving each of us of twenty-five cents at the foot of the tower and then permitting us to climb it. Almost immediately after we reached the top of the tower, I said: 'You can all stay here as long as you wish, but I'm not interested. I'm going to walk out to the brow of the mountain toward Denver and see if I can see anything that looks like a city.'

"Asking no questions and knowing no direction but up- and down, heavy clouds enveloping the scene and obscuring the sun, I did walk to the brow of the mountain and look, as the sequel subsequently showed, directly toward Denver, but could see no semblance of the city seventy miles away. As I stood there, silent and alone, on the icy brow of that towering mountain peak, the cloud suddenly parted, rolling back to my right and my left, and the unobstructed rays of the sun converted the mountain top of ice and snow into a world of glittering glory. Looking

toward Denver and thinking of my friend there, I resolved to send him a telegram advising him that we would be in his home that afternoon; so, after a few moments, I turned and walked away—walked into the one and only house there, the telegraph office, prepared a telegram and handed it to the operator, who sent it immediately.

"When my daughter and I reached Brother King's home that afternoon, he told me he was sitting on his front porch facing the Peak that day, as he did every day, between twelve and one o'clock. He felt disappointed, he said, because the clouds were so dense around the Peak that he could not see it at all; but suddenly the clouds were rifted, the sun in all its glory shone down on the mountain top, and he clapped his hands and cried out: 'Oh, I see Brother Larimore standing on Pike's Peak!' Then he said to the members of his family who, hearing his outcry, had come to him: 'No, it couldn't have been Brother Larimore. He has too much sense to go up on Pike's Peak this sultry summer day. But I never saw him more plainly in my life. He walked straight toward me a few steps, stood there a moment or two, and then walked away, as if he had a purpose in view.' Then, looking at his watch, he said: 'It's 12:50. I've been out here long enough.' And he went into the house.

"In a short time he received a telegram from me, dated 'Pike's Peak, 12:56'—just a few minutes later than it was when he saw me turn and walk away from where I stood on the Peak. In talking this singular occurrence over, and, later, in a letter he wrote me relative to it, he frankly said: 'I do not understand how I saw you. Not simply with natural vision, of course; for, if you had been sixty feet tall and ten feet wide, you wouldn't have looked larger than a toothpick on Pike's Peak. But I never saw you more plainly in my life than I saw you then and there.'

"I have no theory to suggest as to the source or meaning of the strange experience I have just related, neither have I of the following: A sudden break came in my prearranged line of appointments, leaving a vacancy of about ten days. That very day a letter from a Brother Ramey, of whom I had never heard, reached me, calling me to Lafayette, Ga., to preach 'three weeks, two weeks, one week, one day, or just one discourse, at any time that suits you,' the letter said. 'We simply want to hear you.'

"We had neither of us ever heard of Brother Ramey, and the letter gave us no information about him except his name. About three o'clock the next morning I said to Mrs. Larimore: 'I want to tell you what kind of a looking man Brother Ramey is, and I want you to put down every point exactly as I tell you, for it's just that way.' 'Have you had a vision?' she asked. 'No.' 'A dream?' 'No, but I want you to put it down just as I tell it to you—every point—for it is just as I tell you.' Then I proceeded to describe Brother Ramey, even to the minutest detail. At the end of the description I said: 'And he's about thirty-seven years old.'

"We wrote Brother Ramey that we would give Lafayette the time unexpectedly left vacant. The evening we reached Lafayette, our train and a long excursion train met there, and there were many people on the long platform. I didn't see Brother Ramey, so I said to Mrs. Larimore: 'You stay here, and I'll hunt Brother Ramey.' I made my way through that crowd, from end to end of the long platform, but failed to find him; then, looking about, I saw him a few yards away. I went to him and said: 'Brother Ramey, this is Brother Larimore.' He took us to his home, and before I took the seat he offered me, I said, 'How old are you, Brother Ramey?' and he said: 'I'll be thirty seven years old one month from to-day!'

