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Letters and Sermons of T.B. Larimore Vol. III

T. B. Larimore

Emma Page

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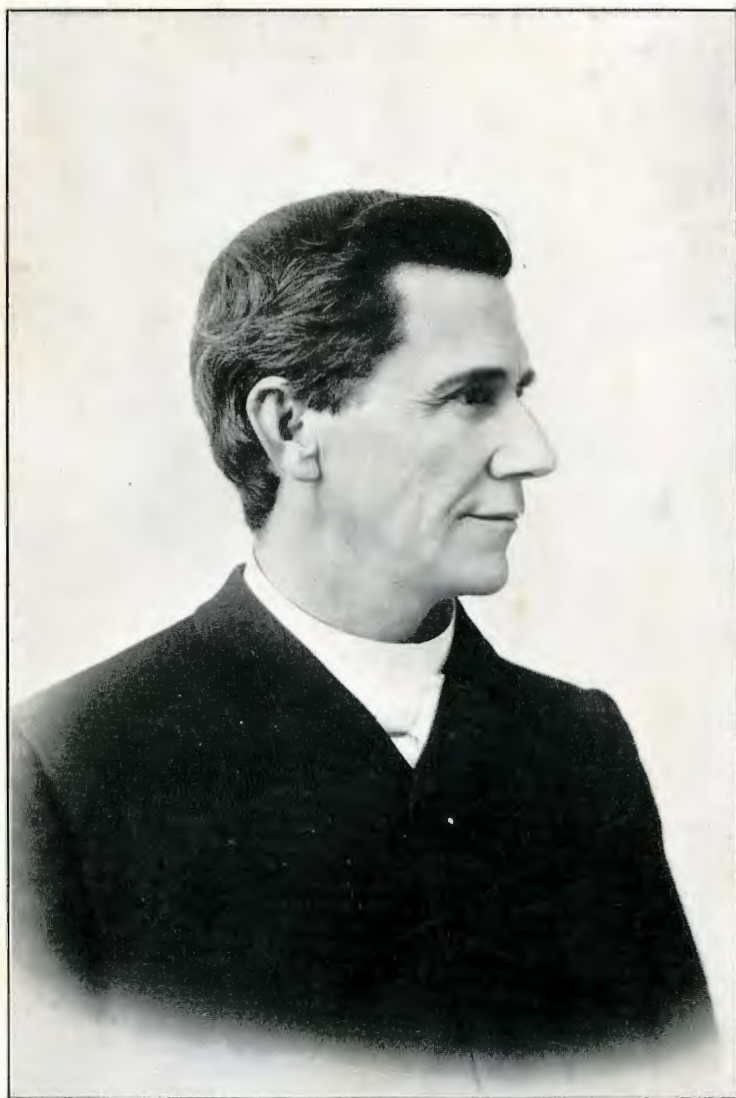
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LETTERS
AND
SERMONS
OF

T.B. LARMORE



T. B. LARIMORE.

LETTERS AND SERMONS

OF

THEOPHILUS
CROWLEY
T. B. LARIMORE.

EDITED BY

EMMA PAGE.

VOLUME III.

NASHVILLE, TENN.:
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1910.

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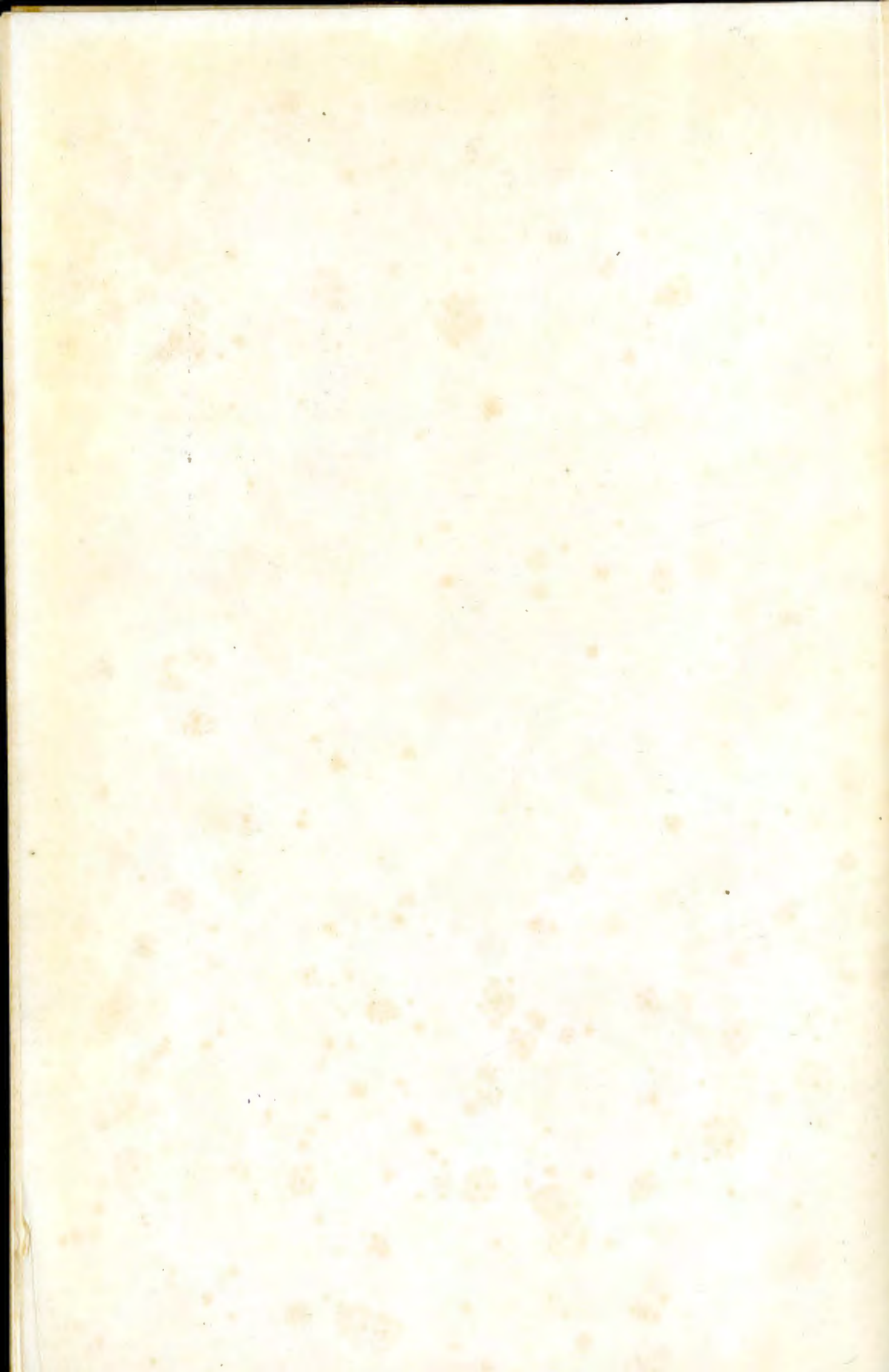
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EMMA PAGE.



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LETTERS AND SERMONS

OF T. B. LARIMORE.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction.

INSTEAD of following the usual custom of apologizing for thrusting a new book upon the public, I prefer to simply state that the public is responsible for this book. Volume I. of "Letters and Sermons of T. B. Larimore" met with such a cordial reception that Volume II. was urgently demanded. Volume II. was no less cordially received, and it was scarcely seen by many who had anxiously awaited its arrival at their homes before requests began to come from various quarters that a third volume be prepared, the material to be selected from sermons and sayings of Brother Larimore. Similar requests still continue to come. The strongest plea in these calls is: "The first two volumes have done good; another volume would do additional good." It is not easy to resist such strong pleas as the following:

"The world is filled with influences for evil, and the need of influences for good is so great that it behooves us all to disseminate, as quickly and extensively as pos-

sible, every influence for good within our reach. A sure way to do this is to bring before the minds of as many people as possible the lives, labors and accomplishments of the great, the grand, the good and the true, through the medium of books and other printed matter. The simple act of putting a good book into the hands of one boy or girl, one man or woman, has been, in hundreds of recorded instances, and, doubtless, in numberless unrecorded instances, the means of shaping, developing and energizing lives that have, because of such influence, blessed the world for time and for eternity.

“Volume I. and Volume II. are treasure houses of delight and blessing to all who read them, filled as they are with truth, purity, piety and devotion, permeated with the humility, meekness, gentleness and love of their author. They inspire those who carefully read them with a desire for high and holy living—a desire to be good and to do good. You doubtless have in your possession an abundance of material for other volumes similar in nature to the two that have already blessed, are blessing, and shall continue to bless, the world; and you can, I am sure, do no more important work than to prepare such volumes and give them to the sons and daughters of men. Extending the series of ‘Letters and Sermons’ is, unquestionably, a great and good work; hence you now have an important opportunity for doing untold good to numberless people now living and to numberless hosts yet to begin to live.

“Incited by the high esteem in which I hold Volumes I. and II. of ‘Letters and Sermons of T. B. Larimore,’

and prompted by a desire to bless and to be blessed, I take the liberty and the pleasure of making an earnest, anxious appeal to you for the early appearance of Volume III. I consider Volume II. the best uninspired book I have ever had the pleasure of reading, and I am anxious for a third volume. Through the medium of these books, the matchless power for good of our beloved Brother Larimore can reach and bless many people who can never otherwise have the pleasure of hearing him. The books are so pure in tone, so filled with the spirit of our blessed Master, so truly a message of love and goodness, that it is impossible to read them carefully and not be greatly benefited thereby. Therefore, let us have Volume III. as early as it can be properly prepared for the press and published."

These letters, written by earnest, thoughtful men, are but samples of many I have received in regard to the publication of a third volume. Brother Larimore has repeatedly expressed doubts as to the wisdom of extending the series of "Letters and Sermons," but has, at last, yielded to the pressure of the plea, "The brethren want it; the people need it," and has consented that a third volume may be prepared, expressing the conviction that it may—if not, indeed, must and shall—be the last of the series, the last of "the Larimore books."

Love for his friends, with willingness and wish to give them pleasure, was, perhaps, the strongest motive that influenced him to consent to the publication of Volume III., aside from his ever-ruling desire to do good. Whatsoever the moving cause or causes may have been,

however, I am sure the love of money was no part thereof; for "the Larimore books," instead of being a source of income, are a burden to him financially. He bears the burden gladly, however, considering it a blessing. He has never received anything from the sale of the books, and he gives away a great many of them, for which he pays the publishers.

To correct prevalent erroneous ideas relative to the revenue he is supposed and said to receive from the sale of books that have been written about him and song books with which his name is associated, and other erroneous ideas that prevail relative to him and his work, I quote the following letter recently written by him:

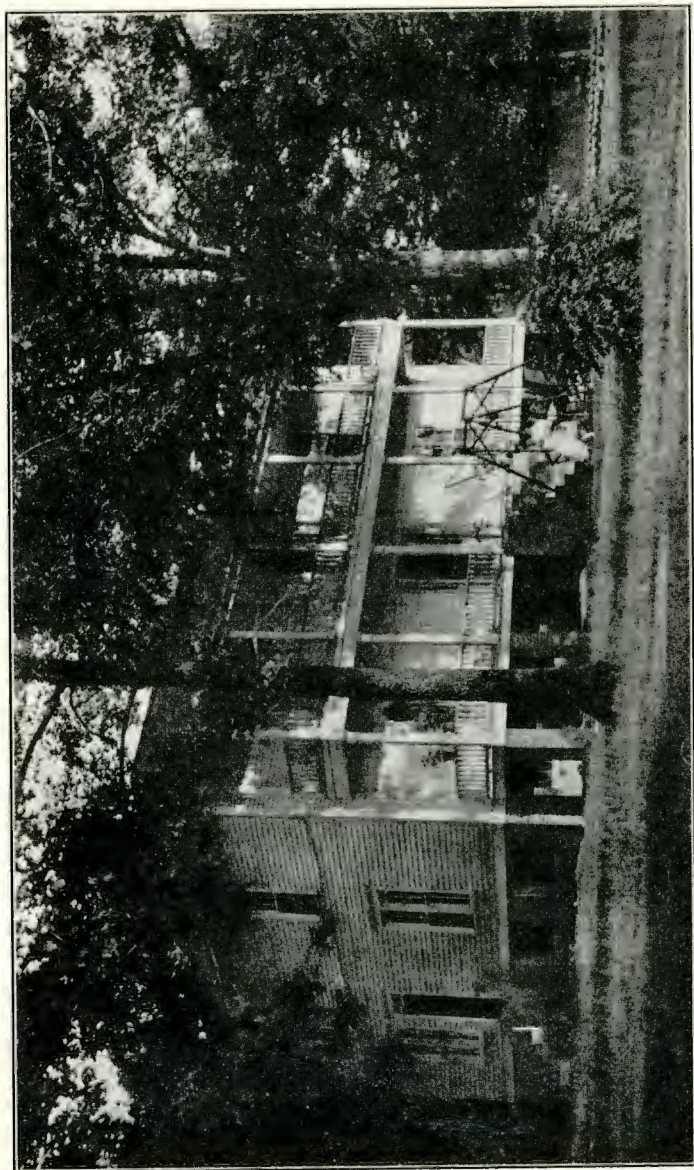
"Relative to the things whereof you write—and other things about which others have written—I deem it my duty to reply as follows:

"'Seventy-Seven Sweet Songs' and 'New Christian Hymns'—in and on which my name appears, as co-author or editor—may be the best books, the Bible excepted, ever published. I do not know; nor should I be supposed to know. I have never seen an adverse criticism of either of them. I have heard and seen many exceedingly complimentary things about both of them. Many competent judges evidently consider them peerless and approximately perfect; but no part of the honor is due me, unless it be for keeping many unscriptural songs out of them.

"Brother McGarvey, I believe—authority probably as good as the best—says there are, so far as he knows—and he probably knows, if anybody knows—only about

three hundred hymns and spiritual songs, in all this wide, wide world, strictly scriptural and correct, hence absolutely safe and suitable to be sung in the assembly of the saints. Anxious to do as much good as possible, I devoted all my time available for such work, as seven consecutive years came and went, to the selection and preparation of material for as nearly a perfect song book as possible, soliciting and receiving help from every available source known to me to be available, reliable and valuable. At the end of the seven years, I handed the result of my research, the fruit of my labor, to the prospective publisher, never having even so much as *thought* of financial remuneration or consideration—money being neither *the* object nor *an* object of my seven-years' diligent research, my only motive being to do good. The trustworthy and trusted publisher to whom I handed the material for the book tells me he left the package on his desk at the close of that selfsame day, and has never seen it since—which may be '*a blessing in disguise.*' I do not know. But, be that as it may, I blame no one, and shall certainly never be 'blue' about it. That's very far from being the first and only time I have felt the painful pressure of 'love's labor lost.'

"Long after that labor—and package—were lost, I reluctantly consented to *try* to 'edit the sentiment' of the two song books you mention—herein previously mentioned. I began the work in New Orleans, when I began a series of meetings there. I worked vigorously, hopefully and as nearly incessantly as I conveniently and consistently could, till informed that I '*must simply select songs*'—that I must not change even so much as



MARS' HILL.

one word or syllable of *any* song—that I must take ‘the whole hog or none.’ This was the ruling of the gentleman with whom I was associated in the work.

“I referred the case to Brother McQuiddy. He replied: ‘You are expected to edit the sentiment of the songs.’ This was his reply—‘only this, and nothing more.’ Presuming I understood it, I deemed it my duty to, at least, *try* to keep bad grammar and unscriptural sentiment out of the books—which I tried to do. For instance, I tried to substitute ‘*obey*’ for ‘*believe*,’ preceded by a slight change in sound—not sense—at the end of another line, to preserve the rhyme, in ‘He will forgive, if they only believe;’ but was not permitted to do so.

“This is simply a sample, as is also my struggle, followed by signal failure, to have ‘While the billows round me roll’ substituted in another song for language I considered less expressive, as well as less appropriate. I was similarly unsuccessful in my efforts to eliminate bad grammar—which is one of my hobbies. Thus I worked and worried till my precious and now long-lamented wife, who was slowly, but surely and steadily, slipping away from loved ones here to her eternal home, requested me to abandon the work, with its torturing worry, saying: ‘You are working yourself to death, with scarcely the slightest possibility of success—which duty certainly does not demand.’ Then, therefore, I sent all the song-book material I had on hand to Brother McQuiddy, and *quit*. Surely, then, even though the books under consideration may be absolutely perfect, no part of the honor can ever be mine; for I am not, so far as I

know, believe or suspect, really responsible for 'one jot or one tittle'—for the dot of an 'i' or the cross of a 't'—thereof.

"There is, however, no impropriety or deception in my name's having been retained as coeditor; for I did reject hundreds of songs submitted for my consideration, and, so far as I know, not one of those songs is in either book; and it is certainly a no less important part of an editor's work to keep the bad out of a book than to put the good into it.

"Concerning the *books* you speak of as *mine*: I have never written a book, and I own none, in the sense of which you speak, except 'Larimore and His Boys.' Brother Srygley, the author of that book, gave it to me, and said, a few weeks before his final farewell to loved ones was spoken: '*I have always intended you to have it.*' Therefore, it, the first and, many believe, the best of my faithful friend's books, is *mine*—for *his* sake, to *me*, a treasure almost divine; but I derive no income from it.

"My '*fortune?*' Yes, my fortune is immense, consisting of a host of loyal friends and loved ones, as faithful and true as Heaven hath ever known, and other appreciated blessings too numerous to mention; but tax-gatherers never bother me much. Financial fluctuations never seriously affect my fortune. Banks may break, but they can never break me. 'The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds' cannot rob me of my reward, or affect my financial condition very seriously, notwithstanding I have '*an undivided interest*' in the homes and fortunes of all my faithful friends.

“My ‘*income?*’ I have none—*absolutely none*—except the freewill offerings of friends who love me and gladly sustain me as I preach the unsearchable riches of Christ wheresoever duty seems to demand. Friends have always been liberal and free with me, *gladly* and graciously giving me whatsoever, at any time, they believed I needed; but they have never succeeded in making me a multimillionaire.

“My ‘*usual salary?*’ Since I plowed for from four to six dollars a month, and subsequently ‘taught school’ for what was then and there regarded reasonable remuneration, I have never worked for a salary—barring exceptions too few and too slight to be mentioned; nor do I expect to ever do so again.

“My ‘*price per week for preaching?*’ I have none. Under special pressure of embarrassing circumstances, for which I alone may have been responsible, I have, a very few times—probably two or three times—agreed to preach and have preached a few days—possibly a few weeks—for a stipulated sum or salary—all of which I regret; but, with these few exceptions, the number of which shall never be increased, I have always preached without any sort of pledge or promise of pay, and have always been satisfied with and grateful for the remuneration received, whether great or small—little or much. I do not believe I am better than brethren who do otherwise and have done otherwise, however, *and I’m sure I’m not as good as some of them—many of them*; but that’s the way I do and have nearly always done, as everybody who really knows me knows.

“To what ‘wing’ of the church do I belong—‘loyal,

anti; digressive or progressive?' I have never belonged to a '*wing*' of the church or anything else. I have never worried about wings much. I belong to Christ, hence to the *church* of Christ—not to a '*wing*' of the church. Such words as 'loyalists,' 'antis,' 'digressives,' 'progressives,' 'fogies,' 'mossbacks,' 'tackies,' 'trash,' etc., in the sense in which they are now frequently used—in the sense now under consideration—are not in my limited vocabulary, and I never need them. I try to be a Christian—'only this, and nothing more'—and simply 'preach the word.' Possibly whatsoever is more than these 'cometh of evil,' and *may* be displeasing to Christ; for the Spirit says, 'When ye sin so against the brethren, . . . ye sin against Christ' (1 Cor. 8: 12); and our Savior says: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' (Matt. 25: 40.) 'Speak not evil one of another, brethren.' (James 4: 11.)

"I neither condemn nor contemn brethren who think and do otherwise, however. Why *should* I? 'For we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ.' Paul says: 'But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at naught thy brother? for we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ. For it is written, As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God. So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God. Let us not therefore judge one another any more: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.' (Rom. 14: 10-13.) I am not willing to be responsible for my broth-

er's fall; hence I should certainly not condemn him, condemn him—should not put any kind of 'stumbling-block or an occasion to fall' in his way. I should help him, not hinder him.

"What are my 'plans for living when old?' If 'a man is no older than he *feels*,' I may never *be* old. Be this as it may, however, I hope to 'preach the word' as long as I live—which I shall surely do, if I can; but, whether I can or cannot, if I do my duty, friends will never forsake me, and through them or otherwise, as he may know to be best, 'the Lord will provide.'"

The material for the letter chapters in this book was culled from Brother Larimore's correspondence; but I am responsible for the culling, and also for the selection, from thousands of pages of stenographic notes, of the sermons. Brother Larimore left me free to select or reject whatsoever I would, saying: "You may promptly and properly burn many things I send you. Burn whatsoever you will. You are to preserve the nuggets, discard the dirt and the dross; preserve the wheat, burn the chaff; preserve whatsoever should be preserved, discard whatsoever should be discarded—no light or little responsibility."

To Brother Larimore, therefore, belongs all the credit for the literary merit of the book. To me is due the praise or blame for the wisdom or lack of wisdom manifested in the selection of the material. Available material was so abundant, and space was so limited, that it was exceedingly difficult to decide what to put into the book or what to leave out—so little could be put into it

and so much had to be left out. The selection of pictures presented a similar difficulty. If I had assigned place and space to all the pictures I wished to have in the book, there would have been neither place nor space for anything else. In regard to both material and illustrations, the most difficult questions were: What shall I put into the book? What shall I leave out?

A desire to do good has been the controlling motive in the preparation of this book. If it shall inspire those who read it with a similar desire, its preparation has not been in vain.

CHAPTER II.

Sermon—The Great Commission.

“**T**HEN the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them. And when they saw him, they worshiped him: but some doubted. And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. 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. Amen.” (Matt. 28: 16-20.)

The Revised Version has it “*into* the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit”—which is strictly—literally—correct; hence when I baptize people, I always say “*into*”—which is correct—instead of “*in*”—which is *not* correct.

Matthew’s record of our Savior’s life, death, burial and resurrection closes with this direction—demand—command—commission—of Jesus to his disciples, given after his resurrection, and almost at the very moment of his ascension—evidently very near the moment of his ascension, at least. When he said to his disciples—his apostles—“All power [authority] is given unto me, in

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heaven and in earth," it is not improbable that, they not being, even then, entirely free from the influence of the flesh, their hearts may have been thrilled with the thought that the Savior would immediately proceed to crush his enemies, probably drench the world in the blood of the wicked, and thus establish his kingdom by the power of the sword, as other kingdoms, in other ages, had been established.

Such was not the spirit of the Prince of Peace, however. Such was never to be the spirit of the kingdom, or church, he was soon thereafter to establish. His enemies had used *their* power, to the limit, to *curse and crush him*. They had done all they could do to make him as miserable as possible as he journeyed, in sorrow and sadness, in pain, poverty, peril and purity, from Bethlehem to Calvary—all the days of his life on the earth—a spotless, sinless life of sorrow, sadness and suffering for the sons and daughters of men. They had finally caused him to die on the cross; and when, "after three days," he rose from the dead, they had hired men to testify and publicly proclaim that his disciples had stolen his body and taken it away from the tomb. He knew all these things; but no thought or word or deed entertained, spoken or done by him indicated or intimated that he would ever will or wish or try to avenge himself. On the cruel cross he prayed for the mob that murdered him—"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do"—and he never did or said *anything* not consistent with the spirit of that prayer. The entire record of what he said and did between his resurrection and his ascension shows that a desire to bless, not only

his friends, but his foes, and not only the pure, but the impure, possessed, overwhelmed and completely controlled him. Indeed, such has his spirit always been, and such it is to be forever.

To bless them in the highest sense, to bless them in the best sense, to bless them, body, soul and spirit, for time and for eternity—to *save* them—he must bring to bear upon the sons and daughters of men the power of God unto salvation—the power of God to save. Hence, assuring his disciples that all authority in heaven and in earth had been committed unto him, he said, “Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them into 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”—not curse them, not crush them, not kill them, not torture them, not trouble them; but, completely dominated by a divine desire to bless and to save, he commanded them to “go, . . . teach all nations, baptizing them into 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.”

In Mark 16: 15, 16 this command, or commission, is given in the following phraseology: “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.” And Luke refers to this selfsame commission in this language: “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.) So, considering the three records and references together, we see the Savior, between his resurrection and his ascension, instructed, directed, commanded, his disciples to go—after his ascension—and after they were "endued with power from on high"—and teach all nations—to preach the gospel, to teach the doctrine of repentance and remission of sins—to teach the gospel to all nations, baptize the taught, and teach the baptized to live—and *how* to live—as followers of the Lamb of God should live.

This command, or commission, as recorded and referred to by Matthew, Mark and Luke—giving prominence to faith, repentance and baptism as conditions of pardon to alien sinners—has been correctly and consistently called "the great commission." It is great in its origin, originating with God. It is great in its conception, involving the salvation of souls. It is great in its extent, extending to "all the world," to "every creature," throughout all ages—"alway." It is superlatively great in comparison with all other commissions, because it includes the conditions on which responsible souls who hear the gospel may enter into a state of sinless blessedness in Christ Jesus, our Lord—"in whom we have redemption, through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins" (Col. 1: 14)—in whom also we can press forward to the final realization, the full fruition, of all our hopes of eternal blessedness in a world that is better and brighter than this. It is great, because it is the only commission that is backed by "all power"—

all authority—in heaven and in earth, concentrated in Christ Jesus, our Lord, and given by himself, personally.

There is among men much diversity of opinion in reference to this commission; but those who are perfectly satisfied with the word, the will and the way of Him from whom all blessings flow do not, of course, hang their hopes upon the opinions of men in matters that pertain to their eternal welfare. In matters temporal, they may—sometimes; but in things spiritual—eternal—they never do. They simply desire to learn and to know the truth, that they may accept, love, teach and practice it, regardless of what may be the views, opinions or theories of uninspired theologians in reference to this or any other lesson taught in God's book. We may, *of course*, study the teachings of Martin Luther, John Wesley and other great and good uninspired theological teachers and leaders, if we have time, opportunity and inclination to do so, and be benefited thereby. But the word of the Lord is the light divine in which we should all love and rejoice to walk. The words of others may be true, but the word of the Lord is TRUTH. Jesus said to the Father: "Thy word is truth." (John 17: 17.) It is the truth that makes us free. "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.)

Uninspired opinions can never save souls, but we may allow them to keep us out of heaven by accepting the theories of men instead of the teaching of the Holy Spirit—which we should never do. We should go back

of all humanism when we wish to consider the question of duty to divinity—hence, the question of eternal destiny. We should go above the water that is muddied by theological speculations of uninspired men, to the very fountain head of *truth*, and accept nothing but the word of the Lord, when seeking the way of life eternal.

If we could and should go back to the seventh day after the Savior gave this commission to his disciples, and then ascended to his Father, and, going to Jerusalem, should find him there, in very person—the real “man of sorrows,” “man of Galilee”—and, seeing him, should hear him say, “I will now teach you what the great commission means. I will, myself, preach the first sermon under it, preach exactly as I want all my preachers to always preach under it, so far as the doctrine thereof is concerned, thus starting the work myself, that all *my* preachers, while time shall last, may absolutely *know* what I want them to preach, and how I want that preaching applied—that is, what I want souls I long to save to do as a result of that preaching, that they may be saved;” and if we should then hear him preach to a multitude of many thousands, hear many ask him what to do, hear him tell them, and see them do it; and if he should then tell us those selfsame people, having done as he directed, had thus and then and there become, and therefore were, exactly what and as the Father would have them be; hence he would, in that selfsame way, add souls being saved to them every day, continuing to do so till time should cease to be; and if we should continue there with him indefinitely, hearing and seeing him thus add souls to them daily—now, if we

should do and hear and see all these things, could we doubt that the exact, full and complete meaning of the great commission was clearly set forth in the practice and teaching—practice and preaching—of the Savior and those who practiced according to his teaching, his preaching, then and there? Could we be wrong in teaching accordingly under that great commission? Could we be right in teaching otherwise under that same commission? Could we be otherwise than recreant to a sacred trust if we accepted service under that self-same commission and taught otherwise—willfully suppressed part, *any* part, of it, for instance?

We cannot do that; but we can do that that is just as surely absolutely safe. We can learn what the inspired apostles understood the great commission to be and to mean—what they understood the Savior required them to do and to teach when he thus licensed them to preach Christianity under that commission. By studying Acts of Apostles—correctly considered and called “the book of conversions”—we can learn how the apostles lived and labored—what they taught and what they did—immediately after the Savior gave them this commission. We can virtually go back to that time, listen to the apostles, investigate their teaching, learn exactly what they taught people to do when they preached under the great commission we now have under consideration.

In the second chapter of the book of conversions—Acts of Apostles—we learn that one week after the Savior gave his disciples this commission and ascended to glory, he sent, in fulfillment of a promise made to his disciples, the Holy Spirit, to guide them into all truth.

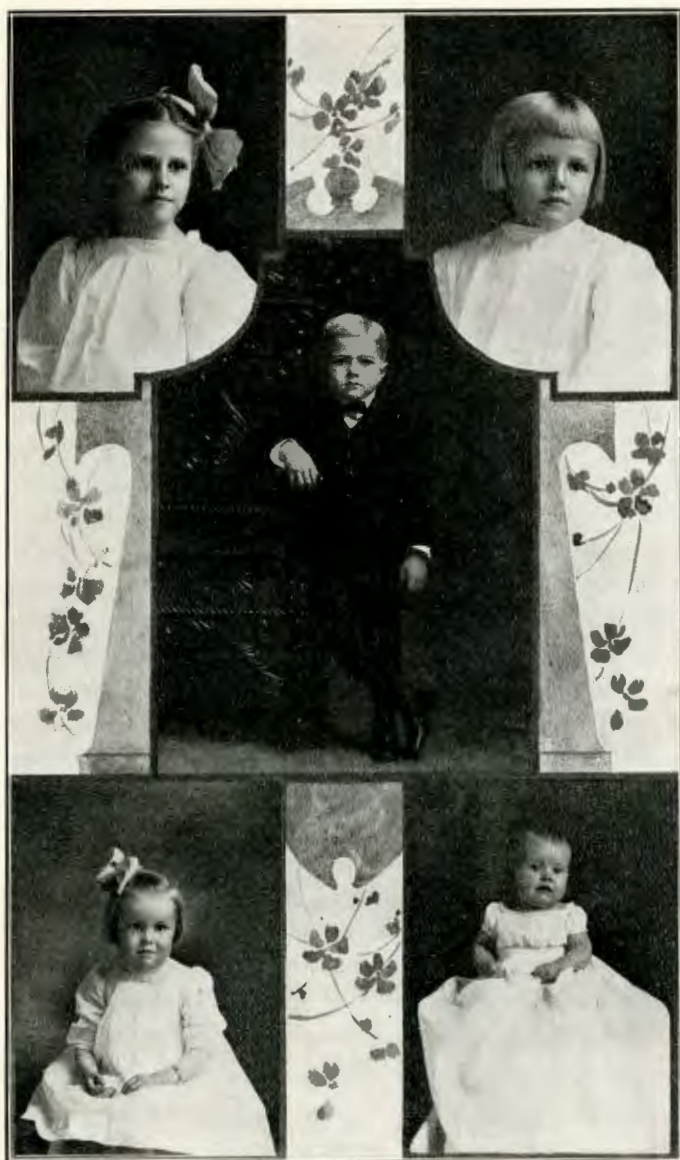
“And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.” The Holy Spirit took possession of—took up his abode in—the material prepared for the church the Savior had promised to establish, which was established when the Holy Spirit “filled”—entered into—took possession of—the disciples on that memorable day. He took possession of the hearts and hands and heads and tongues and ears—of the bodies, souls and spirits—of those whom the Savior had commissioned to “go . . . into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.” The Savior himself did not preach on that occasion; but the Holy Spirit, whom he sent, preached, using apostolic tongues in doing so. So it is practically exactly as if the Savior had stood in the presence of that vast multitude and taught the very things that were taught on that occasion, as an example for the apostles and all other gospel preachers while time should last.

What was done on that occasion? The Savior had promised to commit to Peter the keys of the kingdom, or church, he had promised to build. Peter was there, the church was established, and he immediately began to use the keys—to open the way for the sons and daughters of men to enter the kingdom of God—“the church of the living God”—the church of Christ. He stood before the multitude of people gathered together there and preached—preached the life, the death—and, incidentally, the burial—the resurrection, the ascension and the glorification of the Savior. He told the people that miracle-working power they witnessed then and there came from Jehovah himself. He quoted sacred scripture; and thus proved that in Jesus Christ plain prophe-

cies concerning the long-looked-for Messiah were fulfilled. He proved conclusively that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, not using a tithe of the proof available, but evidence enough to convince thousands in that vast multitude of the truth of the thoughts he presented—of the words he uttered—hence of the divinity of Christ. After he had given them abundant evidence of the divinity of the Savior, he told them they were murderers—murderers of the very vilest type—having slain the immaculate Son of Him from whom all blessings flow. He told them God had exalted Jesus, whom they had slain, to be “King of kings, and Lord of lords,” at his right hand.

Thus he preached till many believed Jesus to be the Christ, the Son of God, *hence* cried out, “Men and brethren, what shall we do?”—“brethren” in a twofold sense—brethren in Adam, brethren in Abraham; brethren in the universal brotherhood (the brotherhood of man), brethren in the Jewish brotherhood—not brethren in Christ, for those who asked that question were not in Christ, not having done what the law of the Lord requires penitent believers to do to get into Christ.

Then the apostle Peter, who was delivering that model sermon—a sermon that was to stand as a model for all gospel preachers throughout all the ages—an inspired exposition of the command, or great commission, “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”—replied: “Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and



MARY.
PHOEBE.

ALEC.

JULIA.
JIMMIE.

(Children of James W. and Dedle Larimore George.)

ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." As certainly as this divinely inspired reply of the apostle Peter to the question, "What shall we do?" was not encouragement, demand, command, to do what could not, *even possibly*, have pleased God—what must *necessarily* have been *sin*—just so certainly those who propounded that question had FAITH—believed what Peter had preached, believed Jesus to be the Christ, the Son of God—HAD FAITH, for "without faith it is impossible to please him" (Heb. 11: 6), and "whatsoever is not of faith is sin" (Rom. 14: 23).

In clearest and strictest accordance with this conclusion, as well as with Peter's reply now under consideration, is the following quotation, which is too plain and simple to ever be misunderstood: "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: 35-39.)

All responsible souls can easily and readily understand what Peter understood the great commission to mean, for no soul can be responsible without having intelli-

gence enough to easily and readily understand and perfectly comprehend the first sermon ever preached under that commission—a *model* sermon preached by the apostle Peter, inspired by the Holy Spirit. But let us never forget that it was really the Holy Spirit speaking on that memorable occasion—speaking with the tongue of the apostle Peter, as, in other ages, he has spoken by inspired men. David says (2 Sam. 23: 2): “The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue.” Is it possible, then, for us to fail to understand what the Holy Spirit understood the commission to mean, if we are responsible and will really *try* to understand it?

But the Holy Spirit was sent by Jesus to guide his disciples into all truth. Is it possible, then, for responsible souls, willing and trying to understand what the will of the Lord is, to fail to understand what Jesus understood the commission he gave his disciples to mean? But God, Christ and the Holy Spirit are one in aims and purposes and nature, all being equally divine—“and these three are one.” (1 John 5: 7.) Is it possible, then, for us to be responsible and not be able to understand what God, Christ and the Holy Spirit understood that commission to mean? It cannot be possible. The record is too clear—the teaching of Divinity through inspired humanity is too plain—for responsible souls to not understand what the will of the Lord is, if they really will and try to understand it. Indeed, it is not possible for it to be possible for it to be possible. We may not believe it. Indeed, we may despise it. But we understand it, if we will and try to understand it. There is

no doubt about that. The sermon preached by Peter on that memorable day of Pentecost was in strict accord with the will of God, Christ and the Holy Spirit—was, in fact, a *divine* exposition and application of the command or commission: “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.”

This is the commission under which all gospel preachers preach—under which they live and labor by divine approval and direction. So, then, gospel preachers—preachers who preach according to divine direction; who are licensed by heaven, rather than earth; by Divinity, rather than humanity; who preach by the Savior’s authority, rather than man’s authority—preach according to the requirements of the great commission, one divine demand, requirement, command, of which is: “Go ye therefore, and teach all nations;” “Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.” They teach, not the Jews *only*, neither the Gentiles nor the Samaritans *only*—hence to the exclusion of all others; but they teach “all nations”—all who will be taught by them.

What do they teach? The commission tells us what they teach—preach; what they *must* teach—preach: “Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.” They teach—preach—*must* teach—*must* preach—the gospel, “the power of God unto salvation.”

The apostle Paul tells us what the gospel is: “Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and



MYRA LARIMORE.
(Children of Mr. and Mrs. Herschel Larimore.)

T. B. LARIMORE, JR.

wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures." (1 Cor. 15: 1-4.) Gospel preachers must teach—do teach—that the one true and living God exists—that "he is"—that he is a sublime, blissful and awful reality—that he is the Creator of the heavens and the earth—that he is the gracious Being of justice, mercy and love, from whom all blessings flow. They must teach—they do teach—"all nations" that Jesus, the Babe of Bethlehem, the "man of sorrows," the victim of Calvary, is "the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth"—that he is as divine as God himself. They must and do teach that Christ died that our sins might be forgiven—in him; that we might be redeemed from our lost and ruined state; that we might—in him—be made free from sin and have access to everlasting life, having "redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins;" that he rose from the dead the third day after his death and burial, thus triumphing over death and the grave and bringing "life and immortality to light through the gospel."

But the preaching, the teaching, of a gospel preacher does not end here. He must and he does teach these things—these wonderful gospel facts—first; then he must and does teach the sons and daughters of men how to obtain the fullness of the blessings vouchsafed to them through these facts in submission to God's will.

Hence he teaches sinners what to do to become Christians: teaches them to believe the truths and facts of the gospel—*teaches them to believe the gospel*—teaches them that they must believe, or live without God, die without hope and go into eternity without the promise of everlasting life—teaches them that “he that believeth not shall be damned.”

When he has induced sinners to believe Jesus to be the Christ, the Son of the living God, by holding up, in all its sweet, sublime simplicity, the evidence God relies upon to convince the world of the divinity of his Son, he must show them their sinful condition—show them that they are exposed to death, because only in Christ Jesus is everlasting life granted and guaranteed to responsible souls, and they—alien sinners—are not in him. When he has convinced them of their sins, then he must and does teach them that they must repent or perish; that the Savior himself says, “Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish” (Luke 13: 3, 5); and that this principle really applies to all responsible souls out of Christ—to all souls in rebellion against God, who “now commandeth all men everywhere to repent” (Acts 17: 30).

When he has thus made them believers, by teaching them the truth, and has caused them to become and be penitent believers, by influencing them to earnestly and sincerely repent of their sins, he must and does show them that it is in harmony with the will of the Savior—hence of the divine three who are one—and right along in the line of temporal and eternal blessings, for them to confess their faith in Christ. “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 persuaded them to stand before the world as penitent believers and confess their faith in Christ, what next? "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The same Savior who commanded his disciples to teach all nations commanded them to baptize all the taught who reached the point where they were fit subjects for baptism. So, then, the gospel preacher who, by preaching the word, the truth, has induced sinners to accept that word, and has persuaded them to yield to its pressure until they are in deed and in truth genuinely penitent believers and sufficiently under the influence of Christ to publicly confess their faith in him, must then, upon that good confession; solemnly baptize "them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." He must teach them that they, having thus completed their obedience to the gospel, have entered into a state of freedom from all past sins, in fulfillment of the precious promise the Savior made when he said: "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."

To believe a man is not pardoned, it matters not what

his past record may have been, when he hears the gospel, believes the gospel, honestly and earnestly repents of his sins, confesses with the mouth his faith in Christ, is "buried with him by baptism into death" and raised up to "walk in newness of life," is simply to believe the Savior uttered a falsehood when he said: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." No mortal should ever presume to do that. Shall we presume to challenge the veracity of our Savior, and reject the teaching of God, Christ and the Holy Spirit on the question of salvation from sin, when glory, honor, immortality, everlasting life, are involved in these things, not only for ourselves, but for those we love and those who love us, to the extent they are under our influence?

When the apostle Peter preached on the most memorable day of Pentecost—the first Pentecost after the resurrection of Christ—about three thousand souls obeyed the gospel. Who are they? "Then they that gladly received his word were baptized; and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls." (Acts 2: 41.) They were those who "gladly received his word," then. Did those people receive anything else than the word they heard before they heeded that word—obeyed the gospel? The Bible is as silent as the tombs of the ages on that subject. Why, then, should we claim that we must receive something else, more or less, than the revealed will of the Lord, before we can become Christians? Of the number that that day obeyed the gospel—"about three thousand"—not one received more or less than the Spirit taught by the tongue of Peter, so far as we have right or reason to say or believe.

When a gospel preacher to-day preaches the same truth the Holy Spirit preached on that occasion, being successfully careful to not deviate, in the slightest degree, from what is written, quotes book, chapter and verse for his authority, is it necessary for sinners to whom he preaches to receive anything else than what he preaches to enter, by obedience, into the fold of Christ? If so, what? Must sinners now do more or less, to be saved, than sinners had to do, to be saved, then? If so, how much and what more or less? Must sinners now deviate from divine direction given then? If so, what part of that divine direction must they omit, or what must they add thereto? Can we ignore, add to or take from the teaching of the Holy Spirit without risking our souls' salvation? "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 from the things which are written in this book." (Rev. 22: 18, 19.) The only safe and sure course is to keep out of the shadow of humanism and walk in the light of God's eternal truth. "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.)

We must not imagine we are eternally saved, however, when we enter the house, household, family, church, of God. We must not even *try* to believe baptism is the

end of it. The Savior said to his disciples: "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 always, even unto the end of the world." Being born into the kingdom, or family, of God, we must then walk worthy of the high vocation whereunto God's children are called. "I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." (Eph. 4: 1-3.) We must avoid the works of the flesh and cultivate the fruits of the Spirit, striving to reach higher heights of holiness and deeper depths of devotion every day and every hour, endeavoring to be more Christlike day by day, till it is only a step through grace to glory, to nestle in the bosom of the love of God forever.

This should be, and is, the character of the children of God. Notwithstanding there may be many *nominal* Christians, who are simply hypocrites—"wolves in sheep's clothing;" and notwithstanding there are many in the world and of the world, as was Cornelius, whose lives may be justly regarded as above suspicion or reproach, it is, nevertheless, true that "the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth," is the purest body of responsible people beneath the stars. Neither man, demon nor angel has right or reason to question that.

"Then they that gladly received his word were bap-

tized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls." Would you be added in the same way—the Lord's way—to that selfsame, sacred body? If so, do as those people did. There is absolutely *no* reason why you should not be saved as they were saved. So far as the divine record shows, not one who then willed to be saved on God's appointed terms remained unsaved. All who will to be saved on God's appointed terms can be so saved now—*now*. "NOW is the accepted time." Wouldest thou be saved? If so, obey the gospel, live the Christian life, be "faithful unto death," and thou shalt receive "a crown of life."

CHAPTER III.

Letters—Mars' Hill and Its Founder.

TO those who have had the pleasure of reading "Larimore and His Boys," the first book written by the lamented F. D. Srygley, this chapter contains very little that is new; but possibly some of the readers of this book have not had the pleasure of reading that book, which details much of the life of T. B. Larimore; and any notice of the work done at Mars' Hill College should also include a sketch of the life of its founder, or, at least, brief mention of some of the circumstances and environments that tended to develop in him the qualities that fitted him for the important work he did in establishing and conducting the school and served to make that work an enduring influence for good.

Several years ago, Brother Larimore, in response to a request for some biographical "points," wrote, in the humorous vein that is natural to him, but which he usually represses:

"Born Monday morning, July 10, 1843, in East Tennessee, the sublime Switzerland, the glorious Galilee, of America. By the way, I have never read the biography of 'Uncle Samuel,' but he is evidently an East Tennessean, as his long, lean, lank appearance, the size of his foot, his countenance—his form and features, if not his

fame and fortunes—his kicking proclivities, his stubborn persistence, clearly indicate. I rebelled against him once; but he seems to have entirely forgotten that, and I'm not ashamed to call him 'Uncle' now. He's all right.

"I was 'born again' on my twenty-first birthday—Sunday, July 10, 1864—in Hopkinsville, Ky. So, you see, I am a native of two States—the twin sisters, Kentucky and Tennessee. The great and good B. S. Campbell took my confession. E. H. Hopper, one of the purest, gentlest and best of men—an Elisha Sewell character—baptized me. Howsoever much or little I may have inherited from these godly men—my fathers in the gospel—one thing is sure: I inherited none of my *roughness* from them. From then till now I've been trying to serve the Lord, and I have devoted most—nearly all—of the intervening time to the study of his word and the preaching of his power to save."

He rarely relates more of his life story than is told in the foregoing, being very reticent by nature and habit. But from occasional allusions to his childhood it is easy to infer that he then endured the privations of poverty. From his childhood his life was burdened with cares and shrouded in gloom. At the age when most boys are free from care and enjoying the sports and pastimes that naturally belong to boyhood, he was working hard to help his mother provide a living for herself and family, sometimes plowing or doing other farm work, and often, after working hard all day, taking a sack of corn to the mill, waiting for it to be ground, and then carrying the meal on his shoulder to his mother's home. The privi-

lege of spending the night, or even a part of it, with his mother, notwithstanding he must return to his work by daylight the next morning, amply repaid him for the extra toil; and the few hours he was thus enabled to spend at home were a source of purest pleasure to him.

His was, indeed, a hard life—struggling to provide the necessaries of life for those he loved, going to school only ten or twelve weeks a year, sometimes forced by dire necessity to quit school and secure work—on a farm, in a brickyard or anywhere work could be found. A less elastic nature and vigorous spirit might have succumbed before the obstacles that beset his path; but he was determined to climb, and it was as impossible to stop his upward course as to stay the onward course of a mighty river. The hardships he endured simply served to strengthen the power of his will. Those who bravely meet and overcome difficulties usually gain both strength and depth of character. It is certain the privations he endured in childhood and youth not only developed a naturally strong will, but endowed him with a deep, tender sympathy for those who suffer hardships in any form, giving to a nature that might otherwise have been stern an almost womanly tenderness.

He finally reached the point where he could teach school, which afforded more congenial work than that he had previously done. Alternately teaching and going to school, he completed his college course and received a diploma about the time the War between the States began. He enlisted and served gallantly, as is told elsewhere in this volume. Soon after the war closed, he entered Franklin College; and when he left that institu-

tion, he carried with him the love and good will, as well as the benediction, of those he left behind him—likewise a letter of commendation which he prized much more highly than he prized even his diploma.

In the meantime, emerging from the mist and darkness of human theology, he obeyed the gospel. He was a teacher by profession; but, having obeyed the gospel, he at once began the work he was destined to do so successfully—the work of preaching the word—and almost immediately his preaching received favorable notice from his brethren.

Soon after passing his twenty-fifth birthday he married Miss Julia Esther Gresham, whose home was near Florence, Ala.

Realizing the need of a Christian college in North Alabama, he resolved to establish such an institution. He had no means, his only capital being indomitable energy, good health, an excellent education, unusual ability as a teacher, a few acres of land—twenty-seven—inherited by his wife from her mother's estate, and, greatest of all blessings—beyond all estimating—a devoted, helpful, capable wife.

He borrowed money with which to erect the necessary buildings for such a school as he had 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.”

He relates the following amusing incident connected with the building of the Mars' Hill home, which illustrates one principle of his life to which much of his suc-

cess is due—a steadfast determination to do whatsoever he does as nearly to perfection as possible:

“When the combination home and school building at Mars’ Hill was in process of preparation, I insisted that the sills should all be very heavy, of the very best material, and securely fastened together, so as to successfully resist time, as well as tornadoes, should tornadoes ever pass that way.

“One day when all of us then working on the building were eating our lunch, seated on the sills that had just been put into place and secured and fastened together, so as to stay there—each in its proper place—I expressed doubt as to the security and durability of some part of the work. John Thrasher, a good workman, a good man and a good friend to me, noted for his humor and good nature, remained sagely silent till the discussion of the imaginary defect ceased, and then he soliloquized thus: ‘Some time in the far-away future, some man, cursing, swearing and sweating, while trying to tear this old house down, get the sills apart and remove the rubbish, will say: “I’d like to know who built this everlasting old house, anyhow. He must have thought he was building for eternity instead of time.” Then some old man—too old to work—will say: “I remember hearing my grandfather say that he heard *his great-grandfather* say that he had heard that a cranky old man named Larimore had it built.”’

“That ended it. All hands resumed their work. Everybody was satisfied. The imaginary defect was mentioned no more. That was in the summer of 1870. John Thrasher has gone into the boundless beyond.

The house we were then building is still as good as it was when it was new, and, with proper care, should last a thousand years, and be a good house even after then."

'On January 1, 1871, Mars' Hill College—the first Christian Bible school in the South—was opened to receive students. It was a heavy responsibility to establish and run such a school without financial backing. Viewed in the light of the richly endowed colleges and moneyed schools of the present day, it was a stupendous undertaking; but it was a success. It was essentially a home school, and the spirit of the true home—a spirit of mutual love, good fellowship, service and self-sacrifice—prevailed therein. Brother Larimore and his wife not only worked hard and made sacrifices themselves to conduct the school, but they inspired in others a similar spirit of self-sacrifice, industry and perseverance. He chopped wood, carried water, swept the class rooms and study hall, carried stove wood, rang the school bell, built fires for the young lady boarders, helped arrange the dining room, worked in the garden, fed the stock and helped to dress the children. She superintended the household work, doing much of it herself—cooking, washing, ironing for the big family of "boys and girls," besides taking care of her own children, and found time, while doing the many arduous duties of her position, to study music, often practicing her lesson with a baby in her arms.

Young men who were not able to pay even the moderate sum required for board would rent a room near the college, buy their own provisions, do their own cooking and live on scanty fare to enjoy the benefits of the school.



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

Married men sought temporary homes in the community—the husband, to enter school, while the wife, that he might do so, would make heroic efforts to eke out their slender income, incited to industry and economy by the example of the mistress of Mars' Hill, who was neither afraid nor ashamed to work. It was a community of colaborers—none rich, but none too poor to extend a helping hand to others who were likewise burdened. Indeed, the history of Mars' Hill College is a record of courage, self-denial, self-sacrifice and generosity that constitutes a helpful object lesson to those who read it.

Rules were prescribed for the government of the school, of course, and strict compliance with those rules was required; but the most potent factor in the order and system that prevailed there was Brother Larimore's own personality—the influence he wielded over the young souls committed to his care. He trusted his boys and girls, let them know he trusted them, and, naturally, they proved themselves worthy of his confidence. Flagrant breaches of discipline were rare, and in the few instances where the good of the school demanded the suspension or expulsion of students, they were sent away with kind admonitions and exhortations, Brother Larimore never forgetting, in his zeal for the good of the school, proper care also for the future of the offenders.

The school was known far and wide as a school of model discipline. Boys who were unmanageable at home were sent there, as a last expedient, to see if they could be influenced to conform to law. They usually fell into line, submitted to the rules of the school and

gave no trouble whatever. On one occasion a boy was brought to the school by his older brother, a lawyer, who made the following statement to Brother Larimore in the presence of his incorrigible brother: "We can do nothing with him at home. He defies all law, and seems determined to go to destruction. As a last resort, we have decided to place him with you, but with little hope that you can do anything with him. He's a bad boy. If you'll reform him, we'll appreciate it, of course. If you expel him and he goes to the devil, we'll not be surprised, and shall certainly not censure you." That introduction immediately enlisted Brother Larimore's sympathy for the boy, of course. He consulted his wife, whose motherly heart throbbed with pity for the friendless, motherless lad, and their decision was: "Poor boy! He has evidently had little chance to be what a boy ought to be. He shall stay with us. We'll save him if we can." The boy entered the school, and was one of its most exemplary students. I heard Brother Larimore relate that incident thirty years after it occurred, and he could not then speak of it without shedding tears.

Brother Larimore devoted most of his time to the school during its sessions. When a session closed, he immediately began evangelistic work, his appointments to preach usually covering every day of his vacation. His preaching grew in favor with the people, and calls for meetings increased so rapidly that it seemed Providence was pointing him to a wider field of usefulness. His friends finally succeeded in convincing him that the cause of Christ could be better served by constant work in the pulpit than by work in the schoolroom;

hence in 1887 the school was abandoned. Another important reason for that decision was that the change would relieve his wife of the burden the school necessarily and unavoidably entailed upon her.

F. D. Srygley, one of his closest friends and advisers, who understood the pressure of the calls he constantly received to do the work of an evangelist, 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 joy of glad tidings for a lost world in his heart, to turn sinners 'from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.'”

Mars' Hill College flourished seventeen years. 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. The "boys" and "girls" who formed a part of that happy Mars' Hill home school entertain a peculiarly tender affection for the "father, friend and brother" who directed their youthful feet, not only into the ways of knowledge, but also into the paths of righteousness and peace; and they bear grateful testimony to the work he did there as a teacher.

Frank Boyd, a prominent lawyer of Tennessee, says:

"As one of the Mars' Hill boys, I knew him well. I believed *then* he was the best man I ever knew. I still think so. With many others who came under his influence as a teacher, I can say he was our first inspiration to higher and better things. He was our *leader*. We followed him with implicit, unwavering faith. There was never the slightest doubt in our minds as to whether he was right. We knew he was right, and we obeyed him because we loved him and had faith in him.

"His influence was magnetic; his success, wonderful. His pupils loved him. We dreaded, not his anger, but his disapprobation. His presence was commanding, without the stiffness of the conscious commander. His power to restrain, and at the same time impel, was remarkable. His look could quell a mutiny; his approving smile, incite to highest aim. It was not necessary for him to coax or scold. We learned his wish; and then

each fell into line, trying his very best to excel in everything that would win his approbation. I will not say we simply *wanted* to be good; but we **TRIED** to be good, because it pleased him.

“He had a most successful, though indirect, way of appealing to the higher ambitions of his pupils. Our Latin class was composed of a number of young men and one young lady, Miss Rebecca Wade. When we ‘floundered’ or ‘got lost in a fog’ during a recitation, he would look at Miss Rebecca and say, in his inimitable, kindly way: ‘Well, Miss Rebecca, will you please give these young gentlemen the *correct* translation?’ And she almost invariably did so, to our great confusion and humiliation. I dreaded those words more than I would have dreaded a thrashing.

“He was father to us all. We believed then, and still believe, he loved and appreciated his children. There is no grander, no better, no truer man. His life has blessed thousands; and these, in turn, have reflected his influence, till the entire Southern and near Western States have felt his power.

“Do you ask why this influence? I answer: His *goodness* and *humility*.

“I cannot close this letter without a few words about his noble wife—one of the sweetest, most amiable of women. She was truly wife, mother and helpmeet—strong in everything, and in nothing coarse.

“I can see her now, as I used to see her, presiding at every function in the household, with that sweet unostentation and grace so characteristic of her. I can hear her cheery, ringing voice, as I used to hear it, in the

songs she sang, in her words of cheer and kindly greeting and expressions of encouragement and worthy praise.

"She was a most affectionate and devoted wife, a model mother, a model home lover and housekeeper. Her special earthly treasures were her husband and children; but her heart had room also for her other 'boys and girls,' as she affectionately called the pupils. She was brave and 'full of faith.' If dark, threatening clouds arose, she was the sunshine in school and home. In success, she was joy; in affliction, consolation; an oil for wounds, a balm for pain.

"She was affectionate and sympathetic. She possessed in a marked degree what is termed by business men 'a level head.' Her counsel was sought and acted upon in matters important and grave. Her life was a life of service and self-sacrifice, but each moment was sweetened with the consciousness of duties well performed and the love and gratitude of friends. I loved her second only to my mother, and she often called me her boy. I love to think of her and recall the sweet associations I shared with her in the days that were, and still are, dear to me.

"Who can measure the influence of this godly man and woman? Who can say how many, in those days long past, they won 'to the better way?' Fortunate indeed are those who, in the morning of their aspiring manhood and womanhood, possessed them as guides, counselors and friends."

The following incident is related by Miss Emma Slayden, of Dickson, Tenn., who was, in her early girlhood, a pupil at Mars' Hill:

“ Brother Larimore delivered a lecture to the school every Saturday forenoon, beginning at eleven o'clock— one hour before our dinner time. One day he chose for his subject the life of Napoleon Bonaparte. He gave us a masterly review of the life of the ‘ Little Corporal,’ afterwards First Consul and, later, Emperor of France, whose ambition it was to place himself at the head of an empire that should embrace all Europe, but who died an exile on a bleak and barren island in the South Atlantic Ocean. In contrast with Napoleon’s career, he drew a word picture of an earnest, Christian life, with its measureless influences for good. He told us of his great, all-absorbing desire that we, his pupils, should become and be consecrated Christian men and women, regardless of earthly gain or glory; and of the certain and sure rewards promised to the Christian, far beyond anything earth can offer, free from earthly taint and beyond the power of earth to take away.

“ Dinner time came; but he was in the midst of a tide of eloquence and pathos so earnest, so powerful, that there was no stopping; no one thought of the lapse of time. The students sat, silent, paying him the involuntary tribute of almost breathless attention; and when, after another hour had passed, he closed that wonderful speech, many were weeping; others, with pale faces, seemed as if awaking from a dream; and one little girl rushed to Brother Larimore and sobbed in his arms. He soothed the child with a tender caress, and, with a few quiet words, dismissed the students, bringing them down gently from the height to which his eloquence had borne them.

"I have never forgotten that speech, or sermon. I can hear now, in imagination, the matchless voice of the speaker. Those impressive words have influenced my whole life for good, and, I doubt not, have similarly influenced the lives of many who, that day, listened to the tender, thrilling voice of the teacher we loved so well, as he lifted us, on that resistless tide of eloquence, into higher, purer regions of thought and feeling."

A. B. Herring, one of the Mars' Hill students, now a successful preacher of the gospel, writes the following relative to his impressions of the school and its influence:

"I entered Mars' Hill College in January, 1879, and was there two years and a half. I look upon that period as a providential link in my life. When I entered school, my plans were, after spending a year in the literary department, to take the commercial course, and then launch out into the business world. At the close of the first year, however, the unconscious godly influence of the president—T. B. Larimore—had created in my heart a desire to take the Bible course and teach others 'the wonderful words of life.'

"It is true that 'love begets love.' Brother Larimore's love for truth and interest in his pupils and in all mankind created an atmosphere of love at Mars' Hill that was pleasant to behold. It was no unusual thing to see, at the close of the term, young men lay their arms around one another's necks and weep as if their hearts would break when the time came for them to part. It was very unusual to see a young man using tobacco there, notwithstanding many of the students used tobacco when

they came there. They dropped the habit very soon after entering the school. It didn't require lectures to make them quit it. They were simply in the wrong element. A boy chewing tobacco or puffing a pipe was as much out of place at Mars' Hill as a goat in a flock of sheep.

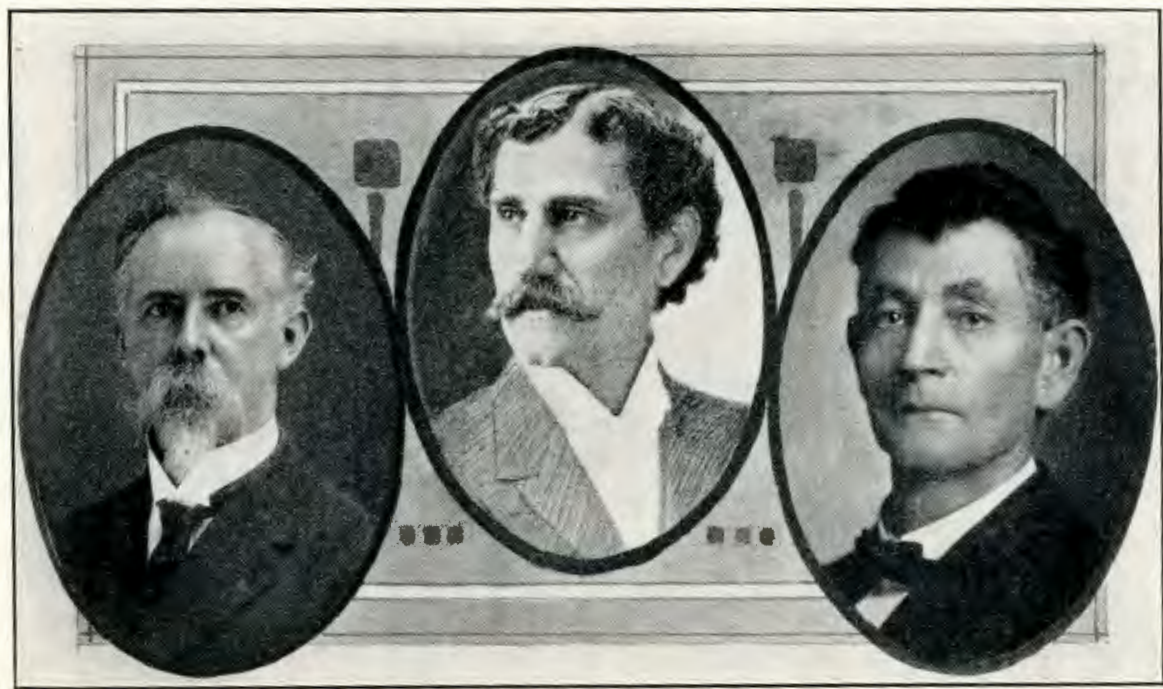
"T. B. Larimore is human. He sometimes makes mistakes, as all men do; but I feel constrained to say this of him: I have made two trips across the continent, have breathed the atmosphere of thirty-three States, have basked in the sunshine of Mexico and trod the soil of Canada; but in all my travels I have never been associated with a finer character than T. B. Larimore. Truly it may be said of him:

"None know him but to love him;
None name him but to praise."

D. R. Hardison—"Davy," Hardison—another of his "boys," pays the following tribute to him:

"Character is not made in a day, but is of slow growth. The faithful discharge of duty, the simple integrity of purpose, the many influences that operate in the formation of character, have always been the priceless ballast that has kept his barque of life properly balanced upon the bosom of life's sea. He has never allowed influences, however strong, to swerve him from a course he had carefully and prayerfully planned. This is indicative of greatness. This proves he has convictions and is unfalteringly faithful and true to them.

"His influence over young people is marvelous. Without the spirit of officialism or strained effort, he has led



D. R. HARDISON.

FRANK BOYD.

LEE JACKSON.

many by his wonderful power up—always up—to higher, nobler, grander conceptions of life, and into activities that make this old world seem more like the lost paradise.

“To fill the atmosphere where earth’s weary toilers stand with a brightness they cannot create for themselves, but which they long for, enjoy and appreciate, has been the song and story of his life. I believe he learned this great moral, spiritual art when a child; for it seems to be the great attribute of his self—his very soul. Hence, it is impossible for him to lead any one astray. His influence for good speaks to-day more eloquently of God and duty than the tongue of the world’s greatest orator.

“The career of a great man remains an enduring monument of effort and energy. Such men, led by the spirit of the Master, become beacons of human progress. They are the lights the Lord puts upon high places, to illuminate the moral atmosphere about them; and he gives to such souls the miracle of perpetuity, to shine upon succeeding generations. As the evening of life approaches and the shadows fall far toward the East, Brother Larimore has the consciousness of a life well spent; and this precious legacy—the greatest product of human effort—has been bequeathed to the world, to continue its influence until the coming of that perfect day.

“He is gifted with a fine sense of humor. At the close of the term of 1879 it was suggested to Brother Larimore that he should allow a little humor mixed with the other commencement exercises, some of the boys claiming that sufficient material could easily be secured from

a few of the pupils who had developed some talent along that line. He gave his consent, and preparations were soon under way for a minstrel exhibition and negro sermons by M. A. Beal, of Tennessee; A. B. Herring, of Georgia; and me.

“We had regular meetings for practice, and made diligent preparations, keeping everything from the boys, teachers and all. Imagine our surprise and consternation when we were informed that everything had to be rehearsed before Brother Larimore. I can never forget the time when I was summoned to a small room to ‘speak my piece’ before our president. He stood in one corner of the room and quietly motioned me to the opposite corner, without saying a word. If I had been before thousands, I should not have suffered as much, perhaps; or if he had sent another teacher to hear me, I might possibly have felt at ease. His quick perception readily took in the situation, and he explained the necessity of his hearing everything that was to be given to the public at the close of the school. I scarcely heard him, for a fierce battle was raging within me. There are times in our lives when our minds refuse to work—actually stop and leave a total blank. Again, there are circumstances that force our thoughts over years of our lives, and, with the flashes of memory, we see many things that ordinary circumstances would never recall.

“Fortunately for me, I drifted from the former to the latter condition. I had seen the schoolboy, the last day of school, walk out on the platform with the ‘do-or-die’ spirit, deliver himself of ‘The boy stood on the burning deck,’ and then sit down amid the applause of neighbors

and the soft smile of his little sweetheart. I had read of soldiers, at the crisis of a battle, stepping suddenly out from the army, and, facing the death storm up some cannon-crowned hill, amid the shouts of thousands, change defeat to victory. So by the time the nod was given me to proceed, I was more than ready. I had the spirit of the boy and the soldier; for they are, possibly, the same. I had composed the speech myself, and knew every word of it. Stepping a little forward, I began with such desperate energy that Brother Larimore looked at me in positive alarm. The next moment he understood the situation perfectly. Never had I seen him laugh as he laughed then. Throughout my frenzied address his head and shoulders shook in sympathy with his convulsed features. After I had finished my 'moving' address, I said: 'I have another speech; must I say it?' 'No, no,' he replied; 'don't say any more now. That will do.'

The following tribute to Mars' Hill and its influences, gleaned from 'Reminiscences' written by Lee Jackson, will, no doubt, awaken a responsive echo in the hearts of other Mars' Hill students:

"My recollections of Mars' Hill and its associations during my comparatively short stay there have always been to me a source of real pleasure. Not only this, but they have been helpful to me as an aid to spiritual vitality, strength and courage when called upon to resist temptations and honorably fight the battles of life.

"On October 1, 1880, I journeyed to Mars' Hill to enter the school. I reached the town of Florence, Ala., late one afternoon, and walked out to the college, a distance

of four miles. Nobody there was expecting me, but Brother Larimore was on the alert. He saw me coming, and welcomed me with his genial, heart-warming smile and brotherly clasp of the hand. By some sort of intuition, I had anticipated the kindly welcome which was so cordially given me. I have that first meeting with Brother Larimore as vividly before me, notwithstanding twenty-seven years have passed since then, as if it had been but yesterday.

“The one thing at Mars’ Hill that impressed me most of all, and which it is yet very pleasant to remember, was the air of gentle, refined simplicity that was everywhere present. In the homes of those who lived there because of the advantages the school afforded, in the rooming apartments of the students, among the students on the school grounds, in the class rooms and in the chapel during the hours of worship—everywhere about the school—this unostentatious simplicity and gentleness of manner prevailed. There was no roughness, no uncouth impoliteness, among the students, except what might naturally be expected even there among those brought together from many different sections of the country and representing different phases of social advantage, till even the roughest of them imbibed the spirit of the place and learned better. On everything and everybody Brother Larimore seemed to have impressed his own personality to a very remarkable degree. He was held in personal admiration and affection by every one; and, as a result, his gentle humility, kindly disposition and refinement of manner were reflected in teachers and pupils, and in all others within the range of the

school's influence. A spirit of fellowship and sympathy prevailed among all, and all were happy in their associations of friendship and Christian love.

“Thinking of the passing of Mars' Hill, with its splendid record of glorious achievement and loving Christian associations, the heart grows sad. When we think of Brother Larimore's life work—his self-sacrificing labors of faith and love, the eloquent sermons he has preached, the number of souls he has led to accept Christ as their Savior and the number of students trained under his Christian love and watch care to perpetuate the influence of his life's labors—we at once realize that eternity alone can make known the full results of that work. Like the river that constantly broadens and deepens as it moves onward toward the ocean, so shall the influence of the work begun at Mars' Hill continually broaden and deepen in its effect upon the lives and hearts of men and women as the years go by, ceasing its effect for earthly good only when all the redeemed shall stand together before the great, white throne and sing the praises of our Redeemer.”

CHAPTER IV.

Sermon—"The Glorious Gospel of Christ."

"**T**HEREFORE seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not; but have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God. But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: in whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them. For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." (2 Cor. 4: 1-5.)

In the sacred scripture just quoted the apostle Paul calls the gospel he preached "the glorious gospel of Christ;" and as Paul wrote by divine inspiration—the Holy Spirit directing and inspiring him—it is prudent and proper and safe and right or us to say the gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ is a "glorious gospel." The same apostle, similarly inspired by the same Spirit, writing to the Roman brethren, the church of Christ at Rome, declares the gospel of Christ to be "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1: 16); and as salvation is the most important theme, or

thing, that can ever engage the attention of humanity or divinity, we should certainly understand what "the glorious gospel of Christ" is, and how to permit it to have free course and be glorified in our lives, to the salvation of souls, if we can—and we *can*.

The literal meaning of the word "gospel" is "good news"—"good history." Hence, in this literal sense, all good news, good history, is gospel. People have, throughout the ages, appreciated "gospel;" for they have, throughout the ages, appreciated good news, and good news is gospel, especially to those who appreciate it—to those who regard it as good. But, of course, whether we regard news as good or bad may depend upon our sympathy, our understanding, our appreciation and our personal preference.

This is unquestionably true of many of us, in many instances—if not, indeed, of all of us, in all instances. When, in 1781, it was proclaimed on the streets of Philadelphia that Cornwallis had surrendered, it being understood that that meant the colonists had virtually freed themselves, their posterity and their country, from the yoke of Great Britain forever, that news was gospel to those who longed to see their country free. It was exactly the reverse of gospel to those who were in sympathy with Great Britain in the Revolutionary struggle of our heroic, self-sacrificing ancestors *against* Great Britain, however. To those who were called "Patriots" it was gospel. To those who were called "Tories" it was exactly the reverse. Hence, Patriots were glad, while Tories were sorry and sad, to hear it.

News, then, may be gospel to some; the opposite of

world war I - world war II

gospel to others. But God wills that "the glorious gospel of Christ" be regarded, accepted, appreciated and appropriated as good news, "glad tidings," by all responsible human souls. The angel that appeared to Judean shepherds the night the Babe of Bethlehem was born said to them, "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people" (Luke 2: 10); and the "good tidings of great joy" proclaimed by the angel of the Lord on that memorable occasion simply informed them of the birth of the Savior of souls—the Redeemer of the human race. "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." (Luke 2: 11.)

The gospel of Christ is glorious in its origin, originating with the great I AM, with God, with Jehovah, round "the great white throne." It is glorious in spirit, in the courts of glory, where hosts of holy angels sur-its spirit being the spirit of love divine—love that prompted God to give his Son to die to save the sons and daughters of men. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3: 16.) It is glorious in its object, its object being the glory of God, the honor of Christ, and the salvation of souls; for it is "the glorious gospel of Christ," "the power of God unto salvation." It is glorious in its extension, including "every man," "all the world," "every creature." "But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man." (Heb. 2: 9.)

Paul indebted
to all to carry it to the

Sermon—"The Glorious Gospel of Christ." 65

"And he said unto them, 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.) So, then, all of us may, if we will, be saved by the gospel, "the power of God unto salvation." Therefore it is glorious—glorious beyond the comprehension of man.

We should not wonder, all these things being true, why the apostle Paul calls the gospel "the glorious gospel of Christ;" nor should we be surprised that he was not ashamed of it, but was willing to preach it at Rome, at Corinth, at Athens—anywhere, everywhere—till God should call him home. We should not wonder that he realized it to be his solemn duty to God, to Christ and to humanity to devote his very life unreservedly to the proclamation of this glorious gospel, feeling the weight of this responsibility so as to be constrained to write: "For 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!" (1 Cor. 9: 16.) Nor should we be surprised that he 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." (Rom. 1: 14-17.)

Paul had such implicit faith in this gospel that he was

not only willing to risk his own salvation upon the preaching of it, having obeyed it and living a consecrated, consistent, Christian life; but he was perfectly satisfied—divinely assured—that to preach any substitute for it—any perversion of it—would justify high Heaven in condemning the man or angel—any man or any angel—who did so. “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. As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed. For do I now persuade men, or God? or do I seek to please men? for if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ.” (Gal. 1: 6-10.)

These things being true, it certainly behooves us to understand what the glorious gospel of the Son of God is—to understand and obey the gospel, “the glorious gospel of Christ.” It behooves us to understand its spirit, its characteristics, its elements, its truths, its facts, its commandments, its promises; and every man who claims to preach it should certainly be careful to neglect no part of it, to add nothing to it, to never subvert it or those who hear him by preaching a perversion of it or a substitute for it; for the Holy Spirit says: “If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed.” The gospel they had “received” was “the glorious gospel of Christ.”

The gospel consists of various elements. It contains great and superlatively important truths which must be accepted—must be believed—that we may have the promise of everlasting life. Indeed, whatsoever absolutely must be believed, in order to the remission of sins, the pardon of sinners, the salvation of souls, must be a part of the gospel; for the Savior of souls plainly and positively teaches that those who believe and obey the gospel shall have remission of sins—shall be pardoned—"shall be saved." "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.) So, then, anything we absolutely *must* believe, to be saved, in that sense, must be an essential element, or part, of the gospel. The Spirit says (Heb. 11: 6): "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." Hence, to be saved, we absolutely must believe that God is, and that he is a rewarder of those who diligently seek him; for, without believing these things, "it is impossible to please him." But if we believe and obey the gospel, we please him. Therefore these two truths are truths of the gospel, gospel truths; hence, parts of the gospel, either positively expressed or plainly implied, whensoever and wheresoever the gospel is preached, or proclaimed.

The Savior himself taught responsible souls (John 8: 24) that they must believe him to be the Christ, the Son of the living God, or die in their sins: "I said therefore unto you, that ye shall die in your sins: for if ye believe

not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins." He not only, then and there, condemned, as false, the claims of those who, while bitterly opposing him, claimed to be children of God, whose children he affirmed they were not, but he told them they could never reach the home of eternal blessedness without believing in him. John, who tells us these things, accordingly says: "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.)

So, then, God makes our salvation depend upon our believing these three important truths: "That he is;" "that he is a rewarder of those who diligently seek him;" and "that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God." To believe and obey the gospel is to be saved. It follows, therefore, that these are truths of the gospel: "That God is;" "that he is a rewarder of those who diligently seek him;" "that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God." These are the three momentous truths of the gospel, the belief of which is essential to the salvation of responsible souls, the Bible being true.

There are three great, all-important facts of the gospel—so important that Paul, by the Spirit, calls them the gospel. (1 Cor. 15: 1-4.) There is a definite and decided difference between a truth and a fact. Whatsoever is true or certain is a truth. Whatsoever is done is a fact. For instance, it is a truth that God exists—that "he is;" it is a fact that he created the material universe—that "he created the heavens and the earth."

It is a truth that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; it is a fact that he was crucified on Calvary's cross. That man is mortal is a truth; that God made man is a fact. Webster defines the word "truth:" "That which is true or certain." He defines the word "fact:" "Anything done or that comes to pass." In the gospel we have facts, as well as truths. Paul tells us, in a very few words, what are the great facts of the gospel—which facts, indeed, he calls the gospel: "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures." (1 Cor. 15: 1-4.)

These three facts, then, constitute the gospel Paul preached, so far as the gospel consists of facts; but the Spirit plainly teaches that he preached the gospel in its fullness—not simply and solely its facts. "For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." (Acts 20: 27.) He plainly and positively teaches, however, that these are the great fundamental facts of the gospel: "That Christ died for our sins [not simply that he died, but that he died "for our sins"] according to the scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures." None can believe the gospel, therefore, without believing "that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and

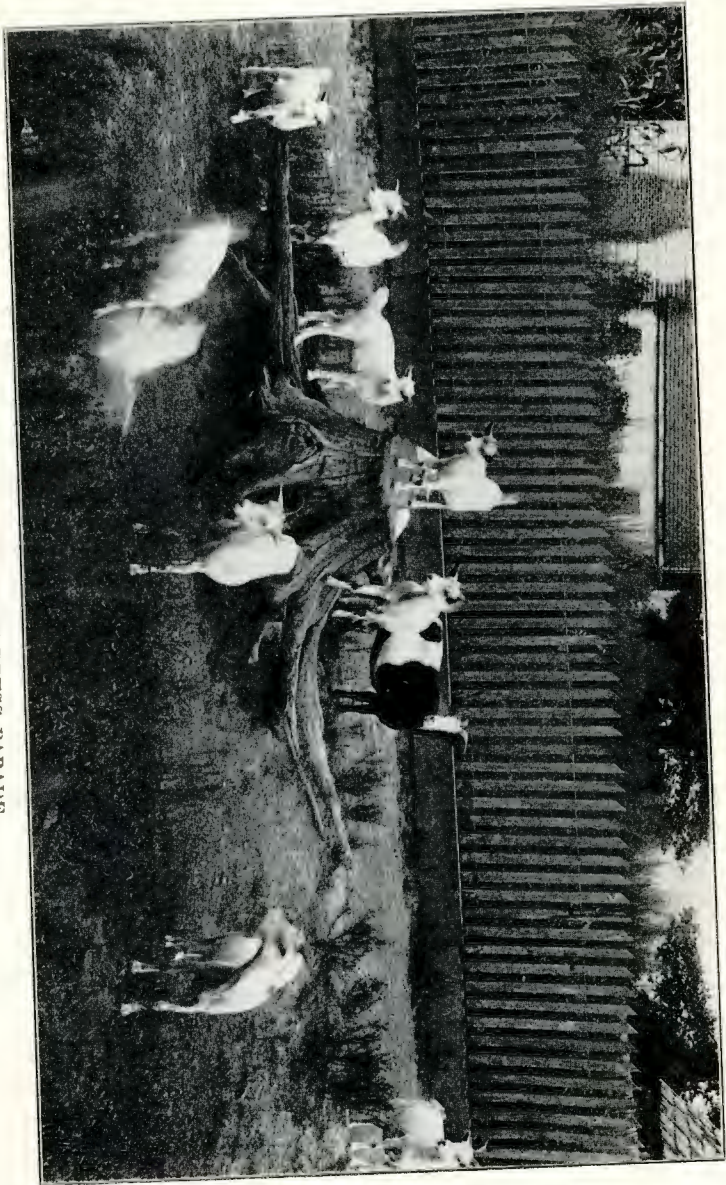
that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures."

There are three great commandments in the gospel—commandments to be obeyed, of course; for a commandment is simply an order or demand to be complied with, to be obeyed. John says: "This is his commandment, That we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment." (1 John 3: 23.) John, the apostle of love, was careful to clothe what he said in the language of love. We must believe or be condemned. The Savior himself said to his disciples 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.) "Without faith it is impossible to please him." (Heb. 11: 6.) "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." (Rom. 14: 23.) The scripture previously quoted (John 8: 24)—"If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins"—shows a result of unbelief. But John wrote, "This is his commandment, That we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ," thus virtually, plainly and positively affirming that faith is a command—a divine command, a gospel command.

We are, therefore, positively commanded to "believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ." God commands no mortal to do anything that that mortal cannot do. It follows, therefore, that all of us who are responsible can "believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ"—can believe Jesus to be the Christ, the immaculate Son of the living God. We can be careless and indifferent, way-

ward, wicked and wild, if we will. We can devote our time, talents and attention to the fleeting, transitory things of earth and time, forgetting heaven and eternity, allowing the god of this world to blind us and refusing to allow the light of "the glorious gospel of Christ" to shine into our souls, and be eternally lost, if we will. We can also believe the gospel, obey the gospel, live the Christian life, be faithful unto death, and be eternally saved, if we will. Indeed, it is infinitely easier to believe Jesus to be the Christ, the Son of the living God, than to believe what must be true if that proposition is false. It is easier to serve the Savior, and be saved, than to serve Satan, and be lost. Solomon says: "The way of the transgressor is hard." The Savior says: "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." We can believe the gospel, if we will and try to believe it. God demands that we believe it—makes our salvation depend upon our believing it; therefore we can believe it, for he demands the impossible of none.

We are commanded to repent. "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.) When, on the birthday of the church of God, fifty days after the crucifixion of Christ, the apostle Peter preached Christ so that many of Christ's murderers believed him to be the Christ, and earnestly asked what they should do, the first commandment Peter gave them—by direction of Divinity, by inspiration of the Holy Spirit—was to repent: "Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be bap-



MARRS' HILL GOATS ON DRESS PARADE.

tized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." (Acts 2: 38.) The apostle Paul, preaching to the Athenians, said: "And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." (Acts 17: 30.) So, then, as certainly as the Bible is true, so certainly faith and repentance are commandments of God—gospel commandments—commandments of the gospel.

It is just as clear that baptism is a commandment. Men of God are commanded to administer, and penitent believers are commanded to submit to, baptism. "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." (Matt. 28: 19, 20.) "And he said unto them, 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 he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord." (Acts 10: 48.) These and various other passages of sacred scripture plainly and positively prove that baptism is a command. Hence to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, to repent of our sins and to be baptized in the name of the Lord, are the three great gospel commands with which we must comply to be saved—pardoned—become Christians.

There are in the gospel three great promises, without which it could not be gospel to us. The crowning glory

of the gospel is the promises it contains. We have in the gospel the promise of remission of sins—a guarantee of the remission of all our past sins—when we obey its commands. Hence, Peter—the Holy Spirit by the tongue of Peter—said to thousands to whom he preached Christ on the first “day of Pentecost” after the death of Christ till they believed him to be the Christ, “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 Ghost” (Acts 2: 38), Jesus, our Savior, himself having said, the day he arose from the dead: “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.) These and many other passages of sacred scripture show very clearly that in the gospel there is promise of “the remission of sins.” Hence, Paul wrote to the brethren at Rome: “But God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you. Being then made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness.” (Rom. 6: 17, 18.)

When we obey the gospel, then, we obey the very form of the doctrine of the gospel—reproduce, in a scriptural sense, the three great, fundamental facts of the gospel: the death, the burial and the resurrection of Christ. Then and there we also comply with the demands of its three great commands—comply with the demands of Him who gave the commands. By faith and repentance we die to the love and practice of sin, therefore are “dead”

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to sin." Hence, Paul, writing to Christians, says: "How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" (Rom. 6: 2.) In baptism we are buried with him: "Wherein also we are risen with him." "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 ["were"—Revised Version] 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: 1-5.) "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. For in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. And ye are complete in him, which is the head of all principality and power: in whom also ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ: 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." (Col. 2: 8-12.)

In the gospel of Christ is the promise of "the gift of the Holy Ghost:" "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 Ghost." (Acts 2: 38.) Now, it matters not whether we who

have obeyed the gospel understand or do not understand the philosophy of the remission of sins. If we have the faith that saves souls, we are sure our sins have been remitted or shall be remitted, because God has promised us remission of sins on certain conditions, and we have complied with the conditions. It matters not when our sins are remitted, how they are remitted or why they are remitted. If we have obeyed the gospel, we are positively certain our sins are, or are to be, remitted, because God has promised remission of sins to those who obey him. Just so with regard to the gift of the Holy Spirit. It matters not, if "scripture given by inspiration of God" does not make it perfectly plain, whether we know what "the gift of the Holy Ghost" is, how it comes, why it comes, when it comes, or anything else not clearly revealed. God promises remission of sins and the gift of the Holy Spirit to those who obey the gospel; and that settles that to the perfect satisfaction of all who understand and believe what the Spirit says on the subject—what is written by divine inspiration on the subject, the divine evidence being the testimony of the Spirit through the truth, the word of the Lord. Jehovah commands and promises; therefore those who obey receive all the blessings promised, notwithstanding they may never know exactly how or why or where or when. *Our* duty, *our* business, is to obey. Jehovah is responsible for the fulfillment of his promises; hence *his* promises can never fail.

Unfortunately, however, there is a disposition among men to positively refuse to concede the fulfillment of even promises of God without other evidence than that

which God gives, thus absolutely ignoring—positively discarding—"the witness of the Spirit," and treating divinity with contempt. Millions have struggled—some successfully, some unsuccessfully—for some sort of mysterious feeling, spell or spasm, or something else, that they might mistake for evidence of pardon, instead of simply obeying the gospel, trusting the Lord and living the Christian life. Some sincere souls have sometimes been dissatisfied with their baptism because of thinking they had never felt as they should have felt if they had received remission of sins and the gift of the Holy Spirit, when they could have no more explained the philosophy of either, or the feeling they imagined either or both might, could, would or should produce, than they could have fathomed the depths of space or counted the moments in eternity.

Divinity is not responsible for this deplorable state of affairs. The way of righteousness—the way to life eternal—is so plain that no responsible soul should mistake the way or err therein. When mortals do mistake that way, it is simply and solely because they follow the dictates of human theology, or their own personal preference, or some other blinding and bewildering substitute for the Spirit's teaching, instead of the plain, simple directions of the Spirit by and through the word of God. David says, "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul" (Ps. 19: 7); and it is just as plainly taught to be perfect as a guide through grace to glory: "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." (2 Tim. 3: 16, 17.)

There is, in the gospel, for all the faithful—the finally faithful—the promise of everlasting life. "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 the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. 6: 23.) The Bible abounds in promises of eternal life to those who obey the gospel, and, thus becoming Christians, live the Christian life, being faithful unto death. Unquestionably, it is safe to say, in the light of revelation divine, that remission of sins, the gift of the Holy Spirit and eternal life are the three great promises of the gospel.

So, then, the gospel contains three great truths, three great facts, three great commands and three great promises. God has built his beautiful gospel temple upon twelve solid pillars—a perfect temple upon a perfect foundation. The gospel of Christ is a divine gospel. The church of God is a divine institution. The temple of God is a divine temple. "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy." (1 Cor. 3: 17.) While "temple," in this quotation, does not mean the one we

now have under consideration, we must not defile or deface *any* temple of God. Any man who recklessly, presumptuously, or even carelessly, lays vandal hands upon this temple, this peerless monument divine, to the extent of even ignoring or labeling as "nonessential" one—*any* one—of the pillars or parts of this gospel structure, does it at the peril of his own soul, as well as that of the souls of others who may be influenced by him. It is just as perilously presumptuous to label one of these pillars—one of these parts of the gospel—"nonessential" as another. Indeed, the spirit that presumes to proscribe or discard as nonessential *any* part of this divine gospel structure is the same presumptuous, rebellious spirit that presumes to proscribe or reject the entire counsel of God—of divinity—of God, Christ and the Holy Spirit. "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." (James 2: 10.)

There is but one safe course for preachers to pursue in preaching along these lines—on this theme—and that is to preach the gospel just at it is—present its three glorious truths, its three glorious facts, its three glorious commands, its three glorious, peerless promises—present it as "the glorious gospel" of the Son of God—simply "PREACH THE WORD." There is but one safe course for the people to pursue with reference to this "glorious gospel" of the Son of God—to accept it just as it is, believe its truths, accept its facts, obey its commands and trust the Lord for the fulfillment of its promises, looking forward to the full and everlasting fruition of their hopes in the eternal city of our God. These things are so simple and clear, and have been arranged and revealed

by divine wisdom in such a clear and simple way, that it is an exceedingly easy matter for any soul responsible in the sight of God to understand the GOSPEL; whereas the greatest philosophers of earth may spend all their lifetime in vain efforts to understand the mysterious mysticism of human theology that presumes to thrust itself upon the attention of man as a substitute for "the glorious gospel of Christ," with its three grand truths, its three important facts, its three great commands, its three glorious promises.

If, then, we would be saved by grace divine, temporally and eternally, and be able to wield an influence for good over those we love, those who love us and all others who may be influenced by us, let us, with the meekness and humility of obedient little children, accept this wonderful gospel of the Son of God in all its fullness—its truths, its facts, its commands, its promises—and exhort others to do the same. We have in the material universe everywhere evidence that "God is." We have in the word of God the greatest abundance of evidence, corroborated by history and our own observation and experience, that the Bible is true, and, therefore, that God "is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." From the same, safe, sacred source we can receive all the evidence necessary to convince us that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God. When we accept these three glorious truths as true—as truths—we must, to be either consistent or safe, in the light of the same evidence, believe "Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures."

We find in the Bible—in the gospel—three commands of such a character that when we have obeyed them, we have perfectly represented or reproduced, in a solemn and impressive way, the culmination and sequel of the sufferings of our Savior on the earth. By faith and repentance we die to the love and practice of sin— if, indeed, we understand the heinous character of sin—and irrevocably resolve to abandon sin and Satan and serve the Lord. We die to the love of sin by faith; to the practice of sin, by repentance. When we are buried with the Lord by baptism into death, we reproduce, or represent, in that act, the burial of the Son of God; and when we are raised up from the waters of baptism, we reproduce, or represent, the resurrection of Him who, having died and been buried, "was raised again for our justification."

Then, being risen "in the likeness of his resurrection"—having been raised up "to walk in newness of life"—we are to live the Christian life—"eschew evil and do good, seek peace and pursue it"—live for the good we can do "as the days are going by." To all his faithful children—faithful unto death—God guarantees, through Jesus Christ our Lord, everlasting blessedness in his eternal home. If you are Christ's, strive earnestly day by day, *every* day, to "make your calling and election sure." If you have started in the Christian race, but have turned aside from the path of duty and become cold and careless, heedless of the high calling whereunto you have been called, the sublimest and safest course open to you is to return to the path of duty, confess your sins, pray to our Father for forgiveness and live as God would

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have you live all the remnant of your days. You who have never yielded obedience to the glorious gospel of the Son of God should rejoice that, in the providence of God, you have one more opportunity to do so—one more opportunity to come to Christ. Providence permits "the life line" to be thrown out to you one time more. And this may be the *last* time. No mortal knows. But you have this one more blessed opportunity to "lay hold on eternal life," and all the adverse influences in the universe should not be permitted to prevent your doing so. Come to Christ. You may, if you will. "Whosoever will may come." "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

CHAPTER V.

Letters—His Influence.

SINCE his decision, made many years ago, to "do the work of an evangelist," Brother Larimore has devoted all his time and talent to that work, with the exception of two years spent with the Floyd and Chestnut Streets congregation, in Louisville, Ky.; and even then he preached somewhere in the city nearly every night.

His success as an evangelist has been remarkable. Long ago Brother Srygley wrote of him:

"He has probably baptized more people than any other man of his age now living, and possibly has established more churches of disciples in the South than any other man living or dead. He is personally more widely known than any other preacher among the disciples of the South, and probably more universally popular with all churches and with the world, as a man and as a preacher, than any one else, wheresoever he is known.

"He is a representative Christian in the broadest sense. People differ in opinion as to his gift of oratory, profundity of thought, thoroughness of scholarship, breadth of intellect and orthodoxy of faith; but all who know him believe implicitly in his depth of piety, honesty of purpose, sincerity of convictions and godliness of life."

This is as true of him now as it was then. Not many are borne on the high tide of popular favor so long; nor could he have held such a place so long but for the fact that the sentiment regarding him has been a deeper, stronger sentiment than mere popularity, which is evanescent in its nature. He holds a place in the affections of those who know him. The cords that bind them to him are cords of love, and years only serve to strengthen such ties. He exerts a wonderful influence over those with whom he lives and labors; and the closer the association, the stronger the influence. If he goes to preach at a place where he is practically unknown, it is only a little while till he wins an abiding place in the hearts of his hearers, and young and old yield to the charm of his magnetic personality.

It is singular how many people write him, and how freely and affectionately they write. On the margin of a peculiarly tender, affectionate letter he wrote:

“Do you presume any East Tennessee backwoodsman ever received sweeter letters, or more sweet letters—letters full of love as pure as the virgin snow—than I? May the Lord always abundantly bless all my friends.”

Certainly not many men have ever received more friendly, frank, affectionate letters than he has received. He receives letters from all classes and conditions of people. Everybody feels free to write him, and everybody seems to want to write him. Young and old, rich and poor, high and low, sad and glad, all write him, often apologizing for monopolizing his time, but seeming to have been impelled to write.

In one little batch of mail—not selected, but chosen at random—were letters from the following:

A little girl, who printed her letter in sprawling, irregular, childish characters, beginning, "Dear, sweet man," telling him how she cried because she could not go to hear him preach.

A lawyer friend, busily engaged in an important lawsuit, but taking time to write: "It is pleasant to know that, in all the years of our friendship—years of tears, trials, troubles and joys—there has never been a word or thought of unkindness between us; and I believe another life could be spent with you without cause for either on your part. I have always realized that I am indebted to you for your influence upon me when I was young."

A poor, afflicted brother, in a distant State, who wrote: "I thank God I have the privilege of knowing you and claiming you as my brother, for you have helped me much on life's rough road."

One of the trustees of a flourishing Bible college, who pleaded: "Please, please consent to join us in this work. We are to have a magnificent school, and need some great and good man to do our Bible work, and you are the man. May the Lord put it into your heart to come."

A little girl, who had recently obeyed the gospel under his teaching, wrote: "I don't see how we can do without you. Your letter made me homesick to see you. Some of my little friends told me you wouldn't answer my letter, but I told them you would if you had time. You never will forget us, will you? I know we'll never forget you."



OTI AMY-BEL AND HER BROTHER, EVAN ELNATHAN,
(Children of Mr. and Mrs. Madison Wright.)

A bereaved husband wrote: "Of all the letters that came to me during the dark days immediately following the sad separation from my precious wife, I prize your letter most."

A young preacher and his wife wrote: "You can never know how much we love you. You have done so much for us, so much for the world. We could appreciate the expressions of love in your letter from no man on earth more than we appreciate them from you."

A bereaved father wrote: "I send you a picture of our darling Oti Amy-Bel, with her brother. It has almost broken our hearts to give her up. Pray for us, that we may not be altogether crushed by this blow. She was named according to Bible custom—'Oti,' meaning 'delightful;' 'Amy,' 'beloved;' 'Bel,' 'of God.' So her name means 'delightful one,' 'beloved of God,' and many characteristics of her beautiful life lead us to believe she was rightly named."

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A brother where he had recently held a meeting wrote: "If you do not return here, we shall see you somewhere; for the world is not so broad that we cannot find the way, and the distance would to us seem short if *you* were at the end of it."

A sad, sorrowful woman wrote: "You came to me when I was almost ready to give up the fight in discouragement, and brought me face to face with duty. You have made me realize that there is real Christianity, and thus restored my faith in humanity. I will try to be faithful for Jesus' sake and yours, trusting his help and your prayers."

A lawyer, pleading with him to locate in a certain

town, wrote: "Your permanent abode with us will insure the early completion of an up-to-date university here; your decision against locating with us will seriously cripple the undertaking."

One of his Mars' Hill "boys" wrote: "I know you cannot correspond regularly with all your 'children.' I wish you could, for I am always filled with joy when I receive a letter addressed in your dear, peculiar, well-known hand. Please write me when you can. God bless you. Your friend and boy."

From a young girl whose sister had passed away under very sad circumstances: "Dear Suttie stayed in Colorado and denied herself the pleasure of coming home, because she thought it was her duty to try to get well. She wanted to come home to mamma and Mary and all her loved ones; but she knew that to come home then meant death very soon, and she hoped that by staying there longer she might get well. Often she would say, 'Don't worry, honey; I hope I'll be better to-morrow;' but the to-morrow we longed for never came. Just before she passed away she said: 'I want to go home to mamma.' When she knew the end was near, her faith was wonderful, her courage sublime. The days I spent with her in the Oakes Home were bitter-sweet days to me, but I'm glad I stayed with her to the last. I held her hand and kissed her when she was passing through the dark valley of death. She knew I was near, and called back: 'Katherine, Katherine!' I said: 'Yes, my darling, I'm here; I'll not leave you.' Death must be less dreadful if some loved one is near, and to know that the Savior's with us is worth more than the wealth of

This joy shines near us

all the universe. When I think of her pure, sweet life, the awfulness of having to give her up so early overcomes me; and yet I sometimes wonder, when I think of earth's many sorrows, why we should wish for her to come back. But we miss her so much, so much!"

A young man wrote: "I have never seen you, except in what you have written; but I think you are the most Christlike man in all the world. My earnest prayer has been and shall be that I may be like you, even as you are like Christ. I sometimes regret I have not had to endure such struggles and hardships as you have suffered. It may be that, without them, no one can attain to the true greatness you have reached, or have the meekness and lowliness of heart, the kindness and gentleness of manner and the love for all mankind that you have."

A sister, who lives in a distant town where he had just held a series of meetings, wrote: "I must tell you what Judge — said of you: 'I've heard many men, both small and great, preach. I've heard but one who, in style, manner, voice, look and language—who in all respects, to my eye and ear and mind—was faultless. Brother Larimore may not be a perfect man or a perfect preacher; but, if not, I am not able to discover the defect. This I can say of no other man I have ever heard or seen.'"

The following letter, written to him by a prominent physician, so forcibly illustrates his power to impress the hearts of those who come within the radius of his influence, that I am constrained to quote it in full:

"A few weeks ago I talked with W. H. Sutton about your latest book—'Letters and Sermons,' Volume II.—

and its author, and he said, 'I consider Brother Larimore one of the purest characters that walks on the earth to-day;' and my heart said, *Amen*. It is something to be appreciated, to stand where such a statement can truthfully be made of you; but you stand there, and with you stand few—very few—others. O, that I might hope to have such as that said of me!

"Volume II. is a gem without a flaw—sweet in its simplicity, powerful in its purity, clear in its conception, chaste in its character, wonderful in its wisdom, marvelous in its magnetism. As I read it, my mind goes back to a night that has slept more than twenty years in the tomb of time that has passed. I stood with a crowd that pressed around you at the close of the first meeting you held in our town. Amid sobs and sighs, those to whom you had preached a month, many of whom you had baptized and all of whom had learned to love you with a love unfeigned, were bidding you good-by. When my time to say something came, I said to you: 'I wish you well.' You grasped my hand, turned your sad gaze full upon me, and, looking straight into my eyes, while the love light, touched with sorrow's shadow, beamed from your own, said: '*May the Lord bless you.*' The words came from your heart and went straight to my own. I can never forget the expression of your face or the tone of your voice as you spoke the five words that have done more for me than I can ever know or tell: 'May the Lord bless you.'

"You had preached more than threescore sermons here—grand, glorious sermons; but I was known as a skeptic then, and, while I loved you, I did not accept

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his*

what you preached. You had not spoken to me individually before, as I remember; but those five words you spoke to me, and to me alone, at the close of the meeting, after your work with us was done, the harvest ended, the summer past and gone!

“I could not forget those words. They clung to my memory and sang to me in the brightness of the day, when the shadowy light of evening fell on the quiet hills and in the stillness and darkness of night. They were with me when springtime sowed the earth with flowers, when summer smiled over a happy land, when autumn poured out golden harvest treasures and when the winds of winter swept over desolate hills and vales. Amid all other sounds, I heard in my soul those words: ‘May the Lord bless you.’ Like the shade of a lonely tree on a burning plain; like the cool, crystal water of a solitary spring in a wilderness of shifting sand; like the voice of a bird in the dreary solitude of a desert, your voice still spoke to my soul.

“The memory of those blessed words was with me when, in the autumn of 1903, I set sail on the world of waters. God was with me, and held me safe in the hollow of his hand, rocked on the bosom of the ocean, as a good ship plowed her way through the whispering waves. When, at midnight, the moonbeams rested on the billows’ foamy crest; when the light of midday wrapped the ocean in glittering glory; or when, at evening time, we watched the sunset on the sea, those words, and with them the mighty truths I had heard you proclaim, lingered in my heart.

“In the midst of the vice and crime and sin of a great

city, amid dangers on every hand, God blessed me, protected me, shielded me, preserved me. Many times death was near me; but the hand of God, invisible to mortal eyes, was interposed. Once I inadvertently stepped upon the third rail of the Long Island Elevated Electric Railroad, and the current that runs all the elevated trains of Brooklyn passed through my body, slightly shocking me, but doing me no harm. Why that stupendous force of death and destruction did not hurl me into eternity, I cannot understand, unless it was that God shielded me.

“As I stepped away from that deadly rail, safe and sound, while the crowd of spectators gazed in wonder and amazement at my escape, I thought of the benediction your lips called down upon my unworthy head long ago. I can never know in this life how many times God has saved my life and blessed me in answer to that prayer, for death has been near me many times.

“I want you to know how much those words have done to lead me out of the darkness and gloom of skepticism into the light of faith and hope and love. They called to me through lost years and across the wastes of half a lifetime—called me, and would not be silenced. Low and sweet and clear, calling often, calling ever, at last they called me home.

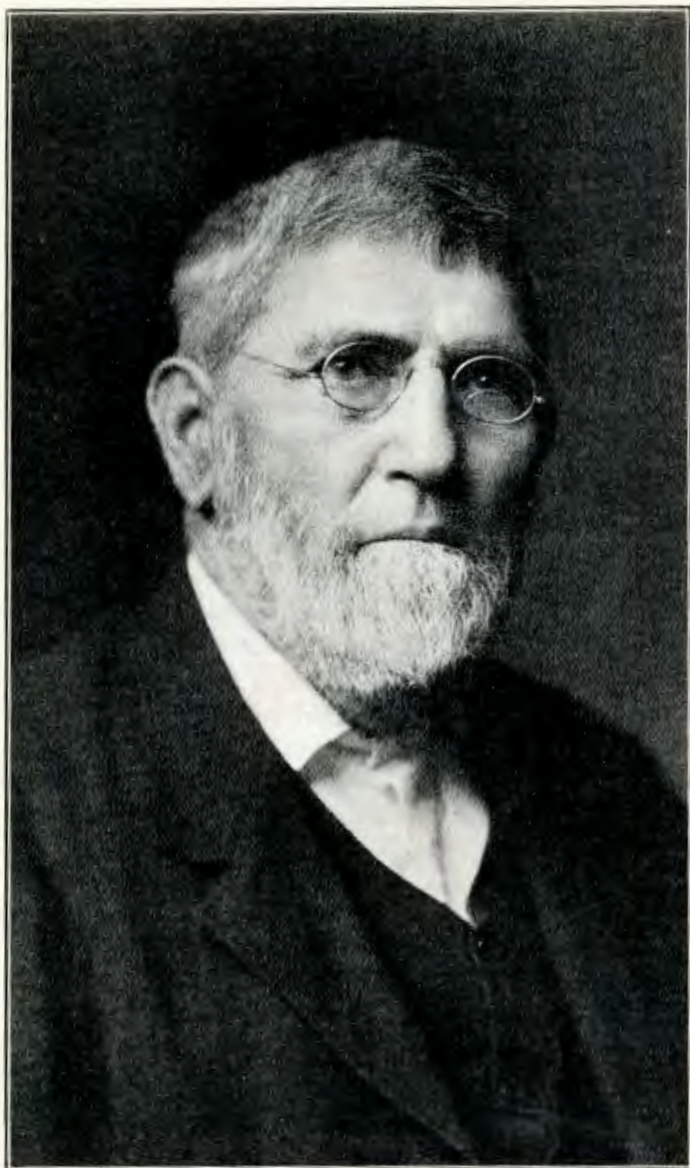
“Now, God willing, I am soon to see you again. I shall soon hear again the voice that followed me so faithfully and so long, that called God’s blessing on my wayward head, and I shall see again the face that looked on me with so much tenderness, long ago, when you said:

‘ May the Lord bless you.’ Till then, and forever, ‘ may the Lord bless *you.*’ ”

He constantly receives such letters—letters filled with expressions of love, tenderness, admiration, praise; and, as suggested in one of the foregoing letters, it seems almost impossible that any man could receive so much praise without becoming egotistic. Possibly the clouds that hung over Brother Larimore’s childhood and youth, and that had a salutary effect in developing his character in other respects, have also been an effectual shield against vanity and egotism. Be that as it may, praise that might be dangerous to a less well-balanced character seems never to disturb the serenity of his calm, thoughtful mind; his patient, meek humility; his frank, natural manner; his perfect balance of thought and feeling. He appreciates the love and praise so abundantly showered upon him, but there is never in his mien any of the “ I-am-holier-than-thou ” spirit.

He himself realizes the danger that lies in overmuch praise, as the following letter clearly indicates. Brother Lipscomb, writing to a brother who had complained of unjust, unkind treatment from churches and brethren, wrote:

“ You are not alone in having felt the sting of injustice and unkindness in churches and brethren. I have felt that sting, for myself and others. I am glad to be able to say I have felt it as frequently and as keenly for others as for myself. I am unselfish in this. The very brethren who are most popular feel the sting of unkindness as keenly as others. Brother Larimore, for instance, has been praised as much as any one. I some-



DAVID LIPSCOMB.

times tremble for him, lest the praises ruin him. But he is of a tender, shrinking temperament, and feels unkindness so keenly that I feel for him most keenly when he suffers unkindness. He is called on to suffer it frequently. . . . He is so shy of controversy that sometimes we hardly know where to place him, but know he will not overstep the bounds of scriptural authority."

Relative to that letter, Brother Larimore wrote:

"Brother — (innocently, I'm sure) tried to make the impression on my mind that Brother Lipscomb gave me a heavy blow in the letter herewith inclosed. Hence my anxiety to read it. I was not uneasy. I *knew*, whatsoever it might be, it was done in love, by a true friend, *for my good*, and that I should be grateful for it. Well, I've read it, and 'am of the same opinion still.' No 'blow' in it, either. I have often thought of these very things. I've also had fears just such as Brother Lipscomb has. I have also wondered, and told you so, why friends should love and praise me so. This I can never understand.

"What higher compliment have I ever received than the constant friendship, confidence and love of Brother Lipscomb through all the bitter-sweet years since first I learned to lean upon and love him—twenty-five years? Look at this: 'I sometimes tremble for him, lest the praises ruin him. . . . But I know he will not overstep the bounds of scriptural authority.' Who ever penned greater praises? If praise ever ruins me, Brother Lipscomb will have much of the blame to bear. He praises me when he *trembles* for my safety—trembles,

as he says, 'lest the praises ruin' me. Why *such* a man tremble for my safety? To *me, that is praise.*

"Tolbert Fanning praised me many years ago, when he said of me: 'He will never run off after anything new. He will never depart from the faith. He will never disgrace the cause of Christ.'

"These things are my strongest stay. *How can I fall,* loved and praised and trusted as I am? What a robber I should be! Tolbert Fanning, David Lipscomb, E. G. Sewell, F. D. Srygley, and thousands of others—friends who 'tremble' when they even imagine I'm in danger! It should certainly be practically impossible for me to fall with such a host about me. These things sustain, strengthen, *save* me. May the Lord love and save my friends."

Strong men known to be very sparing of their praise sometimes praise Brother Larimore extravagantly and sometimes apparently unconsciously. When he left Franklin College, forty years ago, setting his face Southward, because he believed the South to be the proper place for him, "Jack Fanning," as his friends called him—Prof. A. J. Fanning, who presided over Franklin College—handed him an intensely strong letter of commendation, from which Brother Larimore, a stranger in a strange land, copied a strong, but sample, sentence, and made it a part of the first catalogue of Mars' Hill College. The Fannings were leading lights in the land, strong and influential, especially in religious and educational circles, and, withal, known to be averse to fulsome praise or flattery. It is not surprising, therefore, that some one, when he read the sentence—"I consider

his scholarship superior to that of any teacher I know”—said: “*Jack Fanning never wrote that.*” Brother Lipscomb, hearing the remark, wrote for the letter, received it, read it and returned it to Brother Larimore, saying, in a brief note accompanying it, “*The letter itself is stronger than the sentence you quote from it,*” and advising him to not be discouraged by adverse criticism or even cruel censure.

It may be asked: How does he gain this strong hold on the hearts of those with whom he lives and labors? We might as well ask: Why was John “the beloved disciple” of the Lord? There were among the twelve, doubtless, other souls as loyal, brave and true as John; others as well fitted as he to meet the dangers and difficulties that confronted those who followed the Savior, and as ready as he to die in defense of Christ and his cause. He “knew what was in man,” understood them all, loved them all, and selected for special work those best fitted for that work; but he found in the gentle, affectionate nature of John something that especially appealed to him—something that met and satisfied the longing in his own heart for human love and sympathy. He appreciated the strength, boldness and fidelity of Peter and committed to him “the keys of the kingdom,” thus making him a leader among his brethren. But, as he hung agonizing on the cross, it was to *John's* care he commended his heartbroken mother, knowing the depths of the devotion and the tenderness and sympathy of that beloved disciple's heart.

Human hearts naturally and readily respond to love, sympathy and gentleness. Love, “the greatest thing

in the world," is the power that must save the world; sympathy, to be a perfect plant, must be deep-rooted in love; and tenderness is the perfect flower of that perfect plant. There are many men whom we love for their work's sake and honor for their devotion to the truth to whom we would never turn in any hour of sorrow, because their love for humanity, deep and true though it may be, has never developed the perfect plant and flower of sympathy and tenderness. I think one secret of Brother Larimore's influence is his tender sympathy. Having suffered long and sorrowed much, he knows how to sympathize with the suffering and sorrowing—with the light-hearted and happy, too; and in every great event of life those who know him turn to him confidently, sure of the solace and sympathy they seek.

He receives letters breathing a spirit of love and tenderness, because he writes just such letters. For instance, he recently wrote a little sister whom he had never seen, relative to a series of meetings she had arranged for him to hold, near her home, as follows:

"Precious Little Girl: Your sweet, sad letter has just reached me. Much obliged, sweet child—much obliged. To *me*, you are almost a miracle. 'The Lord willing,' I'll be there—reach your home June 25—unless *we*—not *I*—change the time. I long to be there, but I'm afraid you'll be disappointed in *me*—that my only fear.

"We'll let that 'suggestion' forever be exactly as if it had never been. *No* one meant any harm by it, of course. As to my being 'a big city preacher:' I think I'm 'not guilty.' Whether 'guilty' or 'not guilty,' however, I'm not too 'big' or too 'city,' either, to love you

and all my other friends—and I'm sure I'll love you better when I know you better. I'm sure I shall not be disappointed in you.

“Relative to our meeting: All shall be exactly as you desire, so far as I am concerned, anything I may have said to the contrary, notwithstanding. And now—with this understanding—I wish to make a suggestion. Reports from beyond the Rockies assure me that crops in that country *must* be late this year. It is very—exceedingly—discouraging to me to begin a country meeting about a week or ten days before crops are completed, and, necessarily, let the meeting drag, while brethren ‘lay by’ their crops; but I love my country friends and brethren—‘the salt of the earth’—hence love to work and worship with them when conditions are favorable. Now, therefore, if *you* believe it best, I suggest that we begin our meeting July 4—‘the glorious fourth’—instead of June 27. The change can be no inconvenience to me—and I really believe it is *best*. Now, please decide the question as *you* deem best, sweet child.”

He says: “I love and appreciate my friends all the more for criticising and correcting me *in love* whenever they do so, and hence such labor of love bestowed upon me is never in vain.” And the following correspondence illustrates the truth of that statement:

A sister, out of tender regard for his welfare, wrote him, suggesting that he should carefully avoid a certain course of conduct, saying:

“I entreat, in advance, your forgiveness for venturing to hold out this danger signal. Please write me, if only a line, to say you forgive me.”

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He responded:

“ ‘ Forgive ’ you! Yes—when I forgive ‘ the beautiful snow ’ for being pure and white and clean; the sun, for shining; spring, for smiling; flowers, for blooming; doves, for cooing; lambs, for playing; and mothers, for loving their own little ones—then, but certainly not till then, shall I forgive *you* for *anything* I have ever known you to think or say or do.”

It may be true that such full and free expressions of tenderness mean, in reality, no more than the more conservative utterances of less demonstrative natures. But, as “love begets love,” so expressions of tenderness call forth responsive expressions from the hearts of men, women and children, as readily and naturally as warm spring sunshine calls into life buds and blossoms that winter’s cold beams could never vitalize. In this truth lies, perhaps, one reason of Brother Larimore’s remarkable influence.

Jesus said, “A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and in his own house”—a truth of general application that human experience constantly illustrates. Human nature is slow to accept as a teacher or leader one who has been familiarly known in a lowlier position. But to draw, from that great truth, the conclusion that no prophet—no teacher or leader—is *ever* honored in his own country and “among his own kin,” is to do violence to our Savior’s teaching and to human experience—therefore, to the truth. Human beings are simply human, not divine, and familiarity with those whom the world calls great sometimes reveals to us unexpected, unattractive traits of their character; but the

influence of a truly great and good man must begin in his own home, must be felt in his own community. Otherwise, his influence cannot be a good influence; hence he is truly great and truly good *only* in imagination and reputation—certainly not in deed, in character, in truth.

Realizing this, Brother Larimore especially appreciates the love and respect the people of his own community—his friends and neighbors—entertain for him. He recently wrote:

“For many reasons the dear old Mars’ Hill home is dear to me. One—and not the least—of these reasons is: All classes and conditions of people there, where forty years of my life have been spent, seem to appreciate me. When a Presbyterian lawyer, the son of a Presbyterian supreme judge, both of whom have known me many years, as friend and neighbor, introduced me to a large audience in Florence, on a memorable Decoration Day, as ‘our distinguished citizen, everybody’s friend, whom everybody knows, whom everybody honors, whom everybody loves,’ while his introduction may have been an exaggeration, he suggested things that bind me to the dear old home.

“When at home recently, having been called home to officiate at a funeral and a marriage, I heard something from the other extreme of social life that I appreciate no less than I appreciate what my lawyer friend in higher life said.

“Mrs. Garrett Smith, an estimable Florence lady, was assisting in taking the religious census of the town. At the door of a humble home the head of the house met

her. She handed him a card. He said: 'You'll have to read it for me; I can't read.' Then the following dialogue forthwith ensued:

" 'To what church do you belong?'

" 'None.'

" 'To what church does your wife belong?'

" 'None.'

" 'To what church do your children belong?'

" 'None.'

" 'Where do you and your wife attend religious services?'

" 'Nowhere.'

" 'Where do your children go?'

" 'They just go about.'

" 'What Sunday school do your children attend?'

" 'None.'

" 'What church do you prefer?'

" 'None.'

" 'You certainly have some sort of religious preference?'