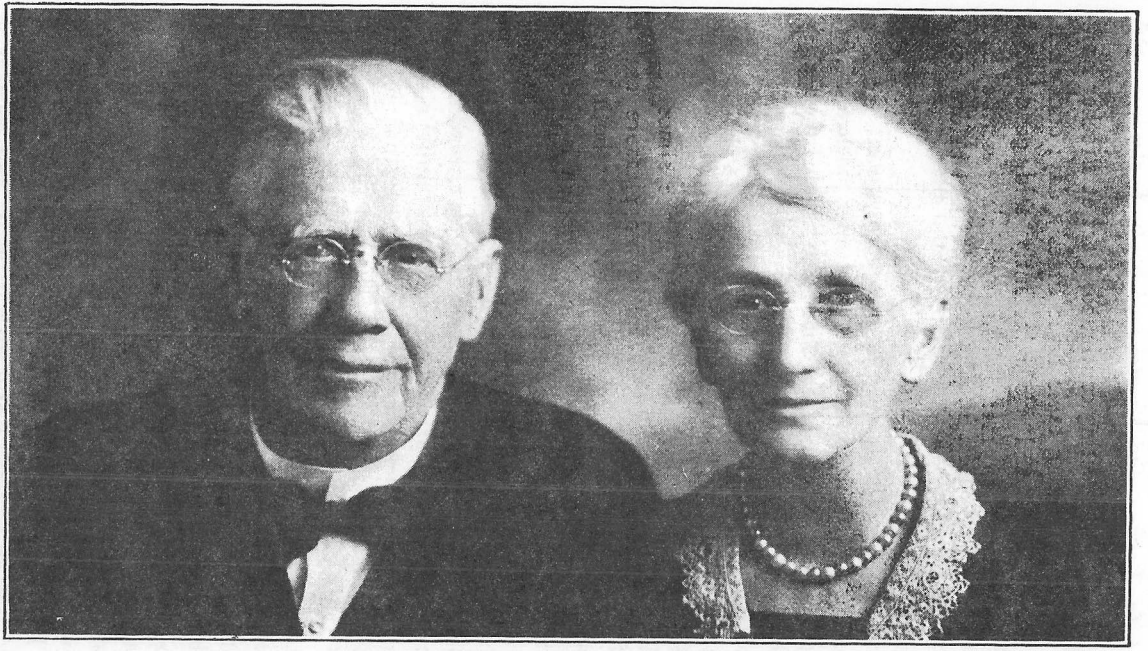
"While that meeting continued, I sat at Brother Ramey's elbow at the dining table three times a day; and when the meeting closed and we reluctantly said good-by, Mrs. Larimore said to me: 'You couldn't describe Brother Ramey more accurately now than you did before you ever saw him!' "

On the subject of walking, Mr. Larimore wrote:

"Long ago I said California is money-mad, pleasure-wild, and speed-crazy. I believed that then, and I believe it now, but my belief now is so strong that it very closely approximates knowledge. I almost know it. This combination as naturally tends toward extravagance and recklessness as effect follows cause. One unfortunate and sometimes disastrous result of this is the almost universal use of automobiles, often purely for pleasure and ease. Incidentally, I must confess, however, that both in season and out of season I tell people California is the place to live.

"It has been suggested that, if the present rate of riding continues to increase as in the recent past, walking will finally become a lost art and the human family a legless race! There is at least some semblance of truth in that suggestion, for physiologists tell us that any organ or member of the body may impair or lose its power by non-use —that the most efficient hand may lose its skill, the shrewdest mind its acumen, by prolonged inactivity. Let's slow down, get out, and walk awhile.

"While my eighty-fourth birthday is nearly now, I genuinely enjoy walking. I never board a street car unless I am with some one who desires to ride, and I am always glad when I have to go somewhere, because that means more walking. This may be partly due to my being an East Tennessee mountaineer, partly to lifelong poverty; but, be this as it may, I still love to walk, and walking is



MR. AND MRS. T. B. LARIMORE.
(Our Last Picture, November, 1928.)

the universal and the oldest form of locomotion known to the sons and daughters of men."

Mr. Larimore did indeed enjoy walking. During our first sojourn in Berkeley, he and I used to walk often to the "Big C"—a great letter "C," thirty feet long and proportionately wide, made of concrete, on a hillside overlooking the University of California. Strawberry Canyon was a favorite walk, too, where, within thirty minutes after leaving the busy streets of the city, we could reach a wildwood out of sight and sound of human beings. During our last stay in Berkeley we were too far from the Big C and Strawberry Canyon to visit them often, but Mr. Larimore walked almost every day the nine blocks between our home and a busy corner where street cars passed going north, south, east and west. The bench placed there for the convenience of waiting passengers he called "Deadbeat Bench," and he often told me of peculiar and interesting people he met there. Only a few days ago, I found among our papers an envelope on the back of which was written in his characteristic chirography: "Gone to the Bench, 5:30.t.b.l."—a little note he left on his table, in my absence, that I might know where he was, when I returned.