" 'I have not.'

" 'If you had to have a preacher in your house—for a funeral, a marriage or anything else—whom would you have?'

" 'I'd have T. B. Larimore.'

" 'Well, then, I'll just put you down as favorable to the Christian church.'

" 'No, you needn't. I'm not favorable to any of them; but if I had to have a preacher in my house, I'd rather have T. B. Larimore than any other man on earth.'

"All, therefore, that Mrs. Smith was authorized to

record—officially—as to that poor, illiterate man and his household was that they are partial to T. B. Larimore. I know not who they are; but my heart is set on learning who they are and bringing them to Christ, that they may have a happy home forever.”

His friends in the community in which he lives are not all of the Gentile race. While he was engaged in a series of meetings in Florence, Ala., a few years ago, he wrote:

“I’m glad I have not, never have had, and know no reason why I ever should have, less respect for Jews than for Gentiles. The Hebrews have made a wonderful record in this world. Why should we not appreciate them, respect them, honor them? As for me, I do. A Hebrew—Jewish—merchant, Mr. Moses Coplan, his worthy wife and their eight intelligent children are classed by me and mine among our special Florence friends.

“Mrs. Coplan and her little ones visit us occasionally, to spend a summer day in the woods with us. We are always glad to have them in our home; and I’m sure the children enjoy wading in the creek and the spring branch; running, sitting and swinging in the shade; and other rustic privileges and pleasures peculiar to the country.

“As Mrs. Larimore is in Florida, I am, for the first time, making Florence my home, my home here being near Mr. Coplan’s. If you should see me going to our meetinghouse here sometimes, a pretty, little Hebrew child holding each of my hands, I in the center of a group of such children, you might believe me to be on



THE COPLAN FAMILY.

(Since some of the "little ones" have grown some.)

my way to the synagogue—of course. These 'Hebrew children,' little and large, are my friends, loyal and true, and would stand bravely by me whensoever I might need them. Their sweet, guileless devotion to me, notwithstanding the practically almost impassable gulf—religious—between us, is, to *me*, peculiarly and impressively pathetic. Jesus, whom Christians adore as their Savior, was the obedient Son of a blessed Hebrew mother; and I'm sure, if he were here to-day, he'd love these precious children—his 'kindred in the flesh'—and I'm glad I love them. They are little now, but some of them shall soon be 'too big to be kissed'—but *never* too large to be loved.

"May Jehovah, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, always abundantly bless them all."

To bring sinners to Christ—to "preach the word"—is his ever-present desire. While not a *professional* revivalist, or evangelist, he is a successful evangelist, and nothing but an evangelist, nevertheless. Called to churches and colleges all over the land, he is available for no local work on any terms or conditions whatsoever. Cherishing the highest and tenderest regard for faithful teachers of every grade and every character of work—presidents, professors, primary teachers—he is never available as material to supplant any one on any terms.

He has positively declined to accept the presidency of a score of prominent educational institutions—colleges and universities; the pastorate of rich, strong, influential churches; and is now urged to abandon the evangelistic field and take charge of his choice of any one of many

strong churches or either of three colleges that promise to be potent factors for good during many years to come.

He has consecrated all his time, talent and power—all he has and all he is—to evangelistic work; and nothing can turn him from that course but the conviction that Providence points to another and different field of labor for him. He is always ready, willing and anxious to yield to every pressure of the hand of Providence; hence, whensoever, if ever, he believes duty demands it, he, like Cincinnatus of old, will leave his chosen field, heeding the diverting call, till the emergency has been met, till duty's demands have been complied with, and then, like Cincinnatus, return to his plow—to his chosen vocation—the vocation of an evangelist, doing all he can, everywhere he goes, to strengthen and build up the cause of Christ.



“And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.”



Since the foregoing part of this chapter was written, the church at Cookeville, Tenn., having determined to build a great educational institution, to be called “Larimore University,” and having *urged* Brother Larimore to accept the chancellorship of the school, he has yielded to the strong pressure brought to bear upon him and accepted the position, as stated in the following characteristic letter—his letter of acceptance:

Neece's Nest, near Nashville, Ark.,

Saturday, July 10, 1909—my sixty-sixth birthday.

My Dearly Beloved Brethren—*Friends*:

In answer to your earnest, impressive, persistent, pathetic entreaty—appeal—I, this day, send you the following brief, but important, telegram:

"Believing duty imperatively demands it, 'the Lord willing,' I will."

You know what that means. To me, it means much. To you, it may mean more. To Cookeville, that country and the cause of Christ, it may mean most. That the Lord may so lead us all as to bring out of it "the greatest good to the greatest number" is my earnest, hopeful, fervent "prayer of faith."

It is manifestly neither necessary nor needful for me to herein mention *all* the telegram means or *may* mean; but we all know it means I am, from this day, from this moment—henceforth indefinitely—to use, prudently and properly, hence honorably and righteously, whatsoever influence I may have, to help you in the wonderful work you now have on head and hand and heart—always in such a way as to never hinder, but ever help, similar enterprises and institutions conducted in the interest of the church and cause of Christ—hence, of humanity.

While I have never sought place or position with you—or *others*, anywhere—but have, so far as this Cookeville call is concerned, steadily, strongly, persistently and perpetually pulled the other way, you have *as* persistently pleaded and promised, and have finally persuaded; and now, as you have at last prevailed and I have promised—promised to go to Cookeville, preach for the church there and "have *some sort* of connection with our school"—*as you express it*—it is evidently my duty to carefully consider your propositions, promises and clearly expressed wishes, and to comply with



"NEECE'S NEST."
(Home of J. H. Neece.)

your generous and reasonable request to "formulate a proposition perfectly satisfactory to" myself, if no one of the three propositions you have submitted to me satisfies me perfectly—is entirely acceptable to me.

I. PREACHING.

Well, that's my mission—my calling—my life work—my meat and my drink, figuratively speaking.

We'll have no trouble about *that*, unless you try to silence me without cause. In that event, we may have an upheaval—an earthquake. I'm always ready, willing and anxious to preach at least twice every day and three times each Sunday whensoever and wheresoever responsible people, rich or poor, will patiently, politely and diligently listen—and I always prefer to have *some* of the irresponsible present; for, to *me*, even an assembly of *saints* without *little children*—including even sinless babes—is as a leafless, budless, blossomless flower garden in the smile of spring or the sunshine of summer. *May the Lord bless the little ones.* "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

II. HOUSE—HOME.

You have promised to build me, "in the very best location available, a *house*—a *home*—*that shall be the prettiest and the best home in Cookeville.*" That's the exact phraseology of your promise. I appreciate that important promise, of course; but a neat, clean, cozy, comfortable "double log cabin," with a broad, wide-open, well and carefully screened hall, where I can sleep, safe and secure from flies, "skeeters an' sich," regardless of changing seasons, wind and weather, between the two rooms; a good chimney and a good, spacious, open fireplace at each end of the house, and ample space around the house for touch-me-nots and morning-glories; located in any respectable place in the town or country contiguous thereto, *will satisfy me perfectly*—and if

you build me no house at all, I shall neither murmur nor complain. Why should I? Who and what am I? But that's *your* business, not mine; and you'll attend to it promptly and properly. You'll perfectly perform—faithfully fulfill—*all* your promises to me, I am sure; and I certainly should faithfully fulfill all my promises to *you*.

III. SALARY.

"There's the rub." However, as I have all the advantage—have that matter entirely in my own hands—I can probably settle it in a manner perfectly satisfactory to *myself*, at least. When your committee of seventeen honorable, responsible, Christian gentlemen met me, according to your own arrangement, appointment and request, in the Maxwell House parlors, at Nashville, Tenn., April 15, 1909, to present and press and impress your plea, Judge Denny, speaking for the committee, earnestly, impressively and repeatedly said, "And **THE SALARY SHALL BE JUST WHATSOEVER YOU SAY**"—and the silence of the sixteen meant unanimous approval and consent, **OF COURSE**.

So, then, that settles *that*, making it *easy* for me. **WHATSOEVER I SAY SHALL BE THE SALARY, THAT SHALL THE SALARY BE.** What, therefore, should and shall I say? Simply this: *There shall be no salary—no SORT of pledge or promise of pay.*

I, virtually, practically, *when I deliver the decisive telegram*, begin the work, and—in *my influence*—go to Cookeville, to-day—*now*; and I go, as I have *nearly* always gone, wheresoever I have ever gone, as the forty-four years I have spent in evangelistic work—in gospel preaching—have come and gone—*absolutely without any sort or semblance or assurance of salary—without the slightest intimation of pledge or promise of pay.* Greater, wiser, and better men do and have done otherwise, and I have neither right nor inclination to

censure, criticise or condemn them; but, with exceptions too few and too slight to be worthy of even one moment's serious consideration in this connection, I *have not*; and now, when I am permitted to state my own salary, as chancellor of a great university, with the guaranteed assurance that, "*whatsoever*" it may be, I shall have it, the opportunity is no temptation to me to permit selfishness to subvert and supplant my lifetime rule. On no other condition can I be induced to go to Cookeville or elsewhere. Not greed for gain or glory, but an abiding desire to do good, shall move me in this matter.

Henceforth I shall help you as—and as long as—*duty* may seem to demand, and *to me* may seem to be best; and, whether you give me much, little or nothing, I shall be satisfied, and shall certainly do my duty as wisely and well as I can.

IV. THE NAME OF THE SCHOOL.*

You seem to have determined and definitely decided to name the school Larimore—Larimore University—while I have suggested Dixie—Dixie University—you having irrevocably resolved to make the school a university. Do as you deem best, and I shall certainly not protest. Indeed, I have no right to protest. I belong to Christ and my friends. The institution is your creation, and is to be the creature of your constant care; hence it

*Barely in time for this brief note to be prepared and put into this book as it passed through the hands of the printers, Brother Larimore obtained permission to change the name of the school from "Larimore" to "Dixie"—not that he doubted the success of the school or despised the honor of such a school's being named for him by friends who love him, hence love to honor him; but because he believed, and has all the time believed, "Dixie" is decidedly the better name of the two—if not, indeed, the best of all names—for the great educational institution a consecrated brotherhood in Christ has resolved to build. So, then, the name of the school is "Dixie."

is certainly your right to call it whatsoever you will. It is a universally recognized and conceded privilege and prerogative of *parents, challenged by none*, to name their own children—*of course*—and *no* mortal has right to protest.

V. MY POSITION IN THE SCHOOL.

Your decision to make and call me chancellor seems to be definite, fixed and final.

Relative to that and the name of the institution and the salary and the house—the home—I wish to say, "*in sincerity and in truth:*" Dixie and doorkeeper would be just as satisfactory to *me* as Larimore and chancellor; a log cabin, as satisfactory as a palace; a precious, little, freewill, *love* offering, as satisfactory as a *fortune*.

I'm no better than my brethren, my sisters, my friends; and I covet no preëminence. I seek neither worldly wealth nor earthly glory. Do as you deem best, in the light of duty, reason and revelation, and you'll do as I desire you to do.

VI. WHAT AM I TO DO?

Whatsoever I believe duty demands; but I am NOT to be held responsible for the DISCIPLINE of the school; nor am I to bear the burden of the DRUDGERY of the class room.

VII. WHEN DO MY DUTIES BEGIN?

NOW.

Gratefully, affectionately and fraternally,
T. B. LARIMORE.



"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." (Eccles. 9: 10.)

ON SOME FAIR DAY.

(Affectionately inscribed to T. B. Larimore by Mrs. Jennie
Jones Cunningham.)

On some fair day, in some sweet place,
I trust again to see your face;
To hear your voice the story tell
Whose praise the harps of heaven swell;
To join in anthems raised to Him
Whose love can cleanse the soul from sin.

On some fair day, in some sweet place,
I trust again to see your face,
Instinct with radiance from above—
The Father's look, the Savior's love—
Transfigured with the holy light
That shone on Sinai's awful night.

For I have watched your features shine
Translucent from that inner shrine,
Till my being caught the flame
And kindled at one holy fane,
Till on my heart, refined and clear,
The Savior's image could appear.

On some fair day, in some sweet place,
Where cherubim the audience grace,
Where angels spread their starry wings
And all the countless concourse sings,
Where life is love and love is sweet,
I trust again your face to meet.

On some fair day, in some sweet place,
That well-remembered, smiling face
Across the radiance of the skies
Will meet my gaze in paradise;
And on that brow one star will shine,
A record for this soul of mine.

CHAPTER VI.

Sermon—"The Church of the Living God."

"THESE things write I unto thee, hoping to come unto thee shortly: but if I tarry long, that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." (1 Tim. 3: 14, 15.)

As stated in the sacred scripture selected for our prayerful, careful, diligent consideration now, the apostle Paul wrote to Timothy, a Christian evangelist, the divinely inspired letter, a few words of which I have just read and quoted, that he—Timothy—might know how he ought to behave himself "in the house of God;" but, notwithstanding the inspired author plainly and positively declares that to have been his object in writing the letter, there is not in it, anywhere, even the slightest allusion to how Timothy or any other mortal should behave in a meetinghouse, schoolhouse or any other house or habitation made by man. Therefore "the house of God" mentioned in the sacred scripture now under consideration here is neither a meetinghouse, human habitation nor any other house or building made by human hands; hence it is not a "house" in the literal sense of that term. Certainly additional proof of this proposition can never be consistently, conscien-

tiously or reasonably demanded or desired. Please let us not forget this, whatsoever else we may or may not find in the course of our present investigation. Let us always remember that "house," as used in this text, does not mean and cannot mean "house" in the literal sense of that term.

But is the word "house" used in the Bible—the word of God—in any other than its literal sense? Yes, hundreds and hundreds of times. It is sometimes used both literally and figuratively in one and the same paragraph, verse, sentence. But in all such cases, with possibly a *very few* real or apparent exceptions, the sense in which it is used each time is so clearly manifest that there is absolutely no reason why any responsible soul who can read plain print should ever have the slightest shade of a shadow of a doubt as to whether the word is used in its literal or in a figurative sense in the clause or connection in which it is found—as in the lesson we now have under consideration, for instance: "These things write I unto thee, hoping to come unto thee shortly: but if I tarry long, that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." Of course, as all responsible souls who read the Bible *know*, the church of the living God is not, never has been and never can be a literal house. But it is here declared to be God's house. Therefore, God's house—"the house of God"—here spoken of is not a literal, man-made house.

"House" is used hundreds of times in the Bible as the equivalent of *household—family*; hence, Webster, our

peerless, standard, English lexicographer, does no violence to truth divine in so defining it. The spirit that inspired and prompted Paul, Peter, James, John and Jude to write love letters—the twenty-one epistles of the New Testament—for God to his children, says: “By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith.” (Heb. 11: 7.) No house or habitation made with hands was saved in the ark that Noah “prepared,” and of course no one thinks so; but he “prepared”—built, or made—“an ark to the saving of his house”—household, or family—or for “the saving of his house”—and it perfectly performed the purpose for which it was “prepared.” In the ark, Noah and his house—his household, his family—were saved. Hence the Spirit, by the pen of the apostle Peter, says: “Which sometime were disobedient, when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a-preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved by water. The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God,) by the resurrection of Jesus Christ.” (1 Pet. 3: 20, 21.)

The sacred story of the deluge, found in the sixth, seventh and eighth chapters of Genesis, clearly confirms all this. Indeed, we need nothing but the divinely inspired story of Noah and his family to prove the Spirit uses the term “house” as an exact equivalent of “household” or “family,” and that, therefore, it is both scrip-

tural and safe—as well as correct in the light of the English language—for us to so use it. Now, let us look and see—listen and learn. "These are the generations of Noah: Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God. And Noah begat three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth." (Gen. 6: 9, 10.) God promised these people—these four men—and their nearest and dearest loved ones, deliverance from danger and destruction wrought by the deluge. These constituted a house, household, or family. "And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation." (Gen. 7: 1.) This is the first place in the Bible where the word "house" is found. That it here means household—family—no responsible soul who has a conscience or any respect for truth can deny, of course.

Noah did all that God commanded him to do. "Thus did Noah; according to all that God commanded him, so did he." (Gen. 6: 22.) What did the Lord command him to do? Many things, "all" of which he did. This is one of them: "And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation." (Gen. 7: 1.) "And Noah did according unto all that the Lord commanded him." (Gen. 7: 5.) Noah and his *house*, then, went "into the ark." No literal house went "into the ark," of course; but Noah's "house"—household—family—did.

Of what did Noah's "house" that "went into the ark" consist? "And Noah went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him, into the ark, be-

cause of the waters of the flood." (Gen. 7: 7.) So, then, Noah's "house" that "went into the ark"—his "house" that was saved, or preserved, in the ark, and that, after the deluge, "went forth" out of the ark and replenished the otherwise depopulated earth—was none other than his providentially protected *household*, or *family*. "In the selfsame day entered Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japheth, the sons of Noah, and Noah's wife, and the three wives of his sons with them, into the ark." (Gen. 7: 13.) In the ark prepared for their preservation they were all safe, preserved and protected by Providence till the storm subsided, "the waters were abated" and the dry land appeared. Then there was no reason why Noah and his house—household—family—should longer remain in the ark; hence God willed, demanded and commanded that they should not do so. "And God spake unto Noah, saying, Go forth of the ark, thou, and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee." (Gen. 8: 15, 16.) "And Noah went forth, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him." (Gen. 8: 18.) So, then, Noah's "house" saved in the ark was simply Noah's family.

To the children of Israel, Joshua said, when the time of his departure was at hand: "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.) No literal house then or ever willed to serve the Lord; but Joshua, the just, the faithful, the sublime, said: "*As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.*" Of course all responsible souls who read this know—absolutely know—*house* in that sublime declaration means *household*, or family—"as for me and *mine*, we will serve the Lord."

Of a certain nobleman whose son the Savior temporarily saved from dying, from death, the Spirit says: "And himself believed, and his whole house." (John 4: 53.) Of course it was not the house in which that nobleman lived, but his *household*, or family, that believed. "And himself believed, and his whole house"—*household*, or *family*—of course.

"Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ." (Acts 2: 36.) No literal house has ever known or been able to know. No literal house has ever been personated by "ye"—a plural pronoun. No literal house crucified Christ. But "the house of Israel" could know, was and is personated by "ye," and did crucify Christ. Therefore "the house of Israel" is not a literal house, but the household, or family, of Jacob—Israel—even though that family may consist of many millions.

"The house of Jacob" occurs in the Bible not less than twenty-two times; "the house of Israel," not less than one hundred and fourteen times, unquestionably invariably meaning the *household*, *family*, *descendants*, of Jacob—of Israel—a house that can hear, that can see,

that can feel, that can fear, that can know; a house that can sin, that can serve the Lord, that can rebel against the right, that can repent of the wrong; a house that can suffer, a house that can rejoice; a house that can live, a house that can die—all of which is clearly taught in the book of God. The Old Testament and the New Testament both abound in proof of the proposition that household, or family, is a prevalent meaning of the word *house* as used in the Bible.

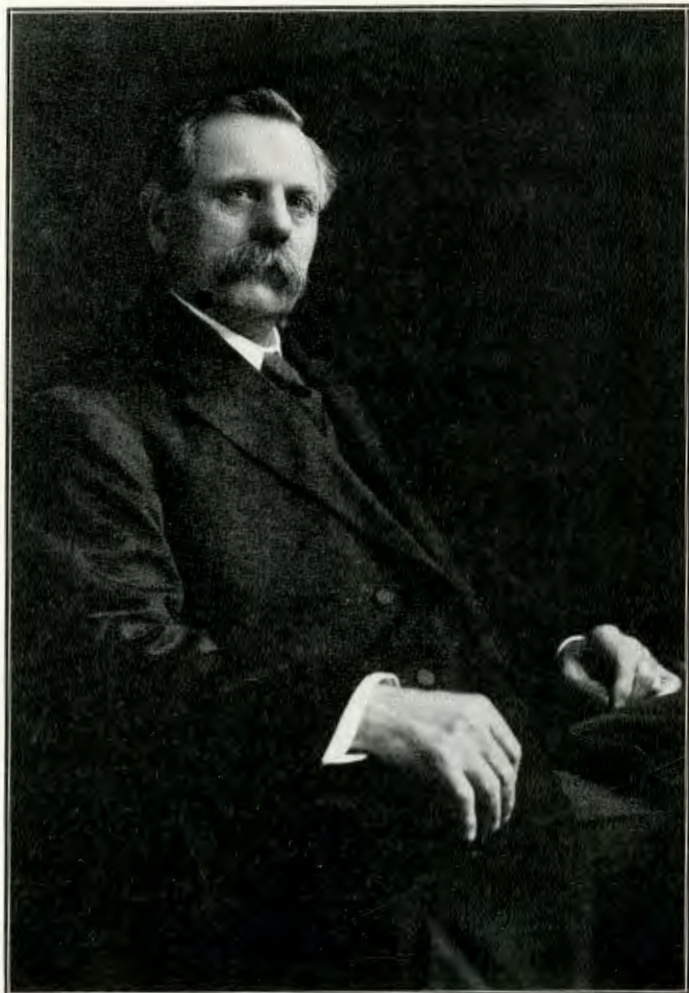
The Spirit speaks of Cornelius, the prudent, prayerful, pious centurion—captain—of “the band”—company—of soldiers, “called the Italian band,” as “a devout man, and one who feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway.” (Acts 10: 2.) This sacred scripture being true, the “house” of Cornelius “feared God.” Of course, then, “his house” spoken of in this scripture was not a literal, lifeless house, but his household, or family.

The angel of God who appeared to Cornelius to make the necessary arrangements for that God-fearing, almsgiving, prayerful Gentile to hear the gospel, “the power of God unto salvation,” that he and his might “be saved,” said to him, as we learn from Peter’s account of the conversion of Cornelius (Acts 11: 5-18): “Send men to Joppa, and call for Simon, whose surname is Peter; who shall tell thee words, whereby thou and all thy house shall be saved” (verses 13, 14)—“thy house” in this sentence unquestionably meaning household, or family, *of course*.

It has been suggested that the term “house” is some-

times used in its literal sense and also in a figurative sense in the same paragraph, verse, or even sentence, in the Bible; but that in such cases, with possibly a very few real or imaginary exceptions, the meaning is so obvious that all who can read plain print can, without a moment's necessary hesitation, tell the meaning of the term when and where so used. The following examples prove this point plainly and perfectly: "And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house"—household, or family, of course. (Acts 16: 31.) "And they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house"—his literal house, home, habitation. (Acts 16: 32.) "And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, straightway. And when he had brought them into his house"—home, habitation—literal house, *of course*—"he set meat before them, and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house"—household, or *family*, of course. (Acts 16: 33, 34.) "And Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, believed on the Lord with all his house; and many of the Corinthians hearing believed, and were baptized." (Acts 18: 8.) Among the "many of the Corinthians" who "hearing believed, and were baptized," then, were Crispus and "all his house"—household, or family, of course.

These are but samples of the uses of "house" in this figurative, scriptural sense; and I am sure it is perfectly safe to say, in the presence of God and in the light of his word, the word "house" is used in the Bible in the sense of household, or family, hundreds of times. So, then, it is not safe to assume that it is used in some



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other sense in the language of the lesson we now have under consideration; but it *is* safe to "search the scriptures," that we may KNOW in what sense it is here used; and this let us now diligently do, with an honest, earnest, sincere desire to learn what truth divine teaches—"only this, and nothing more."

To this end let us first examine the context—see in what sense the word is used in the third chapter of First Timothy, the chapter containing the sacred scripture we now have under consideration. The inspired writer, speaking of a Christian elder—bishop—overseer (verses 4 and 5), says: "One that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity; (for if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?)." That "house," as used in each of these verses, means household, or family, no responsible soul can ever seriously question, of course. The same is true of the same word—"house"—in the plural, as used in the twelfth verse of the same chapter; and the passage we now have under consideration consists of the fourteenth and fifteenth verses of that selfsame chapter.

All these things tend to prove, strengthen and confirm the unquestionably correct conclusion reached in the beginning of this discourse, that "house" in our text cannot mean "house" in the literal sense of the term, but must necessarily mean household, or family—cannot mean anything else. Paul says: "But these things write I unto thee, hoping to come unto thee shortly: but if I tarry long, that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the

church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." Therefore "the house"—household, or family—"of God" is "the *church* of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." Nothing can be clearer than that.

Is it possible that the house—household, or family—of God "is the church of the living God?" The Spirit says so. Do we believe it? If we believe the Bible, we do. Is there any additional proof divine of this plain, important proposition? Why want more proof? What need have we of more proof or plainer proof? The Bible *abounds* in *additional* proof of the proposition, but not plainer proof; for nothing can be plainer. "These things write I unto thee, hoping to come unto thee shortly: but if I tarry long, that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, *which is the church of the living God*, the pillar and ground of the truth." Nothing can be plainer than that, nor can it be made plainer. Volumes of plainest, positive proof can never make it plainer. The question is not, Is it plain? not, Do we understand it? but, *Do we believe* it? *That's* the question.

The greatest abundance of additional, plain, positive proof is available, however, of which the following must suffice as a sample: "And Moses verily was faithful in all his house, as a servant, for a testimony of those things which were to be spoken after; but Christ as a son over his own house; whose house are we, if we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end." (Heb. 3: 5, 6.) Here Moses is said to have been "faithful in all his house"—"the church in the wilder-

ness"—"as a servant," the Hebrews having been "baptized unto him." (1 Cor. 10: 2.) So Christ is declared to be faithful "as a son over his own house; whose house are we"—Christians—Paul, a Christian, writing this to Christians—"if we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end"—we having "been baptized into Christ." (Gal. 3: 27.) So, then, Christians are the house—household, or family—over which Christ is the head—according to the will of God, the Father, of course—"and he is the head of the body, the church" (Col. 1: 18); and that settles that, "the church" being the *only* body, "house," "over"—of—"which he is the head."

This is all true, whether "his house" in Heb. 3: 5 means "the church in the wilderness"—hence the house of God, as in Num. 12: 7—the literal household, or family, of Moses, or whatsoever else it may mean. So, then, while I do not claim to absolutely *know* what "his house" in Heb. 3: 5 means, the point under consideration—that the house, household, or family, of God "is the *church* of the living God"—is clear, beyond all rational question, *regardless* of what "his house" in Heb. 3: 5 may mean.

So, then, "the house"—household, or family—"of God is the church of God;" the house of Christ is the church of Christ; and they are one and the same, notwithstanding God once had a house—"the church in the wilderness"—long before the *birth* of Christ. Hence, writing to the church of God—the church of Christ—at Ephesus, the inspired author of our text says: "Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but

fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone." (Eph. 2: 19, 20.)

The apostle Peter, writing to God's people—to Christians—to the church of God—the church of Christ—says: "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ"—for wearing the name of Christ—the name *Christ-ian*—Christian—to the exclusion of all other names—all substitutes for the name Christian—"happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you: on their part"—on the part of those who reproach you for wearing the name Christian, to the exclusion of all human substitutes therefor—"he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified. But let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evil doer, or as a busybody in other men's matters. Yet if any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf [in the Revised Version—the version of 1881—it is "but let him glorify God *in this name*"]. For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God: and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?" (1 Pet. 4: 14-17.)

This clearly teaches that "the house of God"—"which is the church of the living God"—all who are here personated by the pronoun "us"—all Christians, therefore, since they are the people here personated by the pronoun "us"—and those—all those—who obey "the gospel of God" are one and the same. "For the time is come that judgment must begin at the

house of God: and if it first begin at us"—the house of God—"what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?" Certainly this clearly shows that all here represented or personated by "us"—that is, all Christians, "the house of God"—"which is the church of the living God"—and those who *do* obey the gospel of God—are one and the same.

Now, therefore, since God's family on earth is God's church on earth, and God's children on earth are all in, or belong to, God's family on earth, all Christians—all God's children—on earth are in, or belong to, God's church on earth; hence the moment any mortal obeys the gospel—is "born again"—"born of water and of the Spirit"—becomes a babe in Christ, a Christian, a child of God, a member of God's family—that moment that mortal becomes a member of God's church. Therefore, whensoever and wheresoever mortals here below are "born again," "born of water and of the Spirit," then and there becoming God's children, hence members of God's family, they become members of God's church. Is it possible for it to be possible for it to *ever* be possible for anything to be plainer than that point, clearer than that conclusion?

In the light of all this, the absurdity of talking or thinking about "*joining* the church" should be readily seen by all responsible souls. "But doesn't the Bible say 'everybody ought to join some church?'" *No.* There's no nonsense of *any* kind in the Bible. "Can I not 'obey the gospel,' 'be born again,' become a Christian, and live the Christian life till I reach life's limit, and never belong to *any* church?" Can you "be born

again," become a Christian, a child of God, and *be* a Christian, a child of God, till you reach the limit of life on earth, and never belong to God's family—become and *be* God's *child* and never belong to God's *family*? It is marvelously and mysteriously strange that intelligent people talk that way; but they do—some of them—sometimes—in solemn, serious earnestness.

Well, when a whole generation of *human* beings can be born and live a long, long lifetime, and not one of them ever belong to the *human family*, then possibly it may be possible for it to be possible for some soul to become a Christian, a child of God—to "be born again"—and not, then and there, become a member of the "house"—*household*, or *family*—"of God, which is the *church* of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth;" but certainly not *till* then.

May the Lord bless us all in becoming and being his children, faithful and true, till Heaven shall call us home. And if this be the will of any or all of you who are subjects of the gospel call, now is the time to come. Jehovah says: "Now is the accepted time." "*Now* is the day of salvation." "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Come to the Savior and be saved.

CHAPTER VII.

Letters—Sister Larimore.

“GIVE her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.”

This book, devoted, in part, to the life and work of T. B. Larimore, could not be complete without a tribute to his wife, who earnestly, consistently and ably helped him in his work, and to whom a generous measure of his success should be attributed. It is his expressed wish that the book shall do justice, as nearly as is possible in so brief a chronicle as this, to her work, her sacrifices, her toils and her struggles, realizing that she should be remembered and honored for her worthiness and for her work's sake.

Sister Larimore—Julia Esther Gresham—was born July 11, 1845—two years and one day after Brother Larimore was born; “born again”—born into God's *family*—October 21, 1859; married, to T. B. Larimore, August 30, 1868; went home, March 4, 1907. This is a brief record of a life filled to overflowing with the fruits of the Spirit—a life that shall live in the memory of those it blessed as long as they shall live—and live in the fruits of its influence forever. She grew to womanhood in the house in which she was born, near Florence, Ala.; spent nearly all the years of her married life in sight of her



JULIA ESTHER GRESHAM.

childhood home; and her body rests in the family burying ground near that same quiet, peaceful country home. Her life, however, was not circumscribed by narrow bounds. Her sphere of usefulness was broad; her influence, far reaching.

The four years of our Civil War began just as she entered hopeful, responsible girlhood; and the experiences of that time that tried the souls of men and women, boys and girls, developed as probably nothing else could have developed some of the fine, strong traits of her character. She was endowed by nature with a clear, well-balanced mind, sound judgment, extraordinary powers of perception, observation and intuition, as well as a brave, self-reliant spirit; and she gained from life's experiences a store of knowledge and wisdom that gave her a strong influence for good. She possessed an earnest, pious nature, an active, robust constitution and a never-failing hopefulness that enabled her to surmount difficulties that might have appalled and crushed a weaker spirit.

She was, in deed and in truth, a *helpmeet* for her husband. Her practical common sense, business knowledge, industry, economy and constant cheerfulness were invaluable to him in his work as preacher, teacher and evangelist. Soon after their marriage, they built—established—Mars' Hill College, our pioneer Southern church school—our first Southern Bible school. It was a stupendous undertaking for two young people having neither money, reputation nor experience. However, they were rich in youth, health, hope, love for each other and for the cause of Christ, as well as sympathy for suffering humanity; hence Mars' Hill College grew and

flourished marvelously. During all the years of its existence, Sister Larimore was an important factor in and of its success. F. D. Srygley, one of its students, paid, in his first book, "Larimore and His Boys," the following beautiful tribute to the mistress and "mother" of Mars' Hill:

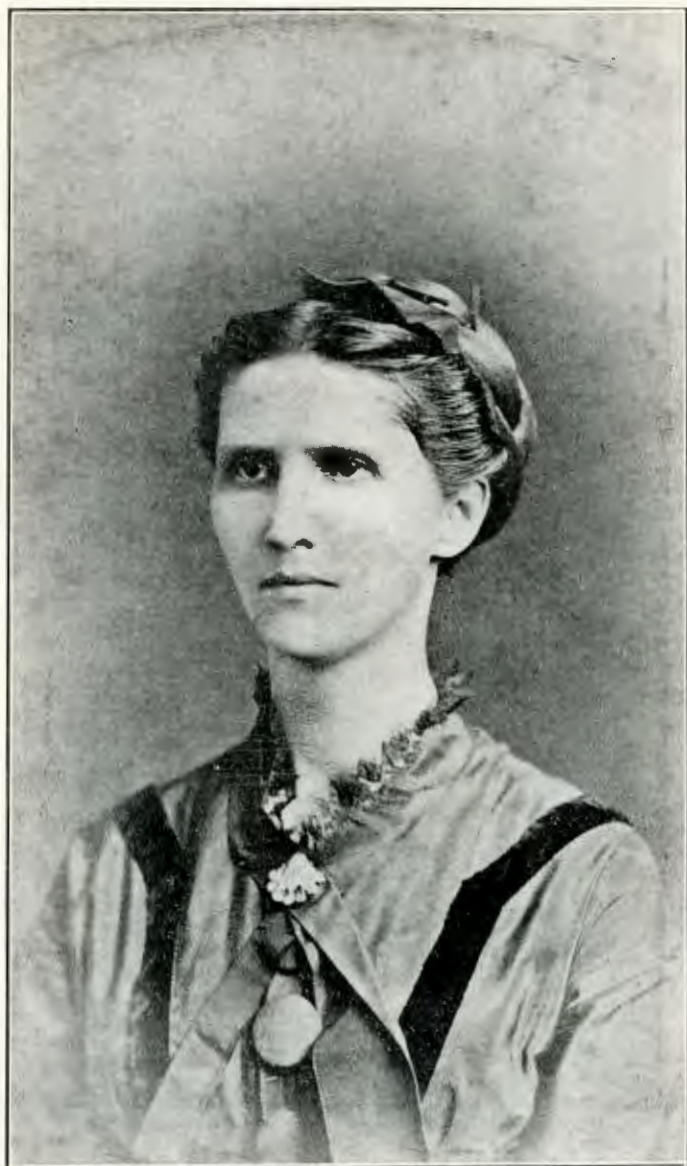
"She is industrious by nature, economical, but not parsimonious, by early training, and thoroughly businesslike in management of affairs from lifelong necessity. She is dignified in bearing, kind in manner, calm under trying circumstances, firm in her convictions, constant in her affections and patient in hope. She has the fortitude of a martyr; but she is neither fanatical nor excitable by nature. She is forever at work, and is an incessant singer. She sings over the cooking stove, sings while arranging the dining room, sings in the nursery, sings at the sewing machine, sings in the garden—wherever she goes, she sings and works with an earnestness that defies penury and mocks despondency.

"As mother, wife, Christian, she is the equal of the best—an honor to Christ and a blessing to his cause"—is the estimate a distinguished man who knows her well has expressed of her. In formulating and carrying out practical business plans, she is an invaluable assistant of her distinguished husband. In this line she is peculiarly well adapted, both by natural gifts and early training, to be a true helpmate for him. He has said of her: "I have never had reason to regret having followed her advice, but often have I deeply regretted going contrary to it. Such has been my experience in this respect that now I always deem it safe to do as her judgment dictates, and

unsafe to do otherwise, even when I see the case in an entirely different light. In everything, little and great, she has been a safe adviser for me, many years; but often I have gone contrary to her advice, and found, when it was too late, that she was correct.'

"She rarely becomes excited, and always makes the best of the situation. If her house were in flames, she would first see that every member of the family was safe; and then, if she could save nothing but a washbowl or a dishrag, she would save that, and go on with her work, singing as if no loss had been suffered. She is quick to read her husband's feelings in his face when he is despondent, and, stopping her song for a moment, will rally him with a laugh and say: 'That will never do, my boy. We're all alive and able to work. If we do our best, God will provide a way out of all our difficulties. Just think how much worse it might be.'"

After seventeen years of successful operation, Mars' Hill College was abandoned, because a wider sphere of usefulness opened before its founder, when, yielding to irresistible pressure, he decided to abandon the school-room and simply "do the work of an evangelist." In this broader field of work his faithful wife was still his cheerful and efficient helper. He traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the lakes to the Gulf, and far beyond the limits of the United States, preaching the gospel of Christ. During his enforced long periods of absence from home she bore all the responsibility of the management of farm, garden and household, and kept everything up to the standard of his and her high ideals of excellence. He has, indeed, accomplished a marvel-



"THE MOTHER OF MARS' HILL."

ous amount of work—has done inestimable good for the cause of Christ, hence for humanity; but the magnitude of her share in his work can hardly be properly appreciated, and, *he* says, is absolutely certain to never be exaggerated or unduly appreciated—*never*. As has been suggested, any crown of praise woven for him should encircle also the brow of his faithful wife, whose labor of love and prayer of faith were ever as wings to his soul.

It may be truly and literally said of her: "Her children rise up and call her blessed." Because of Brother Larimore's absence from home, much of the training of their children devolved upon her alone; and she did that work wisely and well. She lived to see all of them grown to manhood and womanhood, all faithful, loyal, consistent Christians, living busy, useful lives. The happy family circle was broken in August, 1903, when "Toppie," the second son, went from his earthly home to his heavenly home. His mother was then in feeble health, and those who loved her most feared she could not rally from the shock of his sudden departure. She bore her grief with Christian fortitude, however; but just a few months before she, too, went home, Brother Larimore wrote of her: "She is patient as patience itself. I've managed to be cheerful—appear so, at least—ever since I came home, till to-day. When I broke down this morning, she said: 'You oughtn't to grieve to give me up. My life has been a life of sorrow, of suffering, for three years—*four* years next August.' That means ever since 'Toppie' went away. His final, farewell, 'Good-by, mamma,' will linger in her heart while she lingers here."

A year before she passed away, Brother Larimore ceased evangelistic work and went home to nurse her. She unselfishly protested against his giving up his work, saying, "I don't think it's right to keep you from doing what duty demands:" but he replied: "Duty demands but one thing of me now, and that is to nurse you." He left her no more, except at her urgent request, when she realized the need of his services in some specially loved place in his field of work. Her oldest son, Granville, whose home is in Tampa, Fla., could be with her but little; but Herschel and Dedie, the married son and daughter who live near Mars' Hill, were with her often; and Ettie and Virgil, the younger daughter and youngest son—youngest two of the family—were her constant, devoted nurses. Faithfully treated by skillful physicians, surrounded by loved ones of her own family who tenderly cared for her, and many relatives and friends ready and willing to do everything possible for her comfort, she met the last conqueror as calmly and fearlessly as she had met the ills of life, willing to linger here with those she loved, but no less willing to "depart and be forever with the Lord."

She gave directions for the burial of her body as quietly as she had been accustomed to give directions about household affairs.

A few weeks before her departure, Brother Larimore wrote of her:

"She wishes some of our 'boys'—our pupils—to say whatsoever may be said at her funeral—the first funeral from our new Mars' Hill meetinghouse—'a memorial of love, liberality and loyalty to the Lord,' as well as a

reminder to many of the labors, sacrifices, self-denial and sufferings of the mistress of Mars' Hill—the mother—whom so many boys and girls loved so tenderly and truly when they were pupils here—whom all our blessed boys and girls now living love so truly and tenderly yet. We'd have all of them with us at the burial of their mother, if we could; but we recognize that as an absolute impossibility, of course. After another funeral not very far in the future, those then living are to be orphans indeed.

“She wishes ‘Death is Only a Dream’ to be sung at her burial. Few have sung, even in a long lifetime, more than she has sung. She led the saints in singing at Mars' Hill thirty long, eventful years; but she can sing with the saints on earth no more. Her favorite invitation song is ‘Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling’—Christian Hymns, No. 34. How often I have stood in silence at the close of the last song before preaching and looked at her till she softly and sweetly said, ‘Thirty-four!’ Those sweet experiences are all in the past. She has sung her last song here, but she'll sing forever ‘over there.’”

On the morning of March 4, 1907, the long, brave battle for life ended, and the patient sufferer passed into peace eternal. The next day, her body, robed, as she had requested, in her wedding dress, that she had carefully kept so long for that sad purpose, was laid to rest in the burying ground of the Gresham family, close to the house in which she was born.

The three Mars' Hill “boys” she selected to say whatsoever might be said at her burial are R. P. Meeks, J. C.

McQuiddy and E. A. Elam. They, in tender, pathetic, encouraging terms, paid high tribute to her faithful, Christian life, thus filling the hearts of many who heard them with a deeper appreciation of the gospel of a life like hers, and a more triumphant realization of the Christian's final victory over death, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who has robbed death of its sting and the grave of its victory, and "hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."

"Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling" was one of the songs sung at her burial, with the refrain, "O *pilgrim*, come home," in memory of the faithful pilgrim whose journey on earth had just so calmly and peacefully closed.

Sister Larimore possessed the loyalty and bravery of a true Christian. Long ago Brother Srygley wrote of her:

"She delights to see many sinners converted to Christ, and would greatly rejoice if the whole world should come to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ our Lord; but, as to her own convictions and personal Christian duties, great numbers have no bearing whatever with her. If no one else understood the Bible and Christian duty as she understands them, she would never, for even one moment, think of changing her church relations or neglecting her duty."

That trait of her character strengthened as she grew in years and in grace. She was ever unquestionably, unchangingly and unchangeably loyal to the truth as it is revealed in the Bible—always perfectly satisfied with the revealed will, the word, the way, of the Lord.

She possessed physical, as well as moral and spiritual, courage. She was always careful, cautious, prudent—never reckless; but she sometimes said—always modestly, never boastfully: “I really do not know—have never known—what fear is. If fear is a feeling, I presume it’s a feeling I’ve never had. When I was a child, I was really anxious to see a ‘ghost,’ and resolved, if I should ever be so fortunate as to see one, to catch it, if I could.” Of that trait of her character, Brother Larimore wrote during her last sickness:

“She has never hesitated to take me to Florence, four miles distant, even at noon of darkest night, that I might ‘catch a train,’ to go where duty called, and then return home through the darkness all alone—no, lonely, but *never* alone. The angels were with her, I’m sure. ‘The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.’ Nor has she ever hesitated to harness our horse, hitch him to the buggy and drive through the darkness of the darkest night any distance that might be necessary to meet me, joyously anticipating on the lonely journey from home the bliss of the drive back home. I have scarcely ever spent a night away from home, within ten miles of home, except during our Florence meeting, last spring—and then she was in Florida. I have walked ten miles at night to reach home, but never when she knew it. Had she known it, she had met me on the way.

“Before her health began to fail, the Louisville and Nashville Railroad made Mars’ Hill—our home—a station, the station itself being scarcely half a mile from our house, and named the station ‘Larimore,’ but changed

it to 'Mars' Hill,' because we—Mrs. Larimore and I—so requested. Mrs. Larimore met me at the station as long as she could. Subsequently, when she could no longer walk up or down the hill, she met me at the top of the hill. When she could not walk that far, she met me between the top of the hill and the gate. Subsequently, as long as she could, she met me at the gate. When she could no longer meet me there, she met me between the gate and the house, at the foot of the steps, in the door at the top of the steps, in the rocking-chair in her room, and, finally, on the bed where she now lies, without a murmur, the very personification of perfect patience, waiting and watching for the sweetly solemn summons that shall call her home. There she must be till the angels come to take her to that sweet home where sorrow is unknown. She always met me with a cheerful face, a happy heart and a pleasant smile. She can meet me no more in this strange world of sorrow and sad separations; but 'some sweet day' she'll meet me where youth and beauty, joy and love, shall be perfect, perpetual and eternal."

Kindness—loving-kindness—characterized her all the days of her life—kindness, not only to loved ones near and dear to her, but kindness to every creature about her—to everything she saw or met that could suffer, sorrow, sigh or be sad. The animals on the farm; Tony, the little dog that died of grief and consequent starvation because of separation from her; the pet squirrels she loved and played with as if they had been little children, were won to her by the sweetness of her voice, the tenderness of her touch, the constancy of her care—all

of which were but buds and blossoms and fruits of the fervency of her spirit, the tenderness of her love. The service of patient, domestic dumb brutes in the service of man especially appealed to her heart. When she had scarcely strength enough to walk, she saw, from her window, a man, crazed with anger, brutally beating his team near the top of the hill. She went to the front door, begged him to quit beating his beasts—which he did, *of course*; and then she said, "The BIBLE says, 'A RIGHTEOUS man regardeth the life of his beast,' thus preaching him a short, strong, scriptural sermon, which, it is to be hoped, he appreciated and may never forget. Many a patient, toiling dumb brute did she thus bless, not to mention the restraining and reforming influence of such manifestations of Christian kindness on brutes that are not dumb.

Her self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of Christ never failed or flagged, even in her last days of weakness and suffering. A little incident related by Brother Larimore forcibly illustrates this characteristic of her nature:

"I agreed to be with 'the saints and faithful' at Lawrenceburg, Tenn., about seventy minutes, by rail, from home, last Sunday—they understanding, of course, that my being there depended upon my wife's condition. At three o'clock Sunday morning I requested her to tell me whether I should go to Lawrenceburg or stay with her. We love our Lawrenceburg friends—*not without cause*. They are friends *indeed*; hence have lovingly and liberally helped us in this, our sad and sorrowful time of trouble and need. When I asked her whether I should go, she said: 'Yes, go. You'll find me alive when you get

back, I think.' After resting a few moments, she added: 'If not, you'll know I *wanted* to die doing my duty, and it'll be all right.' After resting again, she said: 'It's a great pleasure to have you with me. We've been together *so* little; but if you have an opportunity to do good, I must not prevent your doing it. Go, then, and do all the good you can.' I did as she desired, requested and directed; and, returning, found her better.

"This is the spirit she has always manifested, while Mars' Hill—of which she is the abiding and controlling spirit—has added many thousands to the army of the Lord. This world can never know what she has suffered, what she has sacrificed, what she has done, for friends, for loved ones, for Christ and his cause; hence, for the human race—the universal brotherhood—the brotherhood of man. Long ago we laid each other, ourselves, our all, upon the altar, as a sacrifice to our Savior; and *she* has never recalled any part of that offering. Her sacrifices and sufferings have been greater than mine. Her eternal reward can *certainly* never be less. Nor should she receive less love, recognition, honor or respect in this beautiful world through which she is now painfully passing and from which she is slowly, but surely, slipping away."

When she was almost in the "valley of the shadow of death," Brother Larimore wrote to a friend the following touching letter:

"The once nimble feet of our precious, sick, loved one, no more to walk in this beautiful world of blessings and curses, of sunshine and shadow, of joy and sorrow, of gladness and sadness, of trial and triumph, of toil and

rest, of temptation and tribulation, of hope and despair, of life and death, are swelling, while other discouraging symptoms are developing, reminding us that the time of her departure is at hand. Last night, as I sat, in sorrow and sadness, alone, by her bedside, the solemn silence and stillness of midnight about us, awaking from a peaceful sleep, and probably from a sad, sweet dream, she said to me, softly and sweetly: 'You'll never forget me, will you?' I said: '*Never*—as long as I live—*never*.' She said: '*No, you never will. Others may forget me, but you never will.*' The stillness of midnight is again about us; and I, as she sleeps, am sitting alone, near her bed, by her table, sadly thinking of the past, the present and the future, and my soul is overwhelmed by tides of feelings and thoughts no tongue can tell, no pen express; and I am constrained to exclaim: 'O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!'

"When I think of the past—of Esther, in the long ago, always healthy, always happy, always strong, always busy, working and singing seventeen hours a day; when I remember what she has done for her friends, her home, her loved ones and the Lord—I realize that God has been gracious and good to me, and I am constrained to exclaim: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!'

"When I think of the present—of Esther, sick, patient, prayerful and pure, scarcely more than a skeleton now—the roses gone from her cheeks, the ruby from her lips, the luster from her eyes—in strength and activity of body and mind, little more than a newborn babe—slowly, but surely, slipping away from us into the fath-

omless depths of the boundless beyond, the skill, wisdom and wealth of worlds not being able to keep her with us many more months, if, indeed, weeks, or days—I am constrained to exclaim :

“ ‘ How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this! ’

“ When I think of the future—of the loneliness that must be my lot after she shall have said her final farewell to friends and loved ones here on earth and gone to her eternal home; of the longing and listening and sighing for the sound of a voice then silent and the help of a hand then cold and still—a hand that can help me no more forever; of a dreary, desolate home, once filled with the sound of her voice and the light of her love as she toiled and sang night and day; of the flowers she tended; of the fruits she gathered; of the hills and the springs and the trees she loved; of the children, the beasts and the birds that must miss her; of her vacant seat at the table, at the family fireside, in the house of prayer—but I must not dwell on this sad theme, for our Savior says: ‘ Sufficient unto the day is the evil [trouble] thereof.’

“ When I look beyond this ‘ vale of tears ’ into the bright and blissful eternal future, and see loved ones, ‘ not lost, but gone before,’ waiting and watching to welcome her home—her father, mother, brothers, sisters, her precious boy, for whom she long hath mourned, and hosts of other friends and loved ones; when I think of the joy unspeakable, the bliss unalloyed, the glory eternal, awaiting her ‘ over there ’—of her sweet association

with the Savior whom she has tenderly loved and faithfully served from childhood until now, with all the holy angels and the redeemed of all ages forever—when I think of these things, I am constrained to thank God for his goodness, his mercy, his love, and *try* to say from the depths of my soul, sorrowful and sad, but sincere: ‘Thy will, not mine, be done.’”

After she passed away, letters and telegrams expressing deep sorrow and sincerest sympathy for the bereaved family came from all over the land. Loving messages from those who were once students of Mars’ Hill College conveyed not only tender sympathy for her nearest and dearest loved ones, but a sense of personal loss similar to that expressed in the following letter from one of the Mars’ Hill “boys”—one whom Sister Larimore tenderly and truly loved:

“I sincerely sympathize with you in the irreparable loss which you and your family have sustained in the death of wife and mother. I knew, many years ago, how tenderly she was loved at home and how beautifully she sat enshrined on the family throne and in the hearts of husband and children. I knew, from personal observation and association, her many virtues as Christian wife and mother; and I know this sweet, sacred and beautiful relation existed to the end. *I loved her next to my mother.* She won me long ago by her gentle, sweet and motherly affection and control; and I have ever since regarded her as one of the very noblest of Christian women. Your bereavement is one of Life’s promises, and I know you too well to think it will crush you. It leaves its sting and grief, but warms the heart with a

sweeter tenderness. It staggers the man with its weight of darkness, but not despair. It separates, but writes no final 'good-by.' To those who were the recipients of her constant solicitude and tender care, and to you whom she loved and honored, I convey my deepest sympathy and feeling of personal loss and affliction."

An appropriate marble monument at the head of her grave in Mars' Hill Cemetery bears the following touching tribute to her character:

"A dutiful daughter; an affectionate sister; a faithful friend; a loyal, helpful, hopeful wife; a model mother; a sweet singer; a truly conscientious, consistent Christian, always consecrated, loyal and true to Christ and his cause, she was perfectly prepared for that sweet home where sorrows and sad separations are unknown—'where life is eternal and a treasure sublime.'

"Farewell, sweet wife—by grace divine,
We'll meet you 'over there.'

"Your Lonely Husband."

CHAPTER VIII.

Sermon—A Sermon on Baptism.

A FEW years ago, while Brother Larimore was conducting a series of meetings in a certain town in Tennessee, he prepared and had published a sermon on baptism, under the following circumstances related by himself:

“Leon Harding suggested the sermon, because the town was flooded with baptismal talk, notwithstanding I had never preached on that theme in that town. I bought a New Testament, wrote all the references in the order in which they were to appear in the sermon; Leon cut the passages out, pasted them on a sheet of paper as the local printer desired and directed; and we had a thousand copies of the following sermon printed, before the people of the town were aware of our having ever even so much as thought of such a thing.

“The printer handed us two or three ‘proofs’ two or three days before our order was filled. I handed one of them to a prominent citizen—a friend—identified with no religious body, at the same time telling him our intentions. A group of men, in which were two young lawyers, both members of one and the same denomination, engaged in a talk about baptism and our meeting. Our friend said: ‘Gentlemen, as those men are not here

to represent their side of the question; as they are strangers in our town; as they seem to be decent, respectable gentlemen; as no evil report preceded them or has followed them; and, finally, as they are guests of respectable citizens here, suppose you let me read one of their printed sermons to you. *They don't preach Campbellism.*' They agreed, and he read—omitting references—simply read, without comment and without referring to book, chapter or verse, the following sermon:

“‘If ye love me, keep my commandments.’ (John 14: 15.)

“‘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.’ (Matt. 16: 24.)

“‘Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him. But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer *it to be so* now: for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness. Then he suffered 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.’ (Matt. 3: 13-17.)

“‘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. Amen.’ (Matt. 28: 19, 20.)

“John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins. And there went out unto him all the land of Judea, and they of Jerusalem, and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins.’ (Mark 1: 4, 5.)

“And he said unto them, 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 he came into all the country about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins.’ (Luke 3: 3.)

“And all the people that heard him, and the publicans, justified God, being baptized with the baptism of John. But the Pharisees and lawyers rejected the counsel of God against themselves, being not baptized of him.’ (Luke 7: 29, 30.)

“After these things came Jesus and his disciples into the land of Judea; and there he tarried with them, and baptized. And John also was baptizing in Ænon near to Salim, because there was much water there: and they came, and were baptized. For John was not yet cast into prison.’ (John 3: 22-24.)

“When therefore the Lord knew how the Pharisees had heard that Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John, (though Jesus himself baptized not, but his disciples,) he left Judea, and departed again into Galilee.’ (John 4: 1-3.)

“Then Peter said unto them, 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 Ghost.’ (Acts 2: 38.)

“‘For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.’ (Matt. 26: 28.)

“‘But when they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women.’ (Acts 8: 12.)

“‘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: 35-39.)

“‘And brought them out, and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house. And they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house. And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed *their* stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, straightway. And when he had brought them into his house, he set meat before them,



BAPTIZING AT GUNTER, TEXAS.

and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house.' (Acts 16: 30-34.)

“‘And Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, believed on the Lord with all his house; and many of the Corinthians hearing believed, and were baptized.’ (Acts 18: 8.)

“‘And now why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord.’ (Acts 22: 16.)

“‘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 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: 1-5.)

“‘For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ.’ (Gal. 3: 27.)

“‘Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. For in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. And ye are complete in him, which is the head of all principality and power: in whom also ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ: 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.' (Col. 2: 8-12.)

"Which sometime were disobedient, when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a-preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved by water. The like figure whereunto *even* baptism doth also now save us, (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God,) by the resurrection of Jesus Christ: who is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God; angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto him.' (1 Pet. 3: 20-22.)

"'And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.' (John 17: 3.)

"'And 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.)

"'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: 14.)

"He had not finished reading, when one of the lawyers, thoroughly disgusted, filled with righteous (?) indignation and utterly unable to longer restrain his indignant spirit, said, impressing what he vehemently said with a vigorous gesture: '*Y, that's as rank Campbellism as ever was in this world.*'"

CHAPTER IX.

Letters—Special Providence.

ON the subject of special providence, Brother Larimore says:

“With all my heart, I do believe Providence protects all who truly trust God and lovingly obey him, just as surely, certainly and constantly as Jehovah was ever the shield of Abraham, Peter and Paul. ‘Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.’ (Jehovah—Gen. 15: 1.) ‘The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.’ (David—Ps. 34: 7.) ‘He is a shield unto them who put their trust in him.’ (Solomon—Prov. 30: 5.) ‘But out of them all the Lord delivered me.’ (Paul—2 Tim. 3: 11.)

“Men may differ in opinion as to *how*, in what sense and to what extent, God—Jehovah—‘is a shield unto them that put their trust in him;’ but that he *is* a shield unto those who put their trust in him is not within the realm of opinion, but is a question of *faith*, pure and simple; hence there can be no difference of sentiment on that subject—except that some may believe, some may not believe it and some may disbelieve it—and that’s the end of it.

“Men may differ in opinion as to *how* ‘the angel of

the Lord' delivers faithful servants of the Lord from danger and from death; but that 'the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them,' is not a question of opinion, but of *faith*; therefore they cannot differ about that—except that some may believe the Bible, while others may not believe it and others may *disbelieve* it—and that's the end of *that*.

"There may be debates and differences of opinion about *how* the Lord delivered Paul out of the 'persecutions, afflictions,' that came upon him 'at Antioch, at Iconium, at Lystra;' but when he, by the Spirit, says, 'But out of them all the Lord delivered me,' that settles that with those who believe the Bible. They accept as a matter of *faith*, not opinion, the *fact*, notwithstanding they may *never* understand the philosophy of it.

"Just so, every trusting child of God, even though profoundly ignorant of the philosophy of special providence, may believe in special providence, nevertheless, simply because the Spirit teaches it. *Faith* is not *knowledge*, but '*belief, trust, confidence.*' Faith accepts the statements of the Spirit, the testimony of the Spirit, the witness of the Spirit, not because of ability to fathom the depths of the philosophy thereof; but because the Spirit, the Holy Spirit, the divine Spirit, the Spirit of the Lord, hath spoken. Faith that falters where philosophy fails and human reason rebels is not the faith that honors God, moves mountains or saves souls."

One of his Mars' Hill "boys"—A. B. Herring—tells the following story of a very effective sermon Brother Larimore once preached on special providence:

“In the spring of 1881 there were seven students in the Bible Hall—Bible class—at Mars’ Hill; and it was discovered that two of them did not believe there was any such thing as special providence. The boys liked to debate, and this gave them an opportunity to ‘spread themselves.’ A week was set apart to settle the question. There were five against two. The subject was taken up Monday morning after chapel services, and the discussion waxed warm. Brother Larimore sat as moderator, and more than once he was seen to wipe tears from his eyes.

“The forenoons of four days and until ten o’clock Friday morning were devoted to the subject; and then we appealed to the chair for a decision. Brother Larimore rose, made no allusion to what had been said on either side, read the fourth chapter of John’s First Epistle to Christians and took for his text, ‘*God is love.*’ When the bell rang at noon—the time for recess—he was still talking, and continued his speech fifteen minutes thereafter. When his speech was ended, there was no room for doubt. The doubters were convinced, and all were satisfied.

“I have heard him preach hundreds of discourses, some of them to audiences numbering more than a thousand souls; but the most powerful sermon I have ever heard in all my life was that one—two hours and fifteen minutes long—preached to seven boys—to save two of them—and it saved them, too.”

Many remarkable incidents in Brother Larimore’s eventful life have naturally and necessarily tended to increase, strengthen and confirm his faith in special prov-

idence. I am strongly inclined to copy the story of some of these events from Brother F. D. Srygley's first book, "Larimore and His Boys;" but lack of space forbids my doing so.

In the summer of 1908, in a letter in which he referred to some incidents in his life that have strengthened his faith in special providence, he wrote:

"Only a few months ago, something as marvelous, mysterious and inexplicable to me as a miracle, even to this day, prevented my being in a certain house at the very moment when it was taken up by a tornado, torn into shreds, reduced to rubbish and thrown far and near through the air. Moreover, that selfsame mystery caused me to reach my next place for a series of meetings three days after the room that was to be mine in the home that was to be my home during the meeting was wrecked by lightning.

"While some great and good people may attribute these escapes from danger and death to nothing more sacred than chance or luck, and call me lucky, I attribute them to Providence, and consider myself fortunate and divinely blest. Whether I am correct or incorrect in these conclusions and convictions, they confirm and strengthen me in the faith, and make 'leaning on the everlasting arms' not simply a *sentiment*, but a *blissful reality*, to me."

Strengthened by his strong faith in the providence of God and confidently relying upon the divine protection promised to those who love the Lord and live as Christians ought to live, he never tries to avenge himself—never even denies anything of which he is accused.

When friends protest against this course, he silences their protests by quoting from the Book of books:

“‘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.’ (Rom. 8: 28.) ‘Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.’ (Rom. 12: 19.) ‘And Jesus stood before the governor: and the governor asked him, saying, Art thou the King of the Jews? And Jesus said unto him, Thou sayest. And when he was accused of the chief priests and elders, he answered nothing. Then said Pilate unto him, Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee? And he answered him to never a word; insomuch that the governor marveled greatly.’ (Matt. 27: 11-14.)”

Unquestionably, he has divine example for the silence with which he has met, more than once, cruel slander and misrepresentation.

About ten years ago the following letter—written by Brother Larimore to a friend, without any thought of its ever being published—appeared in the *Youth’s Advocate*, of which F. D. Srygley was editor:

“My Dear Sister: I have just received the five dollars herewith inclosed, and hasten to send it to you for Brother ——. You know I am a firm believer in special providence. Rob me of that belief, and of my belief in the efficacy of prayer, and I am an atheist. A thousand things similar to the one I am about to relate have occurred to convince and confirm me. Here is the case:



F. D. SRYGLEY.

“A few hours ago I learned that Brother ——’s house, with all its contents, had been recently destroyed by fire. Though struggling with the giant, Debt, and closely pressed financially, I immediately resolved to give him five dollars, regretting that I couldn’t give him one hundred dollars, which I would gladly do if I could. I also decided to send it through you, as I was informed that he was probably ‘*somewhere*’ in Western Texas; and I consequently presumed a letter addressed to him might never reach him. I intimated my intention to *no* one. God and I alone knew my desires and motives. I was here among strangers, having reached this town, for the first time, three days ago. I had one dollar and fifty-five cents, all told—‘only this, and nothing more.’ I needed the five dollars to send to Brother ——, and five dollars for another important use—needed both immediately. ‘I must have the two fives,’ I said; ‘but where can I get them?’

“I had formed the acquaintance of a brother here, but had never been to his home or had any dealings with him. I started to him, to borrow two five-dollar bills, to send in two letters, to do the work designed, and got almost near enough to him to ask him for the favor. Then I wavered. Of course I would not tell him why I wanted just that amount of money in just that form. Then, again, I was a stranger here. It would be both embarrassing and humiliating to mention my wants to any one. I said: ‘I will not do it.’ ‘The Lord will provide.’ ‘He leadeth me.’ I went back to my room.

“A few hours later—at four o’clock P.M.—I saw a brother coming, walking up the steep hill to me. He

lives one mile from here, is a very busy man, and reason could suggest no motive that could prompt him to quit work and come to me. His doing so would be all the more improbable, as we meet for work and worship at eight P.M., and he has to work very hard to be able to be there on time, as also at ten A.M. He came to my room, took a seat, drew a large pocketbook from his pocket, took out of it two five-dollar bills, handed them to me, evidently embarrassed (he is a timid man), as he apologized for doing so, and left me immediately. I think he was with me not more than three minutes—probably not that long.

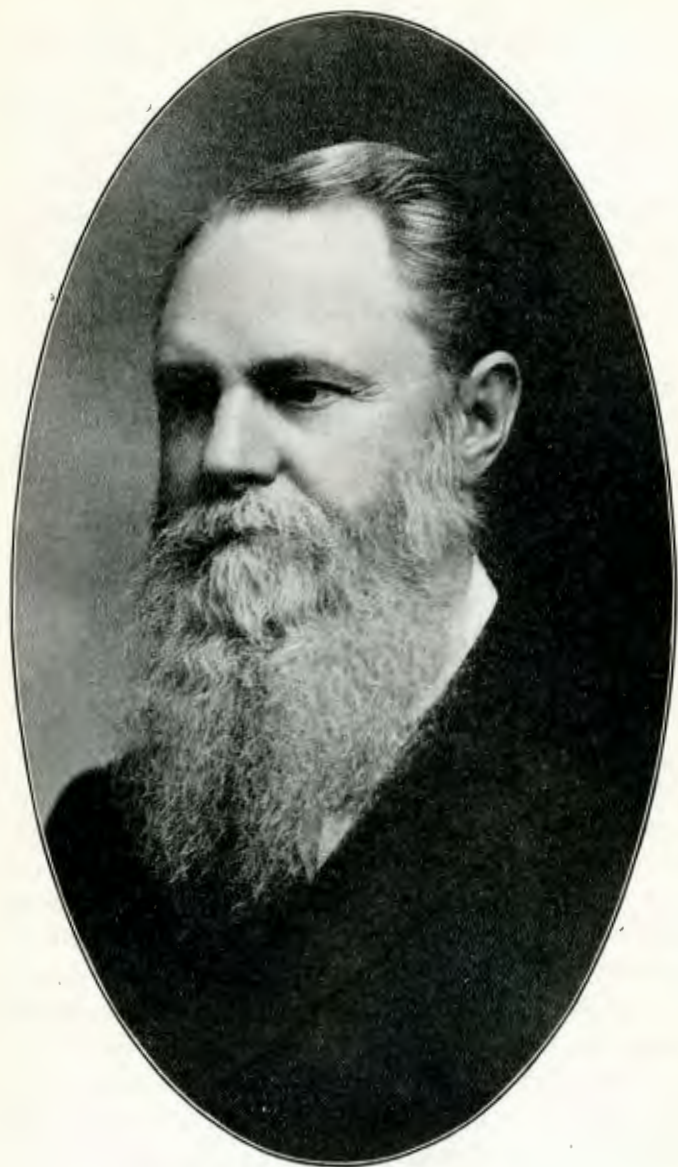
“Can you account for this? I can. The Lord, who has supplied all my wants so long, sent that man to give me that money. I’ll do with it what I had resolved to do with it. I’d be afraid and ashamed not to do so. So, herewith inclosed, is one of those bills, five dollars. The other I inclose with another letter and send it to a friend who loves me and whom I love. To do otherwise would be to be recreant to as sacred a trust as has ever been committed to man. Please hand the inclosed five dollars—this very bill—to Brother —, if convenient; otherwise, please send it to him, and be sure that he gets it. Do you wonder that I believe in special providence? ‘The Lord leadeth me.’ I know he does. ‘The Lord will provide.’ Gratefully and fraternally,

“T. B. LARIMORE.”

Soon after that letter appeared in the *Youth’s Advocate*, a brother—a preacher—wrote a letter to that paper, objecting to the teaching on special providence em-

bodied in Brother Larimore's letter. His objections, summed up, are as follows:

That God requires Christians to give, with a willing hand, according to what they have, not according to what they have not (2 Cor. 8: 11, 12); that as Brother Larimore wished to send the unfortunate brother, who had lost his house and its contents, one hundred dollars, and as he depended on the Lord, whose resources are unlimited, to furnish the money, he could as easily have sent the one hundred dollars as he sent the five dollars; that he really did not *give* anything in the transaction, as he had as much money left, after sending away the two five-dollar bills, as he had before; that if the apostle Paul, inspired as he was, had to make tents to get bread and to hire a house to preach in, he certainly did not understand the value of prayer, if his wants could have been supplied by simply praying for what he needed; that there are poor, feeble, sickly widows, just as good, just as zealous, devoted Christians as Brother Larimore is, who doubtless pray as earnestly for bread as he prays, and yet no five-dollar bills fall into their hands without hard, earnest toil, and, if the Lord supplies the wants of those who live by prayer, the recipients of such miraculous answers to prayer must stand higher in favor at the court of heaven than do ordinary Christians; that we are taught "if we ask according to his will, he heareth us," but God does not authorize us to pray for "what we want;" that the Bible teaches that "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread all the days of thy life," but the world is foolish for toiling for bread if it may be had for the asking; that the affairs of God



J. A. HARDING.

in the world are directed and carried on, both in nature and in grace, in the physical and in the spiritual realm, by God's Spirit; that the Father designs all things, the Son creates all things, and the Holy Spirit sets in order, gives laws, governs, guides and directs all things thus designed and created; that whatsoever God does is done by his Spirit; that if the brother who gave the ten dollars was moved to do so by the Spirit, how was it done—by speaking to him in words, or by impressing him, thus operating directly upon his heart without speaking? if by direct operation upon the heart, then why may the Spirit not operate upon the hearts of sinners in conversion? that God is good, and not partial, and there can be no reason why those who claim to have their wants supplied in this miraculous way should be heard, while others, just as good, pious and earnest, are not heard.

Brother Srygley replied to the foregoing objections and questions in the following article, elucidating and defending the doctrine of special providence, in his characteristic, hence very forcible, way:

“The point is well taken that God has ordained that men shall eat bread in the sweat of their faces. Paul taught that if any man will not work, neither shall he eat. No doctrine of special providence can repeal that law. It is a fact, however, that the strongest advocates of special providence have always been hard workers. They understand that God requires them to be about his business. Jesus was an untiring worker himself. Probably J. A. Harding and T. B. Larimore are the strongest believers in special providence among all the preachers in the bounds of the Youth's Advocate circulation. Every

one knows they are never idle. No two men in all my acquaintance do more work and spend less time in idleness or recreation than Harding and Larimore. Spurgeon was a phenomenon of faith in special providence and a prodigy in the abundance of his labors. All believers in special providence seem to have an idea that they must put in their time closely in God's service to enjoy the promises of his special care and protection.

"Yes, Brother Larimore had as much money at the end of the transaction as he had at the beginning. So did Jesus have as much bread and fish after the multitude had finished eating as he had at the beginning. Indeed, he had more. There was a fair profit on the business in that case. The woman who fed Elijah had as much meal in the barrel and as much oil in the cruse after 'many days' as she had at the beginning. The woman who paid her debt with the oil Elisha made for her had more oil left after the debt was paid than she had when she began to draw the oil out. All these were miracles, do you say? Certainly they were miracles; but cannot God do, by special providence, without miracles, some things quite as well as he can do other things by miracles? There was no miracle in the fact that one man gave Brother Larimore five dollars, and he sent it to another person, and that other person sent it to yet another whose house had been burned and all his goods destroyed. The special providence in this case was really for the man whose house was burned. Brother Larimore was not in it except to forward the money.

"The vital point in the matter is: 'How did God's Spirit move this man to carry Brother Larimore the two

five-dollar bills?’ The man was evidently moved by the Holy Spirit, if at all, by what the Spirit taught through inspired men to the effect that those who preach the gospel should live of the gospel. If he had never been taught according to the Holy Scriptures on this point, probably he wouldn’t have given Brother Larimore the money. In like manner, Brother Larimore was moved by the Holy Spirit to send the man five dollars as soon as he heard of the burning of his house, because he had been taught in the Bible that it was his duty to do just that way. If he had never ‘heard and learned of the Father,’ he would hardly have resolved to do what he did. Thus it is that God has arranged for all things to work together for good to those who love the Lord.

“It is all simply the fruitage of the seed of the kingdom, which is the word of God. To the extent people are taught the Holy Scriptures, the world is made better and God’s special providence over men is increased. As an instrument through which God, by special providence, blesses the world, Brother Larimore is more efficient the more he is brought into harmony with the will of God as taught in the Bible. If he had been less consecrated, he would hardly have resolved to send two people five dollars each when he had only one dollar and fifty-five cents in his pocket. When he received the ten dollars, he would probably have kept it, if he had been a man of feeble faith and languid zeal in the service of God. There be men on the earth who probably have been in the church longer than the brother who furnished the money in this case, who, under similar circumstances, would not have given more than twenty-

five cents, or, at the utmost, forty cents. God cannot work much special providence through such men. They are too sordid. They have not been properly developed in spirituality and faith. There are also men who would not resolve to give away ten dollars when they had only one dollar and fifty-five cents. There are some who would not be willing to give the one dollar and fifty-five cents which they had. God can't work special providence successfully through such agencies.

“‘He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.’ The Bible would not be true if a man who would resolve to give ten dollars, and start out to borrow the money when he had only one dollar and fifty-five cents, should fail to reap bountifully. I have known Brother Larimore intimately since he left school, more than twenty-eight years ago. He has always been a hard worker. He has never wasted any substance in riotous living. His wife and children are noted for industry and economy in home affairs. He owns a home, but has accumulated no property. I have never known him to be otherwise than out of money and in debt. He gets in debt trying to help people and push enterprises as a religious duty. He always pays his debts, but contracts more. He ought to quit this, and try to do no more than the money he has will accomplish.

“It is no marvel to me that he received that ten dollars. What puzzles me is to understand how he happened to have the one dollar and fifty-five cents. People give money liberally to Brother Larimore because they know he gives it liberally to others. If he should put his money

out at a cut-throat interest and reduce his contributions to a skinflint basis, churches and Christians would dicker with him on the same scale for his preaching. 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'

"As to God's authorizing us to pray for 'what we want,' who ever prayed for what he didn't want? If a man doesn't want a thing, why should he pray for it? As to the poor, feeble, sickly widows, just as good, just as zealous, devoted Christians as Brother Larimore, who pray earnestly for bread, but do not receive it without hard, earnest toil, why should they expect money without toil? No one who has the spirit of Christianity would expect it, pray for it, or be willing to receive it, without work. Lazy folks can't be Christians. The first impulse of a truly converted soul is a desire to toil and suffer and deny self in the service of God."

CHAPTER X.

Sermon—Fellowship.

“AND they continued steadfastly in the apostles’ doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.” (Acts 2: 42.)

Very naturally, when people who *think* read this language or hear it read or otherwise repeated, they may raise the question in their minds, if that question has not already been settled there, “Who were the people who are here said to have ‘continued steadfastly in the apostles’ doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers?’” and probably all of us are willing to concede that they were Christians—“only this, and nothing more.” Moreover, the question *might* be raised, “To what spiritual, ecclesiastical, religious body did they belong?” and Truth says they belonged to the spiritual body of Christ, each one being a member of that body: and, therefore, they constituted—they *were*—the spiritual body of Christ, the church. If any should ask, “*What* church?” certainly we should all be willing to say: “It was the church that then existed—the church that then *was*.” What church was that? It was the church to establish which the Savior shed his precious blood—the church called in the Bible “the church of

God," "the house[hold] of God:" "But if I tarry long, that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house [household, as the context clearly shows] of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." (1 Tim. 3: 15.) It is also perfectly proper to call it "the church of Christ;" for Christ, referring to it a few weeks before his crucifixion, said: "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. 16: 18.) It is Christ's church, then; and as it is Christ's church, it is the church of Christ, of course. Additional proof, much or little, can never make that clearer or stronger.

How did the people referred to in the language of our present lesson get into the church of God? If we carefully examine the chapter that contains this language—the second chapter of Acts of Apostles—sincerely desiring and earnestly endeavoring to know what the will of the Lord is, that we may do it, we shall surely learn exactly how, when, where and why they became members of that sacred, spiritual institution. That chapter begins this way: "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place." "They" in that sentence refers to, or personates, the apostles—"the eleven" and Matthias, who "was numbered with the eleven apostles"—and other disciples of the Lord mentioned in that connection, the entire number being "about one hundred and twenty." This was the material previously prepared for the church of Christ.

In the long, long ago—even the *then* long ago—when the temple—Solomon's temple—was to be built, the ma-

terial for it was all prepared and brought together, into "one place," each piece perfectly prepared to be put into its proper place, as part of the temple; so that when the time for the actual erecting, or building, of the temple came, it went up without the sound of hammer, chisel or other tool upon it. Likewise these people—the material for the church of God—had been prepared and brought together to, unto, into that very selfsame place or spot, in the city of Jerusalem. And "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 Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

This was "the beginning"—the beginning of the church—the church of God—the church of Christ. The Holy Spirit came down from heaven and took up his abode in the material prepared for the church, and the spiritual temple—the church of Christ—was thus, then and there established—where and, in some respects, as the literal, physical temple of Solomon had been built in the then long ago.

That was a miraculous beginning, the church—the spiritual house, household, or *family*—of God originating in a miracle, just as the *human* family originated in a miracle, and as the conception of Christ, the head of the church, "the last Adam," was a miracle. God created "the first man Adam" of the dust of the earth—of it formed the body of Adam—that being a miracle,

of course. But the human race, or family, from that day to this, has been perpetuated by and through natural laws established for that purpose. As in the creation, so also in the *recreation*: each began with a miracle. A miracle was essential to the divinity of Christ. The conception—in that sense *creation*—of Christ, the Babe of Bethlehem, was necessarily and essentially a miracle.

So, also, the beginning of the church of God—the church of Christ—was miraculous. The material—the people—previously prepared for the church were miraculously filled with the Holy Spirit, and began to speak—miraculously—with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance; but it was God's plan, purpose and privilege to perpetuate his church, not miraculously, but by and through spiritual laws established for that purpose. The apostle Peter had been selected by the Savior to make known the conditions of the perpetuation of this spiritual institution—that is, the law of induction into the church. Hence he—Peter—on that memorable occasion preached Christ to a multitude of the murderers of Christ—preached Jesus to them, quoting sacred scriptures that they believed to prove his divinity, turning the light upon his life on earth, so that many who heard him believed Christ to be the Christ, the Son of the living God, hence cried out: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

God did not work another miracle, sending "a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind," accompanied with an appearance of "cloven tongues like as of fire." Those who asked that question were not miraculously "filled with the Holy Spirit," so that they "spake

with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." The church was to be perpetuated, not by miracle, but by spiritual law established for that purpose. Hence, when they cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter replied: "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 Ghost. 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. And with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, Save yourselves from this untoward generation."

The church of God had just been miraculously established, and Peter—to whom the keys of the kingdom, the church, had been committed—thus proclaimed the law by which that church was to be perpetuated—that is, he used the keys, made known the law of induction into the church, the law of initiation into the fellowship of the saints—opened the door of the church, and left it open for all time even then to come. Having preached Christ to that immense multitude of the murderers of Christ, when those who, hearing, believed what he preached, cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter—inspired, hence speaking as the Spirit gave him utterance—replied: "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for ["unto," the Revised Version says] the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

What was the immediate result of that proclamation? "Then they that gladly received his word"—those who were satisfied with the law by which the church was to be

perpetuated—"were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them"—to the "about one hundred and twenty"—to those who constituted the church of God—"about three thousand souls." To what were they added? To the church of God, the church of Christ. Who added them? The Lord, as we learn from the last verse of the chapter: "And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved"—or, as the Revised Version expresses it, "those that were being saved." How were they added? Through obedience to the spiritual law established for that purpose, they obeying the law, and, *as* they obeyed it, one by one, being added to the church by the Lord, he being the author of that law; hence *thus* "the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved."

That was the spiritual body of Christ, the church of Christ, the church of the living God—miraculous in its beginning; but, immediately after its beginning, all added to it being added, by Jehovah, through the obedience of those being added. What did they constitute? The church of God, the church of Christ. Who were they? Children of God, Christians, followers of the Lamb. How did they live? "They continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers," the result stated being: "The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." That was a series of meetings, what some of us sometimes call "a protracted meeting"—a religious revival—ushered in by the birth of the church of God—a spiritual family born in a day. We are not told how often they met—whether once or twice or thrice a day—

but "they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers;" and the Lord added to them daily all who obeyed the law established for the perpetuation of his church, that being the law by which the Lord added them to the church.

Well, suppose people now obey that very selfsame law—suppose they hear the gospel, believe the gospel—believe and confess Christ to be the Christ, the Son of the living God—repent of their sins and are baptized "in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins," as the Holy Spirit, by the tongue of Peter, told those people to do, and as they did, what is the result? Does Jehovah, by that very selfsame law, in that very same way, add them to that very same church—*his* church? If not, why not, and how do we know not? From what source do we receive the information, or assurance, that like causes, or the *same* causes, do not *now* produce like results, or the *same* results?

God, in the creation, established, or created, certain natural laws for the perpetuation of certain things; and those laws work precisely the same way now that they worked then, with precisely the same results, and have always done so from then till now, and shall continue to do so till time shall cease to be. The first oak that ever existed was created—was miraculously made—there being no acorn to produce an oak or oak to produce an acorn; but since then not an acorn or an oak has ever been created—miraculously made—the oak, as well as the acorn, being perpetuated by and through natural law established for that purpose. An acorn that matured on

the bough of that miraculously made oak, properly planted and properly cared for under proper conditions, whether by man or what man may call "chance," naturally produced an oak, of course—no miracle in the making of that oak. An acorn taken from an oak a thousand years from that day, similarly planted under similar conditions and similarly cared for, produced what? An oak. When ten thousand years shall have passed away, an acorn taken from the bough of an oak, properly planted and properly cared for, under proper conditions, will naturally, not miraculously, produce an oak; and when ten thousand times ten thousand years shall have come and gone, if time shall last so long, and even then shall still continue to be, an acorn properly planted and properly cared for, under proper conditions, will produce an oak, in obedience to the law of nature established in the creation for the perpetuation of the oak.

But that an oak and a forest of oaks may spring from the bosom of an acorn, that acorn must be put into the earth, and the germ of life in its bosom must be developed. The dew and the rain must moisten the leaves and the branches of "the baby oak" thus brought into visible being; the soil must give it strength; the heat of the sun must warm it; the light of the sun must bathe it; and thus, from the germ of life in the bosom of one acorn to the oak or the vast forest of oaks, the development must proceed on precisely the very same principle as "in the beginning" and all the time from then till now.

No substitute for that law of the Lord, that law of Nature, can ever accomplish its purpose. You may boil

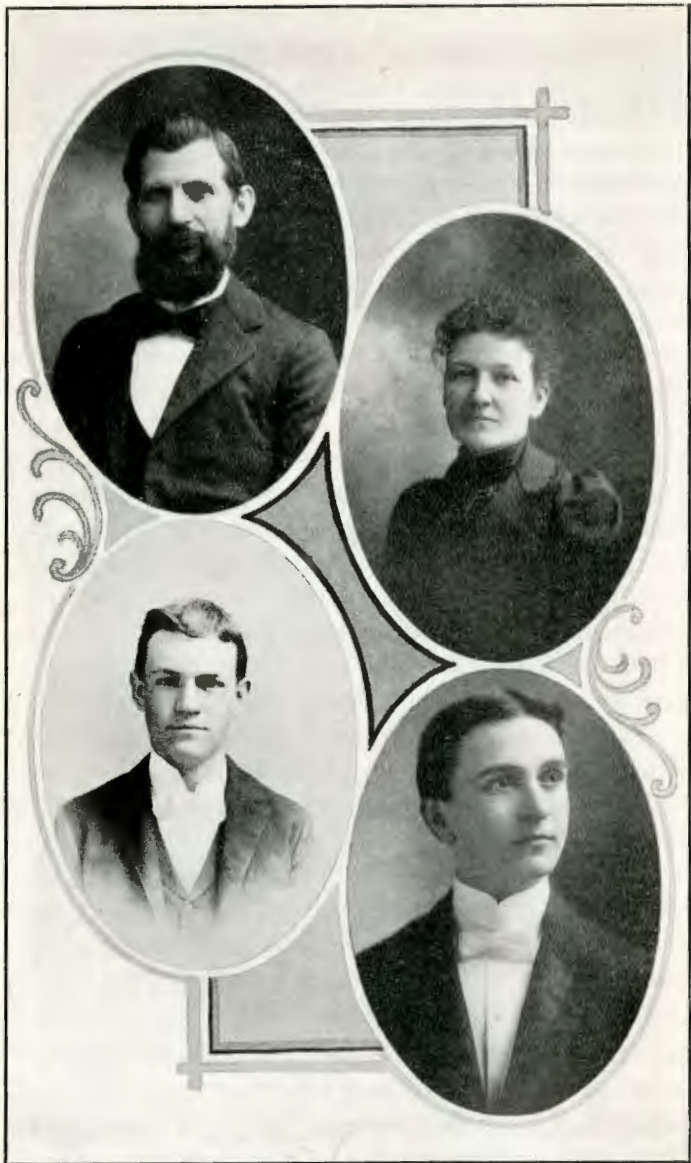
an acorn as long as you live, but you can never produce an oak that way. You may pulverize and press it, but you can never press an oak from it. A thousand acorns may be steamed and scalded a thousand ages, but never an oak can be thus produced. That's not the way oaks are produced. That's not the way oaks are made. Oaks spring from acorns, and from no other source—and that in obedience to the natural law made for that specific purpose. There is but one way for an acorn to produce an oak—for an oak to be produced. That is by obedience to the law Jehovah created and established for the germination, growth and development of the oak.

Just so with everything God created, to be perpetuated by and through natural laws; and just so with his church, miraculously established on that memorable day of Pentecost, to be perpetuated by the spiritual law that day proclaimed to the world by the Spirit through the tongue of the apostle Peter. That law was perfect for the purpose for which it was made and established. God added to the church, through that law, through obedience to that law, about three thousand souls the very day the church was built, or born, or brought into being; and he continued to add to it thereafter "daily" "such as should be saved"—all who obeyed the divine requirements to that end.

Is that law effective now? If not, when, where, why and by whom was it annulled, or repealed? Suppose intelligent, responsible men, women and children pay patient, polite, diligent attention to the gospel now—hear Christ preached so that they believe him to be the Christ, the Son of the living God, as did many of the murderers

of Christ on that memorable occasion; suppose their souls earnestly, intensely, but silently, ask the question that was asked that day, and the gospel preacher, anticipating that question, says to those souls, who already believe Christ to be the Christ, the Son of the living God, in the language of the Holy Spirit addressed to people in like condition then, "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 Ghost. 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;" and suppose thirty or three hundred or three thousand of these anxious souls are glad to learn how they can be added to his church, are satisfied with the Spirit's answer, and, *having* "gladly received his word," the thirty or three hundred or three thousand that have "gladly received his word" are baptized, are they added to anything? If so, who has added them? How has he added them? To what has he added them? Religiously, who, what and where are they?

Since that memorable day of Pentecost there has been no change in the law of the Lord established and proclaimed for the perpetuation of God's church. The Lord then added to the church the "about" three thousand who that day complied with the law of pardon proclaimed by Peter, who spake as the Spirit gave him utterance. Then, as certainly as "God is no respecter of persons," he adds to his church the thirty or the three hundred or the three thousand who are now in the same condition and comply with the same law. Since that law is recorded, and as there has been no change in it since



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it was recorded, and as there is to be no change in it while time shall last, or even after time shall cease to be, so far as the word of the Lord even *intimates*, all responsible souls who hear the gospel, believe the gospel, honestly and earnestly repent of their sins and are baptized—buried with the Lord by baptism into death and raised up to walk in newness of life—are then, thus and there, by Jehovah, as in all the Christian ages past, added to God's church, God's household, God's family—the Bible clearly teaching that God's church is God's family.

How should we live after Jehovah has thus added us to his church, his family? Live as God's faithful children lived in the days of the apostles. How did they then live? "They continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." We cannot, of course, have the apostles' doctrine—"the apostles' teaching," as the Revised Version expresses it—in every respect now as the children of God had it then. They met with the apostles in the temple every day—whether once, twice or thrice, or more, we are not told; but they were there "with one accord," listening to the teaching of the Holy Spirit, given through the tongues of the apostles; and they continued steadfastly in that teaching, or doctrine—which was Christ's, God's, heaven's doctrine.

We cannot, as they did, hear that teaching come directly from the lips of the apostles; but we have, in God's book, all recorded that Jehovah wanted preserved. We are in a better condition, however, in that respect than they were. They could hear the "apostles' doctrine," or "teaching," only once, twice or thrice a day, perhaps,

and had to depend upon memory to preserve it. Now it is recorded, and we can hear it or read it frequently and refresh our memory with regard to it constantly. We who have obeyed the gospel should see that we continue "steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine" as recorded in the Bible, never turning aside to follow the teachings of men. Regardless of whatsoever respect we may have for men, and howsoever highly we may appreciate their teachings, we should fill our minds with the truths of God's word and let no man's hobbies lead us from the Book of books.

"They continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship"—that is, in both the doctrine and the fellowship of the apostles. We cannot now continue in, or have, the fellowship of the apostles literally, in the sense in which the Christians who met with the apostles daily in the temple then enjoyed their fellowship, mixing and mingling with them every day and enjoying personal association with them. We cannot do that, of course; but if we are Christians—if we have obeyed the gospel—we belong to the same spiritual family to which the apostles belong, and are partners with them in all the blessings, both temporal and eternal, contained in that divine fellowship for the family of God, and are to enjoy the bliss and blessing thereof forever, if we live as Christians ought to live and "be faithful unto death."

We should certainly appreciate this blessed fellowship, and should be sure to never be led from the truth or from a proper appreciation of the precious fellowship our Father graciously grants and gives us by the thought that "fellowship" means *simply the Lord's-day contribution*

—a thought as strange and as manifestly unscriptural as it is possible for it to *be* possible for a thought to ever be. When I was in Texas a few weeks ago, brethren living there told me of what they call “the new hobby, or heresy.” That “hobby, or heresy,” they said, is the assumption that this forty-second verse of the second chapter of Acts of Apostles—the verse now under consideration—gives the order of work and worship in the assembly of the saints on the first day of the week; and, hence, unless we follow that order strictly, in both letter and spirit, we may just as well not claim to be followers of the Son of God at all—indeed, *better* not, since such claim is manifestly false. Serious trouble, they told me, had arisen over that “hobby” in the very congregation with which I was then working; and many of the members thereof had ceased to worship with the congregation, they said, because the brethren did not, when they met on the first day of the week, first have the apostles’ teaching read, then take up the contribution—which, strange to say, they called “the fellowship”—then have the communion, then the prayers, and then sing a song and go out. Because the brethren did not always strictly observe that “order of work and worship,” many members, they told me, had not only ceased to affiliate with them in any sense, but were worshipping elsewhere, thus dividing the army in the presence of the enemy, when the battle was raging and the saints were sorely pressed all along the line.

I do not vouch for the correctness of this charge, but I am sure it is not an *intentional* misrepresentation. Neither do I believe the intentions of the

brethren who thus divided the congregation—if they did thus divide it—were evil. I believe they were sincere. So, also, was Saul of Tarsus sincere when he was persecuting and killing Christians—persecuting the church of God—but he was persecuting *Christ*, nevertheless. Something marvelously and mysteriously strange had occurred in that congregation, I am sure; but it is not strange that the riding of a hobby should rend and ruin a congregation. Indeed, I believe extremists, hobbies and hobbyists are cursing the cause of Christ to-day beyond the comprehension of mortal man. And, unfortunately, some sincere souls seem to be determined to never recognize as Christians, or have fellowship with *any*, save those who ride their hobby. Let me walk forever rather than ride a religious hobby; and let me die *to-day* rather than be deprived of my Christian liberty. “The perfect law of liberty” is not “the yoke of bondage,” nor is it a law of slavery.

How anybody ever learned that the forty-second verse of the second chapter of Acts of Apostles gives or contains the order of work and worship to be observed by the saints on the first day of the week, or any other day, is a mystery to me. That no mortal ever learned it from “the Lord, in the light of his word,” is clear. It evidently has direct reference to “the protracted meeting,” or series of meetings, ushered in, or begun, by the birth of the church of God. They—the Christians—continued to meet in the temple from day to day, continued in the teaching and fellowship of the apostles, and “in the breaking of bread, and in prayers. . . . And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved”—

“the saved”—“those that were being saved”—those who obeyed the gospel. So far as I am able to see, there is nothing in the language that indicates special reference, or any reference, to the order of work or worship on the first day of the week or any other day. And that the forty-second verse of the second chapter of Acts or any other verse prescribes the order of work or worship that shall be observed in the assembly of the saints on the Lord’s day or any other day, or that “fellowship” means the weekly contribution of the saints, is absolutely beyond my comprehension. My inability to comprehend it does not prove it to be incorrect, however. The Bible may teach both of these things; but, if so, my mental capacity is not sufficiently strong to enable me to see it. That’s all.

The word “fellowship” occurs seventeen times in the Bible—in the “Authorized,” or “King James,” Version—twice in the Old Testament, fifteen times in the New Testament; and if, in a single instance, it refers to our putting into the Lord’s treasury on the Lord’s day, or any other day, a few nickels and pennies—because we have no smaller change—I haven’t mental power sufficiently strong to see it. I can see in this language nothing from which to deduce the conclusion that even *possibly* it may be *possible* that *probably* the Spirit had reference to the weekly contribution when he talked about fellowship. Nor is it possible for *me* to prove that the word “fellowship,” as used in the Bible, *ever* means the weekly contribution. Some of the sayings of the Spirit on the subject of fellowship are these:

“Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which frameth mischief by a law?” (Ps. 94: 20.)

“God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord.” (1 Cor. 1: 9.)

“But I say, that the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God: and I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils.” (1 Cor. 10: 20.)

“Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?” (2 Cor. 6: 14.)

“And when James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars, perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave to me and Barnabas the right hands of fellowship; that we should go unto the heathen, and they unto the circumcision.” (Gal. 2: 9.)

“And to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ.” (Eph. 3: 9.)

“And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.” (Eph. 5: 11.)

“I thank my God upon every remembrance of you, always in every prayer of mine for you all making request with joy, for your fellowship in the gospel from the first day until now.” (Phil. 1: 3-5.)

“If there be therefore any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels and mercies, fulfill ye my joy, that ye be

like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord of one mind." (Phil. 2: 1, 2.)

"That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death." (Phil. 3: 10.)

"If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth: but 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: 6, 7.)

It is never safe to assume that a certain passage of sacred scripture means a certain thing, when it may mean something else and not mean what it is assumed to mean at all, and, reasoning from that assumption, reach a conclusion, because that assumption may be false; and, consequently, our conclusion may be not only erroneous, but even dangerous and harmful. Before a surveyor can make a correct survey, he must find "the beginning corner." If he simply assumes that a certain stump is "the beginning corner," because a big tree evidently once grew there, his survey is almost sure to be wrong, from start to finish. Just precisely so, if we assume that the forty-second verse of the second chapter of Acts of Apostles prescribes the order we must observe in our worship on the first day of the week, and that "fellowship" means our weekly contribution to the Lord's treasury, we may finally be forced to the conclusion that our spiritual survey is incorrect from beginning to end. Moreover, if I were to assume that I am wiser, worthier and better than the brethren who differ from me relative to the things of which I am now speaking, any survey I

might make in the shadow of that false assumption should, most assuredly, be wrong, and only wrong, and that continually. But I shall not do that. I do not, shall not and should not assume to be wiser, worthier or better than my brethren; but it is ever safe for any and all of us to investigate, always being open to conviction and appreciating instruction and correction.

Far be it from *me* to say *anything* to discourage the weekly contribution. Christians are certainly clearly taught, in the law of the Lord, to commune and contribute "on the first day of the week." We are plainly taught by the Spirit in the sacred Scriptures to lay by us "in store," "upon the first day of the week," as the Lord has prospered us. Thus should the Lord's treasury be replenished as the weeks go by, that lack of means may not prevent our doing the work the Lord would have us do.

A convenient way to collect the contribution is for suitable persons—Christians above suspicion or reproach—to pass around boxes or baskets for the convenience of those concerned. Some prefer that way; others prefer to lay their contributions upon a table. The principle of right or wrong, morality or immorality, or the question of loyalty or lack of loyalty to the Lord, is not involved in these little questions of personal preference; and we should certainly not be selfish or contentious about them, or gratify and develop a bad spirit by refusing to take part in such service because it is not done exactly as we wish it to be done. When—if ever—one says, "If they pass a basket for the contribution, I'll not give anything," and another says, "If they do not

pass a basket, I'll not give anything," there's something radically wrong—and that's no way to right it. That's not the spirit the saints should possess. Darkness never dispels darkness; wrong never rights a wrong.

We ought to lay by in store as the Lord has prospered us, and make our contributions gladly, realizing that is an important part of the fellowship of the saints; and we should all wish to have fellowship in all the work and worship of the congregation with which we labor—and with all Christians, as far as we conveniently can. Every member of every congregation of Christians should be permitted to have fellowship in every good work thereof. Some congregation needs to build, furnish or repair a meetinghouse. *No one*, not even a multimillionaire, should be willing, or should be permitted, to do that work. Every member of the congregation has a sacred right to have fellowship in that work, as well as in every other work of the congregation; and not even the poorest member should be denied the pleasure of exercising that sacred right or privilege. That same church resolves to sustain a preacher. Every member thereof should be permitted to help—*no one forced* to do so, of course.

Do you say: "There may be members of a congregation who are too poor to contribute?" Not if all the members do their duty. A worthy member of a worthy congregation with which I was then working in a series of meetings once told me how that congregation cared for three sisters, worthy widows, who were not able to support themselves and who had no near relatives in the church to support them. He said: "We care for them

in such a way as to never distress or embarrass them by even so much as the slightest suggestion or intimation that they are a burden. Indeed, they are *not* a burden, but a blessing; and we take care of them in such a way as to make them realize that we so regard them. They have fellowship in everything the congregation does. They are not paupers. They are simply pensioners on God's bounty, as even the richest of us are. We see that their rights and feelings are properly—righteously—regarded—that they get their dues; and they contribute of their means, and work and worship with us, so as to have fellowship with us in our every worthy word and work. Why should they not? When and where Christians do their duty, God's children can never be paupers."

That congregation possessed the proper spirit, and those sweet sisters were happy. There was nothing to make them feel as if they were a burden to the congregation that properly cared for them, as duty demanded, any more than there is to make the wings of a bird feel like they are a burden to the bird that flits from flower to flower, from field to field, from forest to forest, from mountain to mountain, upon them.

Contributing of our means regularly, systematically, liberally, willingly and gladly is an important part of our Christian work, as well as duty; and while we have not the slightest spiritual, biblical authority, *so far as I know*, for calling it "THE FELLOWSHIP," and while I am very sure that is far from the scriptural meaning of fellowship, we should never neglect that duty; and if we all had proper conceptions of its importance and at-

tended to it properly in the right spirit, some of us would be better and happier than we are and more souls would be converted to Christ.

But what is fellowship? Webster's definition of "fellowship" is "partnership," and Webster's definition of "partnership" is "fellowship." In other words, Webster says "fellowship" is "partnership" and "partnership" is "fellowship." According to Webster, then, any kind of fellowship is partnership and any kind of partnership is fellowship; therefore the weekly contribution cannot be "THE fellowship." The Bible clearly and strongly sustains Webster in this; hence Webster is correct. We can have fellowship with each other, with the Father and with the Son. "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." (1 John 1: 3.)

We should never mistake the broad and blissful meaning of this lesson so far as to conclude that fellowship simply means the contribution—"only this, and nothing more." We should understand it is a glorious copartnership—that, or such as that, to which the apostle Paul refers when he says: "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together. For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." (Rom. 8: 16-18.)

In every well-regulated family there is a delightful,

blissful family fellowship. There may be three, there may be seven, there may be seventeen, souls constituting a family, meeting around the same family board and family fireside; but each one is in fellowship with all the others. They all have fellowship, or partnership, in the wealth or poverty, joy and sorrow, of their home. They may be drawn closely together by the fellowship of its wealth. They may be drawn more closely together, in tenderest, truest, sincerest sympathy, by the fellowship of its poverty. But it's fellowship—partnership—of wealth or poverty, whichever it may be. It's a fellowship of joy and sorrow, of smiles and tears; a fellowship of love, a fellowship of life, a fellowship of death.

Fellowship in Christ Jesus is a fellowship of faith—"faith that works by love and purifies the heart;" faith that lays hold of the promises of God and makes the yoke of Christ easy and the burden light, since love's labor is *always* light. It's a fellowship of hope—"which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil." (Heb. 6: 19.) It's a fellowship of love. It is sweet to love and to be loved; hence as our Father wishes all his children to be happy in this fellowship divine, the Spirit, by the pen of the apostle Peter, says to all who enjoy this fellowship, or partnership: "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 forever." (1 Pet. 1: 22, 23.) Hence, also, Paul, by the Spirit, says:

“And above all these things put on charity [love], which is the bond of perfectness.” (Col. 3: 14.)

Christian fellowship is indeed a fellowship of love—the purest, sweetest, strongest sentiment that has ever filled and thrilled the souls of the sons and daughters of men; the sweetest, strongest sentiment possessed by Jehovah himself; the sentiment that practically drew heaven down to earth and lifted earth up to heaven; the sentiment that caused Jesus, the divine Word—divine as God himself—to relinquish the wealth, the grandeurs and glories of the universe and the sweet associations of heaven and come down to earth, to become the babe of Bethlehem, the child of poverty, the man of sorrows, the friend of sinners, and die at last on Calvary’s cruel cross, amid the convulsions of the universe, and to slumber three days and three nights in the solemn silence and stillness of a borrowed tomb, from which he rose a triumphant conqueror, “the Sun of righteousness . . . with healing in his wings,” to flood the world with light divine and lead our souls to God. “For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” (John 3: 16.)

It is a fellowship of both joy and sorrow; hence we are told to “rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.” (Rom. 12: 15.) It is a fellowship of rejoicing in the Lord. Consequently, Christians are exhorted to “rejoice in the Lord always” and to “rejoice evermore.” It is a fellowship of labor in the vineyard of the Lord, all working together for the glory of God, the honor of Christ and the salvation of souls. It



LITTLE "JIM" STRIBLING. LUCILE BRIGGS HOLMAN.
RUTH BLACK.
SEMMIE REDFORD HODGEN. GERTRUDE MILLER MAUKIN.

is the fellowship of soldiers—soldiers of the cross, armed with the sword of the Spirit and clad in the panoply of heaven, going forth under the fluttering folds of the banner of Prince Immanuel to battle bravely for the salvation of the sons and daughters of men. It is a fellowship of suffering and sorrowing and sighing and weeping because of sympathy with those that sigh, sorrow, suffer and are sad.

This is a blessed fellowship. When death claims a Christian, it is a blessed privilege of other children of the living God to visit the bereaved ones and have fellowship with them in their sorrows; to love them and tell them so; to weep with them, sympathize with them, sorrow with them—have partnership, or fellowship, with them in their grief. This is sacred fellowship that we should never neglect or forget. Paul may have been thinking of this blessed fellowship, of this precious privilege, when he wrote, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ" (Gal. 6: 2)—which is, indeed, the law of love divine. Christians enjoy this sweet fellowship on earth; and they have the sacred promise of a sweeter fellowship in that brighter and better world, with the redeemed of every age, country and clime; with all the faithful patriarchs, apostles and prophets; with the Holy Spirit; with the Father of our spirits and his holy Son, while the eternal ages roll their endless cycles on.

Surely we can all see that fellowship—Christian fellowship—means much more than our weekly—sometimes w-e-a-k-l-y—contributions of cash to the cause of Christ, notwithstanding not *one* of us should ever willingly and

willfully neglect the weekly contribution, that being a divinely appointed means of sustaining the cause to establish which our Savior gave the wealth of all the worlds and even his own precious life.

“They continued steadfastly in the apostles’ doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.” We should rejoice and be glad that God has given us this lesson, and we should demonstrate our appreciation of it by being true to its teaching. Vast volumes of thought are wrapped up in the few words of this verse. We should appreciate the privilege of breaking “the loaf” and partaking of the “fruit of the vine,” thus commemorating the Lord’s death on his birthday from the tomb; and we should never, while God permits us to live in this beautiful world, neglect the closing part of this verse: “And they continued steadfastly in the apostles’ doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, *and in prayers.*” We should rejoice that we are always “on praying grounds and pleading terms with the Lord Almighty;” that we have an advocate with the Father, “even Jesus Christ, the righteous;” that we can appeal to the Father, in the name of our Savior, in trial and triumph, in joy and sorrow, in sickness and health, at home and abroad, in darkness and light, on land and on sea, with the sweet assurance of always being heard and blessed, if we live aright and “pray in faith, nothing doubting,” willing always, of course, for his will, rather than ours, to be done, if they are not the same, as we are weak and shortsighted, while he loves us and always knows what is best, whereas what we believe to be best may sometimes be the very worst.

But we should never forget that the blessings of Christian fellowship are to be enjoyed *only* in Christ Jesus our Lord, hence *in the family of our God*; "for all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us." (2 Cor. 1: 20.) While we that are in that family have righteous reasons for rejoicing, we should certainly always be sad when we remember there are millions of intelligent, responsible men, women and children who have no part in this blessed fellowship. Sympathizing as we should sympathize with all such unfortunate souls, we should pray for them, preach to them, plead with them—do everything that prudence, propriety, Christian consistency and opportunity may permit—to bring to bear upon them a pressure divine, through the truth, to lead them to and into the Lord. And now, to this end, our spirits shall silently, but fervently, pray, while we sing and wait and watch, longing for the precious privilege of lovingly welcoming all who will come to Christ.

CHAPTER XI.

Letters—Forgiveness.

JESUS said: "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven." (Matt. 5: 11, 12.) Like many other men who preach and practice the principles of Christianity, Brother Larimore has righteous reason to "rejoice and be exceeding glad;" for he has suffered reproach, persecution and slander because of his loyalty to Christ and his cause. Notwithstanding all who know him know he is preëminently a peacemaker, never a peacebreaker, the same cruel, bitter, relentless spirit of prejudice that persecuted Christ and called him a drunkard, a glutton and a blasphemer, has accused Brother Larimore of disturbing the peace of spiritual Zion by dividing churches of Christ. But, upheld by firm faith in the providence of God, and confidently relying on the divine protection promised to those who love the Lord and live as Christians ought to live, he never tries to avenge himself—never even denies anything of which he is accused.

When friends protest against this course, he silences their protests by quoting from the Book of books: "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." (Rom. 8: 28.) "Recompense to no man evil for evil." (Rom. 12: 17.) "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." (Rom. 12: 19.) "And Jesus stood before the governor: and the governor asked him, saying, Art thou the King of the Jews? And Jesus said unto him, Thou sayest. And when he was accused of the chief priests and elders, he answered nothing. Then said Pilate unto him, Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee? And he answered him to never a word; insomuch that the governor marveled greatly." (Matt. 27: 11-14.)

Unquestionably, he has divine example for the silence with which he invariably meets slander and misrepresentation. The "great reward" promised to those who are "persecuted for righteousness' sake" shall be his, if he be "faithful unto death;" and he reaps even here a rich reward for patiently enduring such persecution, in the devotion of his friends—slander and misrepresentation seeming to simply raise up new friends and increase the love and loyalty of old friends, leading many to manifest their sympathy, trust and confidence in substantial ways.

The following incident, related by one who knows him well, illustrates his manner of meeting slander and misrepresentation:

"A few years ago, some people evidently resolved to ruin him—to discourage, humiliate and crush him by destroying his influence. A politician, who was then the

editor and publisher of a periodical that purported to be religious, was at the head of the conspiracy. At least, he was not only 'on the firing line,' but he *was* 'the firing line'—'the whole thing'—while the other conspirators furnished the ammunition and cheered him as he fought.

"Sample copies of the periodical herein mentioned, containing charges that all who really knew Brother Larimore knew to be absolutely false, both in letter and spirit, in whole and in part, were sowed broadcast over the land.

"Brother Larimore made no effort to avenge himself—denied nothing of which he was accused, saying, when urged to call his enemies to a strict account: 'Denial and denunciation can do no good. I know, those who originate and circulate such charges know, the Lord knows, and all who really know me know, these cruel charges are not true; and I shall not disturb others by denying them, but shall simply "preach the word" and endeavor "to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace" till I go to Him "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; . . . but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously."' "

"But 'all things work together for good to them that love God.' The next time Brother Larimore passed through a certain town that had been deluged with those papers, a friend, having heard he was to be on that train, 'headed him off' and handed him a hundred dollars. A few weeks later that same friend handed him another hundred dollars. Later he handed him five hundred dollars; and, later still, he sent him two thousand dollars.

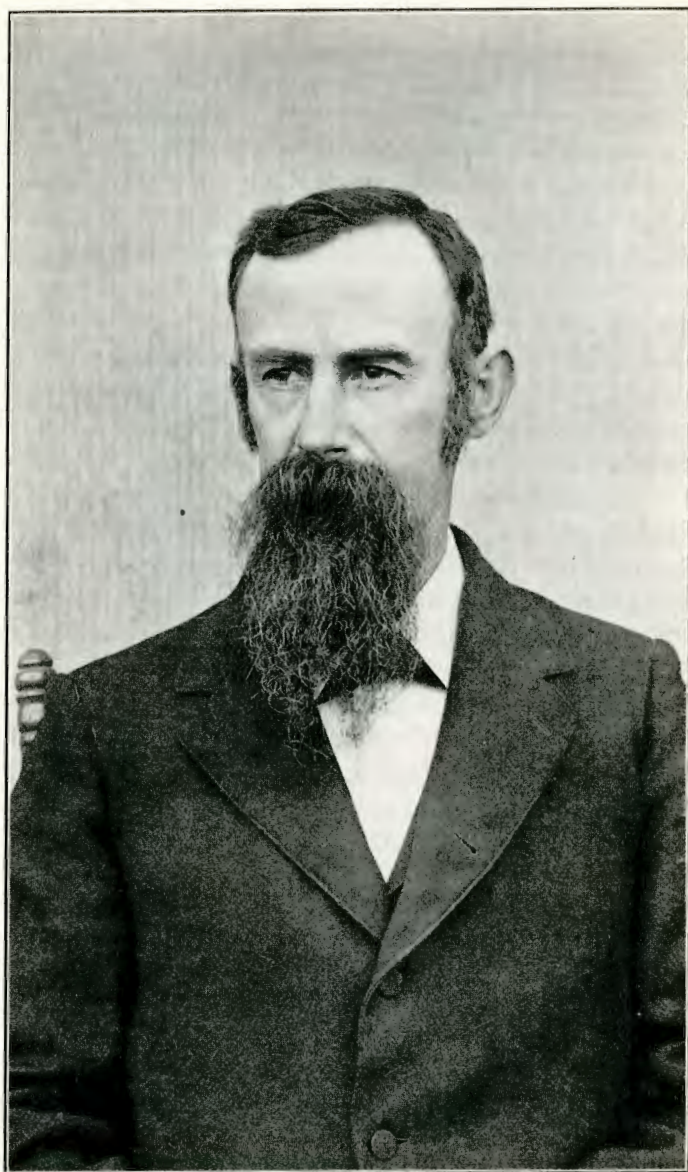
“The same cause that produced that effect in that town caused an indignant friend in another town—a Methodist and a Mason of high rank, who had known Brother Larimore many years—to hand him a hundred dollars; and, from that day to this, never a year has passed that that selfsame friend has not done for him much more than that.

“While Brother Larimore loves his friends and appreciates all manifestations of their confidence, love and esteem, he attributes all these things to Providence, and considers himself simply a servant—a steward—of the Lord, who must render a strict and correct account of all that Providence puts into his hands.

“A few years ago the editor and publisher who had tried so hard to injure him passed away. I sent a notice of his death to Brother Larimore and wrote on the margin: ‘This is the man who persecuted you so persistently and relentlessly.’ He returned the clipping, after writing on the margin, “‘Lord, lay not this sin to his charge;”’ and that was all he had to say about it.”

He deplores the tendency to strife among brethren, and constantly advocates a spirit of kindness toward all. Recently he wrote:

“I notice Brother Fred. Rowe says he wishes to conduct the Christian Leader and The Way ‘on lines of tenderness and purest love.’ If he succeeds in doing so, his subscribers ought to number many millions. I have recently sent you two or three bitter clippings—‘bitter as wormwood and gall’—from the religious press—one calling brethren who do not ‘walk the circuit,’ but rely on railroads for transportation, ‘*car riders,*’ and speak-



McH. JENKINS, M.D.

ing as if it may be an unpardonable sin for a preacher to ride on a railroad! Certainly 'these things ought not so to be;' for the Spirit says: 'Speak not evil one of another, brethren.' (James 4: 11.) As for myself, I am determined to add as much to the happiness and as little to the sorrow of the suffering sons and daughters of men as possible, while inhaling the fragrance of the fading flowers of time."

He very highly commends the following article, written by Dr. McH. Jenkins, of Red Boiling Springs, Tenn. Dr. Jenkins is a devoted friend of Brother Larimore, a physician of note and an earnest Christian gentleman.

"FORGIVENESS.

"The plan of redemption was conceived and perfected in the mind and purpose of God, and his wondrous love and grace were manifested to us in the gift and death of his only begotten Son 'while we were yet sinners.' Love divine prompted Jehovah to send his Son to save us. Moved by matchless love and mercy, that Son came 'to seek that which was lost,' not because man desired or merited forgiveness and salvation, but because he loved us and desired to save us; and as our Heavenly Father and the Lord Jesus Christ were merciful to us, even while we were sinners, we ought also to be merciful to one another, and not exemplify or reproduce in our lives the story of the merciless servant.

"We are drawn to God by his goodness; and if the mercy and goodness of God manifested toward us in our impotence led us to repentance, shall not mercy and forgiveness extended by us to our fellow-men who sin

against us also be means to lead *them* to repentance? Let us heed our apostle's admonition to 'overcome evil with good'—the only means by which it can be overcome.

"It is true that God has promised to forgive *our* sins only on the condition of 'the obedience of faith;' but we are not God, and, in our shortsightedness, we cannot know whether the repentance of others is genuine or otherwise; 'for what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him?' (1 Cor. 2: 11.) Hence we may not, as does he, make repentance a condition of pardon. He has wisely taken vengeance out of our hands, but has left us the precious privilege of forgiving. In love for us he has safeguarded our peace and happiness by making it our duty to forgive those who sin against us, regardless of whether that forgiveness is asked or sought.