A few years ago, he wrote, under the heading, "Papers for Which I Write and Why:"

"First, last, and all the time, I wish it to be understood that I never write with a desire to disparage any paper. So far as I know, all our papers are worthy of all the patronage and encouragement they receive and well worth the price paid for them. I write regularly—try to write weekly—for the Gospel Advocate, Nashville, Tennessee; the Firm Foundation, Austin, Texas; and the Christian Leader, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"The Gospel Advocate heads this list—not in disparagement of either of the other two, but because the old reliable

Advocate and I have been loyal to each other more than half a hundred years, and have, through all those years, tried to be true to Christ, his people and his cause. This alliance of friendship may not have been beneficial to the Advocate, but it has been both profitable and pleasant to me—profitable, not in a financial sense, however, for my services have always been simply and solely services of love.

"My reasons for writing for the Firm Foundation are varied and various. It is a good paper. It is a Texas paper, its home office being in Austin, the capital of that great State, the greatest State in the United States of America in size, as well as in some other respects, being approximately seven times as large as Kentucky or Tennessee, and they are by no means small States. Being myself a Tennessean, I claim an interest in Texas, the Lone Star State, because Tennessee gave Sam Houston to Texas, and Sam Houston wrested Texas from Mexican rule and made that greatest of States free. The Firm Foundation is Brother Showalter's paper, and Brother Showalter is my friend. He recently wrote me a love letter, a genuine love letter, and that means much to me. Love might lead me to hell, if that were its mission; but Cæsar and his Tenth Legion could not drive me to Heaven. I can be led, but not driven. I'm glad 'God is love,' and I'm glad the power of love is sufficient to lead the lost to the Lamb of God and the saved, through grace, to glory, to spend eternity with Him. The church of Christ is strong in Texas. My longest series of meetings was conducted in Texas—Sherman, Texas. I have many friends in that State, and when writing an article for publication I feel as if I were writing a personal letter to my friends, and now, at my advanced age, that it may be my last. These are some of my reasons—some of which may seem rather far-fetched—for writing for the Firm Foundation.

"The Christian Leader, in a hard field and under some-

what unfavorable circumstances, has bravely faced the common foe a long time, never fearing, never faltering, never wavering, but always to the right being true. Long ago, in my darkest days of deepest sorrow, when approaching death, then sadly near, threatened to wreck our erstwhile happy home, Brother Rowe, editor and proprietor of the Christian Leader, journeyed all the way from Cincinnati, Ohio, to Florence, Ala., and then out to our Mars' Hill home, to comfort me. Forget him? Never! I love him; and if my pen can be helpful to him, it shall always be at his command.

"I have been trying to preach the gospel more than threescore years (sixty-three years). The evangelictic field was my field all the time at first, then most of the time, then much of the time, finally just a little of the time, and thus I slowed down as my years increased. While our Berkeley brethren are few and limited in resources, they are good to me, and I am sure my friends and loved ones elsewhere have neither right nor reason to fear I shall be forsaken in my declining days. We live in an apartment, but it is a comfortable one, and I have a faithful wife who does her very best to make me happy every day and every hour. Our income is small, but I learned long ago that mortals can live on very little when they have to. Indeed,

> "'Man needs but little here below,
> Nor needs that little long.'

Sometimes I find myself listening for the sound of voices long silent, waiting for the touch of hands forever still. But there are sweet voices to cheer me, hands always ready to help me, and I am richly blessed.

"I love to linger here, am loth to leave this good old world: but, with loving, devoted companionship and tenderest care

to bless me, I am working in my way, while waiting and watching for the final call that I know may come any day or any hour. I deem it my duty, however, to Divinity, humanity, my wife and myself, to be cheerful and happy till Heaven calls me home."

I know it is over, over,
  I know it is over at last!
Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,
  For the stress of the voyage is passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
  Hath outsheathed its ultimate blast:
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
  Those lights in the harbor at last,
  The heavenly harbor at last!