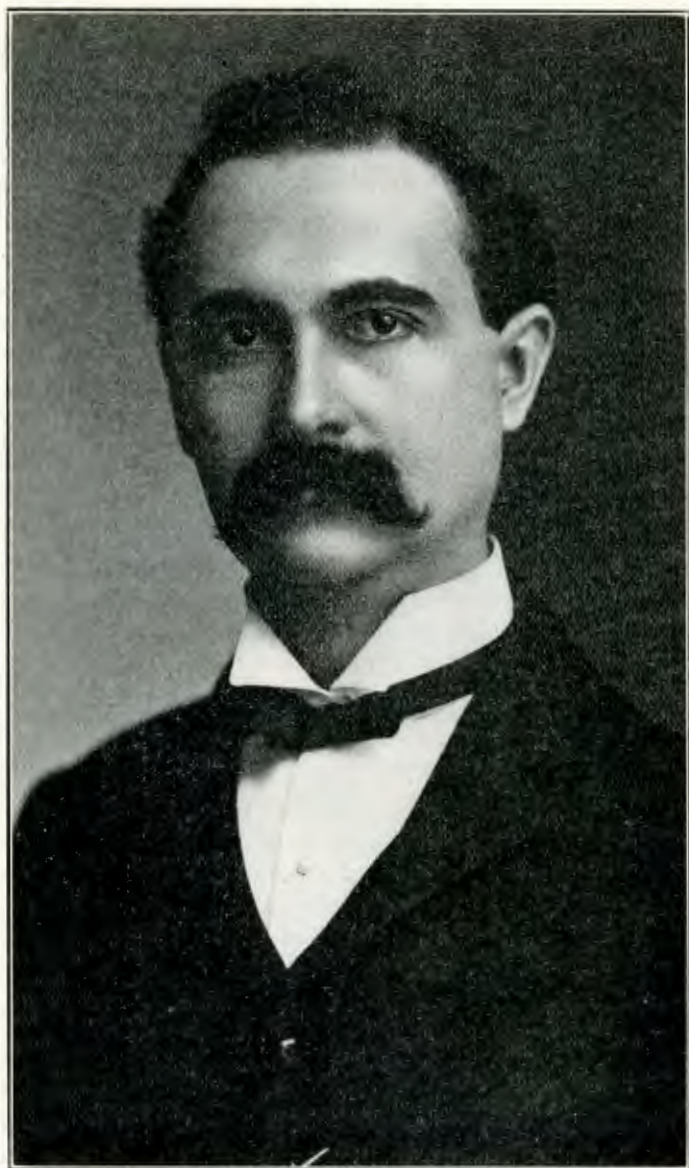
"Our Savior says: 'When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.' This is as plain as language can make it. We must forgive, if we would pray acceptably or be forgiven. If we cannot pray acceptably until we forgive, and cannot forgive till the offender asks forgiveness, then we are truly at the mercy of sinful men, who can stand between us and the altar of prayer and force us into judgment with our sins unforgiven and with bitterness against our fellow-men in our hearts.

"We often hear such statements as this: 'I am ready

to forgive when the offender asks forgiveness.' Why wait? How can we know whether he is sincere; for 'what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him?' So, then, as we cannot know whether a man is sincere in asking forgiveness, how can we make his asking a condition of pardon? Repentance and prayer are absolutely necessary on the part of those who sin; but those acts have reference to God, who knows the thoughts and intents of the heart, and our forgiveness brings to those whom we forgive no release from those obligations. It simply takes the matter out of our hearts and hands and leaves it between the offender and God; and we need have no fears concerning our little claims when they are left in the hands of a man who realizes, and is ready to do, his duty to God.

"Whether an offender desires, or would appreciate, forgiveness, is none of our business. Jesus did not wait for us to appreciate his love and mercy before he willingly gave himself as a sacrifice to redeem us from sin and death; and why should we wait, and thus permit other men's obstinacy to stand between us and happiness and heaven?

"Forgiving an enemy secures our own peace of mind; but it does not justify that enemy in the sight of God, nor does it release him from obligation to make amends for injury done. In forgiving the offender, we simply forego vengeance for kindness and commit the matter of judgment to God, who alone is able to finally and forever justify or condemn. Since God has wisely taken justification and condemnation out of our hands, let us not presume to usurp these divine prerogatives, but



W. B. ROMINE.

rather let us heed the divine admonition: 'Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. And above all these things put on charity [love], which is the bond of perfectness. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful.' (Col. 3: 12-15.)"

Brother Larimore is always interested in the welfare of his "boys," rejoices when one of them "comes to the front" in a good cause, and usually writes him, expressing his fatherly interest and appreciation. Recently he saw a notice of important work done for the cause of temperance by W. B. Romine, editor and proprietor of the *Pulaski Citizen*, Pulaski, Tenn.; and he wrote Mr. Romine as follows:

"'Willie:' Seeing your name in the *Tennessean* and elsewhere, always in the light of honorable mention, brings resistless tides of thrilling thought from the bosom of the boundless past to overwhelm my mind to-day. I see you vividly, in memory now, as I saw you 'face to face' nearly forty years ago—my pupil—a bright, beautiful, black-eyed, barefooted little boy whom I loved—a brilliant little pupil who blessed me, affectionate and beloved, who blessed and brightened our Stantonville school, who never needed a reprimand, who never gave me any trouble.

"Nearly two years ago—March 4, 1907—Mrs. Larimore went to her reward, leaving me lonely and sad; but

she never, till she went to her eternal home, forgot you, or how you looked, or how perfectly you played your part, when, at the close of our Stantonville school, you sang 'The Little Brown Jug'—the first time she or I ever heard or heard of 'The Little Brown Jug.' You were not barefooted that day, but your spacious shoes were wide open at the toes and your toes were sticking out. I notice you are still after 'The Little Brown Jug.' Success to you, my boy! I'm glad I hear nothing but good of you, especially that you are on the right side of every important question, making your full force felt in favor of law, order and decency—battling bravely for the right."

Mr. Romine, now the proprietor and able editor of a flourishing paper and a prominent citizen of the prosperous community in which he lives, enjoyed, in his youth, as Brother Larimore did, the advantage of having to meet and overcome many obstacles to obtain an education, and, like Brother Larimore, exemplifies in his successful career the truth that "poverty is often the force that bends the bow, and the *bent* bow is the bow that shoots." In the letter with which he inclosed the foregoing letter from Brother Larimore, Mr. Romine wrote:

"I am glad to be included in the list of 'Larimore's Boys.' He was my second teacher, and the instruction and inspiration received from him had much to do with shaping my life."

Brother Larimore is equally ready, when one of his "boys" is in trouble, to offer assistance, if assistance is possible; to express sympathy, if he can do nothing more. Several years ago he wrote to a friend:

“ You remember —, one of our Mars’ Hill boys, of course. He went West, preached a while, but finally drifted into skepticism, infidelity, atheism—drifted and floundered, and, at last, publicly renounced his allegiance to the church. A preacher handed me a paper reporting that fact, and said: ‘ I’ve written him a letter, and I tell you now I *blistered* him.’ I immediately wrote — the best, kindest letter I could write him, saying nothing worse than: ‘ I *know you are honest.*’ The letter herewith inclosed is his second letter to me since I wrote him. He is one of *my boys.*”

The following letter was inclosed therewith:

“ In my last letter to you I promised to write again. Last Wednesday I came to a decision that means much to me and that will be of interest to you, I’m sure. I write you first concerning the matter. Had not business called me away, I should have written you that day. I received many letters concerning my change, but none but yours made much impression upon me. Having come to myself, like the prodigal of old, and carefully considered the case, as I promised you I would do, I am sure I made a mistake in leaving the church. A review of the doctrines I thought I thoroughly believed, and on account of which I made the change, has convinced me that some, if not all, of them are unscriptural and wrong. I shall return to the church and do all in my power to correct the mistake I made, and shall adhere to God’s word as I have never done before. That is all I can do. I cannot recall the past. It is humiliating to confess that I have made a mistake; but I would rather do right, however it may humiliate me, and thus have a clear con-

science and the approval of God. Many of my brethren may be so uncharitable as to never forgive me, but the Lord will forgive me. About three years ago, thinking I ought to investigate every side of every subject, I read Ingersoll's writings and much Unitarian literature. Following the light as I saw it, my desire all along has been to do good; but the reading of so much such literature tended, of course, to take me away from the simple gospel of Christ. I can now see how I was led into error. You and a few other godly brethren will be charitable toward me; but many, I'm sure, will censure me, and this hurts me. Since beginning this letter I have wept over the matter till I cannot see how to write. I shall simply do the best I can, and I *know* you'll help me. God bless you, my father and my friend."

Like many others of a sensitive temperament, Brother Larimore is subject to unexplainable impulses and impressions. While engaged in a series of meetings in Woodsfield, O., he wrote:

"Thus far mine has been a strange life—a mysterious medley. One month ago—December 30, 1905—I reached Woodsfield in a snowstorm. Next morning, a stranger in a strange land, I started along the north side of Main Street, going east, hunting the post office. In the heart of the town, as I passed a pretty home, I saw a girl, broom in hand, who looked to be about seventeen years old, as clean as 'the beautiful snow,' apparently as innocent as a dove, as pretty and sweet in appearance as possible for mortal to be. She was sweeping 'the beautiful snow' from the floor of the porch. As I passed her, looking at her at least as much as politeness would

permit, I said: 'She looks sweet enough for heaven just as she is, but she's probably not a Christian. She's too sweet to miss heaven, though. I'll baptize her before I leave this town, "the Lord willing."' I baptized that sweet child about one hour ago.

"Her name is Olive Leaf Thornberry. I was so impressed that morning with the thought that I must baptize her that I stopped immediately after I passed her and looked carefully at the house and its surroundings that I might be absolutely certain to find the house again. I entered that house, captured that beautiful child for Christ, and now she is his."

He is scrupulously careful to never sacrifice the demands of duty to his personal inclination or preference. It has been a hope of his life to visit the Holy Land. A few years ago a sister who heard him express that desire conceived the idea of asking his friends to contribute a sufficient amount to permit him to make the journey. She wrote him:

"I do not mean to urge you to leave our own fair land, for we need you here; but I *do* mean to try to help you and your work in all possible ways; and since your heart's desire seems to be to go to Palestine, I want to try to help you to go.

"You suggested, among other reasons why you should not yield to your strong desire to go, that it would not be the rich who would send you; but if those who did it did it in tenderest love, would not the doing give them the purest pleasure, and, therefore, be a profitable investment for them? I'm sure there are thousands of hearts beating in unison with your purposes on earth that would



MISS OLIVE LEAF THORNBERRY.

gladly respond; and the amount each one would give could not be a great sacrifice for people in comfortable circumstances to make, even though it might keep a rocking-chair from the fireside or a cake or two from the Christmas table. If you decide it is *right* to make the effort, please let me make it."

He inclosed that letter to a friend, and wrote:

"Sister — has just written me relative to a trip to the Holy Land. I hardly know what to say. While that journey has been the dream of a lifetime with me, I really do not know whether I should undertake it. Moreover, my friends may never raise the amount necessary for that purpose. Above all this, I am not sure it is right for me to spend that amount, graciously given by friends who may themselves need it, in that way. I *must* simply do my duty, whatsoever that may be. I think I shall write her as good a letter as I can this morning, declining to accept her services for that purpose. She is a dear, blessed, good woman, and would probably succeed; but the burden might be too great for her.

"I presume I am cranky on the Holy-Land-Jerusalem-trip question. It has always been hard for me to abandon all hope of doing anything my heart has ever been set upon. If I could take that trip, I could and would and should then be perfectly willing to forego every earthly pleasure and preach my life away, I think. Well, I'll go some time, if I ever can. If not, I'll preach with all my might till God shall call me hence. Anyway, the fulfillment of my forty-years' dream is not near at hand, I'm sure; and as I'm to spend the coming year in America, I want to begin a six, seven, ten, or eleven-months'

twice-every-day-and-three-times-every-Sunday siege in some town or city January 1."

Fully appreciating the kindness and consideration of his friends, he seems to scarcely understand why such kindness and consideration should be so freely showered upon him. In a recent letter he wrote:

"I do not understand why people love me so. I believe I've written you of Brother Stribling, of Lawrenceburg, Tenn., whom I baptized several years ago. A few days before I baptized him, W. R. King, of Lawrenceburg, a leading lawyer of the highest type, a Christian gentleman above reproach, said to me, 'Jim Stribling is the best man in the county, the richest man in the county and the best business man I ever saw;' and, so far as I know, no one who knows him intimately and well questions that. A few days ago Brother Stribling said to me: 'You can never come to want. You can never be a burden to *anybody*. There are thousands of people who would appreciate, as a great pleasure, the privilege of taking care of you all the remnant of your days. You've blessed and brightened too many homes, done too much good, saved too many souls, for this world to ever let you want; and I'm sure you'll always be properly cared for in this world and want no good thing in that *better* world. As for me, I've told you once, and it's not necessary to tell you twice, but I'll tell you this one time more: You shall never be homeless, friendless or penniless, or suffer from want of anything, as long as *I* live and have a home and a dollar.' I appreciate that, of course, but I do not understand the philosophy of it. Why should

people love *me* so? Why should *I* have *so many* and *such* friends?"



"There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive a hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life."



"THY ROD AND THY STAFF THEY COMFORT ME."

By Dr. McH. Jenkins.

I'm growing old. The years, with ceaseless tread,
Are on their bosom bearing me away
Toward the silent city of the dead—
The evening rest before the judgment day.

Life's ever-changing dream will soon be o'er,
And then the dreamless sleep beneath the sod,
Till called to meet on yon eternal shore
To stand before the judgment throne of God.

And when I stand before my Maker's throne
To answer for my stewardship while here,
'Twill be my peace if I with joy can own
The hopes that I through life have held most dear.

As I have dealt, so shall he deal with me—
Reward me with the prize for which I ran.
For mercy shown he'll show me mercy free,
And bless me if I've blessed my fellow-man.

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If I have loved my neighbor as myself,
For Jesus' sake have kindly helped the poor,
Have loved my Master more than ease and pelf,
He'll make my calling and election sure.

And in that house of many mansions bright
He'll grant to me the fullness of his grace,
Will in his blessed home of pure delight
Appoint my ransomed soul a dwelling place.

O, blessed hope! My raptured soul would sing
A prelude to the song that ne'er shall cease,
Of praise to Jesus—Prophet, Priest, and King—
The fountain of my soul's eternal peace.

CHAPTER XII.

Sermon—The Lord's Supper.

IN a sermon on "The Lord's Supper," Brother Larimore said:

"Paul, writing to the Corinthian brethren, wrote: 'The Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread: and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come.' (1 Cor. 11: 23-26.) The one, pure, broken loaf represents the body of Christ mangled on the cruel cross. The 'fruit of the vine'—'the pure blood of the grape' (Deut. 32: 14)—represents the blood of our Savior shed on Calvary's cross 'for the remission of sins.' This institution, then, represents, or commemorates, the Lord's death, as baptism represents his burial and resurrection.

"As to when we are to partake of the Lord's Supper, all the Bible says on the subject, so far as I know, justifies and demands the conclusion that the first day of the week is the time. 'And upon the first day of the

week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow; and continued his speech until midnight.' (Acts 20: 7.) So, then, according to *the Book*, 'the first day of the week' is the time.

"If you ask me, 'Which first day of the week?' I should say there is but *one* first day of the week. No week has, ever has had or ever can have more than one first day in it; and that's the day on which 'the disciples came together to break bread.'

Do you ask: 'But does the Bible say they met on the first day of *every* week?' It says that as often as it says the Jews were commanded to keep every Sabbath, or the seventh day of every week, as a rest day. The commandment to the Jews was, 'Remember the Sabbath day'—the seventh day, the day we call 'Saturday,' the day the descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob have observed as a rest day more than three thousand years. God knew there never could be a week with more than one seventh day in it. He knew there could never be a week with more than one *first* day in it. The Jews were commanded to 'remember the Sabbath day'—the seventh day—'to keep it holy'—observe it as a rest day. In apostolic days 'the disciples came together to break bread' on 'the first day of the week.'

"So, then, the children of the living God are to meet on the first day of the week, to break the loaf representing the body of the Lord and to partake of the fruit of the vine representing the blood shed for the remission of sins, thus participating in the blessing of communion with the Lord.

Abuse of Xmas Day here

“ We should all rejoice, when the first day of the week dawns, in the thought that it is the birthday of the Savior from the tomb. Jehovah hath not revealed to mortals here below the birthday of the Babe of Bethlehem; hence no mortal knows that day. Of course we all know what day man has guessed it to be—the twenty-fifth day of December, the day now called ‘ Christmas; ’ but that’s evidently only a guess. It is accepted by many as sacred truth, however. Hence, in all Christendom, every year now closes with a period of rowdyism, gluttony, drunkenness, debauchery—*sin*—such as the world knows at no other time—in commemoration of the birth of Him above whose humble cradle angels sang, ‘ Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men ’—the immaculate Son of the living God, whose life on earth, from beginning to end, was a sinless life of poverty and spotless purity.

“ While the Bible does not tell us the month or the day of the month on which ‘ the child Jesus ’ was born, it does tell us, ‘ There were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night ’ (Luke 2: 8); hence it is probable that we miss it about as far as it is possible to miss it and hit the year at all when we say it was December the twenty-fifth. But we do know the birthday of the Savior from the tomb—‘ *the first day of the week* ’—and we should rejoice that God’s children have the privilege of coming to the Lord’s table on that day to commemorate the death of him who died that we might live. Who may do this? God’s children. How many of them? All of them. When? On ‘ the first day of the week. ’

“Do you ask: ‘Whom shall we invite to the Lord’s table, and whom shall we deny the privilege of communion?’ That question is easily answered. Paul wrote to the church of God at Corinth: ‘Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord’s body.’ (1 Cor. 11: 28, 29.) Now when God says to his children, ‘Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup,’ he virtually says to each and every one of them: ‘*You must examine nobody but yourself.*’ ‘You must *not* examine your neighbor.’

“So, then, each Christian is positively forbidden to presume to assume to settle that question for anybody but self. ‘Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat.’ I would not presume to invite the most saintly soul on earth to come to the Lord’s table; nor would I say to any soul: ‘Stand back; you cannot commune with me!’ That is a prerogative that belongs to the Lord Almighty alone. I cannot, I dare not, assume to supplant God. I am simply his servant, and must not try to supplant him.

“‘But,’ you say, ‘there is a serious difficulty here. Some sincere, honest, earnest man might believe himself to be entitled to commune, but not be entitled to do so—might believe himself to be a child of God, but not be a child of God—and, believing this, might commune, and thus eat and drink damnation to his own soul; for you have just quoted, from God’s book, this language: “For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and

drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body."'

"Yes, I quoted that language from God's book; but that language does not prove your point. It does not prove that an honest, earnest, sincere man who, in a worthy manner, partakes of the Lord's Supper, believing himself to be entitled to commune, though not entitled to do so, thus eats and drinks condemnation to himself. 'Unworthily' does not refer to the condition of the one who partakes. It is an adverb, not an adjective, and modifies, restricts, qualifies or limits the manner of doing a thing, not the condition of the one who does it. In the Revised Version it is '*in an unworthy manner.*' He who partakes of the Lord's Supper '*in an unworthy manner,*' eats and drinks condemnation to himself.

"An illustration may make this point plainer. A gentleman and a lady walk into a meetinghouse on the first day of the week, and, being late, take a seat near the door. They are not entitled to commune, but they think they are. They are not God's children, having been misled and confused by the doctrines and opinions of men, and thus kept from obeying the gospel. They have not been taught to do the things without the doing of which they can never become or be his children; but they are not aware of that. When the bread is passed, they reverently partake of it, understanding that it symbolizes the broken body of our Lord and believing they are exercising a sacred privilege and doing a solemn duty in doing so. When the cup is passed, they put it to their lips and taste 'the fruit of the vine' that they under-

stand symbolizes the blood shed on Calvary's cruel cross for the redemption of our race. There is no Bible proof that condemnation results from that mistake. Indeed, neither reason nor revelation recognizes such a revolting conclusion.

“But there are two other people in that selfsame audience who partake of the bread and ‘the fruit of the vine’ in a very different manner. Reckless, wayward and wicked, they have no respect for themselves, their friends or the God their Christian friends worship. To demonstrate their disrespect—their contempt—for sacred things, they partake of the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of the Savior of souls in a disrespectful and contemptuous way. *Thus* they eat and drink damnation to themselves, ‘not discerning the Lord’s body,’ hence partaking unworthily—in an unworthy manner.

“Christians should eat the bread and drink the cup of the Lord reverently, sincerely, understanding and appreciating the sacred purpose of the communion, and ‘discerning the Lord’s body.’ No mortal can know another mortal’s motives or spiritual condition to perfection; hence wisdom divine is clearly manifested in the decision—admonition—demand—command: ‘Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup.’”

In a letter written long ago, Brother Larimore made the following suggestions relative to the communion and preparations therefor:

“When we come together ‘to eat the Lord’s Supper,’ all unnecessary awkwardness, confusion, embarrass-

ment—everything that might detract from the solemnity of the sacred service—should be avoided. If some are invited, or formally permitted, to leave the house just before communion, confusion necessarily results, and people are thus taught to regard the communion as of little consequence—indeed, they are thus taught to treat it with contempt. If the services are long, tedious and tiresome, even brethren—weak and worldly brethren—sometimes become restless. If some are overlooked, offense may be taken, especially by those who are unreasonably and unrighteously sensitive.

“There are sometimes two or more loaves on the table. I know of no use for more than one loaf on the Lord's table. Neither do I know of any divine authority for it. Nor do I know of any spiritual significance in it. In Matt. 26: 26 we are told that ‘Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples,’ when he instituted ‘the Lord's Supper.’ In the margin in the Revised Version the word translated ‘bread’ is rendered ‘loaf,’ and it is the singular of the word rendered ‘loaves’ in the account of the feeding of the ‘five thousand men, beside women and children,’ with the five loaves and two fishes. The one loaf is in perfect harmony with the spirit of the institution—one loaf, to represent the one body mangled on the cross. The truth that there were probably *loaves* on the table when the Savior took a *loaf* and instituted the Supper is probably proof that he desired but one loaf used in that divine institution.

“We sometimes offer long prayers over the loaf and the cup, when and where we should simply give thanks,

the Bible being our guide. Indeed, some of us sometimes pray over the loaf and the cup and fail to give thanks at all; whereas we have divine authority for giving thanks, but have neither precept nor example for praying over the loaf or the cup. While, *of course*, not presuming to prescribe a form of thanksgiving, or to encourage any sort or semblance of *formalism*, I simply suggest that 'For this loaf we thank thee, our Father, in the name of Christ, our blessed Redeemer, and 'For this "fruit of the vine," representing the blood of the Lamb, we thank thee, our Father, in his name,' certainly meet all the demands of giving thanks at the Lord's table.

"We should certainly always make the best possible preparation for this most solemn of all sacred services—have the neatest table, cleanest linen and very best pitcher, plates and cups obtainable—usually at least two, three or four times as many plates and cups as we have. Better economize on dress, Christmas gourmandizing, etc., than on these things. A good silver 'communion service' costs but little and lasts a lifetime. Of course, clean, consistent Christians who can handle the emblems and conduct the communion service skillfully are the proper ones to perform this sacred service—the cleaner and more skillful, the better, of course.

"Possibly there may be something practical in the following suggestions:

"Carefully prepare *one* nice, clean, pure, unleavened loaf—not dry enough to rattle, not tough enough to tear—using none but the very purest and best material available.

“Exercise no less care with respect to the ‘fruit of the vine.’

“Have enough Christians, plates and cups for the service to convey the loaf and ‘the fruit of the vine’ to every Christian present in a very few moments.

“‘Give thanks,’ as the Spirit directs, instead of praying, for the loaf.

“Let each communicant patiently and reverently stand while and after giving thanks till the bread is received, and then sit down, each partaking of the loaf immediately after receiving it and then sitting down.

“Observe the same order in partaking of ‘the fruit of the vine’—first served, first partake and sit down; last served, last partake and sit down; and so on from first to last.

“‘Let all things be done decently and in order,’ with all due deliberation, respect, reverence, humility, solemnity, in memory of *Him*, ‘discerning the Lord’s body;’ ‘for he that eateth and drinketh unworthily’—*in an unworthy manner*—‘eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord’s body.’ While Christians should certainly not be formalists beyond what Divinity hath clearly prescribed, demanded or commanded, having practiced, commended and carefully observed that manner of communion many years, without ever discovering even one objectionable feature in it, I commend it to the careful and prayerful consideration of the saints. I have studied it diligently; and, to me, it seems proper. That, however, does not prove it proper.”

There has been considerable discussion as to whether “the fruit of the vine” used on the Lord’s table should

be fermented, or unfermented. The following article, written by Mrs. Silena M. Holman, president of the Tennessee Woman's Christian Temperance Union, is a strong plea for the use of the unfermented "fruit of the vine." When I consulted Brother Larimore about quoting herein Mrs. Holman's article on "The Lord's Supper and 'the Fruit of the Vine,'" he heartily approved its being done, and, in that connection, wrote:

"Mrs. Holman has long been one of my ardent admirers and devoted friends; and while I never meddle with political matters, but devote my entire time and attention to spiritual things, I consider Mrs. Holman a marvelously wonderful woman, true to her convictions, loyal to her Lord—to Christ and his cause—and to her friends; I wish her abundant success in all her laudable endeavors; love her as a Christian and a friend; and consider it an honor to have an article from her prolific pen among the things constituting what I believe to be the *last* volume of 'Letters and Sermons.'"

The article referred to is as follows:

"One of the anomalies of the fight against the liquor traffic is the struggle we have had to induce the churches to abandon the use of alcoholic wine at the Lord's Supper and use the pure 'fruit of the vine' instead. Those who have been working hardest for the destruction of this greatest enemy of the church long ago saw what a hindrance it was to the prohibition reform that the churches used, in one of their most sacred institutions, that which they were seeking to destroy.

"We believe the use of alcoholic wine at the Lord's Supper gives encouragement to the liquor traffic and the

saloon and to the custom of moderate drinking. Few people claiming to be Christians can now be found who are so lost to the decencies of Christianity and civilization as to defend the open saloon. Yet the use of alcoholic wine at the Lord's Supper often forces the church to go into the saloon to buy for this use, and in some cases, in prohibition States, to surreptitious violations of the law in its purchase.

"Some of the reasons—biblical and otherwise—why churches should use only the pure 'fruit of the vine' in the celebration of the Lord's Supper are as follows:

"1. Nowhere in the Bible is the drink used at the Lord's Supper called 'wine.' It is called 'the fruit of the vine,' 'the cup;' but never once is it called 'wine.' I think this is one of the strongest evidences we have that alcoholic wine was not used on that occasion; and those persons who insist on using such wine on such an occasion, insist on forcing into this church ordinance an unscriptural thing for which there is no reason in common sense, morals, or religion.

"2. In the institution of the Supper the Savior evidently did not use alcoholic, fermented or intoxicating wine, as may be inferred from the following facts: The Lord's Supper was instituted the night of the passover, with the elements used at the passover feast. The law forbade the use of leaven at the passover feast. (Ex. 12: 19, 20.) So the bread used was unleavened; the drink—'the fruit of the vine'—was also unleavened. It must have been so, for the yeast germ that leavens the bread is the same germ that causes the wine to ferment.

find

“Some have contended that alcoholic wine may properly be used, because, having passed through the process of fermentation, the leaven is purged out of the alcoholic wine, thus rendering it fit for use. They say the leaven is active in the bread, which makes it unfit. But this is scientifically untrue. The leaven is *not* active in the bread. It was active in the dough, but it is killed in the process of cooking, and there is no more leaven in the bread at the time of use than there is in alcoholic wine that has passed through the process of fermentation. It is destroyed, in the one case, by cooking; in the other, by the process of fermentation. If bread that had once had leaven in it was unfit for use on that account at the passover feast, a drink that had once had leaven in it would be unfit for use for the same reason. And the Savior would no more have used at that feast wine that had passed through a process of fermentation than he would have used bread that had passed through this process.

“Further, as nowhere in the Bible is the word ‘wine’ used in connection with the Lord’s Supper, neither is the word ‘wine’ used anywhere in the Bible in connection with the passover feast. No orthodox Jew, understanding the meaning of words—and the Savior knew what he was about—would have used leavened wine at the passover feast. To-day many of the Jews will no more use leavened wine at the passover feast than they would use leavened bread. Others, making void the teachings of the law by their traditions, in this, as in other things, explain away the leaven in the wine very much after the manner of some Christians who contend for the use

of alcoholic wine at the Lord's Supper. But an unquestioned scientific fact cannot be explained away by any such sophistry. There can be no doubt that the Lord's Supper was instituted with unleavened bread and the 'fruit of the vine'—also unleavened, or unfermented.

3. The consistency and beauty of the sacramental symbols demand the absence of all fermented drinks. Fermentation is the beginning of decay. The body of our Lord was not suffered to see corruption; and bread and wine that have passed through a process of decay cannot appropriately symbolize the body and blood that saw no corruption.

4. Our Savior spent his life in doing good. He is the one pure and spotless being that has walked this earth clothed in human form. Alcoholic liquor is the cause of nine-tenths of the crime and sorrow and sin and shame and wickedness and want and woe that this earth has ever known. Yet we take this criminal, reeking with the blood of innocent childhood, helpless womanhood, and debauched manhood, and set it on the Lord's table to be drunk by Christian people in memory of the shed blood of God's holy Son. Could anything be more inconsistent? To me it seems a sacrilege.

5. We are warned repeatedly in the Bible against the use of wine. We are therein thus admonished: 'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red. . . . At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.' We are told: 'Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging.' We teach our children that it is wrong to drink alcoholic wine; that their own well-being—the good of the race—the welfare of all mankind—demands abstinence from all

Leaven represents sin.

intoxicating liquors. Then, in the face of these commands and warnings in the Bible and in spite of this teaching to our children and to the world, we go to church and, in the presence of saint and sinner alike, and before the eyes of our children, we offer to Christian people, in the house of God, the very thing we have, with scriptural authority, so earnestly denounced. Could anything be more inconsistent?

“6. It is a temptation to the reformed drunkard, because the taste revives the old appetite for drink. A reformed drunkard will tell you that one drop of the liquor in his mouth will revive the old appetite beyond his control. His only safety is in total abstinence from drink. There are many recorded instances of reformed men’s getting a taste of their old enemy at the communion table and going from the church to a debauch. God does not perform a miracle every time a man goes to the Lord’s table to keep him from the consequences of his own perverted appetite. The only safety for such men is total abstinence from the taste of liquor.

“The Bible denounces the man who would put a cause of stumbling in his brother’s way. Yet church officials, without a qualm of conscience, will calmly offer to any reformed drunkard, who may be trying to do better, this temptation that will often almost surely lead him down to destruction. And the Bible says: ‘Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor’s lips, and maketh him drunken also.’ How can he hope to escape this woe?

“7. It gives encouragement to the moderate drinker. ‘It cannot be wrong to use in moderation at home what

Christians use at church,' a man once said to me. He was right. If it is wrong to use it at home, it cannot be right to use it at church. No explanation can explain such anomalous teaching. No sophistry can make it right to use in church what would be wrong to use, even in small quantities, at home. This covers the whole ground.

"Paul, in reproofing the Corinthians for their misuse of the Lord's Supper and their utter misunderstanding of its purpose, says: 'For in eating every one taketh before other his own supper: and one is hungry, and another is drunken.' (1 Cor. 11: 21.) In reading this, some people at once jump to the conclusion that these Corinthian brethren used alcoholic wine, for they were 'drunken;' that as Paul, in his rebuke, did not object to their using alcoholic wine, therefore it was not wrong for them to use that kind of wine on that occasion. But neither did Paul rebuke them for drunkenness. Shall we, therefore, conclude that because he failed to rebuke them for drunkenness, it is not wrong for people to get drunk at the Lord's Supper or elsewhere? He is not rebuking them for either drunkenness or for using alcoholic wine. He is rebuking them for making a feast of the Lord's Supper and eating to satisfy hunger in the Lord's house. He says: 'What? have ye not houses to eat and to drink in?' 'And if any man hunger, let him eat at home.' Does any one think Paul would have failed to rebuke these brethren for drunkenness had they really been drunk?

"The word translated 'drunken' is evidently a mis-translation. Years before the beginning of the discussion

*not drunken here tho
1 Cor 11: 21*



Top Row—F. LARIMORE COPELAND, PAUL LARIMORE
McWHIRTER, T. B. LARIMORE HILL.

Middle Row—CARL LARIMORE KELLEY, HARRY SUTTON AND T. B.
LARIMORE MOLLOY, JAMES LARIMORE PARKER.

Bottom Row—DALE LARIMORE BARRICK, LLOYD LARIMORE
NUSZBAUM, HERMAN LARIMORE SKELEY.

as to whether it is right or wrong to use alcoholic wine at the Lord's Supper, very many of the finest commentators on the Bible, whose scholarship no man disputes (and without regard to the kind of wine used), said the word translated 'drunken' at that place was wrongly translated.

not drunk here

"The circumstances were these: Many of the Corinthian Christians were not converted Jews, but Gentiles who had been converted from idolatry, where feasts to the gods were common observances. They had mistaken the Lord's Supper for such a feast, and were celebrating it accordingly. Then they had made of it a selfish feast; for richer brethren, bringing a bountiful supply of provisions, were '*methui*'—not 'drunken,' as translated, but—'plentifully fed;' while poorer brethren, having little to bring, were '*peina*'—'hungry.' 'One is hungry, and another is plentifully fed.' Almost all expositors agree in ascribing to the apostle's words a charge of selfish repletion, though not of drunkenness. The exceptions to this are few.

"Macknight and Doddridge, in '*Living Oracles*,' long considered one of the best and most scholarly translations of the New Testament, render the word 'filled.' 'One is hungry, and another is filled.' Adam Clarke says of the passage: 'Some ate to excess; others had scarcely enough to satisfy hunger.' Bengal puts it: 'One has for himself more than his due; another, less.' Dr. Lee says: "*Methui*," being used as antithetical to "*peina*" ("hungry"), requires to be used in the generic sense of "satiated," and not in the restricted and emphatic sense of "intoxicated." This word is always

translated 'drunken' when used in the New Testament, but in the Greek translations of the Old Testament there are numerous instances where the word is used in the sense of 'repletion.' From this point of view, everything on the subject in the Bible is entirely harmonious.

"In the literature of the early centuries of the Christian era there are numerous references which show that unfermented wine—the pure 'fruit of the vine'—was used at the Lord's Supper in those days, such as pressing out the cluster into the cup at the table, etc.

"Some have thought it would have been impossible for the early Christians to secure the pure, unfermented 'fruit of the vine' out of the vintage season. But this is a mistake. Then, as now, in that climate, grapes could be preserved, and were preserved, from vintage to vintage. And in that day they preserved the grape juice in an unfermented state, just as they do now. I have in my possession four recipes for preserving it in this state, which were in use before, during and after our Savior's time on earth. Pliny says wine was esteemed the best which was least inclined to affect the head or infest the brain and the passions—that is, the less alcohol there was in it, the better the ancients considered the wine. So they studied the methods of preserving the grape juice without fermentation.

"For churches that desire to use it, the 'fruit of the vine' may be preserved without fermentation by expressing the juice from the grapes, sweetening it to taste, heating, and canning in fruit jars, like any other fruit. But it is now a standard article of commerce, like any other article in common use, and may be had through

any drug store. Welch's Grape Juice is the purest and best that has come under my observation. It must be kept sealed. What is left over should not be saved and *used* the next Sunday, as it ferments when unsealed.

"I believe when church members unite to drive this agent of evil from the inmost sanctuary of the church, the day shall have arrived for ridding our country forever of the legalized liquor traffic. As long as we foster its use in one of the most sacred institutions of our religion, just so long will the evil remain to blight our land and ruin our people."

Relative to "the fruit of the vine," Brother Larimore recently wrote:

"There's nothing nonsensical, nonessential, or accidental in the phraseology of the Bible. Wisdom divine is manifestly apparent in the use of the word 'wine' *never*, the phrase 'the fruit of the vine' *ever*, in the Book of books in connection with the holy communion, 'the fruit of the vine,' 'the blood of the grape,' being the emblem representing the blood of the Lamb on the Lord's table. Not that the juice—'the blood'—of the grape is not wine, for it *is* wine, and is so recognized by Webster, whether fermented or unfermented, and likewise by the Bible. Indeed, the Bible calls the juice of the grape *wine* while it is yet in the grape—'Thus saith the Lord, As the new wine is found in the cluster, and one saith, Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it: so will I do for my servants' sakes, that I may not destroy them all' (Isa. 65: 8)—as well as when "it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder" (Prov. 23: 32).

"Why not, then, call 'the fruit of the vine' on the

Lord's table *wine*? Because it must be 'the fruit of the vine.' It should certainly be 'the pure blood of the grape.' But while it cannot be that and not be wine, it *can* be wine and not be that; for billions of bottles, not to say barrels, of wine have been made, bought, and sold that were *not* 'the blood of the grape'—'the fruit of the vine.' To insure the use of 'the fruit of the vine' on the Lord's table, therefore, and debar therefrom all substitutes therefor, it was and is necessary to use the phraseology, 'the fruit of the *vine*,' instead of the ambiguous, bewildering word 'wine.'

"The Lord Almighty, 'who doeth all things well,' hath given us a perfect revelation of his holy will; hence neither he nor his word is responsible for our mistakes. Let us *try* to speak as the oracles of God speak, and live as the Holy Spirit, through the truth, teaches us to live. And if we try very hard, we'll succeed very well.

"Once upon a time subsequent to the time when Noah took too much wine, when Tennessee was in the throes of a terrific political contest, some of the hard-cider saints, filled with fear and frantic with anxiety for the safety and success of our spiritual Zion, made the welkin ring with the sound of the shout: 'If prohibition prevails, the churches cannot procure wine for sacramental purposes; hence communion must cease.'" Of course those who raised this shout were intensely and supremely sincere, and were filled with consternation, as well as fear; but while politics is no part of my profession, this cry of consternation and alarm started the machinery of my mind to moving along that line, so that

all my fears were forever allayed before I had a spell or a spasm.

“When I see an abundance of rich, juicy grapes that grow in Tennessee, on mountain high, in valley low, in field and forest, in garden and grove, on vine-clad hills, by babbling brooks, on sunny slopes, in shady nooks, I thank the Lord, take courage, and say: ‘While time shall last, “the saints and faithful” in Tennessee can commemorate the death of Christ in his appointed way.’

“When I go to Canada, find grapes growing everywhere, and find them so abundant and so cheap that I almost wonder how the people can afford to gather and market them for the price, I say: ‘Canada is the home of the grape.’

“When I travel toward the tropics, from Canada to Cuba, and see great clusters of luscious grapes growing on the bosom of that beautiful island that has been bathed in the blood of its patriots and people, I say: ‘The Southland is Grapeland, and so shall it be forever.’

“When I wander Westward till I reach the Golden Slope, where the breath from the Pacific before me meets the breath from the Rockies behind me, and I behold a world of grapes so wonderful that I can scarcely believe the vision is real, I exclaim: ‘I’ve found the land of grapes at last!’

“But as I stand there on California’s broad, beautiful bosom, surrounded by fruits and flowers that never fail, breathing the breath of summer, in sight of spotless snows that never melt, my mind flits away to Switzerland and France, and I confess that even California has no monopoly on the grape.

"Then when I close my eyes and cease to see the scenes about me, and cease to think of the scenes that have surrounded me, and fix my mind on men of long ago who in Palestine cut a cluster of grapes from the vine on which it grew, put it upon a pole, and carried it—two of them—one end of the pole on the shoulder of each man, as they marched back toward the wilderness to show their weary, wandering brethren a sample of the fruit of 'that goodly land,' I say: 'Surely the promised land is the land of grapes, as well as 'milk and honey.'

"Then I remember what I have so often heard: that the grapevine grows in all countries and climes—in every habitable part of the globe. Finally, after calm consideration and due deliberation, I decide that possibly it may be possible that probably the hard-cider saints are mistaken—that their anxiety and fears for the safety of Zion *may* be unfounded, so far as truth, facts, figures, reason and revelation are concerned.

"While time shall last, wheresoever civilized souls shall live, 'the loaf' and 'the fruit of the vine'—'the pure blood of the grape'—can be procured and prepared, and 'the saints and faithful' can commemorate their Savior's death."

A few months ago a request came to a sister in Nashville, Tenn., from sisters in Detroit, Mich., for directions for making "the loaf" for the Lord's table. It is possible that others who wish to do the important, pleasant work of preparing the loaf and "the fruit of the vine" for the communion service would like to have directions relative to that work; hence a recipe for each is given

herein—a recipe for making “the loaf,” from Mrs. Wall, of Lawrenceburg, Tenn., who makes a loaf that Brother Larimore considers as nice a loaf as he has ever seen on the Lord's table, and directions from Mrs. Holman for preparing and preserving “the fruit of the vine.”

Mrs. Wall makes the loaf of the very best flour obtainable, of course. She mixes with pure water the proper quantity of flour to make as large a loaf as is needed, making a *very* stiff dough; and then kneads the dough vigorously and thoroughly—not less than twenty minutes. The longer the dough is thus kneaded, the better the loaf will be. She then rolls the dough moderately thin, marks it off into small squares—about a quarter of an inch—making deep depressions, or marks—puts it upon a baker, and puts the baker into a warm—not hot—oven, where the loaf dries and bakes very slowly. When taken out of the oven, the loaf is white, the marking into squares has made it easy to break, and it is “not dry enough to rattle, not tough enough to tear.”

The following is Mrs. Holman's recipe for preparing “the fruit of the vine:” Pick the grapes carefully from the bunches, wash them, put them into a kettle with enough water to cover them, and let them boil till they are thoroughly done—till they are cooked to pieces. Press them through a wire sifter to separate them from the hulls and seeds, and then strain carefully through a flannel bag. Put the juice over the fire again, and sweeten to taste. No definite rule can be given as to the amount of sugar needed, as some grapes are sweeter than others. Sweeten until the juice tastes like the grapes before cooking, being careful to not make it too

sweet. If it is too thick, add more water. It should not be very thick. Let it come to a boil, and pour it, while hot, into ordinary Mason fruit jars, and seal as fruit is usually sealed. Use jars that hold merely as much as may be needed for one Sunday. "Fruit of the vine" thus prepared will keep indefinitely, without the slightest trace of fermentation.

There *was* a time when some people, in some localities, sometimes actually poured "the leavings"—that is, the dregs, or what was left in the cups or glasses at the close of the communion—back into the bottle from which it came and used it the next Sunday! But, of course, nobody does that now.

Ability to see both sides = fine
Just for justice sake & to all alike

Good for all "Labouring men" in

CHAPTER XIII.

a large Co.
+ the "Prisses" too

A RARE attribute of mind is the ability to see at least two sides of nearly all questions—to see seven sides of a question that *has* seven sides. That faculty of seeing and considering every phase of every question presented is as valuable as it is rare. It precludes extreme, radical positions and unjust judgments against men, as well as measures. It prevents reckless, ruinous hobby riding—always necessarily a curse to the very cause the hobbyist may hope to bless. It leads to a calm, dispassionate attitude of mind, and endows its fortunate possessor with an unerring sense of justice in the consideration of every question, it matters not who or what may be concerned in that question—whether friend or foe, individual, State, or nation. It forestalls injustice to even a corporation! I say "even a corporation," because many persons who would be horrified at the very thought of doing injustice to an individual are often guilty of serious injustice, in thought, and sometimes in word and deed, to a corporation. Many who might be insulted by even the slightest suggestion or intimation or imagination that they would cheat, rob, swindle or steal from an individual, will boast of "getting the best" of—that is, defrauding—a corporation, seeming to con-

→ curse

→ Just to all -

¹⁶
{ Just to corporations as well as persons too

machines (registrars) needed & frequent
with clerks & conductors = need for Conscionance

sider such robbery a commendable act! This widespread, but often unfounded, prejudice against corporations is one cause of the frequent—if not, indeed, constant—clash between capital and labor, and is a potent factor in the strikes and boycotts that so often curse our country.

Of all corporations, probably railroad companies are most frequently and harshly criticised, censured and condemned. It is well to have the other side of that question presented, since whatsoever leads us to a just and conservative view of any question serves to develop our sense of justice and to lift us to a higher, broader, better plane of thought. I know of no one more competent to present that side, either side or both sides, of the railroad question in a fair-minded way, without fear or favor, than Brother Larimore, as he possesses in a marked degree the ability to consider, calmly, judicially and impartially, every phase of every question he considers. Hence, I have devoted this chapter to an address made by him to laborers in the service of one of the great railroad corporations of our country, believing the ideas therein expressed will be helpful, not only to railroad employees, but to men in other vocations as well—helpful, indeed, to all who will to know and desire to do the right.

The passages of scripture selected for a text for the address, or discourse, are:

*Rom 12:1
here too* { “Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.” (Matt. 7: 12.)

This is God's way to remedy all our troubles with each other

Labor + Capital

“For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.” (Rom. 14: 7.)

“Gentlemen—friends—fellow-travelers to the tomb, to the judgment—to eternity—*brethren*; for we are all brethren ‘in Adam’—we all belong to the universal brotherhood—to the brotherhood of man:

“I appreciate more than my tongue can tell the unexpected privilege and pleasure of talking to you to-day, in accordance with your earnest request; and I shall endeavor to talk of things of vital interest to us all—to the universal brotherhood—and of nothing else. But the lesson I have just read from the Book of books is infinitely better than anything *original* that I shall ever be able to say, and I hope to never say anything not in perfect harmony therewith. And now, in the light of this lesson divine, I shall try to say things that may bountifully bless, not only you and your loved ones, but all whom you serve—and you serve, not only the great company by which you are employed, but the entire land and country in which you live and all who travel through that land and clime.

“As you and I are all laborers, sustained and bountifully blessed by capital controlled by friends and employers, and as we expect to labor as long as we live, and as precious wives and little ones and mothers and sisters and sweethearts look to our labor for blessings, and as the divine decree, ‘In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground,’ is irrevocable, the theme on which I shall talk while you listen to-day shall be labor and capital; and as you are laborers in the service of a great railroad corporation, I deem it

net work of relations

our Relations

we depend on them

all these on us

all must work

my duty to say something about railroads and those who build them, those who own them, those who operate them, and some of the blessings derived therefrom. I am glad many of my friends have much more money than I have handled during all the days of my pilgrimage on earth; and I am glad the people you serve are abundantly able, as well as perfectly willing, to pay you liberally for the valuable labor you perform.

"And right here I wish to say: I have never been in the service of any railroad or other corporation, nor do I desire or expect to ever be; I neither own, have ever owned, nor expect to ever own even so much as one penny's worth of railroad stocks or bonds; neither has the honorable corporation that you so faithfully serve ever conferred even the slightest *special* favor upon me or mine. I emphasized the word '*special*' in that sentence because, as we all know, that corporation confers many favors upon all of us, in the ordinary course of its legitimate business, every year—really blessing us all perpetually; for what, indeed, could or should have been the condition of our country to-day but for the influence of that company through the lines it operates and the enterprises it encourages and sustains. When a free ride—an excursion trip—was given many years ago by the corporation you serve to stockholders in that company, an aged 'darker,' the oldest citizen of the county in which he lived, applied for a seat among stockholders who were about to board the train at the station near which he lived. To the question, 'How much stock do you own?' he promptly, in sincerity, as well as simplicity, replied: 'A mah an' a mule.' They graciously gave

*we need
Railroads
& Companies
for the Public
Service*

"a mah an' a mule"

The three (3) Powers of man
to bless the Country materially

him the ride—the round trip; but they've never given me a ride, nor are they under any obligation to do so. I'm not as old, by many years, as that 'brother in black' was, however; nor have I ever owned a mare and a mule.

"Mind, muscle and money move mountains." Brain and brawn, backed, encouraged and sustained by necessary and sufficient financial strength, work wonders. Properly combined and coöperating, these three—mind, muscle and money—establish, build, operate and sustain numberless industries and utilities of vital importance to the sons and daughters of men; civilize and Christianize communities, countries and continents—enlighten and brighten and bountifully bless all nations, countries and climes wheresoever their united influence is properly directed, appreciated and felt. Indeed, such beneficial influences are always seen, felt and enjoyed wheresoever these important, potent three harmoniously and judiciously coöperate—as they should do always, everywhere and under all circumstances.

"But, in contrast, or comparison, with what the three, thus coöperating, can do, no one, or even two, of the three can accomplish much without the aid of the other one or two. Hence, in a very important, practical sense,

'THESE THREE ARE ONE.' Therefore every clash or conflict among them, like every family fuss, is necessarily a curse to all concerned. Hence he who prevents such clash, or conflict, is, of course, a benefactor to all. 'Blessed are the peacemakers.'

"Work howsoever faithfully and industriously you may, wisdom and knowledge—hence mind—must manage both the muscle and the business involved, that

all three needed too

Rom. 14:7

3 in 1 here

Peace needed here too

{ see our foods + clothings + come
from various hands + Countries
see our life influenced from
various sources too -

Mind must control the \$ & muscles too

desired results may be realized; and, even then, the work must cease, the industry, or enterprise, fail, and you and your loved ones go homeless, hungry, and cold, if no one has the mind and the money to make pay day perform its important promises.

"We may enjoy both the beauty and the utility of a tree—its buds and its blossoms, the tints and form and fragrance of its flowers, its foliage and its fruit—but we should never forget that that selfsame tree, vigorous, beautiful, fragrant and fruitful as it may be, may, nevertheless, be neither self-protecting nor self-sustaining; hence that we should protect it, care for it, cultivate it—'keep it.' Otherwise, it may cease to bear buds or blossoms, fruit or foliage—may no longer shelter us from showers or shield us from the sun—may droop, die, decay, and finally cease to be. Then when we have thus forced it to 'shut down' finally and for aye, we may sigh, if not suffer, and long in vain for its beauty, its buds, its blossoms, its fragrance, its foliage, its fruits and its flowers gone forever—nevermore to be.

"Even Eden had to be dressed and kept—cultivated and cared for—when only Adam and Eve were there. All went well while they willingly worked according to the rules and regulations and properly regarded the divine restrictions; but when they 'struck' for a change of diet and did the forbidden thing, a sudden 'shut down' followed, to last forever; and thus they lost their job and their home—the best job and the sweetest, happiest home they ever had on earth.

"As either the wings or the body of a bird must be helpless and hapless forever without the help of the

Tree must be cared for too

Why it died

{ First strike + shut down = in Eden by Adam + Eve

farmers - factories - Gov. + salesmen
 + consumers + etc all depend upon
 each other for food + clothing + furniture + etc.
 + pleasure

Cooperations in Capital +
Labor here needed.

other, so it is of labor and capital invested in enterprises and industries that cannot be managed and manipulated without labor. And what industries or enterprises can be managed and manipulated without labor? And how can labor be procured, employed or rewarded without mind and money? It's true that the body of the bird cannot fly without the wings that may seem to do all the work; but it is no less manifestly true that the wings cannot work, but must speedily perish, unless sustained, strengthened and supported by the body they bear between them when they fly. It may be well for us, each and all, to never forget that.

1 Cor. 12:
the body
here too

Birds

“The body of the bird procures, appreciates and properly appropriates the food that enables it to sustain, strengthen and support the wings; but the wings carry the body to that selfsame food—food necessary, essential, to the life, the strength, the very existence, of both. The body, the wings and the food must harmoniously and properly cooperate, that the desired results may result.

Birds

“So, likewise, labor and capital—mind, muscle and money—must cooperate. If the body declines to eat, and thus deprives the wings of support and strength; or if the wings ‘strike’ for ‘shorter hours and higher wages’—for ‘less work and more pay’—or for anything else—cease to work—refuse to fly—the entire bird—body, wings and tail—must suffer, may perish; and the mutual dependence of labor and capital—of mind, muscle and money—is, at least, very similar to this.

strikes
+ results

“In one important point, however, the analogy between that strike and real, ordinary, ‘labor strikes’ is

which suffers most here?
Labor or capital

not. In that strike, the body of the bird suffers as much as the wings that strike. In real, ordinary, 'labor strikes,' those who strike and their loved ones suffer most. Official statistics believed to be approximately correct, and accepted by our government as correct, notwithstanding demagogues and labor agitators who hope to profit by your mistakes, misery and misfortunes may tell you otherwise, show that, in the United States, strikes of sufficient magnitude to be included in the calculation, or estimation, to say nothing of many minor strikes not mentioned, in seven years—from 1894 to 1900, inclusive—cost the striking laborers \$121,882,672; their employers, \$55,698,501. According to these figures, then—unquestionably as nearly absolutely correct as can be obtained—the poor, unfortunate striking laborers lost by striking, in those seven years, \$66,184,171 more than their employers lost, notwithstanding the latter lost a fortune more than \$55,000,000. Moreover, in this estimation, or calculation, no account is taken of the sighs and sobs and sufferings of the innocent, but helpless, women and children of the strikers and others involved, of bodies butchered and hearts broken, or of the demoralization of business, local, national and cosmopolitan.

Cost of strikes

Innocent ones suffer too

"These are some of the reasons why I long to see the happy day when strikes shall be no more. Another important reason why I long to see that happy day is this: The spirit of every strike, likewise of every boycott, is, necessarily and essentially, antagonistic to the spirit of Him who said, 'Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;'

Arbitration needed here
as in civil affairs = go to
Courts of our Gov. for justice

See Jas. — oppression by the rich

for this is the law and the prophets;’ hence, and as manifestly, antagonistic to the spirit and to every principle of Christianity. The same is also always true of the spirit that prompts corporations to oppress their employees; capital, to oppress labor; the rich, to rob or oppress the poor. Oppression is always wrong. And, as a rule, at least, retaliation is not only wrong, but very poor policy.

other side

“Moreover, we should never forget that, since ‘none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself,’ the innocent must, of necessity, suffer with the guilty—frequently suffer much more intensely than the guilty; hence we should never encourage oppression, strikes, boycotts or anything else that must, necessarily, bring upon us tides of trouble, sorrow and suffering. Nor should we ever surrender our sacred right to be free, sacrifice our liberty or become the dupes and slaves of men who may force us into these pernicious things, ‘Man’s inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn;’ BUT MIGHT NEVER MAKES RIGHT.”

“I may not express these thoughts as wisely or as well as wiser and better men might express them, but I know whereof I speak. I have plowed many a day from the rising to the setting of the sun—sometimes from dawn till dark—for four dollars a month—a little less than fifteen cents a day—and appreciated the privilege of doing so; but the plowing had never either fed or clothed me, my mother or anybody else, had no one paid me for it. Assisted by a yoke of faithful oxen, I have cut in the woods and taken to town many a load of wood; but that labor had been lost—had neither fed nor sheltered me or my team—had nobody bought it and

I have done similar things

Helping each other here
good
 paid for it. My faithful oxen and myself were a blessing to the people who patronized us; and they were, likewise, a blessing to us. They, by paying a dollar and a quarter for every load of wood we delivered, fed us and sheltered us and otherwise blessed us and others; while we—my oxen and I—cooked their food and kept them from freezing—contributed materially to their comfort, at least.

“These blessings resulted from harmonious and judicious coöperation of mind, muscle and money—*labor and capital*. ‘So mote it be.’ So should it *ever* be; for that thus it should be is best for us all.

“Corporations and the armies of employees they control are composed of men—or men, women and children, the men being immensely in the majority—and whether they are good or bad depends, of course, on the character of those who compose them. The charges, therefore, that ‘corporations are conscienceless’ and ‘railroad men are rough and tough’ are false, as well as cruel, unjust and unkind; for while ‘the best of men are only men, at best,’ in corporations and the armies of employees they control are gentlemen of the purest type—honest, honorable, upright, conscientious gentlemen, eminently worthy of the confidence and esteem of the citizens of any and every country and clime. Indeed, I have neither right, reason nor inclination to say such characters are in the minority. Have you? I do not know all of you, but I do know some of you; and if those whom I do know are a fair sample, it would be Satanic slander for me to say you, in character, are ‘rough and tough.’ Some of you should be better. So should I.

But that does not prove that railroad men and preachers are 'rough and tough.'

"Notwithstanding railroads develop, elevate and enlighten every country and community through which they pass, and contribute perpetually toward the Christianizing of the world, demagogues denounce them, as if they were unmitigated curses, and thus create and intensify prejudice against them—sometimes even in the hearts of those who are benefited by them most. I have never been able to see either right, reason, common sense, principle or good policy in that. While wishing to impugn the motives of none, I have always considered that course an unreasonable, an absolutely abominable, outrage.

"Having traveled with trainmen 'from Dan to Beersheba'—throughout the length and breadth of the United States—and far beyond the boundary of our native land; having dealt with agents and operators; having associated with trackmen, and even spoken to a few presidents, as well as other officials, high and low, I have certainly had satisfactory and sufficient opportunities to know something of railroad men; and, in the light of all I know about them, I am constrained to say, 'I believe there is no politer, worthier, more honorable class of men beneath the stars'—preachers, demagogues and politicians not excepted.

"Railroad regulations work wonders in reforming, educating, elevating and saving souls. In railroad service there is an immense army of men who cannot hold their profitable positions of usefulness, honor and trust without being gentlemen. Thousands of useful men and

*In Army
life too*

boys abstain from the use of whisky, cigarettes and beer—from the use of pernicious stimulants and narcotics—that they may secure or hold profitable positions under railroad corporations. Regulations responsible for these beneficent results are gradually growing more rigid—and the stricter, the better for all concerned, of course; hence the human race is being more and more bountifully blessed thereby.

“No official or employee should ever deliberately disobey or disregard any rule or regulation applicable to him. Neither should any one ever deceive or endeavor to deceive. I knew personally and remember well a conductor who was unexpectedly called into the presence of the proper official to be reported to in such cases to answer to a very serious charge. The official said to the conductor: ‘It has been reported to me that you have been seen in a saloon, drinking at the bar, with your uniform on.’ The conductor promptly replied: ‘It’s a lie.’ Thereupon the official calmly and quietly handed the unfortunate conductor a photograph of the conductor, himself, with his uniform on, in a saloon, with a glass of grog pressed to his lips. What the result might have been if he had told the truth, I do not know; but, having deliberately disobeyed an important part of the rules and regulations that should have governed him, and then *as* deliberately *lied* about it, he was ‘down and out’ forever. Possibly, had he lived, he might have been restored; but, a few weeks after he lost his job, he lost his life without a moment’s warning. Indeed, death claimed him so suddenly that it is doubtful whether he ever knew, or even suspected, death or danger was near

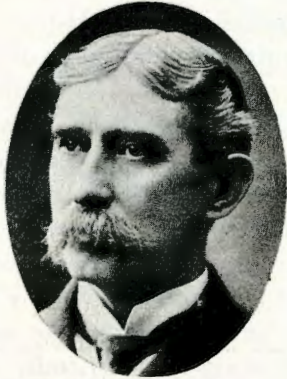
him. He was in perfect health one moment, lifeless the next.

See develop new countries too +
 “Railroads develop men as well as communities; but
neither men nor communities should either expect or de-
sire a full measure of such development without mani-
festing proper appreciation. The Golden Rule should
 govern us all, not only in our treatment of individuals,
 but in our treatment of corporations as well. We
 should all be willing for that sacred, perfect rule to
 ‘work both ways.’ Capt. Lee Howell, my friend, faith-
 ful and true, general freight agent of the Louisville and
 Nashville Railroad Company, with headquarters at
 Evansville, Ind., who worked his way from poverty and
 the plow, from ‘the shovel and the hoe,’ to affluence and
 the important position he has so long filled so faithfully,
 so honorably and so well, possesses to perfection the
 spirit of which I am now speaking. He needs no com-
 mendation from me; but he’s worthy of praises greater
 than it may be prudent, proper or possible for me to
 speak. He appreciates his friends, has not forgotten
 those who helped him when he needed help, is loyal and
 true to those above him, speaks as kindly of the ‘track-
 man’ as of the president, is respectful to all, hence re-
 spected by all, and loved and revered by many—and I’m
 glad I’m one of that ‘many.’

“Long ago, in a letter to me, he wrote of ‘the
 Louisville and Nashville Railroad—its honest and up-
 right management, from its very beginning till now—
 no watered stock—no graft by officials—honest, in-
 dustrious and loyal labor, from the president to the
 trackman—justly regarded as one of the foremost

*how, carry
 goods + etc
 + profits
 it acts.*

*an
 example
 to all*



CAPT. LEE HOWELL.

of railroad systems—with service as safe as the safest—the gradual formation and development of the great Louisville and Nashville System, as well as the establishing of its reputation on its present high plane, throughout this country and also abroad, as due principally to its present president, Mr. M. H. Smith, who took service with the company when it owned the mileage between Louisville and Nashville only, as a local agent, and has supervised, *in detail*, the growth and expansion of the road into the great system now so favorably known—and so highly appreciated by all who really understand the situation.’

“That’s the spirit that all should possess—the spirit that merits and insures success. Without the slightest semblance of selfishness, vanity or envy, modestly avoiding allusion to himself, as well as fulsome flattery of others, my friend gives honor to whom honor is due in a modest allusion to ‘honest, industrious, loyal LABOR, from the president to the trackman,’ realizing ‘there’s honor enough for all,’ and that *all*, ‘from the president to the trackman,’ are ‘*laborers* together,’ the success and happiness of each depending on the success and happiness of the others, since ‘none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself,’ that the prosperity of the country served by the system they operate is essential to the success of that system, and that the success of that system is essential to the success of all concerned. Captain Howell, broad-minded and big-hearted enough to comprehend and properly appreciate all these things, breathes the spirit that every official and every servant of the Louisville and Nashville, as well as any other



CAPT. G. W. KIDD.

worthy corporation, 'from the president to the trackman,' should possess and express. Such a spirit and such appreciation are always commendable.

"Always avoiding the wrong, the pernicious, the bad, we should ever appreciate the success of that to which we devote the energies and labors of our lives.

"But, to be true to my mission, to you and your loved ones—to all—I must not fail to mention the spiritual side of my subject. There is an absolutely and absurdly false impression that railroad men cannot be Christians. I deem it unnecessary to say much about that—it is so manifestly false.

"Capt. G. W. Kidd, the oldest conductor on the pay roll of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, was born, in Dinwiddie County, Va., April 3, 1824. When he was in his seventy-ninth year—nearly fifty years after he entered the service of the company he served so faithfully so long—he was put upon the pension list of that company—'for competent and faithful service'—to receive sixty dollars per month as long as he lives. He has no duties to discharge, but makes daily visits to the Union Station 'to see that things go on right,' as he pleasantly expresses it, notwithstanding he is not required to do so.

"About the time of his twentieth birthday he was 'born again'—became a Christian—'only this, and nothing more'—and his entire subsequent life, so far, has been a refutation of the ridiculous charge that a railroad man cannot be a consistent Christian, earnest, faithful and true.

"A conscientious, consistent Christian more than sixty



MOSES MCCLELLAN AND FAMILY.

{ Machines needed for Conscience
here + bought by the dozen !!!

years, he has never been a fanatic, but has ever been a man of faith sublime. As a conductor, he never, in all his long, eventful service in that capacity, started on a trip from either end of his 'run' without commending himself, his trainmen and his passengers to the care and keeping of Him from whom all blessings flow, and fervently praying for providential protection for all concerned; and, in all the years he was conductor, not a life was lost on his train. Two wrecks in which his train was involved and in which many lives were lost occurred when he was away on leave of absence; but neither of those two wrecks was caused by trainmen on his train.

"A few years before Captain Kidd was honorably retired from active service, a young man, hoping to get into 'the old Captain's' shoes—hoping to get his job—personally informed the official who managed such matters that 'Captain Kidd's too old to be a conductor—he doesn't collect all the fare.' The official promptly replied, 'One thing is sure—the company gets all Captain Kidd gets'—and that settled that. good

"Moses McClellan, now in his seventy-fourth year, has been in the service of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company forty-four years—first, as bridge carpenter; next, as foreman of bridge work; finally, and now, as supervisor of bridges. He, his worthy wife and their ten children—three sons and seven daughters—one son excepted, are Christians, worthy of the name. The three sons are railroad men—an engineer, an operator, a conductor."

CHAPTER XIV.

Sermon—Floy McQuiddy.

*"She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone into that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.*

*"In the great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead."*

BROTHER LARIMORE is naturally of a serious cast of mind, and many circumstances of his life have conspired to increase the tinge of sadness in his nature. His sympathetic heart prompts him to always rejoice with those who have righteous cause for rejoicing, and it no less surely leads him to sorrow with those who weep; and he, like many other workers in the world of thought, does his best work under the pressure of sorrow or when the depths of his own soul are stirred by the sorrow of others. Hence, some of his best preaching is done at the funeral of a friend who has passed away.

On October 13, 1908, he and Brother E. G. Sewell conducted the funeral services of Miss Floy Bell McQuiddy, second daughter of J. C. and Emma Bell McQuiddy, of Nashville, Tenn.; and what they said on that occasion was so helpful, encouraging and uplifting that

it deserves permanent preservation for the help, comfort and consolation of others whose homes have been darkened by the presence of the death angel.

It may be well to say a few words about the young girl of whom they spoke. She was just blooming into young womanhood, having recently passed her eighteenth birthday. Only a few weeks before she passed away she was seized with an acute attack of appendicitis. Her physicians advised a surgical operation as a last resort; and, at what was deemed the proper time, she was taken to an infirmary and an operation was performed. Everything that love could suggest, medical skill accomplish and money procure, was done for her; but the disease had advanced to such a stage that recovery was impossible, and, after four days of intense suffering, she passed away on the morning of October 12—a few minutes after twelve o'clock, Sunday night, October 11—1908.

She was a very loving, lovable girl. During half her stay on earth she was blessed in having the example, care and training of an intelligent, refined, loving mother—a woman of the highest type of Christian motherhood; and during all her life she was blessed in being a member of a cultured, Christian family, where the earnest endeavor of father and mother is to lead into paths of righteousness the young souls committed to their keeping. She responded to that training and care, and exhibited in her life the graces that adorn girlhood. She was a loving, obedient daughter; a sweet, affectionate sister; a fond, faithful friend.

She always tenderly loved her father; and, after her



FLOY McQUIDDY.

mother's death, she seemed to cling to him with more intense devotion—which he tenderly returned. A few months ago, while she was enjoying a pleasant visit to friends in the country, she was asked if her father had a favorite child. She answered, with the quaint humor that characterized her and a deep appreciation of the truth: "O, papa loves us all alike, of course; but *I'm his girl!*"

During her illness she showed toward her father, who left her only when he was compelled to do so, the child-like trust and confidence she had reposed in him all the days of her life. A few hours before she passed away, a nurse administered an opiate to relieve her pain, and gently bade her "go to sleep." Awakening after a brief sleep, she turned to her father, who was sitting by her bedside, and asked, like a little, trusting child: "Must I go to sleep again, papa?" When he tenderly replied, "Yes, my dear," she said, "Then kiss me, papa, and rub my head;" and a few minutes later she passed into a sleep, and thence into an unconscious state, from which she never roused till she entered another life.

Her life on earth was brief, but she displayed qualities that indicated a useful womanhood. She had decided musical talent, and her father gave her opportunity to cultivate it. Only a few months before she passed away, she won, by dint of natural ability and hard work, a medal offered for excellence in music; and her instructors encouraged her in perfecting plans for applying that talent to a useful purpose. Now her silent piano is to the sorrow-shadowed household a daily re-

minder of the sweet music Floy evoked from its keys to please those she loved best.

Floy was an earnest, conscientious student. The following extract from a letter written to her sister shows very clearly how the writer—a teacher—was impressed by this young girl's character:

"I cannot tell you how sweet little Floy's death has grieved me. She was a gentle, flowerlike being, exquisitely refined. I can look back over the time she sat before me and think with pleasure of her work. Always faithful, always obedient, true, sincere and ambitious—nothing neglected or slighted. Precious child! We teachers are so busy trying to do our whole duty to so many that sometimes we do not stop to tell some of these dear children how comforting they are to our weary, struggling hearts. Floy's dainty and pure young womanhood stands out in my memory like a sweet, fragrant lily; and as such I shall always think of her. And you, too, dear child, are very dear to me. I have seen you win out in many a little struggle with yourself. You must not think your trials, your struggles, your final successes, are unmarked by us. You must now face a very fierce battle—the battle with grief—and you must come out victor. Life calls you, you have much to do, and many need you. I deeply sympathize with your parents, and I know you and the other children will do all you can to make up to them for this loss."

Floy completed the course prescribed by the High School of Nashville, and received a diploma from that school on June 10, 1908—only five days after her eighteenth birthday. She was clad, on that occa-

sion, in a simple, girlish dress of pure white, and her arms were filled with sweet flowers that expressed the joy of friends and loved ones in her success. After she passed away, her body was robed in the same simple dress of pure white, and sweet flowers were placed about her fair face and in her slender hands; and her grave and her mother's grave in beautiful Mount Olivet were literally covered with fragrant blossoms—sweet expressions of sympathy and grief that she should so early have passed away.

But, best of all that can be said of her, she was a Christian. Being human, she was, of course, not perfect; but she was earnest, faithful, sincere in her devotion to Christ and his cause. Of that part of her life Brother Sewell and Brother Larimore could well speak. Brother Sewell had seen her grow up from mere babyhood to girlhood in his home Sunday school and congregation; and Brother Larimore, under whose preaching she obeyed the gospel, is an intimate friend of her father—one of his Mars' Hill "boys"—and is always an honored visitor in their home.

Brother Larimore took as a text: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints" (Ps. 116: 15), and, among other things, said:

"The sons and daughters of men who are likewise sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, living and walking in the light of his word and his way, are saints. This has been true in every age of the world, and shall be true till time shall cease to be—shall be forever true. Notwithstanding, in human weakness, they may sometimes err, God realizes that it is as human to err as it is

divine to forgive, and still claims them as his own. The Lord loves every one of them, Providence provides for them and directs them, and the very angels camp round about them to guard and deliver them; for David says: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." (Ps. 34: 7.)

"Our precious, sweet, little sister whose body is in the casket before us now was a saint. She was born into the family of God six years ago, during one of our series of meetings here. She heard the gospel, believed the gospel, sincerely repented of her sins—which were neither many nor great—with her precious lips publicly confessed her faith sublime in the Son of God, and was 'buried with him by baptism into death,' and raised up to 'walk in newness of life;' and the Bible teaches that when people do these things 'in sincerity and in truth,' their souls come into contact with the cleansing blood of the Lamb, are freed from their past sins, are 'born again,' born from above, born into the house, household, or family, of God, which Paul, by the Spirit, declares to be 'the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.' Thus becoming saints, they are Jehovah's sons and daughters in the Lord, the Lord loves them, angels guard them and Heaven approves them as long as they walk in the light—as long as they earnestly endeavor to always do the right.

"Our precious, little sister, having 'obeyed the gospel,' and thus been born into God's family, realized her responsibility, and gladly complied with duty's demands, as wisely and well as she could. Souls enlisted in the army of the Lord should know and remember the bat-

tles of the Lord must be fought; matriculated in the school of Christ, the curriculum is to be studied and reduced to practice; 'raised up to walk in newness of life,' that life must be lived till temporal life shall cease. The record of our sweet, little sister, Floy, in reference to these things, is a source of unspeakable gratification to those who love her; and the better they knew and loved her, the greater their gratification. She was twelve years old when she was, by her father, buried with the Lord by baptism into death and raised up 'to walk in newness of life.' She walked in newness of life till she was eighteen years old—and then went home. Those who know tell me she was never too busy, never had to stay up too late or work too hard at her lessons, to find time to read from the book of God and then bow down and commit her soul to his care and keeping, in fervent prayer, before she closed her eyes in sleep. She was regular in her attendance at church services, fully up to the measure of duty—as we expect of good Christians—all the six years she was in the family of God; and then came the death that was 'precious in the sight of the Lord.'

"Her mother went home when Floy was but nine years old, having lived but half as long after Floy's birth as Floy lived in this beautiful world of sorrow and sad separations. Her grief was especially noticeable at the death of her mother. Her mother gone, she clung to her father with a devotion that was sweetly sublime, never having anything too good to give to him, instead of using it herself—the better the gift, the greater the joy of the giver.



FLOY AT SIX YEARS.

“Just a little while before she went away, he went to her, after being absent for a few moments, and she told him she was almost dying of thirst. Those who had charge of her, doing all in their power to save her life, had declined to give her water; but the time had come when skilled physicians deemed it safe for her to drink water, if she desired to do so. A nurse handed her a glass of water. Feverish with thirst as she was—almost dying of thirst, as she thought—she reached the glass toward her father and said, ‘Papa, will you have a drink?’—forgetting the pang of thirst that tortured her in her spirit of unselfish, self-denying and sublime devotion to the one she loved so tenderly. Of course her father declined the water; and she drank it and enjoyed it, as, doubtless, she could not have enjoyed it if she had not first offered it to him.

“This is but a sample of her unselfishness—especially of her unselfish devotion to the one she loved best. I have been in her home—made that home my home through the meeting in which Floy obeyed the gospel—and I can safely, plainly and positively speak of these things, not only because those who knew her best and loved her most tell me of them, but because I knew the sweet spirit that prompted them.

“Why, then, can we, ‘with full assurance of faith,’ apply the language I have just quoted to her departure from this life? Can we look at the life of sweet, self-denying, self-sacrificing Floy and see why her death was ‘precious in the sight of the Lord?’ How can it be that the death of such a one can be precious in his sight? There were many reasons why she should have lived—

as *we* see things. There were many things here for her to do—many things for her to enjoy. She was living in a beautiful world; for this world of sickness, sorrow, pain and death that is so rapidly becoming one great aggregation of graveyards, or one ‘greater’ city of the dead, is a *beautiful* world, filled with blessings for the sons and daughters of men. Especially was it beautiful, as sweet, unselfish Floy beheld it; for ‘O, the world is full of beauty when the heart is full of love!’

“She had lived long enough in this beautiful world to reach a point in life from which she could look upon the fields and valleys and hills, the mountains and oceans and seas, the rills and rivulets and rivers and springs, and up to the beautiful heavens bending in blue beauty above her, and drink rivers of joy from the contemplation of these things, as she had never done before. She had grown almost to young womanhood. She graduated in the schools of this modern Athens a few days after she was eighteen years old. She won a medal in music; and her teacher talked of her being unusually talented, and predicted for her a bright, successful, useful life. She had loved ones—a father, a stepmother, three brothers and three sisters—all of them to love her and to be loved by her. But her love was not confined to, or received exclusively from, the family to which she belonged. She had teachers and classmates, relatives and friends, whom she loved, and who loved her for her sweet, modest simplicity, gentleness and purity.

“Moreover, there was good for her to do here. She had influence. She was a part of ‘the salt of the earth,’ ‘the light of the world.’ There were souls she could im-

press with the beauty of holiness and lead to the Lamb of God that probably no other soul could so easily, wisely and well lead—as is true of every faithful, sincere soul in the service of Him from whom all blessings flow. This was a good reason why God could have consistently willed that Floy might stay with us—that she might lead those souls to Christ. That is a good reason—holy, heavenly, divine reason—why God might want his saints to remain on earth.

“ There were many more reasons why God might have been willing for Floy to stay here. Then *why* should her death have been pleasant, sweet, ‘precious,’ in his sight? The more tenderly he loved her, the more he sympathized with her, the more highly he appreciated her, the more certainly it was true that ‘precious’ in his sight was her death, because he knew she lived in a land that had been polluted by sin, that had been cursed by the fall of man. He knew, while she had not yet reached the period in life where she might begin to know what real, genuine, great, crushing sorrow is, she was approaching that period; and hence, if she lived here much longer, she must pass through floods of sorrow and come into contact with tides of tribulation and deep distress such as she had never known. He knew there were before her trials and tribulations and tears of which she had never thought, that might break her heart if she lingered here long. He knew when she left us she would go to friends beyond the dark, deep river of death, to loved ones ‘not lost, but gone before,’ who were waiting and watching to welcome her home. He knew that, being a saint in the service of the Lord, living in harmony

with his holy will, she was going to a world of joy unalloyed and endless, where sickness, sorrow, pain and death are neither felt nor feared, where hearts neither ache nor bleed nor break, 'where life is eternal and a treasure sublime.'

"So, then, waiving all consideration of the question of Providence's prolonging or shortening precious Floy's life here, there were many reasons why 'precious in the sight of the Lord' should have been the death of the body that now lies cold and lifeless in the casket before us. We should remember these things in meeting such tides of trouble as these sad visitations bring to hearts and homes, and never forget that our loss is our loved ones' eternal gain when the grave claims their bodies and heaven claims them.

"The death of one so young as Floy forcibly illustrates what James says in reference to the uncertainty of earthly things: 'Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that. But now ye rejoyce in your boastings: all such rejoicing is evil. Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.' (James 4: 13-17.) 'For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.' 'It is even a vapor'—has not the substance of a summer shower, or the silent dew that moistens the velvety cheek of the

fragrant flower, or a heavy cloud, or a dense fog. 'It is even a vapor'—such as many a mountaineer hath seen clinging, like the bridal veil to the brow of beauty, to the icy brow of some towering mountain peak till lifted by a gentle zephyr, borne away upon the wings of the wind and lost in the depths of space forever. *Such is life.*

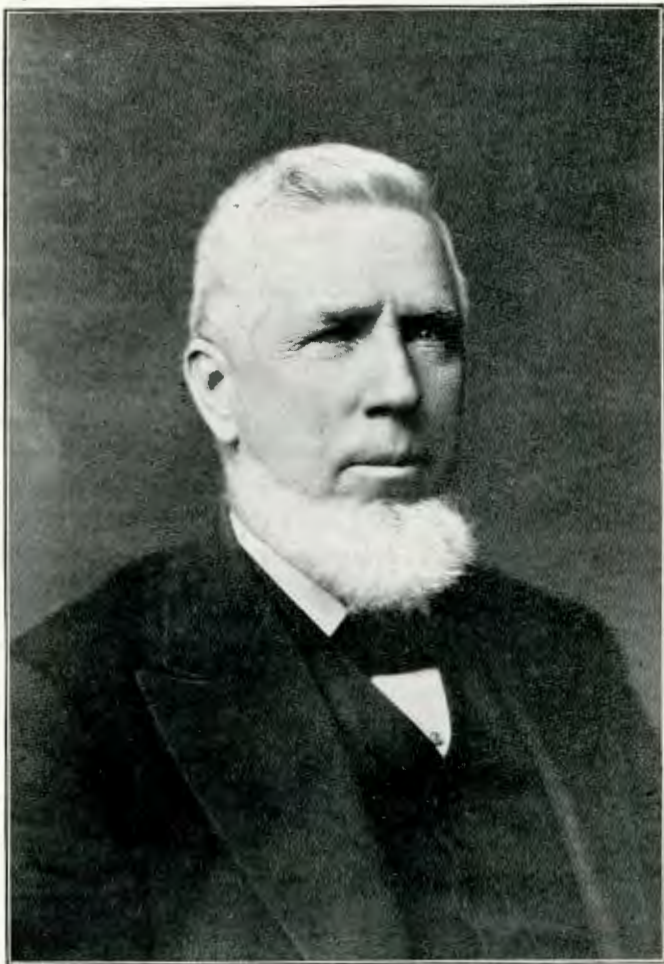
“ How vain is all beneath the skies!
 How transient every earthly bliss!
 How slender all the fondest ties
 That bind us to a world like this!

“ The evening cloud, the morning dew,
 The withering grass, the fading flower,
 Of earthly bliss are emblems true,
 The glory of the passing hour.

“ But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
 And all beneath the skies is vain,
 There is a brighter world on high,
 Beyond the reach of care and pain.

“ Then let the hope of joys to come
 Dispel our cares and chase our fears.
 If God be ours, we're traveling home,
 Though passing through a vale of tears.'

“ You whose homes have never been saddened by the presence of 'the angel of death' do not know and cannot know now what such sorrow is. You do not know how to fully sympathize with these sorrowing, suffering souls. I know I did not know what such sorrow was or how to fully sympathize with those who *did* know till death invaded my own home. *I know now.* It is not otherwise possible for us to know. You should be thankful beyond expression that death has not entered



E. G. SEWELL.

your homes; and we should all see that we live such sweet, tender, gentle, unselfish, kind, courteous, Christian lives that when death comes to our homes we shall never have a moment's bitter regret because of having said or done anything to crush the heart or wound the spirit of the loved one who shall then be beyond the reach of our succor, sympathy, criticism or censure.

"May the Lord bless us all in so living that when the grave shall claim our bodies, heaven shall claim us."

Brother Sewell said:

"All we can do on occasions like this is try to benefit the living. Life is the great matter for us all to think about; for if we live right, we shall die right and live right eternally. Whatsoever is good and noble and useful in human life springs from the Christian religion, the religion of our blessed and holy Redeemer; and, in talking about those who have passed away, who have been dutiful and earnest and patient and faithful in living the Christian life, we ought to realize that such lives result from the gospel of the Son of God.

"In regard to our young sister, Floy, I want to mention one trait of her character: she was watchful of duty, careful not to be led into anything not in harmony with the life she understood her blessed Master required of her. A great many things come to the attention of young people that tend to excite them and lead them away from the path of duty. Floy liked to engage in innocent amusements and participate in pleasures with other young people; but whenever she thought any plan or pleasure proposed was wrong—out of harmony with God's will—she firmly said, 'No;' and when she said

'no,' she meant 'no.' She was firm. That is a noble trait that gave her strong influence for good. I would that all her young companions could realize the value of such a life and follow her example in firm devotion to what she understood to be her duty.

"It is said in the word of God: 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' What a gratification it is and will always be to her family that our sister, Floy, did remember her Creator in the days of her youth! Very young in life she came out on the Lord's side, and in so doing she obeyed one command that is taught in the beautiful Sermon on the Mount: 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God'—not only seek the kingdom of God, but 'seek ye *first* the kingdom of God'—'and his righteousness.' When the Savior said, 'Seek ye *first*,' that '*first*' did not apply to time or age, but as a matter of importance, of greater importance than everything else—let that be correctly considered of greater importance than anything else; but it may also well apply in regard to age. Our sister did this. She embraced Christianity in her early youth and she kept it *first*. She studied to exhibit in her life the Lord's righteousness, and has left to her young friends the example of a Christian life.

"There is no uncertainty with regard to the eternal destiny of the faithful-unto-death children of God who have passed over the dark river. 'Jesus said to his followers: '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.' It is sad to see this body taken to the grave and buried; but we will not think of Floy as there. We

will think of her as safe at home, safe with Jesus—‘ forever with the Lord.’ This thought ought to comfort and strengthen the bleeding hearts of those who love her. This is hard to do. It is hard also to realize the truth of the promise: ‘All things work together for good to them that love God.’ I thought of that when I saw my own little child borne to the grave: ‘How can this bring good to me?’ But I have lived to see that it did bring good to me—not that she died, but the effect of her death has brought good to me. It is something to know there is a loved one watching and waiting for us over yonder. It causes us to be more deeply in earnest, to strive harder to reach that heavenly land. I pray that the family of our young sister may think about these things and be comforted and consoled by the hope of meeting her in our eternal home.”

One of the severest tests of character is the meeting of sorrow, especially the sorrow caused by the death of one dearly loved. It is easy to counsel others to patient submission and perfect resignation when passing under the rod of affliction. It is far harder, when a similar sorrow comes to our own hearts and homes, to meet it in a spirit of living, loving, unfaltering faith in the goodness and mercy of God. In view of that truth, the following article, written by Brother McQuiddy soon after Floy’s death, has special significance:

“Recently I spent one month in Michigan in quest of health. Some of the time I spent in Petoskey. I derived much pleasure from sitting alone on the shore of Lake Michigan and there communing with God through nature. Sometimes the bay was calm and serene. Then

again the great, rolling, dashing billows seemed to vie with each other in fury. Frequently I had to rush backward on shore or have my feet overflowed.

“Little did I then think my soul was so soon to be stirred as were those troubled waters, and a flower we had planted, nursed, nurtured and loved was to be broken from its stem to bloom in beauty in the Eden above. How merciful is God in veiling the future from us! If we could read the future, many days that are now filled with joy and gladness would be shrouded in gloom. The threatening, angry clouds would drive away the fragrance of our beautiful flowers and the rays of sunshine would be dispelled from our homes.

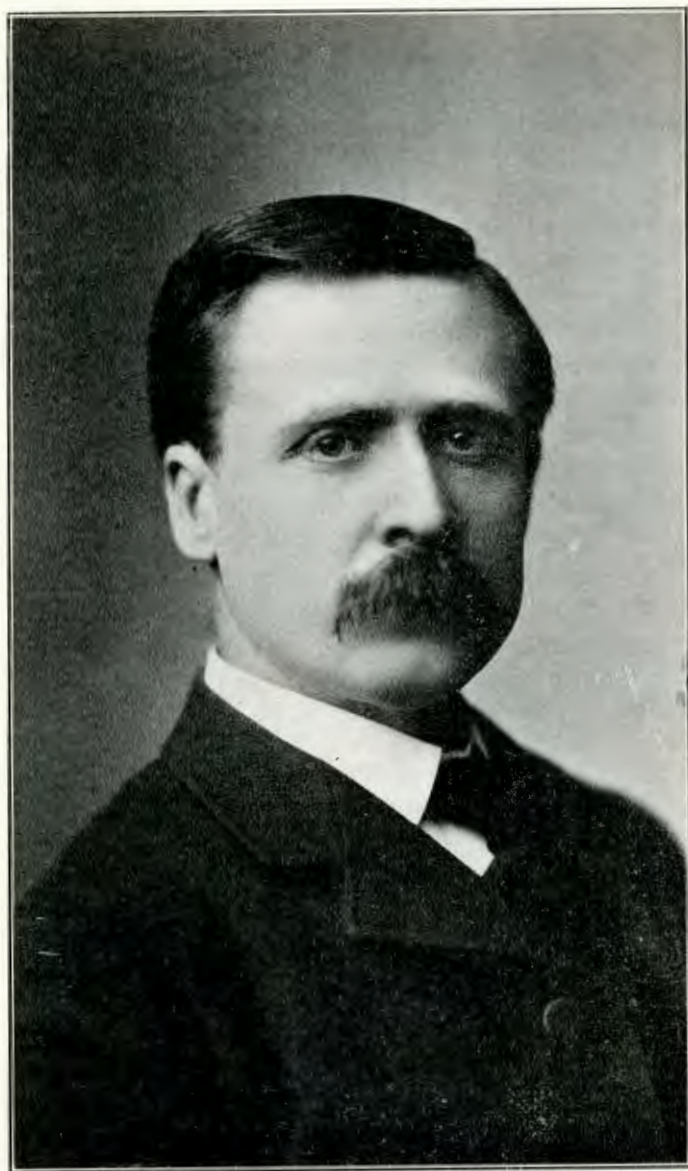
“I reached home Saturday night, September 19. The next Wednesday night Floy was stricken down. For a time the billows were not great, and at first we thought they would subside. But we hoped, only to be disappointed. Our souls were soon tempest-tossed. The billows rolled higher and higher until they had swept over the entire family, and even the physicians and nurses shed tears through sympathy for us. Competent nurses, skillful physicians and tender hands did all that skill, sympathy and love could do. But, in spite of all, our dear Floy breathed her last and her soul went to God who gave it.

“While our souls are stirred to their deepest depths, and while we miss the loving caress and the tender word and sigh for the beautiful strains of music that pealed forth from the piano in obedience to her touch, we are all looking to Jesus to speak to our troubled spirits:

‘Peace, be still.’ He has assured us that ‘she is not dead, but sleepeth.’

“While we have no words adequate to express our appreciation of the tenderness and sympathy manifested for us all in our great loss, and while acts of tenderness and expressions of sympathy have greatly mellowed and softened our grief, still we look to Him whom the winds and the seas obey to calm our troubled souls and bring good out of this great sorrow to us all. We pray that our faith fail us not. While we are not able to read the mysterious providences of God, faith still whispers, ‘He doeth all things well;’ and, ‘Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.’ We should never forget that God is guiding in our homes, if we are his children. We sometimes take upon ourselves too much, and seem to think everything is going wrong when things do not go as we think best.

“This is true in the home, in the church and everywhere. When Elijah fled from the fury of the wicked Jezebel, he felt his life had been a failure, and prayed to die. God had something better than death in store for him. He gained the raptures and glories of heaven without suffering the pangs of death. The Lord showed him seven thousand had not bowed the knee to Baal. God was not in the wind, the earthquake or the fire. He was in the ‘still, small voice.’ This was enough to convince the prophet that his way was not best. God was leading and guiding Elijah in his way. We sometimes sigh that all is going wrong, and that religiously these are tempestuous times. God is at the helm, and the billows shall go to sleep when Jesus commands: ‘Peace,



J. C. McQUIDDY.

be still.' All God requires of us is fidelity. 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'

"Floy never carelessly or intentionally give me one moment's anxiety or uneasiness in her life. While no human being is ever divinely perfect, she was always gentle, amiable, thoughtful and firm. Her virtues were the more prominent because she never seemed to realize she had any. She must have known she was specially gifted in music; but she never, in her whole life, gave expression to the thought.

"We mourn not as those who have no hope. We look on her as having passed out of the darkness of this world into the light of heaven, as having escaped the sorrows of time and gained the joys of eternity. The memory of so sweet a life shall serve as a blessed inspiration to strengthen us to meet bravely the responsibilities of life and to overcome the trials that must come upon us. 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.'"

The same spirit is shown in the following article written soon after Floy's mother passed away:

"To-day heaven has a greater charm for me than ever before. My richest earthly treasure has gone to shine in the heavenly Eden above. God has plucked the flower that grew nearest my heart and transplanted it to adorn his own beautiful home. While our hearts are bleeding and torn, while drinking the cup has made us cry out in deepest agony, the realization is slowly dawning upon us that God can bring good out of this for us, and that 'earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.' With

our treasure in heaven, our minds may be tenderly wooed away from the vain things of this earth and fixed upon Jesus and his love.

“ My dear wife and faithful helper in all the walks of life has passed out of the shadows of earth into the light of heaven. With her it was only one brief sigh for the living, one great pang for those left behind, and then she passed into the great beyond. She loved her God, her husband and her children with a devotion rarely equaled—never surpassed. Often she said: ‘ I have no fears of death, and let no one ever say I was not ready to go.’ She-knew the God in whom she had put her trust. As I held her hand, felt the last pulsation of her heart and saw her fall asleep in the arms of Jesus, death appeared to me as it had never appeared before. By her undying faith, her constant devotion and pure life she had been showing me how to live many years; and now she has shown me how to die. Death has far less terror for me than ever before. Heaven feels nearer and the world is less dear to me than before.

“ Soon the grass will be growing green on her grave, the birds will sing their sweet songs over her last resting place; people will come and go—some smiling, some weeping; the world will move on as before; she will soon be forgotten by the multitude; but in the hearts of those who loved her best her memory will ever be fresh, and will serve as a blessed inspiration to lift their spirits heavenward when in the midst of earth’s shadows and sorrows. Her life has been a benediction to many, and the world is better by her having passed through it. The influence of such a life cannot die in a day. It will

live on and on, and may it continue to live until her six motherless children rise up to call her blessed.”

“The gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books and scrolls.
Our dear Lord’s best interpreters
Are humble, human souls.”



HE WHO DIED AT AZAN.

*He who died at Azan sends
This, to comfort all his friends.*

Faithful friends! *it* lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, “Abdallah’s dead!”
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this:
I am not the thing you kiss.
Cease your tears and let it lie.
It was mine—it is not I.

Sweet friends! what the women lave
For its last bed in the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
That kept him from the splendid stars!

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
 Straightway every weeping eye.
 What ye lift upon the bier
 Is not worth a falling tear.
 'Tis an empty seashell, one
 Out of which the pearl has gone.
 The shell is broken; it lies there;
 The pearl, the soul, the *all*, is here.
 'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
 Allah sealed, the while it hid
 The treasure of his treasury—
 A heart that loved him. Let it lie.
 Let the shard be earth's once more,
 Since its gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
 Now thy world is understood.
 Now the long, long wonder ends.
 Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
 While the man whom ye call dead,
 In unspoken bliss instead,
 Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
 By such light as shines for you;
 But in the light ye cannot see,
 Of unfulfilled felicity,
 In enlarging paradise,
 Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell—
 Where I am ye, too, shall dwell.
 I am gone before your face,
 A moment's time, a little space.
 When ye come where I have stepped,
 Ye will wonder why ye wept.
 Ye will know, by wise love taught,
 That here is all, and there is naught.

Weep a while, if ye are fain;
Sunshine still must follow rain—
Only not at death; for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above!
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! Yea!
Thou love divine! Thou love alway!

*He who died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.*

(Edwin Arnold.)

CHAPTER XV.

Letters—"Our War."

BROTHER LARIMORE is, by both precept and example, a preacher of peace. Those who hear what he says or read what he writes are not left in doubt as to his sentiments regarding war. He says elsewhere in this book: "Every feature, every form, every phase of war is revolting to me." In the days of his youth, however, before he enlisted in the army of the Prince of Peace, he entertained different sentiments, as did many of his age and many who had much more experience of life than he then had; and, because he believed duty demanded it, he enlisted in the Confederate Army when he was only a boy. He joined the regiment of Col. George R. McClellan at Knoxville, Tenn., and soon thereafter went to Kentucky, a member of the advance guard of Zollicoffer's command. He was at Zollicoffer's right hand when the latter reached his last camp, or resting place, just before the battle of Fishing Creek, where General Zollicoffer was killed. He was not actively engaged in the fighting, however, having been detailed for special duty before the battle began. After it ended, he went, with General Carroll, under flag of truce, for the body of General Zollicoffer.

He was at the battle of Shiloh, but was in command

of a special picket detachment detailed to watch the river above Pittsburg Landing and report all movements of the Federals that might be observed. He wrote the dispatch that informed Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston of the arrival and presence of the first Federal gunboats and transports above Pittsburg Landing, where the Federals who fought at Shiloh landed, and where the remnant of that army sought shelter under the protection of Federal gunboats as the sun set, Sunday, April 6, 1862. General Johnston pronounced that dispatch "a model military document." The second day of that bloody battle he was directed to report for duty on the field; but when he did so, he found the Confederates retreating toward Corinth, Miss.; hence he did no fighting on Shiloh's bloody field.

After the battle of Shiloh, he was detailed for scouting duty up the south—left—bank of the Tennessee River, the Federals being on the opposite side. He, in company with picked men, made more than one dangerous expedition across the river to obtain information of the movements of the Federals, and on one occasion was so closely pressed by Federal cavalry that he was compelled to abandon his horse and swim the river—at that point nearly a mile wide.

On another occasion, he, a boy about his age and two men volunteered to learn whether the Federals were crossing or were probably about to cross the river at a certain point. To do this, it was necessary for them to leave the shelter of the woods where their camp was located and ride through open country to the river, a mile away. The men, when they reached the open country,

declined to go further, deeming it reckless and suicidal, hence wrong, to do so. The boys, however, went on to the river, and, seeing no Federals, dismounted and walked out on an old ferryboat grounded on the bank, thus exposing themselves to the fire of sixteen sharpshooters hidden behind a log on the opposite side of the river. Their clothing was riddled with bullets; but they escaped unhurt, mounted their horses and reached their camp in safety, having accomplished their object by drawing the fire of the sharpshooters and thus locating the enemy. This, it was then believed, saved the command, the detachment, to which they belonged. Two of the sharpshooters who fired at them were captured a few days later, and, when told, in answer to their inquiries, that neither of the two boys was wounded, could scarcely be made to believe it.

His courage, efficiency and reliability as a scout were recognized; and when the Confederates, under Bragg, were located at Chattanooga, he was often detailed for such service. While on a scouting expedition in Sequatchie Valley, he was captured, sent to Federal headquarters and there given his choice between taking "the noncombatant oath" and 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 and sisters needed his help and protection at home, he took "the noncombatant oath" and returned to them.

This brief account of his career as a soldier is given for the purpose of calling attention to a significant fact: He was in the army, actively engaged in service, till cap-

tured, and thus deprived of that privilege. He was a faithful, efficient soldier, never attempted to evade a duty, never disobeyed an order. He was with the army while important battles were fought, and rendered valuable service; but never fired a gun while he was a soldier! He was invariably detailed for some special service while the army was engaged in battle; hence it was never his duty to do any fighting. This was manifestly a provision of Providence to preserve his peace of mind in after years. To a man of his sensitive temperament the thought that possibly he might have killed or injured any one would be a matter of lifelong regret, though he neither condemns, censures nor criticises any other soldier for doing so, of course, recognizing that as a sad part of a soldier's duty.

He rarely refers to his personal experiences as a soldier; but as the years come and go and anniversaries of important events of "the war" roll round, he refers to those experiences in terms that show what a deep and lasting impression they made upon his mind, as well as character. Recently—January 19, 1909—he wrote to a friend:

"Forty-seven years ago to-day General Zollicoffer fell. Forty-seven years ago to-night we burned our boat, the Noble Ellis, and started from Beech Grove—Mill Springs—to Shiloh. Forty-seven years ago this moment I was standing on the left bank of the Cumberland River—at Mill Springs—close to the water's edge, watching the flash of the enemy's cannon in our camp—Beech Grove—on the right bank of the river, seeing the water splash, hearing the shriek of shot and shell, and,

as I now remember, not caring whether they hit or missed me. Before the next day dawned, having burned the boat that had saved us, we retired from the river; and our army, bereft of its brave, beloved leader, was in full retreat."

He sometimes draws from the storehouse of those thrilling experiences impressive illustrations and analogies for the encouragement of soldiers of the cross in their Christian warfare. Several years ago he wrote:

"Monday night, April 2—a gloomy night—I took 'Fight the good fight of faith' (1 Tim. 6: 12) as a text for an easy, rainy-night talk. 'Our war' and all else I had ever heard or read or seen about military matters seemed to come before me as living realities; and I delivered the twelfth discourse on that text Sunday morning, April 8, and finished the series by a discourse on Eph. 6: 10, 11—'Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil'—Sunday night. Friday and Saturday—April 6 and 7—eighth to eleventh discourse—were just thirty-eight years from Shiloh! I was, as if in a vision, in war—in camp, in battle, in hospital and on the march—all the time. Everything seemed, in imagination, as absolutely real as if literally before and around me then, though Shiloh is really almost a generation in the past; and when, at the end of that series of sermons, I emerged from the din, devastation and desolation of war, I was almost exhausted."

This illustrates how, as he expresses it, "material for sermons multiplies as mind and heart and tongue use

it," and explains why and how he can preach three hundred and thirty-three discourses—seven hundred and seventy-seven just as easily—without repeating a single discourse or being pressed by lack of subjects on which to speak, thoughts to express or language with which to express them.

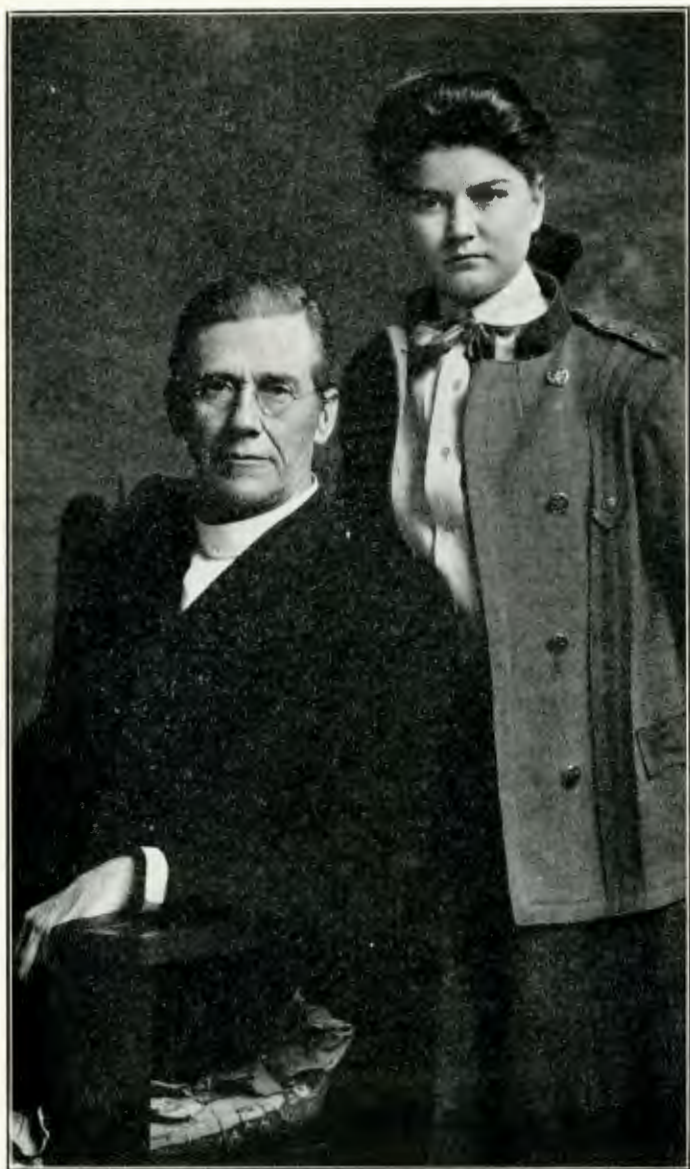
A few years ago he wrote:

"I've just received a package of photographs, which I hasten to forward to you.

"The little girl—not as little as she once was—a big, but 'mighty sweet,' little girl—whose *hand* you can see in one of the pictures, is the daughter of one of my *war* friends who captured me 'endurin' de wah.' It seemed as if it would break her heart to let me go at the close of our McMinnville meeting—the day before this picture was made. Weeping and sobbing, she clung to me as long as she could. This is a lesson on the law of heredity. She captured me and held me as long as she could. Her father captured me and held me as long as *he* could more than forty years ago. I love this pure, sweet, precious child—and I love her father, too.

"This picture was made by W. S. Lively, of McMinnville, Tenn., founder, president and proprietor of the Southern School of Photography, who has probably received more premiums for skill and artistic excellence in his line of work than any other man who has ever lived. When I decide to be a photographer, I shall certainly go to school to Brother Lively—a gentleman and a Christian, as well as a photographer who takes the premium wheresoever and whensoever he competes for it."

Always busy in his work—preaching the word—he



"A PRISONER OF PEACE."

never takes time to attend the reunions of old soldiers. In the spring of 1905, however, while he was conducting a series of meetings in Florence, Ala., near his home, April 26 was observed as Confederate Decoration Day, under the auspices of the United Daughters of the Confederacy—the United Confederate Veterans, the Sons of Confederate Veterans and the Grand Army of the Republic coöperating in the exercises. Brother Larimore, yielding to urgent solicitation, delivered an address on that occasion—an address that presents in a very impressive way the sad, touching, pathetic side of the fratricidal struggle we call "our war." He was introduced to the large audience gathered to hear him by R. T. Simpson, attorney, a son of Judge R. T. Simpson, of the Supreme Court of Alabama, as "our distinguished citizen, our neighbor and everybody's friend—a man whom everybody knows, whom everybody honors, whom everybody loves"—and spoke as follows:

"This is not my first appearance before an intelligent audience of friends; but it is the first time I have ever been present on an occasion like this. While I wore the gray—of which I have never been disposed to boast or be ashamed—I did my duty, as soldier and scout, as wisely and well as I could—often very unwisely and very imperfectly, of course; as wisely and well as I could, however, nevertheless. But when the Stars and Bars, all tattered and torn by shot and shell, were furled forever by the hands of the brave, but beaten—the overwhelmed; the scarred, but not scared—I believed the war that President Roosevelt correctly calls 'the great war' was and ought to be ended, and that the war *spirit*,

with all the malice, hatred and revengeful feelings engendered thereby or associated therewith, should be immediately consigned to an everlasting resting place in the dreamless gulf of oblivion; and, practically, thus it was, so far as *my* head and hand and heart could have it so.

“This being true, it matters not with me in what direction—whether North, South, East or West, or how far—from Florence a man may have been born or brought up, may have lived or may live to-day; neither does it matter with me whether ‘before the war’ he or his ancestors voted with the Whigs, the Democrats, the Know-nothings or the Abolitionists; whether, in 1860, he or they voted for Breckinridge, Douglass, Lincoln or ‘John Bell, of Tennessee;’ whether, in the early sixties—from April 12, 1861, to April 9, 1865—the dark and dreadful period when the now bright and smiling ‘Sunny South’ was enveloped in the smoke of battle and of blazing homes—he was citizen, or soldier, or, if the latter, whether his coat was new and blue or old and gray; nor does it matter with me what his political proclivities may be *now*; I can cordially take him by the hand, lay my arm around him and sincerely say, from the very deepest depths of a heart that loves and sympathizes with the sons and daughters of men: ‘The Lord bless you, my brother; we are one—one in weakness, one in sorrow, one in suffering, one in sympathy, one in mortality; we both belong to the brotherhood of man. “Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee; for we be brethren.”’

“Now you will please permit me to say: While I ap-

preciate being selected by my beloved and appreciated home people—my friends and neighbors—to speak for the Daughters of the Confederacy and for the entire community on this glad, sad, solemn occasion, if I believed my look, my language or my gestures, if I continued to talk, would or could stir up strife or engender a belligerent spirit—a sectional spirit, a spirit of bitterness, hatred, revenge—I'd cease to speak *now*, and, my lips silent, sealed and still, listen to the regretful murmurings of this disappointed throng—this now patiently listening multitude of friends and loved ones.

“When, after ‘the great war’ ended, the war of words, of Japanese lanterns, skyrocketes and blank cartridges began, I neglected to enlist; and when our brave, blessed women—than whom no braver or better have ever lived—in obedience to the promptings of the precious spirit that prompted woman to linger near the grave in which the Lord she loved was buried; to be first to visit the open tomb from which the Lord she loved had risen; and first to hear, from angelic lips and lips divine, as also first to gladly tell, the story of the resurrection—began to lovingly decorate the graves of our heroic dead, I was busy, and have been busy from that good day to this, never having taken a vacation, and always having on head, hand and heart more work than I could do. Hence I have never had the privilege of being present on an occasion like this till now, for which *present* privilege I devoutly thank Providence and sincerely thank you.

“There are momentous occasions, there are mirthful occasions and there are occasions absolutely devoid of

all the essential elements of interest or importance; but *this* occasion belongs to no one of those classes. *This*, like the funeral of loved one or friend, is a solemn occasion—an occasion on which the sphere of the speaker is, in some respects, circumscribed by very narrow limits—humor, pleasantry, ridicule, sarcasm, irony, invective and all studied efforts at oratorical display being as manifestly inappropriate here and now as at the house of mourning in the moment of death. In some respects, however, the sphere of the speaker on an occasion like this is boundless as space, as limitless as the love of God for our lost and ruined race.

“‘We are too close to the war yet for a reliable, truthful, impartial history thereof to be written,’ is a sad, strange statement very recently reproduced in an important, popular American periodical. Whether this strange statement is correct or incorrect, it is a sad comment on one of the lamentable weaknesses of man—a weakness from which few of us may be entirely free; but while not claiming freedom from this weakness myself, I shall *try* to state as nearly accurately and correctly as I can whatsoever I may state to-day, or ever. There is certainly no reason why I should do otherwise. The true story of our cruel war is stranger than fiction, and ‘there’s glory enough for us all,’ living and dead.

“At half past four, Friday morning, April 12, 1861, citizens of Charleston, S. C., were startled by a strange sound—the sound of the first gun of a war that cost the government of the United States of America billions of dollars, the national war debt being, in 1865, about three billions—the annual interest more than one hundred and

fifty millions—of dollars; that cost the South practically all she had that sword and shot and shell and torch could destroy; that cost the country we all now rejoice to call 'our country' a million men, counting with the killed—with the dead—the permanently maimed; that shocked and astonished the world and challenged the admiration and sympathy of all the civilized nations of earth.

"The war brought *hard times* to Dixie. The brave boys, beautiful girls, heroic young men and worthy young women of this wonderful age of peace and prosperity can never really realize what as heroic, pure, worthy women and precious children as earth hath ever known endured in Dixie then. When our little girls—little angels of earth—after soundly sleeping and sweetly dreaming, on good beds, in happy homes, with loved ones about them, all night, rise at the dawning of a beautiful day like this, eat a nourishing breakfast with those who love them and don their Easter dresses, they cannot comprehend how women as worthy as their pure mothers and children as pure and precious as their own sweet selves lived in their now prosperous, happy homeland when calico at thirty to forty dollars a yard could scarcely be found; when coffee and black pepper were, respectively, fifty and three hundred dollars a pound; when bread and salt and other things we now regard as absolute essentials were so scarce that people who had lived in affluence all their antebellum days even boiled fresh fish in clear water, and, neither murmuring nor complaining, ate them gladly, without bread or salt, but with gratitude to the gracious Giver of all good, to whom they prayed for protection for their absent loved ones



MR. AND MRS. JOHN H. MEEKS AND BABY.

bravely battling for what they believed to be their sacred rights.

"The war produced sad scenes of sorrow in our country. As I approached a once happy home between blood-saturated Shiloh and quaking, quivering Chickamauga, a mother and her daughters ran out of their house, across the yard and through the gate, the mother screaming: 'O, my child, my child! They told me you were killed at Shiloh!' And I was almost in their arms before they realized that I was not their loved and lost one. The sad scene of sorrow—of anguish inexpressible—that succeeded that scene of rapturous, but brief, delight, I can never forget. Nor can I ever describe it.

"The hospitable home of Gen. John H. Meeks was *almost* in the Confederate line of battle when, at the dawning of the 6th of April, 1862, the Shiloh battle began. From the beginning to the ending of all the gloomy hours of that never-to-be-forgotten Sunday he and his wife heard the awful rush and roar of the terrific storm of dread destruction that swept relentlessly over the bleeding bosom of that fateful field of death, their only son old enough to bear arms being in the battle, they not knowing whether that beloved son was well or wounded, living, dying or dead. Just as the sun set, their manly boy came proudly marching home, guarding prisoners of war. When our cruel war was almost over—just before the Stars and Bars were furled forever—that fond and fearless father saw, on a bloody battlefield where heroes fought and fell, that same brave boy, far away from home and mother, die, the shot that killed him being the last shot of that sad day—'a shaft

at random sent ' from the depleted ranks of a brave, but beaten, foe, in full retreat when the fatal shot was fired.

"*Our* war developed heroes and heroines in the South, likewise also in the North; but it is my mission to-day to speak especially of the heroism, the struggles, the sorrows and the sufferings of the sublime sons and daughters of the South.

"General Hobson, who commanded Federal troops at Shiloh, states that, in the midst of that sad scene of slaughter, he was permitted to try to silence a Confederate battery that was depleting the Federal ranks. He finally succeeded in silencing the battery, after having been repeatedly repulsed and losing many of his men. When he climbed over the earthworks into the redoubt, he saw no living thing there. In a few moments, however, he saw the commander of the then silent battery, on his back, in a pool of blood, his cape covering his face, the dead all around him, he alone breathing. The General asked him: 'Are you wounded?' He replied: 'Yes, mortally.' The General said: 'O, I hope not! We'll take you to the hospital in the rear and save you, if we can.' He asked: 'Did you take many prisoners with my battery?' The General replied: 'No, not one. You are the only living thing we found.' 'Then, please let me die with my men,' said the brave captain; and there he died. General Hobson—though his coat was blue; the brave captain's, gray—related this sad story, while tears dripped from his face, as proof that modern times have produced heroes as brave and sublime as ancient orators and poets ever praised.

"The story of Sam Davis, Confederate scout, hung at

Pulaski, Tenn., November 27, 1863, when, by betraying a friend, he could have lived and been free, reveals the truth that heroes truly sublime did not all live and die in olden times. General Dodge, then commanding the Federals at Pulaski, repeatedly sent to young Davis, who was in prison, under sentence of death, a promise of pardon if he would tell when, where, how and from whom he got certain important papers in his possession when he was captured in Confederate uniform; but Davis refused to purchase pardon, liberty and life at such a price. Young, handsome, manly and brave, he loved liberty and life, but not well enough to pay such a price as that—to betray a sacred trust or a friend—for them. When the heroic youth was on the scaffold, about to be hanged, an officer of high rank, with imposing, waving plume, rode rapidly from headquarters to the place of execution, climbed the steps to where young Davis stood, and said to him: *'Tell us where you got those papers—we'll take your word for it—tell us, and we'll send you, with a safe escort, under flag of truce, back to your command, and set you free.'* Looking at the officer with an expression of sad surprise, of sorrowful astonishment, he replied: *'Do you suppose I'd betray a friend?'* The officer bade him good-by, descended the steps, mounted his steed and rapidly rode away.

"Please permit me to suggest that the heroes of those dark and bloody days are not all dead; and—while I claim nothing for myself—as we lay fragrant flowers upon the graves of the heroic dead, let us not forget the no less worthy and heroic living, who fought as bravely then as those who fell, and have been brave, faithful citi-

zens since our swords were sheathed, forty years ago. As centuries have silently slipped away and generations have been born and buried, this thought, this important point, has often been ignored; hence while the dead have been lovingly remembered and loudly lauded, the living have been forgotten or cruelly neglected.

“Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, gave millions of dollars to help his struggling, suffering country—our country—in the darkest days of her Revolutionary struggle, thus saving, it may be, her starving, freezing army from extermination, wresting victory, and practically America, from the bloody hands of tyranny, and giving to generations then and yet unborn the greatest country and happiest home man hath ever known since Eden’s sinless days; but—to our shame be it said—in his old age, his declining days, forsaken and practically forgotten, utterly neglected, he was imprisoned, not because he was disreputable, degraded or unworthy, but *for debt*, because he had not the means to meet his necessary expenses!

“I have seen the lone log cabin, in a dreary, desolate old field, where tradition says the last soldier—hero—of the American Revolution died, not in shame and disgrace, but in sorrow, solitude and poverty; and no monument that may ever mark the spot can meet his disregarded wants or make amends for the cruel ingratitude and consequent neglect that crushed him.

“When the sad mother of Robert Burns saw the costly monument erected, by his grateful countrymen, after he was beyond the reach of sympathy, praise or censure, to honor and perpetuate his name, she shook her head and sadly said, if the testimony of history and tradition be

true: 'Ah, Robbie, you asked them for bread, and they gave you a stone!'

"I know two Confederate Veterans, worthy citizens of the South, who, when they were soldier boys, suffering, almost starving, did, because they believed the emergency justified and duty demanded it, what they knew meant death for both, under Bragg's rigid discipline, then rigidly enforced, if they should be detected and convicted. Another soldier boy, as innocent of that deed as the unborn, was tried by a merciless military court for what they had done, the circumstantial evidence against him being almost as clear, conclusive, convincing and convicting as the proof positive could have been if the court, counsel and witnesses had caught him in the very act. The brave, but guilty, boys—heroes sublime—seeing their guiltless comrade in the shadow of death because of their disobedience, immediately determined to confess their guilt, pay the penalty—which was death—and let the guiltless boy live. But Braxton Bragg could not condemn such heroes to death; hence all three were saved.

"Living to-day is a man who, when a boy wearing the gray, his captain calling for a volunteer to go where he hesitated to *command any one* to go, the danger being so great as to necessarily make obedience to such a command, as men could see the situation, mean death, voluntarily went, did what was to be done, escaped, notwithstanding death seemed inevitable, escape absolutely impossible, and thus saved the command to which he belonged, his commander subsequently reporting to headquarters that that boy had been, in the discharge of duty,

‘where a crow could not have escaped.’ He laid himself upon his country’s altar, a sacrifice for the cause that was lost; but Providence protected him. He is no less a hero *now*, however, because the Lord did not let him die *then*.

“While neither the living nor the dead heroes of war or peace should be worshiped, we should certainly not neglect the living and lavish all our attention and affection upon the dead.

“When, Sunday, April 9, 1865, the Confederate flag, in solemn silence broken by naught but sighs and sobs of half-starved soldiers, was tenderly folded and lovingly laid upon the grave of ‘the lost cause’—when the Confederates were disbanded and the Federals marched home—the South was a devastated, desolated land of women and children—widows and orphans—with little left, save sorrow, graves and honor; and it required the sacrifices and services of heroic men and women to build the new South upon the ruins of the old. The Southern soldiers having returned, in poverty and rags, to their desolated homes, men, women and children bravely, heroically met the emergency; and our prosperous, hopeful, happy country, in expressive, smiling silence, speaks their praises to-day, while millions behold, in admiration and astonishment, the greatest South the world hath ever seen.

“There were but few men in Southern homes then till the soldiers returned. The men—and boys, too—from sixteen to sixty, were in the war; and I remember one ‘mess’ of seven, the oldest eighteen, the youngest fourteen; and I remember well one man seventy-two years

old, who gave his life for the cause that was lost, dying in Confederate uniform, far away from home and loved ones.

"The women, children and slaves of the South, during those dark and dreadful days, had to till the soil and support themselves, as well as the army many of them tenderly loved. The present generation, prosperous, peaceful and happy, can scarcely realize what the situation in the South then was, as I have previously intimated. The white women and children—than whom this world hath never known worthier, braver or better—had been helpless in the hands of the slaves, if the latter had willed them harm; hence, while we love and sing the praises of the former, we should never forget that the latter were true to their sacred trust, as wisely and well as they could, taking the best and tenderest possible care of 'ol' Missus an' de chilluns, while de men folkses was a-fightin' in de wah,' weeping in sincerest sympathy when white women and children wept because of the death or absence of loved ones for whom they looked and longed or mourned. No wonder 'Bob' Taylor should say: 'Some day the world will build a monument to perpetuate the memory of the "black mammies" of the South.'

"The war filled our Southern land with graves; hence we have 'Decoration Day'—one for 'the blue' and one for 'the gray'—and the bravest and best living representatives of both can conscientiously and consistently coöperate in these solemn services throughout the length and breadth of the land, being *one* in sympathy and love every Decoration Day—as, indeed, they *should* be *all the*

time. Why not? 'A few more days, or years, at most,' and not one of us shall be left to tell the tale of trial and trouble—of cruel war and crushing woe. Let us, then, love and not hate, help and not hinder, one another as our few remaining days are going by. The grave is the goal of all our bodies; and, in its presence—in the gloom of the grave—we should all be one in sincerest sympathy and tenderest, truest love, remembering that every grave, known and unknown, holds dust, once living dust, dear to tender, loving, sorrowful hearts. Some Southern women, finding a soldier boy asleep in death on a bloody battlefield, abandoned by both heroic hosts that had met in cruel conflict there, tenderly buried him with their own hands, regardless of whether his coat was blue or gray; and still those blessed women say, in the carefully chiseled characters upon the stone that marks his grave: '*Somebody's Darling Lies Here.*' Thus love, sympathy and truth might consistently and correctly mark the grave of every soldier that died in our cruel war: '*Somebody's Darling Lies Here.*'

"Sunday morning, January 19, 1862, in a battle that began at seven and ended before eleven, General Zollicoffer, to whose brigade I belonged, and about two hundred other Confederate soldiers, fell at Fishing Creek, Ky., many more being wounded. The Sixteenth Alabama, in which Florence was well represented, lost in that battle about forty men and boys, about one-fourth of that number falling dead on the field. General Carroll, to whose brigade the Sixteenth Alabama belonged, with a small escort, to which I was attached because of having accompanied General Zollicoffer on his march to

death, went back, under a flag of truce, after the body of the latter; but the bodies of the Confederates, about two hundred, who fell dead with him on that fateful field were 'laid out' in groups on the frozen ground—on the *surface* of the ground—near 'Zollicoffer's oak'—the tree, still standing, under which Zollicoffer fell; log pens were built around them, a pen around each ghastly group; their bloody blankets were spread over them by the hands of strangers who knew them not; the pens were filled with earth; and thus and there, through the gloom and glare of more than forty years, those once hopeful, happy sons of Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee—strangers in a strange land—have silently slept on old Kentucky's battle-scarred bosom—'the dark and bloody ground'—not one of them identified, but every one of them '*somebody's darling*,' precious and dear.

"Those hapless heroes, however, who, on that dark, dreadful day, between midnight and seven in the morning, marched eleven miles, through darkness, rain and sloop and slush and sleet, to death, are not entirely forgotten or neglected by even the strangers among whom they sleep. Every year since she passed her seventh, little Dorothy Burton, now in her fourteenth year, whose home is on that historic field, has hung a wreath of flowers upon Zollicoffer's oak and scattered wild flowers over the gloomy graves of the Confederate dead there on National Decoration Day, while others have been decorating the graves of the Federal dead in a beautiful national cemetery near by. That sweet little Kentucky girl knows what we are doing now; and I have right and reason to say—having this day received from



DOROTHY BURTON.

her a letter written two days ago, giving me that assurance—that her hands are, this very moment, in field or forest, in garden or grove, plucking flowers with which to decorate Zollicoffer's oak and the graves of our long-lamented soldiers there to-day, which sad, sweet service she will repeat on National Decoration Day.

"Now, notwithstanding your patience, as well as politeness, seems to be perfect, I'm sure I've said enough. If too much, or anything unkind, inappropriate, improper or incorrect, please pardon me; and may the Lord always abundantly bless you all, all you love and all who love you, and lead you at last to that happy land of love and beauty where war is unknown, where graves are not seen, where flowers never fade, where hope never dies—that beautiful, lovelit clime where hearts neither ache nor bleed nor break, 'where life is eternal and a treasure sublime.'"

Like many other "old soldiers," Brother Larimore enjoys stories of war times. Hence he appreciates the fun and pathos of the following account of the trial of a "forager" who attempted to practice, in time of peace, the art acquired "endu'in' de wah:"

"The prosecuting attorney sat down. As he mopped his brow, he gazed triumphantly at the judge and the lawyer who represented the prisoner—an old darky whose face was as black as the ace of spades and as wrinkled as a piece of crinoline. In his kinky hair, strands of white outnumbered those of black. During the trial of the case his eyes had never left the judge. 'Fo' de Lawd, ef dat ain't Marse John!' he exclaimed when brought into the court room by a stalwart deputy; and

two long, regular rows of white teeth were revealed by his smile of pleasure. The testimony of the witnesses had been of no interest to him. He laughed scornfully when the young lawyer who had been appointed by the court to represent him had poured forth college rhetoric. The prosecution had been ignored. 'Marse John's gwine teh fix it,' he whispered softly to himself.

"The judge straightened himself up and wiped his glasses. 'The prisoner is found guilty as charged,' he said, as he adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses on his nose. 'Has the prisoner at the bar anything to say, to show cause why he should not be sentenced?'

"The old darky straightened up. The stern look of the judge caused his face to fall. Then he stood up, his eyes sparkling with indignation.

"'Yes, *sah*,' he said, 'I'se got şumpen teh say; an' I's gwine teh say it, too. Ef dah's trouble a-comin', doan you blame me, kaze you done axed me teh talk. Now, lookey heah, Marse John; you knows me jes' ez well ez I knows you. I's knowed you eber sence you wuz knee high teh eh duck, an' you ain't nebber done nothin' right mean tell jes' now. Dey brought me in heah an' tole you I stole a shoat. But I didn't think nothin' ob dat; an' *you* nebber did befo'—tell jes' now. I come heah at-teh justice, an' I thought I wuz gwine teh git it, kaze you wuz de jedge. But I fin's I's mistooked. Ef I'd a-knowed I'd got teh make eh fight feh it, I wouldn't eh had nothin' to do wid dis heah piece eh pizen-faced po' white trash ober heah dat 'fended me. I'd eh got eh lawyeh. He ain't none ob de quality I knows, kaze my white folks 'fo' de wah wuz de right kin'. But I didn't

know dat I had teh fight feh jestice. I thought you'd gib it teh me. An' now you axes me ef I's got anything teh say.

"Yes, *sah*, I's got sumpen teh say; an', as I done tole you, I's gwine teh say it, too. Marse John, doan you 'membeh me? Doan you 'membeh dat I wuz yo' body sahvint endu'in' de wah? Didn't I use teh russle feh grub fer you an' yo' chum when de rashuns got sho't, which dey mos' gine'ally did? An' didn't you use teh smack yo' mouf ober my cookin' an' say: "Jim's a powe'ful good fo'ager?" W'y, I stole chickens an' tu'keys an' shoats an' things feh you clean all de way frum Chattanooga teh Atlanty, Geo'gy. An' eber time you got a squah meal, which wuz mos' gine'ally 'casionally, you an' yo' chum'd say: "Jim's eh powe'ful good fo'ager!" You didn't say nothin' ag'in it *den*. No, *sah*. An' I wants teh know if it wuz fo'agin' den, how cum it steal-in' now? Tell dat, will ye?

"An' doan you 'membeh, Marse John, when you wuz shot an' de Yanks tuck you eh pris'neh at Chancello'sville? Didn't you gib me yo' gray unifo'm an' eh lock ob yo' hah an' yo' swo'd; an' didn't you say kindeh hoas'elike: "Tek 'em teh her?" An' didn't I took 'em? Yes, *sah*. I toted dem things th'ough de bresh a hund'ed miles an' mo'—de Lawd knows how feh I toted 'em; an' when I come teh de front gate, dah stood Miss Em'ly. She's done dead now, Marse John; an' God knows dah ain't no mo' pu'eh neh whiteh angel up above de clouds den heh. An' when she saw me, didn't she hug dat little bal'headed baby dat you wuz so proud ob up clost an' cry: "He's dead, he's dead! O God, he's dead!"

An' when I ups an' sez, "No'm, he ain't dead; he'll be home by an' by," didn't de teahs ob joy come pourin' down an' wash de teahs ob grief away?

"' Now, lookey heah, Marse John; my ol' 'oman an' th'ee gran'chilluns is ober heah in eh cabin in de woods, clost teh Jim Wilson's pasteh. Dey ain't got nothin' teh eat. An' when I comes by Sam Johnsing's hogpen t'otheh night an' sees dat skinny little shoat dat—hones' 'fo' de Lawd—wuz so po' dat I had teh tie eh knot in his tail teh keep him f'um slippin' 'twixt de palin's, I jes' beganned fo'agin' ag'in. You can't call it stealin', Marse John, nohow, kaze I's gwine teh pay Sam Johnsing back ag'in jes' ez soon ez my ol' sow has pigs. You ain't gwine teh sen' yo' po' ol' body sahvint teh de pen jes' feh *fo'agin'*, is you, Marse John?"

"There was silence in the court room a moment. The stern features of the old judge had relaxed. There was something moist in his eyes. He wiped them furtively and vainly with his handkerchief. Finally he said: 'The court has considered the motion for a new trial, and the same is granted. The prisoner is released upon his own recognizance. Mr. Sheriff, adjourn court. Jim, you come up to the house with me.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

Sermon—"The Army of the Lord."

(A discourse delivered at the Confederate Soldiers' Home,
Nashville, Tenn.)

"**T**HOU therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier. And if a man also strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned, except he strive lawfully." (2 Tim. 2: 3-5.)

Whether right or wrong, be that as it may—which I do not assume or presume to say—from time immemorial it has been considered an honor to be a good soldier. The post of honor has been assigned to brave, true soldiers from the beginning of history to the present time—from the days of Moses and of Herodotus till now. Tongues of orators, pens of poets and brushes of painters have always essayed to give honor to brave, true, obedient, self-sacrificing soldiers. This may be one reason why Christians are called soldiers, and also why Christ is called "the Captain of our salvation."

In the language just quoted the apostle Paul exhorts Timothy to "endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." In his first letter to Timothy, sixth chapter, twelfth verse, he says, "Fight the good fight of faith,

lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses"—showing that he had in his mind a soldier. In the sixth chapter of Paul's letter to the Ephesians the armor of the ancient Grecian and Roman soldier is referred to—every part of the armor spoken of as belonging to the Christian, the soldier of the cross, who is exhorted to "be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." "Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." (Eph. 6: 10-17.)

It has been understood through the ages that when country calls to arms, when firesides are to be defended, when wives and children and mothers and sisters and sweethearts and friends are to be protected, the bravest and best boys and men are willing, and ever have been willing, to defend and protect them—to shield and save homes and loved ones. I remember hearing United

States Senator Voorhees, "the tall Sycamore of the Wabash," in one of his wonderful legal orations, say, "The best blood of our country was in the army on both sides"—alluding to the war we still refer to as "our war"—the bloody war *we* were in. Nothing was said that revealed any bitterness in his heart toward soldiers on either side; but there was something in both look and language plainly showing the presence of genuine admiration in his heart for soldiers, and, in a few words, he expressed that admiration, saying "the best blood of our country was in the army on both sides" of that sad, sanguinary struggle.

God wants people to be what it is best for them to be—best, in all respects, for all concerned; best for body, soul and spirit, for time and for eternity—and he wants them to be honored as they are honorable in that relationship, whatever it may be; and, knowing the principle in human nature that prompts people to praise soldiers, he clearly intimates that his church is an army, and that his Son is the Captain, the Commander in Chief, under him, of that army. "But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man. For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings." (Heb. 2: 9, 10.) These and other sacred scriptures clearly imply that God's church is an army, that every member of it is a soldier, and that his Son is the Commander in Chief, the Head, the Leader, of that army.

Whether it is right or wrong to be a soldier in any other army, it is always right to be in God's army—to be a soldier of the cross—"a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

When, more than one-third of a century ago, our own "Sunny South"—our home land, our country—called for boys and men to enlist in the army that was only an imaginary army then—till boys and men enlisted, and thus formed a real army—it was proclaimed and believed that questions of vital importance were involved; that the sanctity of Southern homes, the security of the life and happiness of loved ones, and honor and liberty, and all other rights and privileges the Southern people considered sacred, were involved. Now, whether that claim was correct or incorrect, is not for me to say; but those of us whose heads are blossoming for the tomb now, who were but boys then, know that was the battle cry, the call to arms then. It is not, however, my province or privilege to say at this late day—one-third of a century after our muskets were stacked; our swords, sheathed; our cannons, cooled; our bugles, drums and fifes, silenced—whether that claim was correct or incorrect; but, because we believed it to be correct, we left the peace, the comfort, the ease, the conveniences of home—left moaning mothers, sobbing sisters, sighing sweethearts, some of us wives and little ones—and enlisted in the army to do what we believed solemn duty demanded.

Whether we were right or wrong in rushing into that cruel conflict is not for us to say. Let us listen while *others* discuss that question. We are not the ones to say whether we were right or wrong in obeying our country's call for volunteers for "our war." We believed the

call to be a righteous one, turned our backs on our once happy homes and then sorrowing loved ones, endured the hardships of war, and returned to our devastated fields, desolated homes and gloomy graveyards, leaving in the arms of death—in gloomy graves and dismal ditches—many who went away with us, to return to home and loved ones no more forever.

Long, long ago—many generations and centuries ago—God saw and realized that all the rights of the human race were trampled upon; that earth, the home of man, was desecrated; that the race had been wrecked and ruined, Satan, the archenemy of man, having invaded Eden, where our remotest ancestors lived and loved, and led them away from right to wrong, from obedience to disobedience, thus causing the flowers of Eden to wither, the foliage of Eden to fall, the fruits of Eden to be blighted, and the joys that filled and thrilled the souls of those who were there to give place to sorrow and sadness and sighing, wrecking their hopes and happiness and sending the shadow of sin and sorrow down to their posterity for all the years and ages ever thereafter to come.

God knew our race had endured much in the service of Satan, and that Satan was still the same cruel, relentless, heartless master he had ever been; and hence he resolved to crush the power of the wicked one, that man might be infinitely better in this life, might have the assurance, while living here, of being happy hereafter, and might finally enjoy the fullest fruition of all his hallowed hopes in a world of peace and joy and love that should never, never end. A divine sacrifice being necessary to accom-

plish this, God sent his own Son to die for us—to ransom and redeem a lost and ruined and recreant race.

That Son divine willingly came to this world, and, for our sake, became the poorest of the poor—much poorer than were any of us when we went to the war, when we were in the war, when we returned from the war, are now or are to ever be. We have friends who will lovingly, liberally, tenderly, constantly care for us and never let us be as poor as Jesus was. This Home is plain proof of that; but no cozy home or chapel was ever fitted up for him. You safely, securely and comfortably stay in this Home, are preached to in this chapel, and live a life of ease and comfort, as well as honor. No such life was the lot of the sorrowing, suffering Son of God on earth. Why? He came to “endure hardness,” to encourage every one who might enlist in his army to “endure hardness, as a good soldier,” and to give his very life as a ransom for lost and ruined souls. He was not a driver, but a leader, of men, willing to go before them all the way, even down to death.

He left the wealth and ease and comfort and grandeur and glory and beauty of heaven, and for one-third of a century endured the pain and privation and poverty and sorrow and sadness of earth, and at last died on Calvary's cruel cross for us. His very Father forsook him in the trying hour of death that he might tread the wine press alone and *know* what it is to die when not “leaning on the everlasting arms;” hence he cried on the cross: “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” Whatsoever may befall us, we can never reach depths of poverty and sorrow and anguish and suffering and distress so

dark and dreadful that we can truthfully say we have gone beyond our Leader's limit. He is still ahead of us—not driving, but leading—always lovingly and tenderly leading and showing us the way.

He died on the cross; slept in the solemn silence and stillness of a borrowed tomb "three days and three nights;" then the stone was rolled away from the sepulcher, and the Sun of Righteousness arose, with healing in his wings, to flood the world with light divine and lift our souls to God. He formed an army, selected and prepared material for it, before he went back home to be crowned "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

That material became a sublime, spiritual army when the Holy Spirit descended from the courts of glory, a week after the Savior's ascension, and took up his abode therein. On that very day, the day the first company was fully "mustered into service" and accepted as soldiers, the recruiting began. A recruiting officer, duly appointed, fully authorized and divinely instructed as to the conditions upon which recruits should be received, proclaimed Jesus as the Leader and called for volunteers. He alone, of mortals, then knew the conditions. He preached Christ so that many believed him to be Christ, believed his cause to be just, and the reward of service to be pardon, peace and eternal salvation. An immediate result was the enlistment of about three thousand volunteers. This army grew and continued to grow from that time, so that within seventy years after that glad day it numbered seven million souls—a vast army led by Prince Immanuel, "the Captain of our salvation." The call for volunteers is still in force—that selfsame,

sacred call. There are no conscripts in God's army, but Christ calls to-day for volunteers.

When we were boys, we heard and heeded a call for volunteers to fight for what we believed to be sacred rights of self and loved ones. There was then a call for a certain, definite, number of men and boys to follow the Stars and Bars; likewise a certain, definite, number of men and boys to follow the Stars and Stripes; and they enlisted for a definite period of time. I enlisted under a call for volunteers for "twelve months, or during the war." That "or-during-the-war" clause was added because we thought it would not take us twelve months to establish the Southern Confederacy perfectly and permanently; and if it took less time than "twelve months," we could then be disbanded and go home instead of remaining in camp a whole year. I believe the soldiers who were first called to follow the Stars and Stripes in "our war" were called for "ninety days, or during the war," they thinking it might keep them busy ninety days to whip us, and we thinking it barely possible that it might require twelve months for us to whip them so they would stay whipped; but we *believed* we could whip them in less than thirty days!

The call for volunteers to enlist in the army of Prince Immanuel is not a call for ninety days, not a call for twelve months, not a call for "during the war." We are called to enter the army of Prince Immanuel, become soldiers of the cross, to fight the battles of the Lord while life shall last—till we lay our armor down at Jesus' feet and go to the soldiers' home above to rest and rejoice forever.

When we were in the Confederate Army, it was natural for us to love our leader, follow him, and to have confidence in him till we were forced to realize that he was not worthy of our trust and confidence—and that very rarely occurred. If we were good soldiers, we were ready and willing to follow our leader till he fell—to stay with him, if duty demanded it, till we died.

General Zollicoffer was my first leader. Some of you who are so fortunate as to live in this pleasant, peaceful, happy Home—as well as myself—followed him till he fell. The soldiers he led loved him and believed him to be a leader worthy of their love and confidence. When, on the dark, drizzly, disagreeable, dreadful nineteenth of January, 1862, he fell at the head of his army, while the gloomy, cloud-shrouded heavens wept, his bereaved soldiers sighed. The battle was lost; but they sorrowed most of all on that sad day because their beloved leader had fallen. Though we had heard terrible things of the army in blue, when the time came for some of us to go back under a flag of truce for his body, it was not hard to find many who wanted to go. Indeed, I think all of us were *anxious* to go. I well remember I considered myself exceedingly fortunate in being permitted to go. Dreading no danger, fearing no death, a little group of us, under a white flag, went back with General Carroll, who was a stranger to us then, for the body of our fallen leader—the leader we loved.

Albert Sidney Johnston was our next leader—general. His soldiers loved him and had confidence in him. Well do we all remember, of course, when, April 6, 1862, he fell on Shiloh's bloody bosom; and, under the weeping

heavens, April 7, his battle-scarred army sullenly fell back from Shiloh's fateful, fatal field. The battle was lost, and we who survived the slaughter sighed for the companionship of many a missing comrade; but especially did we mourn for our leader who had fallen on the field. We who were there can never forget Monday, April 7, 1862—not "blue," but "*black*," Monday, to us.

We, as soldiers of the cross, if we are soldiers of the cross—and I hope we are; I know we *ought* to be, *all* of us—have a Leader infinitely greater and better than we ever thought Zollicoffer was, a leader infinitely better and greater than we ever believed Albert Sidney Johnston to be. It is true these men were brave soldiers, tried and true. It is true that each fell because he exposed himself where the usages of war did not demand that he should go, his bravery sweeping him right on into the arms of death. But we have a Leader who, without an army to back him, without a sword to protect him, without anything on earth to defend him, met all the hosts of sin and Satan, met Satan himself in personal conflict and routed him, then went to death by way of the cross, slept in the silence of the tomb "three days and three nights," and came thence a triumphant conqueror over death and the grave.

The Leader of the army of the Lord, "the Captain of our salvation," the Savior divine, has been tested and tried through the ages, and has never been found wanting. No mortal has ever trusted him in vain. I know not how many of you are in his army. I do know all of us ought to be in it. Those of us who are in it ought to fear no danger, dread no death, and be always true to the

cause to establish which our Leader died. His death brought victory, not defeat; and if we will faithfully follow him till death shall claim our bodies, he will lead us through grace to glory and make us happy with Jehovah and all the redeemed forever.

In that other warfare we were always cautious. Though we believed we could whip anything we might meet, we were careful to prepare for emergencies, so that we could get something between us and the enemy to save ourselves from extermination, should such shield be necessary. When we were camped at Beech Grove, near Fishing Creek, and our leader knew a battle was imminent and inevitable, some of us were sent to Nashville to get a steamboat and bring it up the river to Beech Grove—Mill Springs—so that, if we were whipped, we should have some way to get to the south side of the river. We came to Nashville, took the Noble Ellis up to Beech Grove—her last trip up the river—and later, when our leader was killed and the battle was lost, we had the boat there to carry us over the river. We kept it plying to and fro all day and late into the night. About midnight it was abandoned—wrapped in withering flames—to drift down the stream; but the Cumberland River was between us and our foes. We could see the flash of their guns and hear the roar of their artillery; but the beautiful Cumberland rolled between us and them. The Noble Ellis saved us, and then ceased to be. This showed the wisdom of soldiers in worldly warfare. But for such precaution on the part of leaders in the army to which we then belonged, our bodies might to-



W. H. BALDY AND FAMILY.

day be in neglected ditches far away and this Soldiers' Home might never have been thought of.

We are engaged in a struggle for life here as long as we live. The human race is in a warfare from the cradle to the grave—fighting for existence. Some have an easy time; some, a hard time; but, nevertheless, it is a battle for life, and we are destined to lose the battle at last. It matters not how strong we are, how courageous we are, we are all absolutely certain to fall on this field of battle. We are growing older and weaker every day and every hour, and death will finally defeat and destroy us. We must then cross, not the winding, crooked Cumberland; not the broad, beautiful Tennessee; not the mighty, muddy Mississippi; but the deep, dark, dreaded river of death—the river that silently and ceaselessly rolls between the shores of fleeting time and never-ending eternity.

Now, as we look back to our bloody war, we commend the prudence of our leaders, as manifested in the case of Zollicoffer's sending some of us for the Noble Ellis that saved his men after he fell. It is infinitely more important that we prepare for crossing this deeper, darker, more dreadful river. We didn't know then we should ever *have* to cross the Cumberland River—our general didn't know we should ever need that boat; but both he and we did know it would be wonderfully convenient *if* needed—and it was certainly needed. We absolutely know we must cross the river of death. The wealth and power of a billion worlds like this could not keep us from crossing that dark river. We should be prepared for the crossing; and as we know neither the

day nor the hour when we must pass to the other shore, we should be prepared EVERY day and EVERY hour.

If we had not been prepared for crossing the Cumberland River after the battle of Fishing Creek, *temporal* life had been lost, it may be. I speak specially and specifically of Fishing Creek because Nashville was the home of our leader who fell there, and some of us who are here now were with him there then; hence know whereof I speak. If not prepared for crossing the river of death, we must cross it, nevertheless; but *eternal* life shall be lost—lost forever.

The cause we believed then to be just, and for which we were willing to risk and give our lives, we refer to now as the "lost cause." We fought, but lost. The cause in which soldiers of the cross are enlisted can never be a lost cause. A few weeks before his crucifixion "the Captain of our salvation," our Leader, said, in reference to this army, this divine institution that the Bible calls "the church," "the church of God:" "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." All the powers of darkness—of earth and the under world combined—cannot prevail against this cause. It can never be lost.

We do not necessarily love the "lost cause" less because it was lost; but we should love this cause all the more because it can never be lost. We have divine assurance that our posterity to the end of time shall be blessed by the cause for which we now contend, if we are soldiers of the cross. Remember, God's word guarantees that this cause shall never be a lost cause, that the banner of Prince Immanuel shall never be furled, and

the word of the Lord can never fail. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever." (Isa. 40: 8.) "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 forever." (1 Pet. 1: 22, 23.)

God's word guarantees that the cause of Christ shall never be lost; but it does not necessarily follow that we are not to be lost. If we are lost, however—forever lost—it will not be because of lack of love on the part of the Lord. It will not be because the grace of God is not sufficient for us. It will not be because God's instructions in his blessed book are not all that is necessary to teach us how to live so as to be eternally saved. If we are lost, it will be because we do not discharge duty's demands according to Heaven's instructions—because we do not obey the Lord, "the Captain of our salvation;" for, "being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him." (Heb. 5: 9.)

Now, the question for each to ask himself is: Am I to be lost? It is hard for me to realize that only small remnants of the armies that, less than forty years ago, followed the Stars and Bars and the Stars and Stripes, are left now. It is hard for me to realize that those who were boys then are old men now, the snows that never melt gathering upon their locks; and it is just as hard for me to realize that a few more days or years, at most, and

not a Confederate soldier—a Confederate veteran—can be found on earth; but this is true. There shall be Federal soldiers on earth, perhaps, while time lasts; but the day is at hand for the burial of the last Confederate soldier—near at hand, almost dawning—the day when the last Confederate shall be called to quit the walks of men.

Realizing now that this little remnant is soon to cease to be—that most of the boys have joined the solemn bivouac of the dead, and those who are left must soon pass over to that silent camping ground—each of us should press the question home to his heart—his soul: Am I to be lost? It might be more pleasant, however, to ask: Am I to be saved? When we ask that question, each ought to say, "I can and I will be saved," and then proceed to make that resolve irrevocable and true for time and for eternity.

There never was a Confederate soldier who had not enlisted in the Confederate Army, or did not know when and where and why and how he enlisted—conceding he was sane and sober. There were certain laws, rules, regulations, conditions of enlistment in the Confederate Army; and, to become a Confederate soldier, those laws, rules, regulations, conditions, had to be observed—obeyed. We who were in that army can go back in imagination to the days when the Confederate Army was increasing all over the land, and can tell our children just how we became soldiers in that army. When we who were Confederate soldiers, however, have all passed away—when two or three generations more have come and gone, and no one on earth can remember having even *seen* a Confederate soldier, or having seen any one

who ever saw a Confederate soldier—how can the world then know how the Confederate Army was formed? Tradition is as changeable as the color of the chameleon. The world cannot, therefore, rely upon its ever-changing testimony.

If, however, books covering that period, especially books written by that generation, beginning before the breaking out of the war, even before the first movements toward secession, picturing everything, giving names and dates and details, can then be found in the libraries of the land, men, women and children, by reading and studying those books—conceding the books to be correct—can know exactly how the Confederate Army was formed—how men and boys became Confederate soldiers.

As we could not be Confederate soldiers without enlisting in the Confederate Army, so we can never be soldiers of the cross without enlisting in the army of the cross—the army of the Lord. To become soldiers in the army of the Lord, we must observe the rules, regulations, conditions of enlistment in that army. The Bible reveals very clearly the conditions of enlistment in this army, and we should turn to God's book and read his instructions. We must hear the gospel, believe the gospel, obey the gospel. In the first four books of the New Testament—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John—we find the history of our Leader. In these eighty-nine chapters we learn of his birth, his life, his death, his burial, his resurrection and his ascension. In the light of these books—these chapters—we can study his life and character, imbibe his spirit, and learn to love him and the cause for which he died.

In the book called Acts of Apostles we are taught exactly how we can become soldiers of the cross—how we can enlist in the army of the Lord. That book was written by a soldier of the cross, guided by the Holy Spirit, in the century in which our Savior lived on earth. In it we have an account of the ascension of the Savior, the descent of the Holy Spirit, to take up his abode in the material provided for the formation of his army—the charter members—the terms of enlistment proclaimed and the organization and recruiting of the army for several years after its formation. If we would understand all the details of enlistment in the army of the Lord—what we must believe and what we must do to become members of the army of the cross, Christ's church—we must study Acts of Apostles. That book teaches us if responsible souls who have not enlisted in the army of the Lord hear the gospel, believe the gospel, repent of their sins, confess their faith in Christ—that is, confess with the mouth that they do believe with all the heart that Jesus Christ is the Son of God—and be buried with him by baptism into death and raised up to walk in newness of life, they are thus then and there enlisted in the army, and are ready—as “raw recruits”—to drill, be drilled, and practice, to be prepared for the divine warfare.

After we enlisted in the Confederate Army, we were drilled according to the tactics thereof, that we might become and be skillful soldiers. Very few of us, however, ever had access to a book of military discipline. Having enlisted in the army of the Lord, we should drill and be drilled according to the tactics of the army of right-

eousness, that we may be skillful and successful soldiers of the cross; and to this end we may, if we will, have access to the discipline divine—to all the rules and regulations constituting the discipline of the church of Christ. These are found in the inspired Epistles. The one hundred and twenty-one chapters of these twenty-one letters to Christian soldiers we should read and study, to learn how soldiers of the cross are to live—how they are to fight the battles of the Lord. These Epistles, beginning with Romans and ending with Jude, constitute the discipline of the church of God, their one hundred and twenty-one chapters being the one hundred and twenty-one sections thereof.

In the last book of the New Testament—Revelation—we have glimpses of the grandeurs and glories and beauties of the soldiers' Home above—that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Soldiers learned to love one another in "our war." By the very dangers and hardships they endured they were drawn closer together. They would stand by each other through suffering and danger, even unto death. The true soldier would divide his last cracker with a comrade when both were almost starving. That war is over, but this tie still binds them together; and as they grow old and gray, their hearts are drawn closer together by memories of the hardships they endured so long ago. They love each other like brothers indeed.

This is also especially true of all good soldiers of the cross. They are loyal and faithful and true to each other, and their hearts are drawn closer and closer together as they grow old in the service of the Lord. This

tie is not broken here; even death cannot break it. It is to be strengthened while eternity lasts. All this, I mean, is true of true soldiers of the cross—those who are true to their Leader and his cause. Such soldiers are always true to each other—to every man, to every woman, to every child, to every trust; true to Heaven; true to earth—*always, in all things, true.*

Here we have our reunions. There are reunions of those who wore the gray and reunions of those who wore the blue in that other war—that cruel war, that bloody war. Some of us are too busy to attend them. I have been busy all my life—fifty years, at least—too busy to attend any of the reunions of old soldiers. These reunions are becoming very frequent; but there is always sadness connected with them. Some are absent, because their life's battles have all been fought and they have passed over the river. Some of those who are present do not recognize each other, though they fought side by side—they have grown so old and gray. Others say or think: "We are together, but for only a few days. Then we separate, and may never meet again." Thus is sadness mingled with the gladness of every reunion.

But there is to be a grand and glorious reunion of the soldiers of the cross "some sweet day." That reunion shall have no sadness connected with it, born of the thought that some of the faithful unto death may not be there. Every faithful soldier of the cross—all who have valiantly fought the battles of the Lord and have been faithful unto death—shall enjoy that reunion, which shall be in the soldiers' Home above, and shall last forever. When that final reunion comes, all the finally

faithful soldiers of the cross shall be there and shall realize that they are there forever. When millions and billions and trillions of ages shall have come and gone, they shall have no less time to enjoy the comforts and blessings and bliss of that delightful home than when first they entered its pearly portals. They shall never grow old in that home—youth and strength and vigor and beauty shall be eternal. There shall be no sickness, no sorrow, no pain, no death there, but perpetual peace and joy forever in that grand and glorious home eternal.

Remember, to reach that blessed place, we must hear the gospel, believe the gospel, obey the gospel, and, having thus enlisted in the army of the Lord, be faithful soldiers of the cross till God shall call us home. I pray God that all who have enlisted in this army may be faithful unto death. I pray that those who have not enlisted in it may do so without delay. It is a sad thought to me that any soul is to be lost; but it is one of the saddest of all sad thoughts that one of the boys who enlisted, to follow the fortunes of the "lost cause," in the long, long ago—who helped to make a record such as no other army has ever made—should live to grow old, be cared for and blessed and made comfortable by a new generation, and then, at last, when lost in the battle of life, his body gone to the grave to await the resurrection morn, his spirit should sink down to the depths of eternal despair. Sad indeed is the thought that any soldier, after having given the strength of youth or early manhood to the "lost cause," should then die and be forever lost. The Lord grant it may never be so.

Are YOU to be lost—ETERNALLY lost? If you are lost

now, there is danger of it. If I am lost now, there is danger that I shall be lost eternally. We can be saved; but if saved, we must be saved on God's appointed terms—by the power of God to save. The gospel is "the power of God unto salvation"—the power of God to save—and "therein is the righteousness of God revealed"—therein are the conditions of salvation given. May the Lord bless all who are subjects of the gospel call in resolving to enlist in the army of the Lord without delay and to "fight the good fight of faith" till God shall call them home.

CHAPTER XVII.

Letters—"God Hath Called Us to Peace."

THE spirit of Christianity is the spirit of peace. Seven hundred years before the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem, the Prince of Peace, God proclaimed to the world, by the pen of the prophet Isaiah, the ultimate reign of peace on earth: "In the last days," when "the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains," "many people shall go and say, Come ye, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." (Isa. 2: 2-4.)

In fulfillment of that prophecy, Christ came to establish his kingdom; and his life of patient submission to persecution at the hands of merciless foes, and his death on the cross, when and where he prayed for those who crucified him and reviled him as he died, are in strictest accord with the principles of peace set forth by him in his Sermon on the Mount: "But I say unto you, That ye

resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

The whole tenor of the New Testament teaching is against war and strife of every kind, except the sinless strife in which Christians are engaged when they "stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel." "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." (Rom. 12: 18.) "Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another." (Rom. 14: 19.) "And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace." (James 3: 18.) "Let him eschew evil, and do good; let him seek peace, and ensue [pursue] it." (1 Pet. 3: 11.)

These are simply a few of the many admonitions in the New Testament showing that Christianity is a system of peace. To the extent, therefore, that a man's life is controlled by the principles of Christianity—by the teaching of the New Testament—he is opposed to war. On that subject Brother Larimore wrote:

"While I cherish a tender regard for those who wore either the blue or the gray, and always wish all of them well, every feature, every form, every phase of war is revolting to me. Those who read and understand the Bible need not to be told that the spirit of war is the exact opposite of the spirit of Christianity. They know that—all of them. At least thirty years I have earnestly endeavored to avoid saying or doing anything not in per-

fect harmony with the sentiment: 'On earth peace, good will toward men.' I rejoice, take courage and thank God that, so far as I know or believe, not one of my own boys or of my pupils has ever developed a desire to go to war—to either precipitate, or to participate in, carnal warfare of any class or kind. By preaching peace in the name of the Prince of Peace, and trying to practice what I preach, I have good reason to believe, I may have saved many a mother's son from sin, slaughter and perdition. I rejoice that I am not an enemy to any man, woman or child in heaven, earth or hell, and that, therefore, I can work in harmony and love with all who will work in harmony and love with me, encouraging and sustaining me, approving my life and my preaching, while I live the Christian life and faithfully 'preach the word.'"

Speaking of the evils wrought by war, he says:

"All the deaths that have been produced by war may justly be charged to sin. Wars that have swept like besoms of destruction over the bosom of the earth for ages, blotting out lives that otherwise might have been indefinitely prolonged, have added many millions to the victims of sin. A little over one-third of a century ago the tide of war rolled over our own sunny Southern land, sin and selfishness being at the bottom of that terrible wave of devastation, desecration, desolation and destruction that robbed the United States, America, the world, of a million brave men. If all concerned and engaged in that fratricidal strife had been Christians and had given their 'bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God,' salvation, instead of slaughter, had been the result.

"God desires and demands that his children commit

the care and keeping of their bodies, as well as souls, to him, and directs that they be prompted perpetually by the purest principles of peace and love; hence, that they bless ever and curse never. 'Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not.' 'Recompense to no man evil for evil.' 'Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.' These and many similar expressions found in the twelfth chapter of Romans and elsewhere in the Book of books show clearly and conclusively that Christians should have neither part nor lot in blighting, desecrating, desolating war."

He inclosed with a letter the following extract from a speech by Senator "Bob" Taylor:

"Victor Hugo said of Napoleon the Great: 'The frontiers of kingdoms oscillated on the map; the sound of a superhuman sword's being drawn from its scabbard could be heard; and he was seen opening in the thunder his two wings, the Grand Army and the Old Guard. He was the archangel of war.' When I read that, I thought of the death and terror that followed wheresoever the shadow of those open wings fell. I thought of the blood that flowed and the tears that were shed wheresoever the sword flashed in his hand. I thought of the human skulls that paved Napoleon's way to St. Helena's barren rock, and I said: 'I would rather dwell in a log cabin, in the beautiful land of the mountains where I was born and reared, and sit at its humble hearthstone at night, and, in the red firelight, play the simple rural tunes on

the fiddle to my happy children, and bask in the smiles of my sweet wife, than to be "the archangel of war," with my hands stained with human blood; to make the frontiers of kingdoms oscillate on the map of the world; and then, away from home and kindred and country, die at last in exile and solitude.'"

It matters not how kind, courteous, gentle and loving a man may be, if he preaches and practices the principles of Christianity, he is sure to meet with opposition and sometimes with persecution. All faithful gospel preachers have felt the force of this opposition, and many have been blessed by the strength begotten and born of persecution.

Brother Larimore is not an exception to this rule. A few years ago he wrote:

"By the way, would it not be well for faithful, loyal ecclesiastical reporters to change the regular, parrotlike expression, 'besides much prejudice removed,' into the plain, honest, simple truth, 'besides much prejudice produced, or aroused,' since the latter is always true when and where the preacher obeys the sacred charge, 'Preach the word?'"

A few weeks later he wrote:

"Twenty additions to date, and much prejudice aroused; some open, honorable opposition; much contemptible bushwhacking. In war times 'boys in blue' hung bushwhackers; 'boys in gray' sometimes 'sent them to Bragg,' they said, which meant the same thing. Hanging was the fate of bushwhackers whensoever and wheresoever and by whomsoever caught—especially if 'taken in the act.' Masked infidelity, skulking, bush-

whacker fashion, behind the name of Christianity, ought to be—”

He takes no part in politics. Being a citizen of God's kingdom, he leaves the management of the kingdoms of the world to the children of the world. With a recent letter he inclosed an article written by Isaac H. Sturgeon, a prominent politician of Missouri, a native of Kentucky, who has probably held office longer than any other man in the United States or elsewhere. The following quotation is taken from that article:

“Young man, if you value your peace of mind, keep out of politics. If you hope to win a fortune, shun public office. Practical political life is the most uncertain thing in the world, giving the poorest returns for the amount of labor and thought expended. Public office honestly administered unfits a man for any other field of endeavor, and offers little in the way of recompense that is worth the having. If I had my life to live over, I would shun the paths in which my feet have traveled more than half a century. Success in business means something tangible—something that can be relied upon when life's work is done. Success in politics means intangible, uncertain, doubtful satisfaction for an indefinite term of years, and leaves its aged hero little except scores of unmarketable reminiscences. Few men in the United States have enjoyed the confidence of the public as long as I have; few men have filled as many important offices. About all I now have to show for it is the honor of retiring from office without fortune—and without fame worthy of comparison with what it has cost.

“Any prudent business man, with the income I have

enjoyed during the last fifty years, could have retired, when old and unable to work, with a comfortable fortune. The money he should have saved I have given away. I might almost say it has been taken out of my pocket by the hand that put it there—the hand of the public. No one but an officeholder of some prominence has the faintest idea of the calls—I had almost said 'unreasonable demands'—that are made on the man who has been elected, or appointed, to a public position. The money goes—a little here, a little there. It is always a pleasure to give, and I have always found it hard to heed the advice of the old philosopher who said: 'Be just before you are generous.'

"Aside from pecuniary considerations, public office is profitless. How many men escape the mud slinging of their political opponents? How many retire with reputations unsoiled? Look back over the list of the really great men of the last century. How many of them escaped the blackening hand of calumny? I repeat: Young man, keep out of politics."

On the margin of that clipping Brother Larimore wrote:

"I know Mr. Sturgeon, and believe him to be a good man. Old now, about to retire from office, from politics and from life temporal, he looks back and sees what he says. So did Solomon under similar circumstances, as Ecclesiastes clearly shows. Mr. Sturgeon's conclusion is good. Solomon's is broader and better: '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,



IN THE SWING.

with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.' (Eccles. 12: 13, 14.) 'Duty' is an interpolation. 'For this is the whole of man' is what Solomon said. Alexander Campbell's widow said to me: 'My dear husband substituted '*pleasure*' for 'duty' in that place—'the whole *pleasure* of man.'"

Very recently he wrote:

"I have just enjoyed a brief conversation with a brilliant politician, an able lawyer, thirty-seven years of age. He is justly very popular, and his political and professional prospects are first-class. He says: 'I accepted office to please my friends. I've seen enough of it. I am not afraid to vote according to my conscientious convictions, which I always do; for I want no second term. No more office, no more politics, for me. If I knew I'd be President of the United States at fifty if I continued in politics, I'd do exactly what I'm going to do when my present term of office expires—retire from office and politics forever. I have as sweet a wife as has ever lived to love and serve the Lord and make home and husband happy, and I'm going to live with her. When my term of office expires, I'll abandon politics and law, we'll move to our country home, and there we'll live together, serve the Lord, dig an honest living out of the ground, build up the church of Christ around us, if we can, and do as much good as possible till called to that brighter and better home.'"

He is, always and under all circumstances, a peacemaker, a peace preserver—never a peacebreaker. The following little incident shows that, even in the little things of life, he lives strictly within the requirements of

the Christian's voluntary, lifelong peace bond. A few years ago, when he was at home "resting" and repairing an old fence between his field and the field of a nearby neighbor, his neighbor demanded that the fence be moved a few feet, so as to give him a little more and Brother Larimore a little less land—the neighbor's field being small; Brother Larimore's, *very much smaller*. The fence was moved to the line designated by the neighbor, without a moment's hesitation or even thought of investigation or explanation. Deeming it an almost absolute necessity, Brother Larimore finally bought the little field, paying his neighbor's own price for it. The "cross fence" then quietly disappeared, the peaceful relations between him and his neighbor never having been broken or disturbed thereby.

That was a small thing—a *very* small thing; but the happiness or misery of life often depends on small things. "Cross fences sometimes make cross neighbors" and lead to serious trouble. In the penitentiary at Nashville, Tenn., is a man, now nearly eighty years old, serving a twenty-one-year sentence for killing his neighbor, about seven years ago, in a difficulty about a cross fence. The entire interests involved in the dispute that resulted in the killing and imprisonment amounted to less than twenty dollars. A few years ago, in Kentucky, three men were mortally wounded in a fight that had its origin in a dispute over *one cent* in making change. Such difficulties can never arise when and where the parties on both sides, or *one* side, of the question are controlled by the principles of Christianity.

One who heard him preach through the long meeting he held in Sherman, Texas, wrote:

"Of the three hundred and thirty-three sermons delivered by Brother Larimore in his five-months' meeting here—January 3 to June 7, 1894—all were full and overflowing with love, unity, union, forgiveness, gentleness, purity and kindred sentiments. The spirit of that preaching reveals the nature and spirit of the man. 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'"

Speaking of his work with a congregation in which he labored, throughout a long series of meetings, to bring about unity, he said:

"I have been working under almost unendurable pressure all the time. The Lord has sustained me. Otherwise, I could not have sustained the load. Discord, dissension, division, strife, hatred, bitterness, among brethren, have imposed on me a heavy burden in this meeting. I have done the best I could. All parties have confided in me. I have abused no confidence. I have betrayed no trust. I have made many mistakes, of course; but have always, under all circumstances, done the best I could. I have implored them to live together in peace and love, if possible; if not possible, to separate in peace and love reluctantly and regretfully—the latter, however, not till they have clearly demonstrated the absolute impossibility of the former. On this line, ground 'between the upper and the nether millstone,' I have tried to 'preach the word,' and have endeavored 'to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.' This is what I intend to do the remnant of my days—

what I have always done, with no exception, from the moment of my *new* birth till now."

A man who witnessed his efforts to make peace between the warring factions in that congregation said to him: "When I am President of these United States, I shall appoint you to quell disturbances and make peace in any and every part of the earth where peace is otherwise impossible."

While engaged in another series of meetings where he encountered a "church trouble," he wrote:

"Large and enthusiastic audiences. No additions. Few, if any, expected. That 'hand shaking' announced in print, with a great flourish of figurative trumpets, to take place as a sequel to the 'trouble,' has not materialized. There has been some fist shaking, however, as well as a superabundance of tongue shaking. Chances are good for more shaking and quaking; but I think that advertised *hand* shaking—love feast—is never to be. It's sad. 'What shall the harvest be?' I have endeavored to 'know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified.' Life is too short, I am too busy and my mission is too sacred for me to even entertain the thought of becoming a partisan, or of ever taking any part in the disputes, rows or wrangles disturbing, distressing and dividing the church of Christ—save as I may be permitted to act as peacemaker.

"Thirty years I have tried to be a Christian—a child of God—'only this, and nothing more'—earnestly 'endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace,' and simply 'preach the word.' This is my position, and, by grace divine, is to continue to be my posi-

tion till God shall call me home. I am living, not for time, but for eternity."

Abraham Lincoln said: "Die when I may, I want it said of me, by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I found a thistle and thought a flower would grow." It is the duty of every Christian to pluck the thistle of hate and plant the flower of love whensoever and wheresoever it is possible to do so. The following letter illustrates Brother Larimore's manner of doing this plucking of hatred and planting of love. Two brethren—once firm friends and coworkers—quarreled over a business matter and were on bad terms with each other. He wrote one of them:

"I was with our mutual friend and brother, —, a few moments yesterday. He deeply and sincerely regrets the unpleasantness between you and himself; and I am sure you regret it, too. He did not intimate to me that he wished me to write you, nor do I know that he would approve my doing so; but it *grieves* me to see two of my devoted and beloved friends, who were so much like faithful son and loving father, estranged from each other, and I am constrained to write you. I *must* write you. I am astonished, astounded and grieved. I cannot understand it. Indeed, I do not seek to understand it; but how I do long to know you are yourselves again—as father and son, loving and beloved!

"Never have I heard either of you utter one unpleasant word relative to the other—never a word. On the contrary, each of you has endeared himself to me by speaking in the tenderest terms of the other. Why not be yourselves again? You possess goodness and great-

ness enough to reconcile yourselves. I know you do. Why not do it? Such reconciliation would be a crown of glory for each of you. Which of you should take the initiative in an earnest, loving, self-sacrificing effort to bring about such reconciliation, is not for me to say; but it would be joy to me to know each had resolved to anticipate the other—not to ‘meet the other halfway,’ but to gladly go all the way to meet and embrace the other. May the Lord abundantly bless you both.”

These two friends—brethren—lived and died devoted friends of Brother Larimore.

He inclosed with one of his letters the following clipping, which shows Brother David Lipscomb’s idea of the best way to settle a difficulty among brethren:

“Each should be more anxious to free himself from wrong than to convict others of wrong. The wrongs we do hurt us a thousandfold more than the wrongs we suffer. The wrongs we do are very liable to condemn us. The wrongs we suffer can never challenge our standing with the Master. When each party to a difficulty seeks first to see and correct his own wrongdoing, difficulties are not hard to settle. They settle themselves. This is a thought we need to cherish and ponder, to help us settle difficulties here and to keep ourselves pure and ready to meet the Master at the last day. We ought to keep in mind that the settlements we make here must all undergo a revision by the eye of the Master. If wrongs are not righted here, they must be righted there. Wrongs are never settled till they are settled right. When we conceal our own faults and demand of others more than is just, we are our own worst enemies.”

Along this line of self-examination and self-condemnation—of looking at the wrongs we do rather than the wrongs we suffer—is another thought expressed by Brother Lipscomb that found a permanent place in my mind many years ago. He was making a strong plea for settlement of a difficulty among brethren along the line suggested in the above quotation from him, and, among other things, said:

“Whatever a man may have to face in this life, the biggest devil he will ever have to fight is the one that is lodged in his own breast.”



“And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sermon—Christ's Farewell Message to Man.

“**A**ND he said unto them, 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.)

When faithful loved ones who love us are about to leave us to go to their eternal home, if they are rational and really realize the sad, sweet situation, it is perfectly natural for them to wish to come close to us or have us come close to them, that they may say something sweet, something impressive, something tender, something important, to cheer us, to encourage us, to assist us in preparing ourselves for the trials, troubles and tribulations of time, and for that sweet rest, temporal and eternal, promised only in Christ Jesus our Lord, “in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins.” (Col. 1: 14.) All such farewell words are always precious to all who properly appreciate them. We remember them. We love them. We would not forget them, if we could. We could not forget them, if we would. They settle down into the depths of our sorrowful souls and stay there—sad, pure and precious benedictions—as long as we live in this wonderful world. We would not, if we could, change the spirit or the letter of

such farewell messages of love. Moreover, if those sad, sweet, tender, tearful, final farewell messages of love told us in plainest terms, sublime, sweet and simple, how to righteously reach those same sweet loved ones, "not lost, but gone before," and we *believed* them, instead of rejecting them, or wishing to change them, we should certainly appreciate them and love them and lovingly walk in their light.

Recently I wrote a memorial of a sweet young Christian woman, who left her erstwhile happy Tennessee home and went to far-away Denver, with her younger sister, Katherine, who accompanied her as nurse, companion and comforter, and there spent half a year in the Oakes Home, supposed to be the best place in all this country for invalids in her condition, at last dying there, her sister holding her by the hand and kissing her as she passed "through the valley of the shadow of death," and reaching their once happy, but then and now sorrow-shrouded, home in the midst of a terrific snowstorm; and we buried the body while the storm was still sweeping, sighing and sobbing over the hills and vales surrounding that beautiful home, where she was married a few years ago in the midst of a snow scene. Her last words were: "I want to go home to mamma." The family of that sweet young woman would not have entertained the thought of having those sad, sweet words left out of that memorial. They did not tell me to put them there; but they told me what her last words were, and I am sure they would have been greatly disappointed if I had not recorded them in that memorial. They would have been disappointed if even one syllable



"A SWEET YOUNG CHRISTIAN WOMAN."
(Mrs. Ethel Anderson Jones.)

ble of that final farewell sentence had been omitted. It is perfect. "I want to go home to mamma;" and as her mind was with "mamma" in the dear old home of her childhood, she ceased to breathe, and her sweet spirit returned "unto God who gave it."

Who would not think it very strange indeed for any proofreader or editor, preparing copy of that memorial for the press—for final publication for permanent preservation—to say: "I think this 'to mamma' is nonessential; 'I want to go home' is all there is to it, so I'll just cut out this 'to mamma?'" We would consider that man heartless and cruel. I say "man," because no woman or girl would ever think of doing such a cruel thing, of course; and, of course, no *civilized* man would entertain such a thought. It would be heartless and cruel to leave out the "to mamma" or any other part of the message. Those words carry with them the thrilling thought of so much tenderness and love that we could not leave them out. Not a syllable of the short, sad, sweet sentence can be erased without marring its beauty and almost destroying its spirit. Ruthlessly rob us of reputation, silver and gold, if you will—reputation *last*—but leave us the final, farewell words of our loved ones, "not lost, but gone before," *exactly as they uttered them*. To us they are sweet and sacred and perfect, and no change can ever improve perfection; hence love says: "Please let them alone."

The last words our precious boy "Toppie's" mother ever heard him say—words spoken as he started from home and mother to Nashville, where he died under a necessary surgical operation while his mother, sick at

home, was praying for her beloved boy—were, “Good-by, mamma”—words tenderly, but cheerfully, spoken between the door and the gate. She wept over those words as long as she lived; but she never wanted to forget them or wanted them changed.

A husband bows in sorrow and sadness over the body of his dying wife, and she says: “I love you, and I hope to meet you in God’s eternal home.” That goes into a memorial, and the memorial goes into the hands of an editor whose business it is to cut away the pith, leaving only the solid material. We should be shocked if that editor should say: “I’ll cut out that ‘I love you.’ ‘I hope to meet you in God’s eternal home’ is certainly enough. I’ve heard so much about *love* that I’m tired of the word; so I’ll leave that out.” Nobody would do that. A man who would leave a word of that sweet message out would certainly be a *cruel* man—not to say a *monster*. But, of course, no man would thus mar the beauty of such a message. It is perfect. Therefore print it and preserve it exactly as it is. “I love you, and I hope to meet you in God’s eternal home.” It is the language of love from the lips of a faithful wife as she slips away from home and loved ones here to the fathomless depths of the boundless beyond. Every syllable is exactly as she said it, as love that filled the heart about to cease to throb prompted it. Therefore let it alone—change not even one single syllable of it.

Final, farewell words, even though they express no thought of heaven, are, nevertheless, words to be cherished, remembered and repeated. Wolfe, dying upon a bloody battlefield, blood flowing freely from his fatal

wounds, knowing death had already almost claimed his body as its own, heard the shout, "They run, they run!" and asked: "Who run?" When the reply, "The French run," assured him the victory was his, he faintly murmured: "Now, God be praised; I die happy." There is no hope of heaven, no thought of heaven, in those brief words; but they will live while the English language lives. They were the last words of a dying hero; and they bear in their bosom a thrill of joy, of exultation: "Victory crowns my last battle!" "My country is glorified!" "Therefore I die happy!"

Lawrence, whose name shall live while time lasts, mortally wounded, dying, simply had time to say: "Don't give up the ship." He uttered these words as he ceased to breathe. "Don't give up the ship." No one—Christian, skeptic or atheist; friend or foe—wants to cut those words out of American history. There is in them no thought of heaven; but the dying hero loved his country, the men he commanded and the ship on which he was dying. To surrender that ship was to concede complete victory to his country's enemy, and probably subject the souls he commanded to cruel slaughter; hence his final, farewell message was: "Don't give up the ship."

Stonewall Jackson's last words are reputed and believed to have been: "Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." That sentence is a precious part of our country's prose and poetry, song and story; and, until time's knell shall be sounded, men, women and children will repeat it, remembering and loving its simple words—the last words of Stonewall Jackson. No

man dares to erase any part of that sentence or make any change whatsoever in it. All are satisfied with it. Those who wore the gray and those who wore the blue, those who backed the boys in gray and those who backed the boys in blue, are all satisfied with: "Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Whether such expressions refer to loved ones, home, heaven, heavenly recognition, the glory of God, the glory of country or the glory of man, they are farewell messages; and love and patriotism will guard them through the ages, condemning any mortal who may dare to lay vandal hands upon them.

I stand before you, friends whom I love, at the close of the last Sunday in 1907, to call your attention briefly to our Savior's final, farewell message of mercy to man—almost the last words that fell from his lips at the end of his earthly career, just before he ascended to that happy home where God and angels waited to "crown him Lord of all." This is his last, his final, farewell message to man; but not his last words. His last words, spoken immediately before and as he ascended to glory, are not recorded, but were a prayer for blessings upon his disciples. Having committed this message—delivered this commission—to his apostles, "he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." (Luke 24: 50, 51.) So, then, so far as the divine record reveals, our Savior's final, farewell message to man is the great commission under which all gospel preachers have preached from the birth, or beginning, of the church of

Christ till now, and under which all gospel preachers are to live, to labor, to preach, till time's knell shall be sounded and all the redeemed shall be gathered home: "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."

We ought to love God, "because he first loved us," because he gave his only begotten Son to suffer and to die that we might live—"that the world through him might be saved." We ought to love Jesus, our Savior, because he voluntarily gave up the wealth of the universe and came down from the eternal courts of glory, where angels could do nothing more appropriate than cast their glittering crowns before him and rejoice to call him "holy," and became the Babe of Bethlehem, the Child of poverty—poorer than the foxes of the field or the birds of the air—the Man of sorrows, the Friend of sinners, the victim of Calvary, and died amidst the convulsions of the universe, slumbered "three days and three nights" in the solemn silence and stillness of a borrowed tomb, and rose at last the triumphant Son of the living God, the Conqueror of conquerors, robbing death of its sting, the grave of its victory, and bringing "life and immortality to light through the gospel." We ought to love him because of his care to make such preparation for man's redemption and salvation—temporal and eternal—that not a generation should ever subsequently be born and buried without being blessed, in whole or in part—body, soul and spirit—by and through those divine preparations. We should, therefore, love him, appreciate him, adore him, because of this wonder-



MISS KATHERINE JEAN ANDERSON.

ful proclamation for the salvation of souls, this royal "emancipation proclamation"—Heaven's precious message of mercy to man. We ought to rejoice in every ray of light that can be found in this sacred message—this commission divine. Since the eventful day on which it was given by Divinity to humanity, billions of souls have rejoiced in its light; and, through it, billions yet unborn may be led to gather around the great white throne and vie with angels forever in singing the praises of Him who, just before he left this world, where he had voluntarily suffered so much for us, said to his apostles: "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."

Is it not sad, is it not strange, is it not fearful, is it not terrible, is it not absolutely incomprehensible, that any man beneath the stars, claiming to believe in the existence of the one true and living God, acknowledging Christ to be the immaculate Son of Him from whom all blessings flow, should ever object to or wish to erase or change one single, solitary syllable of that sweet message of mercy to man? We can all anticipate the thrill of horror and sorrow and regret that would fill the souls of the sons and daughters of men if any man should cruelly undertake to change such love messages or final farewell messages as I quoted for you a little while ago, coming from the lips of dying or departing loved ones as they dropped the crumbling clay—or went away: "Good-by, mamma;" "I want to go home to mamma;" "I love you, and I hope to meet you in God's eternal home." But that would be a little thing—scarcely a

drop to an ocean, an atom to the universe, a moment to eternity—in comparison with the sin of changing this final, farewell message of love from the lips of Him who died that we might live.

When these messages come from "the valley of the shadow of death," those who hear them are the ones to report them—carefully, correctly, accurately report them. That sweet girl who held the hand of her dying sister, kissed her as she passed through the "valley of the shadow of death," and heard her say, just before her lips were sealed forever by the touch of death, "I want to go home to mamma," was the one to remember that sad, sweet sentence perfectly and report it accurately—correctly. No miraculous inspiration was needful to enable her to do that. Indeed, it would have been almost a miracle for her to have forgotten it or any part of it. She could not do otherwise than remember it. And she alone could report, and thus preserve, it with infallible accuracy; for no other mortal heard it when her sister said it.

I remember, and can never forget, what my own sweet wife said to me, at midnight's still and solemn hour, when I was watching by her bedside, all alone, one night when she was slowly, but surely, slipping away from friends and loved ones here below—when we knew all that love, skill and science could do could not keep her with us long. Awaking from a peaceful sleep—probably from a sad, sweet dream—she said to me, softly and sweetly, scarcely above a whisper: "You'll never forget me, *will* you?" I said: "NEVER—as long as I live—NEVER." She said: "No, you never will. Others may

forget me, but *you* never will." I forget that! Never! I may forget other things, both bitter and sweet; but I can never forget *that*—NEVER. I want that tender, thrilling language changed! All the angels in heaven could not improve it. Perfection can never be improved. Please let it alone. "You'll never forget me, *will* you?" "No, you never will. *Others* may forget me, but *you* never will." I am the one to remember that, for I am the one to the depths of whose sorrowing soul it went with a quivering thrill that can never be forgotten. Nothing could take its place, and to change it would virtually destroy it. Just as she said it, it will linger in my heart till God, in his goodness, shall take me to her.

Remembering Jesus, our dearest friend, who died for you, who died for me, who died for all our recreant race, we ought to love and cherish these wonderful words that fell from his precious lips just before he ascended to glory: "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." We should not dare to desire or willingly permit the beauty, the divinity, the perfection of that sacred message to be marred by even the slightest change.

We should realize, too, that those who heard it when the Savior said it were the ones to report it carefully, correctly, accurately; and we should accept it, appreciate it and appropriate it exactly as they reported it—exactly as it is in the Bible, the divinely inspired record. They were the ones, above all others, to know what it meant, and, therefore, the ones to know how to preach

under it as their authority divine. But, in addition to all this, to positively preclude the barest possibility of there ever being any reasonable pretext for question or quibble as to its meaning, Jesus would not allow his disciples, who heard it, to even tell any man that he was the Son of God, the Savior of souls, till they were inspired by the Spirit of the living God, so that whatsoever *they* said was simply what the Holy Spirit said. Just a few weeks before his crucifixion he forbade their telling that he was the Christ. "Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ." (Matt. 16: 20.)

After his crucifixion and resurrection, he gave them this commission, and then immediately ascended to glory. "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: 7-9.) A week after his ascension the Holy Spirit came down from heaven and took up his abode in the hearts of the apostles, inspired them, and enabled them to speak in all the tongues—languages—of earth. Then and there they commenced doing what this commission authorized and required them to do, what it authorizes and requires all other gospel preachers to do, what all gospel preachers *do* do—to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ and tell sinners what to do to be

saved, as plainly prescribed and promised in the commission, and to tell saints how to live to be eternally saved—to make their “calling and election sure.” “Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in [into] 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 always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.” (Matt. 28: 19, 20.)

They spake as the Spirit gave them utterance. The Holy Spirit spake *by* them, as by David seven centuries before that memorable day, as David says: “The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue.” (2 Sam. 23: 2.) God, Christ and the Holy Spirit “are one”—always operating and coöperating together—never at variance one with another. “These three are one.” (1 John 5: 7.) Hence, as the apostles preached, God, Christ and the Holy Spirit, by *their* (the apostles’) tongues, talked. What they (the apostles) said, God, Christ and the Holy Spirit said. Divinity simply talked with, by or through the tongue of inspired humanity—the inspired apostles.

What did they preach? They preached Christ. The apostle Peter, as we learn from the second chapter of Acts of Apostles, prominent, conspicuous, then and there among the inspired apostles, because to him Jesus had given the keys of his kingdom—church—which he had promised to do (Matt. 16: 19), preached the life, death, resurrection and coronation of Jesus to an immense multitude of his murderers. Judas, who betrayed him, was not there. If he had not committed suicide, he might

have been there and might have had extended to himself, in the name of the merciful One whom he had abandoned and betrayed, an opportunity to reach heaven at last; for to an immense multitude of the murderers of Christ, for all of whom Christ fervently prayed on the cross, that opportunity was graciously granted then and there *in his holy name*. Peter—the Holy Spirit by the *tongue* of Peter—then and there preached till thousands of the murderers of Christ revoked their decision that Jesus was an impostor justly doomed to death.

Hearing the preaching thus done by the Holy Spirit, and, as a natural and blissful result, believing Christ to be the Christ, the Son of the living God, they cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" and the God of heaven, the Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit—the divine "three" that are "one"—said, by the tongue of the inspired apostle to whom Jesus committed the keys of his kingdom—church: "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 Ghost. 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. And with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, Save yourselves from this untoward generation. Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls." (Acts 2: 37-41.)

Now, this was the preaching done when the apostles, who heard this commission as it came from the lips of the loving Lord himself, were first permitted to speak in his name, after his death, burial and resurrection, which

they were not permitted to do till the Spirit possessed them, filled them and thrilled them, so that whatsoever *they* said the Holy Spirit said. They preached Christ as the immaculate Son of the living God, and taught those who heard them faith, repentance and baptism "for the remission of sins"—as conditions of pardon—faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of God; an honest, earnest, sincere repentance—a determination to abandon sin and Satan, and serve the Lord; and baptism in the name of Jesus Christ into the solemn name of Father, Son and Holy Spirit—all this under the authority contained in this commission, which gives a divine guarantee of pardon to all who comply with its conditions—to all who obey the gospel.

Divinity has never changed this divine commission. The very same commission that welled up from the depths of our Savior's soul and fell from his precious lips upon the ears and into the hearts of his apostles, just before he left this world to go home "to prepare a place" for the faithful, is in fullest force to-day. Not a syllable should ever be added, not a letter should ever be erased; and gospel preachers should never be ashamed to preach under that commission—should never be ashamed of the gospel of Christ. The apostle Paul, writing to the Roman brethren, wrote: "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



MISS MYRTLE ANDERSON.

righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith: as it is written, The just shall live by faith." (Rom. 1: 14-17.)

The gospel saves—the gospel preached, appreciated, believed and obeyed. Hence, Paul, writing to the Corinthians, wrote: "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures." (1 Cor. 15: 1-4.)

It is by the gospel, properly preached, that we are saved—the gospel in its peerless, primitive purity and sweet, sublime simplicity—because the preaching of the gospel, properly appreciated, produces faith, and faith is at the very beginning of spiritual life in the soul. Hence the same apostle, in the same letter, wrote: "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.) May the Lord bless every gospel preacher in the land in being brave—not self-satisfied or rough, but brave—enough to preach this wonderful message to the world just as it is, just as the apostles, who received it from the lips of the loving Lord himself, preached it under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, under the direct guidance of God, Christ and the Holy Spirit. I rejoice that it is my privilege to stand, a dying man, in the pres-

ence of dying men, women and children, on their journey to the tomb and to eternity, and preach to them this glorious message of salvation—"the glorious gospel of Christ."

This old year, that has brought "showers of blessings" and rivers of joy and gladness to many, floods of sorrow, seas of sadness and oceans of grief to some of us, is soon to be numbered with the years that have been. A new year is knocking at the door, waiting to be welcomed. The mistakes we have made we may never correct. The wrong we have done we can never undo. But we can *try* to live better lives in the future than we have lived in the past. I believe there are *some* here who can scarcely do that—some who do not need to do it—but far be it from me to claim to be one of that number. It is certainly safe, proper and right for all of us to earnestly endeavor to improve upon our past records—to diligently strive to do more good and less evil next year than we have done this. If we are Christians, let us thank God for the good we have been permitted and enabled to do in 1907, thank him for the blessings it has brought us, and remember that even our sorrows may be priceless blessings in disguise—may serve to draw us nearer to him and to heaven—hence help to save us. Let us strive to be faithful followers of the Lamb—of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, from whom this sacred commission came, as his final, farewell message of mercy to man, when his earthly career closed and the portals of heaven opened wide to "let the King of glory in."

But there are in this audience responsible, intelligent, honest souls who have had precious opportunities—some

of them *many*—to obey the gospel, but who, nevertheless, ever since they crossed the line of responsibility, have lived without God, and hence are without hope of happiness eternal. As this year silently slips away, it may take with it the last opportunity some of these may ever have to make their peace with God. In the holy name of Him who died that we might live forever, I beg, I beseech, I implore all of you who are not prepared for death, the judgment and eternity to not let this year—this opportunity—pass and leave you still unsaved. If you believe the gospel, will repent of your sins—that is, honestly, earnestly and sincerely resolve to abandon sin and Satan and serve the Lord—confess your faith in Christ and be buried with him by baptism “into death,” in his holy name, into the name of Father, Son and Holy Spirit, be raised up to “walk in newness of life,” and then *walk* in newness of life, being “faithful unto death,” peace, pardon, providential protection and everlasting salvation shall be yours by the grace of Him from whom all blessings flow.

I rejoice that you now have this opportunity to obey the gospel, and I deem it safe to say there are in this audience hearts quivering with anxiety for your eternal welfare, while prayers, fervent, unselfish and pure, are going up to God that you may abandon the wrong, accept the right and prepare to meet our God to-night. May the Lord bless you in coming to Christ while you can.

CHAPTER XIX.

Letters—A Westward Journey.

BROTHER LARIMORE recently made a trip to California, of which he wrote the following brief, but interesting, account:

“At 2:25 A.M., April 16, 1909, my cousin, Ada, my baby daughter, Ettie, and I left Nashville, Tenn., for Hanford, Cal., where I am expected to preach twice every day and three times each Sunday till and including May 30, when the first series of meetings in our new meetinghouse here—not quite completed yet—must close.

“We traveled the only route I have ever traveled either to or from California—‘the old reliable Louisville and Nashville,’ from Nashville to New Orleans, and the almost absolutely smokeless and dustless Southern Pacific, from New Orleans to Hanford. There may be better routes. Not having tried any other, I do not know. But the conveniences, comforts, beauties and wonders of the Louisville and Nashville-Southern Pacific route make it pleasant and a perpetual pleasure to me as I travel it; and I always complete a journey over that route hoping to have the pleasure of repeating it in the never far-away future. To the traveling people of the South, for the development of which the Louisville and Nashville

has done so much, the thoughtfulness, kindness and courtesy of officials, conductors and others—trainmen and other employees thereof—are too well known to need to be mentioned by me.

“Mrs. Barclay, Alexander Campbell’s youngest daughter—his tenth daughter—once said to me in her hospitable home: ‘“Politeness never does any harm” was one of father’s favorite sayings.’ The politeness of candidates for political preferment is proverbial. When I am traveling on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, it seems to me that every official, conductor, flagman, employee I meet might easily be mistaken for a hopeful candidate for Congress, believing and never forgetting that ‘politeness never does any harm.’

“This is one of the chief charms of travel on the Louisville and Nashville, and the record this road has made gives the traveling public an assurance of safety and security that can never be too highly appreciated.

“The Southern Pacific uses oil, instead of wood and coal, for fuel, thus avoiding both smoke and cinders; and, for reason or reasons I do not fully understand—one little sand storm excepted—our long and pleasant journey just completed was almost absolutely dustless—an unexpected feature of the journey as pleasing as it was surprising to us.

“On our entire journey—westward—of about three thousand three hundred and thirty-three miles, on these two roads or systems, we encountered exceedingly little dust or other inconvenience—scarcely enough to break the delightful monotony. Howsoever great or many may be the merits of other routes, travelers from Ten-

nessee and adjoining States who wish, in comfort and convenience, to follow the sun, through a beautiful world of wealth and a wilderness of wonders, to within sight of its setting in the deep sea, cannot afford to miss the Louisville and Nashville-Southern Pacific route.

“Letters and telegrams from friends along the way having reached us before we left Nashville, instead of traveling among strangers continuously, we stopped to see friends and loved ones at Montgomery, Mobile, Pass Christian, New Orleans, San Antonio, El Paso, Los Angeles, Long Beach, Pasadena, San José, San Francisco and Armona before we reached Hanford, our present delightful, restful working place—‘the richest, most productive spot beneath the stars,’ some enthusiastic good people living here believe and say.

“Friends and loved ones all along the way treated us better than I deserved, I’m sure; but, as I must not even try to ‘count them one by one,’ and mention each of them by name, I’ll so mention none, but fervently pray the Lord to always abundantly bless them all.

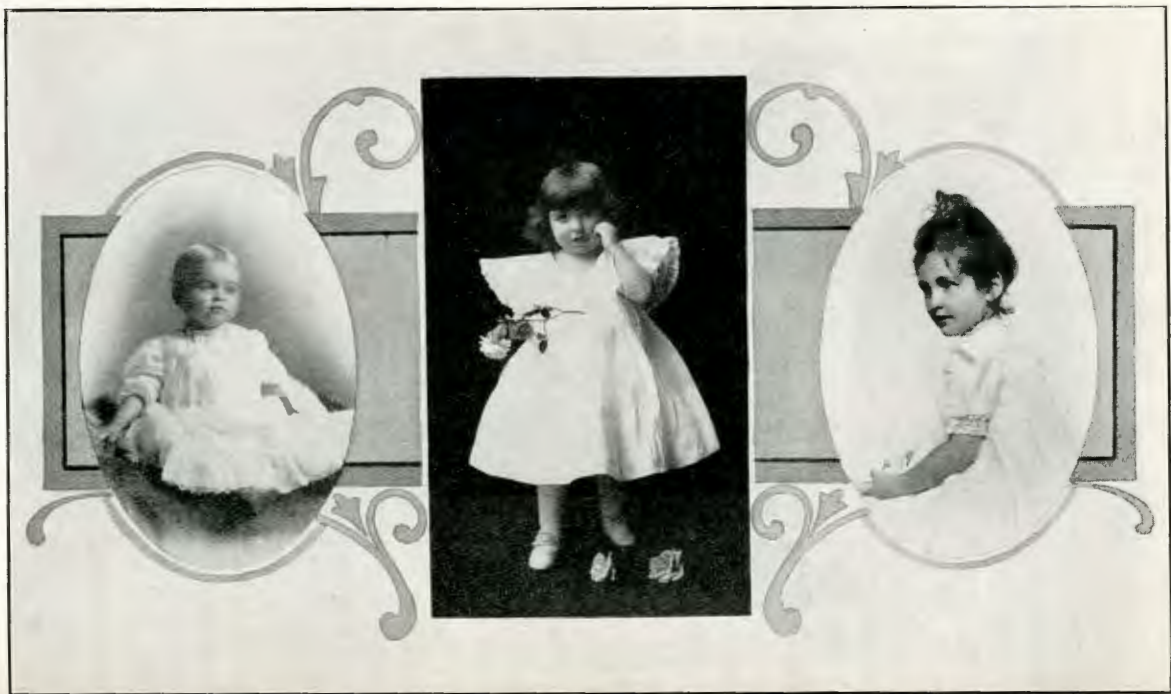
“But there must be bitter mingled with the sweet for all of us as we travel to the tomb; hence it is not surprising that some shadows of sorrow and disappointment fell upon us as we made our journey here.

“Alice Armstrong was one of my girls—one of the army of precious little girls I have baptized—who used to stroll with me among the buds and blossoms and birds, in springtime, on a beautiful hill overlooking Weatherford, Texas, when I was preaching there. When we returned from our last stroll together, and the parting time had come, I told the children we’d never meet again—all

of us—in this sad, beautiful world. Alice was going to California—to Los Angeles—to live. I was going to Tennessee. Some of the children would stay in Texas. Some would go elsewhere. Hence, I told them we'd meet no more here. Alice—Mrs. Lee—a Christian 'faithful unto death,' was buried in the bosom of the beautiful cemetery at Pasadena, seven miles from Los Angeles, the day before we beheld its beauties, not knowing the body of one I loved so well was soundly sleeping the sleep that knows no earthly waking beneath the wilderness of beautiful buds and blossoms that cover its bosom.

"I want all my girls—and boys, too—young and old—to always be—as I am sure Alice was—perfectly prepared for the sad change; that, when it comes—and come it must to all—it may be a glad change—simply the sweetly solemn summons to call them to that happy home where sorrow and sad separation are unknown.

"I told Ada and Ettie such marvelous things, and so many, about the mirage—Webster pronounces it *me-rāzh'*—and other things in the desert and elsewhere, that I prudently refrained from asking them whether they believed what I said—in self-defense; but I think they readily reached the conclusion, while beholding some of those wonders and similar ones, 'with their own eyes,' that 'the half had never been told'—by me. Notwithstanding I had witnessed many of the marvelous optical delusions called 'mirage,' I was as completely deceived, deluded, this time as I had ever been before. To my right, one afternoon, I saw a muddy river, with swift current, the drift on its bosom suggesting to my mind



THREE PRETTY LITTLE STRANGERS.

recent rains and a recent and probably present rapid rise, as a natural and necessary result. A beautiful stream, clear as crystal, was flowing into it on the side of the river next to us, as we ran down the river near its left bank. The clear and the muddy water met and mingled in such a manner as to suggest the thought of an ideal, a perfect, fishing place at the foot of a series of rapids, that perfect fishing place being apparently not more than a hundred yards from us; and I definitely decided that there could be no doubt or delusion about *that*. It was nothing *but* a delusion, however.

“Finally the delusion was dispelled. The drift ceased to drift; the limpid stream ceased to flow; the river ceased to roll. The color and other distinguishing features of the scene changed. There was nothing there but sand.

“When we reached the region in which I had seen Salton—two hundred and sixty-four feet below sea level—in days forever gone, Ettie—both eyes wide open, looking for, as well as upon, things new to her, and marvelously strange—very earnestly and enthusiastically exclaimed: ‘Now *that’s* water! I just know it is—real, *wet* water!’ And it was, too, notwithstanding it looked no more like water to *me* than did the imaginary—not real—river that had so strongly appealed to me to stop and fish a while where, really, there was nothing but barren sand to tempt me. They do say, however, that no man can fish in those sands long without getting ‘bites’—real, not imaginary, ‘bites.’

“Since I had been there last before, the great dam, or levee, near Yuma, about one hundred miles east of Sal-

ton, that kept the Colorado River out of the Salton country that evidently was, in far-away ages past, a very deep place in some deep sea, had been washed away; hence a beautiful lake, or inland sea, now occupies that deep depression in the surface of the ever-changing earth—and its water is of the real, old-fashioned, ‘wet’ variety, instead of the imaginary, dry variety that abounds in the desert when controlling conditions are favorable. So far as I know, the only way to know the controlling conditions are all favorable is to see those marvelous rills, rivulets, rivers and beautiful lakes and wonderful seas when and where they are not!

“Fish—beautiful fish—real, live fish—abound in Salton Sea, the waters of which are now slowly receding—disappearing—because the Southern Pacific Railroad Company has, at a cost of approximately three million dollars, built a bigger, better, stronger dam, or levee, there than its predecessor ever was, to keep the Colorado River out. The day is not very far distant, therefore, when ‘there shall be no more sea’ there.

“As we were very slowly passing over a bridge or trestle on the shore of this temporary sea—the sea on our left as we crept *slowly* along Westward—we saw swarms of fish close to the shore, in very shallow water—scarcely deep enough to completely cover them—like starving pigs or hungry chickens, greedily devouring the food that was thrown to them from the train. At least that is what we were told they were doing; and I had heard and seen so many such marvelous things that I was prepared to believe whatsoever I was told.

“And right here I wish to record a request. While

reading this letter, and after you read it, *if* you read it, please be as considerate—as kind and charitable—to me as A was to B, as related by Filo Srygley in a story he recently repeated to me. B was enthusiastically and boastfully expatiating upon some of his own marvelous exploits and performances. A's countenance clearly revealed his incredulity. B, somewhat embarrassed and decidedly indignant, said: 'Now, I know you don't believe a word I say.' A calmly replied: 'Well, don't be *mad* about it. I'm doing the very best I can. I'm trying to believe that you at least think you're *trying* to tell the truth.'

"A railroad official whom duty had frequently called to the place where we saw the Salton Sea fish said to me after we had passed the place: 'While a crew of workmen on the road had a camp close to the water there, the men threw all the refuse from the kitchen, table and camp into the water. When they saw fish, in quest of food, swarming there, instead of trying to catch or kill them, they fed them, and thus encouraged them to come. The fish soon became gentle as pets—which, indeed, they were—and are. The story was told and repeated till passengers on every train knew it. Now passengers and porters and servants on the *diner* frequently feed the fish as trains slowly pass them—and trains always pass that point slowly. The whistle—I presume it's the whistle—of a passenger train brings them to the shore in swarms; but the shriller sound of a freight whistle never attracts them at all. I've noticed this till I'm sure it's so.'

"We were not all exactly agreed as to the *number* of fish we saw—which is not surprising, of course, as this

is simply 'a fish story.' Ada says she 'saw millions of them.' Ettie says she 'saw hundreds—possibly thousands.' I say I 'saw some.'

"Seeing, however, is easy in some parts of this wonderful Western world. Our genial host and hostess here—truthful Tennesseans—tell us when they were young and this country was new, they could readily, easily and accurately distinguish and recognize flowers—beds or patches of flowers—by their colors—the yellow, as poppies; the purple, as larkspur; etc.—on the foothills, in the shadow of the mountains, forty miles away—the *flowers* forty miles away!

"And when I first beheld 'Old Baldy,' eighty miles away, standing in silent grandeur, shrouded in spotless snow, I believed it to be about three miles distant; but, being requested to *guess* the distance, that I might have a safe margin and be sure to not guess too short a distance, I guessed *seven miles!*"

Soon after his return from California, Brother Larimore wrote the following letter:

"Glad and grateful as I may be when beholding the beauties and blessings and wonders of this beautiful, wonderful world, forever abounding in beauties and blessings for all, as I journey 'from Dan to Beersheba,' from ocean to ocean, from Canada to Cuba, 'from the rivers to the ends of the earth,' one thing makes me always sad. That one thing that shadows my soul and makes me sad as I wander and wonder is this: Longing for loved ones 'gone before,' and thinking of friends and loved ones still living 'the life that now is,' but who cannot travel and behold these beauties and blessings and

wonders as I can—and as I *must* in the discharge of duty's demands.

“For this almost perpetual sadness there is this blissful compensation, however: The joy of blessing, to the limit of my ability, all whom Providence permits me to bless. To this end, so far as it may tend toward that sincerely longed-for result, I wish to say to my hosts of friends who may visit the Pacific Slope: When in doubt as to where to go in California, go to Shasta Springs—Shäs'ta Springs. Duty called my daughter, Ettie, and myself to San Francisco three times while we were on the Slope this spring and summer. While we tried to ‘take in’ the entire town, a city abounding in good hotels, we always stopped and stayed at the Manx; and I'm sure I'm making no mistake in suggesting to all my friends who may visit the ‘Golden Gate City’ to do likewise. The Manx is new, is in the very heart of the city, and is absolutely all right, in all respects—I think—and *I've been there.*”

“Among the many marvelously marvelous things we saw on our tour of seven thousand miles—not a vacation or a pleasure trip, but a trip taken in obedience to duty's demands—certainly not one is more wonderful or interesting than indescribable Shasta Springs, to which pleasant, peerless place friends sent us just before we set our faces homeward, that, as one blandly suggested, we might not ‘recross the Rockies without seeing something.’”

“While surveying that scene indescribable, I said to Ettie: ‘No notice, picture or pamphlet I have ever seen exaggerates the wonders, beauties or blessings of Shasta Springs.’ She promptly replied: ‘That's impossible.’”

And I'm of that 'same opinion still,' notwithstanding the beautiful pamphlet, or folder, now before me, in the preparation of which a skillful artist, as well as eloquent word painter, must certainly have done his very best. The manager, Mr. John S. Metheson, and all his assistants, evidently possess the spirit of the place; for they seem to vie with nature and each other in their incessant efforts to make everybody about them perfectly happy. They certainly do their best.

"As we reluctantly and regretfully turned our backs to the balmy breezes, wonderful waters and snow-shrouded mountains of that peerless place, saying farewell—probably *forever*—to 'that pillar of the firmament, Mount Shasta, at whose foot rises the beautiful river from which the far-famed Sacramento Valley derives its name'—a mountain fourteen thousand four hundred and forty-four feet high, whose glittering heights are as spotlessly white in June as in January, in May as in December—Ettie very seriously, as if awed by the scenes surrounding her, said to me: 'You've done great and permanent good on this journey, I'm sure; and we have made many true friends, as well as made faithful friends of other days happy; but, in some important respects, our trip had been a failure *if we had not seen Shasta Springs.*'

"As we silently slipped away from Shasta Springs, southward, down the Sacramento River, the limpid, splashing, rushing river that rises at the foot of Mount Shasta and receives the wonderful waters of Shasta Springs, traveling along the right bank of the river on a Southern Pacific track so solid and so smooth as to suggest the thought of rubber tires on a velvet road, we

saw a fisherman, standing on the *left* bank of the beautiful river, throw his hook into the rough and rapidly rushing water, 'clear as crystal,' twice, and, each time, apparently without a moment's hesitation or delay, land a fine, fluttering fish—'a mountain trout,' some stranger supposed to know said.

"All passenger trains on that route are scheduled to stop at Shasta Springs long enough to permit passengers to drink from the boiling, bubbling, sparkling fountain that has helped to make Shasta Springs so famous; but that, good as it is, is not enough. You'll want to stop there, sit down and stay a while—as long as you conveniently can.

"Just now I think of nothing we saw on the Pacific Slope or elsewhere on our journey that was devoid of interest to us; nor do I now remember anything that tempted us toward unkind or adverse criticism. The people treated us better, far, than *I* deserved to be treated, I'm sure. I consider the climate above criticism, the country simply wonderful, every place we saw a place of real interest; but when you go to 'that goodly land,' I think you'll want to go to Shasta Springs, climb to the bosom of the beautiful plateau where the hotel, cottages, offices, bath house, swimming pool, mammoth trees and other interesting and useful things are, behold the spotless snows on Shasta's awful brow, and linger there till death or duty calls you home.

"*Mount Shasta* is the towering, mammoth meeting place, or northern terminus, of the great mountain ranges that bound the beautiful, fertile, fruitful Sacramento Valley on the east and on the west. Shasta Springs, the

ideal mountain resort of California and of the world, is on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, midway between San Francisco, Cal., and Portland, Ore.

"I never make or take 'notes of travel' as I travel, save on memory's mysterious tablet; but I have hoped ever since I returned from that recent, Western, evangelistic tour, to find time to write it up, from start to finish. That time, however, is still indefinitely—if not, indeed, hopelessly—far in the future; for, with hundreds and hundreds of letters I've not yet been able to reach and a wilderness of other work awaiting me, I know not when I shall find a leisure day or hour. Of course I'm always busy—and ought to be—but, somehow, it seems to me, I cannot work now, in my loneliness and sadness, as I could and did before *she* went away.

"I neither need, appreciate nor love my friends or their letters less, however; and I want all who love me to write whensoever and whatsoever they will, and may the Lord always abundantly bless them all."

CHAPTER XX.

Sermon—"Be Ye All of One Mind."

"**F**INALLY, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous: not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but contrariwise blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing. For he that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile: let him eschew evil, and do good; let him seek peace, and ensue [pursue] it. For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers: but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil." (1 Pet. 3: 8-12.)

Paul wrote to the Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Thessalonians and others; but Peter, James, John and Jude wrote to all Christians, for all time, the strangers scattered throughout various countries and climes being specially mentioned. Hence this brief passage of sacred scripture was addressed to all Christians for all time. God did not make the fatal mistake of giving man a book, a library—the Bible—a waybill to heaven—applicable to one generation only, thus necessitating changes therein to adapt it to each succeeding generation. He made his blessed

Book of books applicable to every age, generation, country and clime. So, then, this language—this sacred lesson—is just as applicable to us—to Christians—to *all* Christians—to-day as it was to the children of God living on earth when the apostle Peter, guided by the Holy Spirit, penned it, long centuries ago.

Moreover, while this lesson is especially for, directly addressed to, and adapted to, Christians, God's children, members of "the church of the living God," "the pillar and ground of the truth," those who are not Christians are not to be neglected, forgotten, or excluded from all benefits or blessings thereof. They may "meditate upon these things"—these sacred thoughts—learn what Christians are required to do, how Christians are required to live, and thus become and be better prepared to intelligently and irrevocably resolve, before they obey the gospel, to live as God requires his children to live all the remnant of their days—which they should certainly do; for their obedience cannot be acceptable to God unless it is accompanied by an earnest, sincere determination to be "faithful unto death."

"Finally, be ye all of one mind." Whether it is a blessing or a curse for men, women and children to be "all of one mind" depends upon the characteristics, or nature, of that "one mind," of course. Our Father wills our oneness of mind to be a blessing to all concerned—a curse to none. Whatsoever else, therefore, this lesson may or may not mean, it unquestionably does not mean that this "one mind" shall be a curse instead of a blessing; hence it cannot mean that God wills it to have even one wicked, sinful characteristic; and we should rejoice that

its meaning is obvious and that its characteristics are clearly given. What, then, does it mean? And what are the characteristics of this "one mind?" These are questions worthy of our prayerful, careful, diligent consideration.

It does not mean, it cannot mean, that we are to, all, always think exactly the same things and deduce exactly the same conclusions from what we think; hence always be of exactly, strictly, the same opinion about all things. We have a right to private, personal opinions and differences of opinion. We may differ in opinion as to whether we shall build a meetinghouse here or elsewhere; whether we shall build a brick house, a concrete house or a wooden house; whether it shall be rectangular or some other shape. We have right to opinion in all matters of opinion, unquestionably; but we certainly have no right to force our opinions upon others or press or parade them in such a way as to trouble others. In matters of faith, however, God wishes his children to be "of one mind;" hence he tells them so, and tells them what sort of a mind he wants them to have.

What are the clearly revealed characteristics of the "one mind" God wills and entreats his children to have? "Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another." "Having compassion one of another" is the first characteristic of the "one mind" Jehovah would have his children have here mentioned. Do you say there is no reason why we should have compassion for everybody? Do you think some are so healthy or wealthy, so prosperous, so happy or so wise, that there is no reason why we should have compassion for them?

That thought may thrust itself upon us momentarily; but the apostle Peter, guided by the Holy Spirit, wrote to all Christians, hence to us, if we are children of the living God, "Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another;" and since the Holy Spirit never makes mistakes, there must be reason—good and righteous reason—why we should all have "compassion one of another."

Yes, there is reason—good reason—why we should have "compassion one of another"—*all for all*. When we behold the very aged, and think of the trials they have endured, of the burdens they have borne, the anguish that has riven their anxious hearts, as they have made their painful pilgrimage from the cradle almost to the grave, living long in this strange world, where sin and sorrow abound—when we, remembering these things, realize that they are necessarily about to cross the deep, dark, dreaded river, we can certainly see, and clearly understand, why we should have compassion for them—have a feeling of genuine sorrow and tenderest, truest, sincerest sympathy whensoever we see or think of them. We may not know them personally, we may not know what trials they have endured; but we remember "man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward" (Job 5: 7), and "man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble" (Job 14: 1). We realize that, having lived long on the earth, they have had heavy burdens to bear; have often bowed beneath the rod of affliction; have tasted oft the bitterness of wormwood and gall.

God wills that we have "hearts of compassion" for

the aged—hearts that will prompt us to treat them kindly and tenderly, denying ourselves and giving them "the right of way"—giving them the best seat, the best place, the best of everything—do all we can to scatter roses and rays of sunshine along their pathway to the tomb, remembering we can neither bless nor curse them long. "The young *may* die, the old *must* die." The time of their departure is always "at hand." If they are faithful servants of God, "then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." (Eccles. 12: 7.) If, however, they are servants of Satan, when their bodies go to the grave, their souls shall plunge into the fathomless depths of the boundless beyond, "without God and without hope." It is not possible for me to understand how the younger can avoid having a feeling of tender compassion for the aged—the *aged* on, and almost at the end of, their painful pilgrimage to the tomb, to the judgment, to eternity.

Do you say there is no reason why we should have compassion for the young—for little children? If we love little children as we ought to love them—and *I* would not love them less if I could, and I could not love them less if I would—if we love them and love to love them as we should; hence love the music of their prattling tongues, love their laughter and their little ways, and even the apparently unnecessary noise made by their tireless tongues, restless feet and busy hands—noise that sometimes bothers us a little, but the absence of which would bother us billions of times more, if the grave should claim their hands and feet and tongues, leaving homes they had brightened and blessed strangely and

painfully silent and still as the chambers of death—if we loved the little treasures as we should, we'd always treat them tenderly; we'd never speak unkindly to them, never harshly, cruelly scold them—always have compassion for them.

Less than half a mile from my home in the woods—Mars' Hill—lives a family of five—the father, mother, little girl, little boy and baby girl—the little brother being, in age, between his little sisters. Recently his feet and legs were paralyzed. He could no longer walk or run. A few days later he could not sit alone. Now he is utterly helpless. How sweet to the listening ears of those who love little James would now be the music they may never hear again—the sound of his precious little feet running over the floor! Mothers, be grateful for your blessings, have compassion for the precious little treasures that love you, and don't make yourselves and them unhappy, even miserable, by fretting, worrying and scolding about the noise they make—music for which your sorrowing souls may sigh some sad day.

They have never felt the pressure of genuine sorrow. Notwithstanding their griefs seem great to them, they know not what real sorrow is; but we know, unless the grass grows and the winds howl and the rains patter and the sun shines over their graves in the very near future, while they slumber in the silence of the tomb, they, too, are to taste the bitterness in the bottom of many a cup hard to drink—as *we* have done. It matters not how sweet or bright or pretty the little ones may be, if they live long, they must bow beneath the rod and feel the pressure of the heavy hand of sorrow; must weep at the

graves of those dearer than life to them; must feel that this life is scarcely worth the living; tides of trouble shall overwhelm them; and sorrows, like tempests, shall sweep down upon their souls until their bodies rest in the tomb and their souls in the home of Him from whom all blessings flow—if they "die in the Lord," having been "faithful unto death." As we realize their sweetness, their innocence and their joy, and think of the darkness of the long, gloomy path that may be before them, we should certainly feel for them real, sincere compassion.

There are many reasons why we should have compassion for all between these two extremes, for all have burdens to bear and trials to endure. If we look at these things as we should and are as ready and willing to bear one another's burdens as God would have us be, we can never experience any difficulty in complying with this part of the lesson under consideration. If we have not "compassion one of another," we should long for it, pray for it and work for it.

A heart of compassion, a soul sympathetic, tender and true, is soil in which unfeigned love can grow to perfection and bring forth precious, priceless fruit abundantly; hence the admonition to be compassionate may be intended to prepare the heart, the mind, the soul, for love. "Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren." There is not, never has been, and never can be, the slightest danger of Christians' loving one another too tenderly, too truly, too fervently, too constantly; but they should "love as brethren." The term "brethren," as here used, includes all the family—the brothers and the sisters, the men and the



IRENE LARIMORE THOMPSON.

ELLEN LARIMORE HOPWOOD.

LEOTA LARIMORE NEECE.

ESTHER LARIMORE WHITTAKER.

VIRGINIA LARIMORE CAMPBELL.

(Voluntary Namesakes.)

women, the boys and the girls—all God's children. Christians should "love as brethren"—possess, cultivate and appreciate pure, chaste, clean, unselfish love—love absolutely free from any alloy that can corrupt or lead or tempt into, to or toward the wrong.

They should love as good, pure, sweet sisters and good, pure, chaste, clean brothers, children of one worthy father and one worthy mother, all being Christians in one happy household, should love one another. Let that be the kind and character of love we cultivate, and then make it as strong as it is possible to make it.

Have we any sacred, scriptural authority except the language—lesson—now under consideration for reaching this conclusion? Yes. The same inspired servant of God who penned the language now under consideration also 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." (1 Pet. 1: 22.) "See that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently." This suggests the thought—the truth—that we can control our love by controlling our hearts, and that we should never entertain for brethren and sisters in the Lord any feeling at variance with pure, chaste, clean, unselfish love.

I hope no one of you may ever experience a feeling of hatred toward a brother or a sister in the Lord—or anybody else. Why should you? If you have experienced such a feeling, come out of the mists and fogs and darkness of such sinful feeling, if you have not already done so, into the pure, clear atmosphere of unfeigned, fervent,

sweet, sacred love; and may the Lord bless you in abiding there, ever earnestly striving to reach higher heights of holiness and deeper depths of devotion in the service of Him from whom all blessings flow. Satan will encourage you to hate or in hating even your own brother in the flesh or in the Lord. He is always ready to encourage wrong, to oppose the right. Hence it is safe to say he loves to see us hate one another; he hates to see us love one another. God wills that his children shall never hate, but always love, each other. There is not a pure, chaste, clean, Christian mother in all this land who would not sorrow, suffer, sigh and be sad if her boys and girls—her sons and daughters—should hate each other like demons instead of loving each other as they should. God has manifested and demonstrated greater love for his children than any mother can ever manifest or demonstrate for her offspring, and he desires and entreats his children to dwell together in love. God never requires impossibilities; hence they can so dwell together if they will.

We are to “love as brethren”—love with a pure heart, and cultivate that love till we “love as brethren,” “with a pure heart fervently.” Let it be love sufficiently fervent and strong to consume all the impurity and selfishness that might otherwise mar the beauty, joy or symmetry of the spiritual body of Christ. If I were preaching especially and exclusively to alien sinners, impressing upon them the importance of faith, repentance and baptism, you who claim to be Christians would regard it the duty of those whom I addressed to obey the gospel without delay; and it would be their duty to do so. It

is no less our duty to heed the divine admonition to have "compassion one of another," to "love as brethren," "with a pure heart fervently."

There is no danger of such love's ever leading us beyond the limits of prudence, propriety and right. We may, we can and we should help one another, sympathize with one another, love one another, hide one another's faults—even sins—for love does that. "And above all things have fervent charity [love] among yourselves: for charity [love] shall cover a multitude of sins." (1 Pet. 4: 8.) We should bear one another's burdens, we should encourage one another by expressions of appreciation, sympathy and love. Thus God desires us to do. Fervent love destroys the dross and selfishness and dispels the dangerous, deadly delusion that tends to drive us to the cold, chilling, worldly formality that sometimes holds and controls Christians, leading them almost to the extreme to which it is said to have led the Frenchman who refused to rescue a drowning man—and let him perish—because he had not been introduced to him. The spirit that criticises brothers and sisters for loving one another, as brethren and sisters, "with a pure heart fervently," is, to say the very least of it, not the spirit of charity that "thinketh no evil." There is a lamentable lack of some important element of true love in the soul that criticises brethren and sisters in the Lord, members of a family that is to last forever, for loving one another as brethren and sisters. Instead of discouraging such love, we should encourage it to the limit of our ability.

The spirit of pure, unadulterated, fervent, Christian love, properly appreciated and cultivated, can save con-

gregations of Christians from discord, dissension, division, disruption, disintegration and spiritual death. When a congregation is disturbed and divided, and bad, unkind, sinful things are felt and said by some members toward and about other members, it is not necessary to ask whether all the members of that congregation are what Peter advises all Christians to be. If you gather a basket of apples from a tree, it is not necessary to ask whether that tree is an apple tree—you know it by its fruit. Just so Christians are known by their fruits. "By their fruits ye shall know them." (Matt. 7: 20.) When we observe, in a band of brethren and sisters, a spirit of selfishness, strife and discord, dissension, bitterness and hatred, we may know there is in the hearts of those brethren and sisters a lack of that pure, fervent love God wants his children to cherish and cultivate for one another.

Christians who have "compassion one of another," and who "love as brethren," are in condition to take the next step—"be pitiful." True, genuine, Christian development along these lines naturally leads saints of the Lord to the point where they sincerely sympathize with everybody and everything that can command sympathy. Hence the very beasts of burden, the dog in the yard and the cat in the house, are blessed by Christianity on the principle expressed in the Book of books: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." (Prov. 12: 10.) It matters not how long are the prayers a man offers or how lengthy are the sermons he preaches, if he has no sympathy for the dumb brutes about him, he is

not a righteous man; for "a righteous man [any righteous man] regardeth the life of his beast."

He is, therefore, not what God would have him to be. When a man in Christ, in the service of God, reaches a point where he sincerely sympathizes with everything that suffers, sorrows, sighs or is sad, it is an easy matter for him to meet the demands of the admonition, "be pitiful." He pities the poor who suffer in their poverty; he pities the rich who bear the burdens and responsibilities imposed by riches; he pities everybody; for every soul sometimes suffers, sorrows, sighs and is sad.

"Be courteous." When we have climbed high enough in the Christian life to have "compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful," it is second nature to be courteous. Christians who have reached that point are always courteous, for courtesy naturally comes from the depths of hearts that are always right. They are courteous to all, discourteous to none; and thus they demonstrate their Christianity wheresoever they may go. If all Christians were always thus, we should never need candidates to teach us to be courteous; we would all be as courteous as candidates all the time.

"Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous: not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but contrariwise blessing." When we first begin to try to reduce this blessed advice to practice, we may experience some difficulty in refraining from rendering evil for evil; but after we have reached the point where we have compassion one of another, love as brethren, and are pitiful and courteous, we can take the next step—"not render-

ing evil for evil"—gratefully, with graceful ease. We can then be sorry for those who do us evil and pity those who hate us. But this admonition goes further: "Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but contrariwise blessing." "Bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you" (Matt. 5: 44), is an admonition of the Savior that all should appreciate; and Peter tells us the result of such a life, "Knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing"—not guessing or feeling that possibly it may be possible that possibly it may be so, but "KNOWING that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing." To do good to all men, "not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but contrariwise blessing," is directly on the road to the blessing.

God wants his children to be happy. He wants us to have the sweetest joys earth can give and all the bliss of heaven forever; hence he tells us in this language of the apostle Peter: "He that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile: let him eschew evil, and do good; let him seek peace, and ensue it." There is an erroneous idea in the minds of many relative to "a good time." Brethren in a certain community have arranged to have a Christmas meeting. They deplore the fact that the time set apart for the commemoration of the birth of the Savior—"the Prince of Peace"—regardless of when the "Babe of Bethlehem" was born—is devoted to dissipation, debauchery, revelry, rowdyism—*sin*—to such a shameful extent as to make demons rejoice and angels weep, if

weeping could be in heaven. They have decided to have a Christmas meeting, and to have the best preacher available, to help hold the old ship steady through the dreaded Christmas storm. Just about the time the meeting begins, three young men—sons of elders or deacons in that selfsame church, it may be—each with a pistol in one pocket, a bottle of whisky in another and a deck of cards in another, start out "to have a good time"—what they call "a good time." When the mists and fog and smoke of the holidays have cleared away, one of these young men is in his grave, having been murdered by his dissolute companions—two of the sinful three; one is looking through prison bars upon a world that has little sympathy for him; and a sheriff and detectives are hunting the other, who is miserable as man can be. These are natural results of having what such characters call "a good time." What the world calls "having a good time" is usually simply having a bad time; and the better it is, the worse it is. Let us avoid all such "good times" and live as solemn duty demands—live righteous, useful, godly lives.

"For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers: but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil." The eyes of our loved ones may not always be upon us, "but the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers." Why do we not realize that the God of heaven sees us and hears us every day and every hour? And why do we not supplement that thought with the knowledge that our friends love us and would grieve if we should fail, falter or fall? Why not let these

thoughts be beacon lights to guide us all the way? We believe, because the Bible so assures us, if we are righteous, the eyes of the Lord are over us. Every true believer believes, "Thou God seest me;" and often we know not what other eyes behold us, what *mortals* may be considering our conduct.

"Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous: not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but contrariwise blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing. For he that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile: let him eschew evil, and do good; let him seek peace, and ensue it. For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers: but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil." If, as the next hundred years come and go, all claiming to be Christians would reduce to practice these divinely inspired admonitions and instructions, strictly, steadily and constantly, then the heavens might rejoice that the earth had been converted to Christ. That may not be; but we can live as God directs, and, if we do, when done with the trials and triumphs of time, we shall enter into the joys of a blissful eternity, for Heaven hath in reservation for all the finally faithful temporal and eternal joy. That souls still unsaved may share this joy with all the saints, all subjects of the gospel call present are entreated to come to Christ without delay.

CHAPTER XXI.

Children's Chapter.

*"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us—
He made and loveth all."*

BROTHER LARIMORE loves children so truly, and all children who know him love him so devotedly, that to write a "Larimore book" and not include therein a chapter for children would be strange indeed, and disappointing to his little friends all over the country. Hence this chapter is for the especial benefit of children—little children and children of a larger growth—children of nine years or ninety, with golden hair or gray hair; for youth, as Dr. Holmes has told us, is "something in the soul that has no more to do with the color of the hair than the vein of gold in a rock has to do with the grass a thousand feet above it."

Brother Larimore's influence over children is remarkable. He never seems to make any special effort to win their affection, except by being kind and gentle in demeanor toward them, as he is toward all; but all children who are associated with him soon learn, through the fine intuition of childhood, to love him and trust him

implicitly. Very small children—even babies—seem to recognize him as a friend, as was shown by a little incident that occurred at Joe Johnston Avenue meetinghouse, in Nashville, Tenn., a few months ago. At the close of his sermon there one afternoon, a slender, delicate-looking young mother, a stranger to Brother Larimore, as well as to nearly all in the audience, with a baby in her arms, went forward to confess Christ. When the invitation song was ended, Brother Larimore held out his arms to the baby, as the mother rose to make the good confession. After one look into the calm, peaceful face above her, the little one allowed him to take her into his arms; and, while the mother confessed her faith in Christ, and while Brother Larimore said to her the earnest, impressive words he usually says on such occasions, the baby, with one chubby hand resting on his shoulder and the other hand softly patting his face, seemed to be perfectly satisfied with her position. The slightest trace of awkwardness or embarrassment in Brother Larimore's manner would have spoiled the pretty incident, but there was neither. It was as perfectly natural and easy for him to hold the baby in his arms while he heard the mother's confession as it was for the baby to go to him confidently, and he seemed to be as well satisfied with the situation as the baby was. The scene, so tenderly impressive in its sweet simplicity, brought tears to the eyes of men, women and children all over the audience that filled the house.

All the letters he writes are characterized by tenderness and affection; but his letters to children are pecu-

liarily affectionate and kind, similar to the following letter which he wrote to little Lois Anderson, of Hurricane Mills, Tenn. He has held a series of meetings at Hurricane Mills every year for ten successive years—from the last Sunday in July of each year to the first Sunday in August—and the Anderson home is his home during that time. Brother Larimore has baptized several members of the Anderson family; married and buried Ethel, the oldest daughter, to whom he touchingly refers in Chapter XVIII.; and of all the letters he receives, none are more loving and affectionate than the letters written him by the two young ladies of the family, Katherine Jean and Myrtle, whose pictures appear herein. He usually writes to Lois when he will reach her home; and, as the hour draws near, she takes her place at the front gate to catch the first glimpse of him and welcome him. That seems to be her especial privilege, and nobody interferes with it. This is the letter:

“Precious Little Angel: Five weeks from to-day you’ll be counting the hours then to be before you’ll be waiting and watching—an angel of sweetness—at the gate of paradise, to welcome, with a tender hand, low, sweet, musical voice, pleasant smile, a loving heart and sweet kisses, one who loves you—a weary wanderer who, except when he is there, is looking hopefully forward to that time, because he loves that sweet home, its marvelous proprietor and every member of his family—a family of which any sovereign might well be appreciative.

“Love and best wishes to all. Some time we must have your picture made while you are waiting and watch-



FRANCES EASLEY.

MARGARET LARIMORE SPAIN.

"LITTLE JIM" STRIBLING.

ORVILLE LARIMORE KEY.

LOIS ANDERSON.

ing to welcome me *home*—and let Miss Emma give it a good place in a good book.

“Your friend who loves you, T. B. LARIMORE.”

Brother Larimore baptized Lois in Hurricane Creek, near her home, at sunset—about 7 P.M.—Tuesday, July 27, 1909. “It goes without saying” that, having enlisted in the army of the Lord, she will be a soldier of the cross, faithful and true, till Heaven shall call her home.

Having heard of the arrival of a “new baby” in the home of a dear friend, he wrote the little stranger:

“Precious Little Friend and Prospective Brother: Having just now, by the courtesy of our ‘Uncle Samuel,’ heard of your arrival, I hasten to welcome you, and to congratulate you on finding yourself in the midst of such delightful surroundings. May the Lord always abundantly bless you, all you love and all who love you, sweet child. Love and best wishes to all.

“Affectionately your friend, T. B. LARIMORE.”

During a series of meetings at Cookeville, Tenn—December 31, 1908, to March 21, 1909—he wrote:

“I send you herewith a photograph of precious little Rozelle Pendergrass in her favorite position. The position she occupies in the picture tells the sweet story of her devotion to one who appreciates and reciprocates her love. ‘Of such is the kingdom of heaven,’ and her father and mother are Christians; hence the entire family is the Lord’s, as the three constitute the family. I baptized the mother first—near the beginning of our meeting. Then the baby was drawn to me, as if by a miracle.



BROTHER LARIMORE AND ROZELLE.

Finally I baptized the father. I've been preaching here, twice every day and three times each Sunday, nearly three months, beginning December 31, 1908. Every time this precious little treasure comes to our meeting—and she rarely misses a day—she comes to me and stays with me a few seconds to be kissed and caressed. Then she returns to her mother and stays there, apparently perfectly satisfied, unless she sees me petting, kissing or caressing some other little one, in which event she hastens back to me, and there she stays at least as long as her imaginary rival stays—nearly always longer. Love and jealousy are sometimes inseparable.”

During his recent series of meetings in Nashville—October and November, 1909—Brother Larimore's home was at the home of Mr. Conway B. Easley, 1100 Russell Street. While there—November 11—he wrote:

“Precious little Frances, scarcely six years old, the only child of this happy household, and I are good friends, of course. She says she loves me better than she loves any other man, ‘except Bart and daddy.’ ‘Bart’ is Brother Hughes, her uncle, who is worthy of her guileless love, as is her father also; and I appreciate her love, and love her, too. She's a sweet little treasure—and she's not ‘spoiled,’ either, notwithstanding she's the only child in the family. She recently stepped a little beyond the prescribed limit in some little thing, as millions of other good children have done, and as her grandmother Eve once did; hence the court from which there is no appeal in any case in which she is concerned decreed that she should spend that day within the limits of

the lot on which she lives—a severe, but apparently necessary, sentence—a decree that made it apparently practically impossible for her to go with me to ‘the corner’—a pleasure she is never willing to forego.

“But Frances was equal to the emergency. When I started to ‘the corner’ that afternoon, she came to me and said, scarcely above a whisper: ‘Will you wait for me at the back of the house till I get there, and then go slow enough for me to go with you?’ I said: ‘Yes.’ Then she ran through the house into the back yard, climbed to the top of the high fence there and ‘cooned’ that fence clear back to the corner of the lot, while I walked slowly on the outside, listening to the soft, sweet music of her tireless little tongue.

“Recently she has explained to me frequently how I could make her a wagon that probably she had seen in a dream. I do not know. I discouraged the thought, but she persisted. That wagon was her daily, not to say hourly, theme—a theme of which she never tired. Yesterday she and I made it, according to her specifications; and she slept with it last night! She was not willing to go to bed without it. She considers ‘Kress’ the limit—the place peerless to get good things and spend her pennies; but when the question of taking the new wagon to bed with her last night was under consideration and discussion, she said: ‘I’d rather have this wagon than every wagon they’ve got at Kress’. And I’ll tell *Miss Kress* so, too—right to her face—after I get two or three things I want from there!’

“Frances furnished all the material and the tools for

the construction of the wagon, parts of it perfectly prepared, and we put the parts together and perfected the wagon in my room. The bed of the wagon is a cigar box—walnut—good and strong. Its wheels are spools. Its axles are pieces of wood—sweet gum or white poplar, I believe. Its tongue is a string. I may make a mechanic of myself yet—by the help of Frances' dreams, brain, brawn, capital, encouragement and love.

"Precious little child! Precious little children! How little it takes to make them happy! How glad we should be to do that little! I do not wonder the Savior loves them. 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

He inclosed with a letter the following verses:

"THE WOMAN WITH A BABY.

"Mid the herd of human porkers crowded on the trolley car,
All is selfishness and jostle, making age and sex no bar.
Men collapse in seats, and stay there, letting shrinking ladies
stand,
With a look of indignation—and a strap in either hand.
Yet there's one thing that, I've noticed, never fails to make
a stir—
When a woman with a baby comes, they all make room for
her.

"I have sat in stuffy coaches on a crowded railway train,
Listening to case-hardened travelers, who declared, with
might and main,
That they'd see the railroad company in Hades' fiercest heat
Long before they'd even think of giving *any* one a seat.
Then, ere scarce they'd ceased their boasting, they would rise
without demur;
For a woman with a baby—they must all make room for her.

“There is something sweet, Madonna-like, in pictures such as that,

And it makes the lowest ruffian feel like taking off his hat;
For it bears him back to babyhood, when loving mother arms
Closely clung to him and kept off e'en the least of earth's
alarms.

No matter what his station, he will evermore defer
To a woman with a baby—he has reverence for her.

“Once I dreamed I stood in heaven, just inside the pearly gate,
While to every new arrival good Saint Peter said: ‘You're
late;

For the places all are taken, and the harps are all in use.
Golden streets are just so crowded that I had to call a truce.’
Then a little, tired-out woman lugged a baby into view,
And Saint Peter said: ‘We're full up, but we'll make a place
for you.’
(Strickland W. Gillilan.)”

He has a kind voice. No doubt many think that voice is a “gift,” with the cultivation and preservation of which he has had little to do; but I incline to think it is due, in part at least, to careful thought and training, since he inclosed with a letter the following clipping on the subject of voices:

“There is no power of love so hard to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing it so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get a soft, sweet voice and keep it so. One must start in youth, and be on watch night and day, while at work and while at play, to get and keep a voice that will at all times properly express the thought of a kind heart.

"But this is the time when a sharp voice is apt to be acquired. Boys and girls at play often say words in a quick, sharp, harsh tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When any one of them gets vexed, we may hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill will in tone than in the words uttered. Often, in mirth, a sharp, quick tone is acquired, and stays with its owner through life, stirs up ill will and grief and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Some people have a sharp voice for home use only. They keep their best and sweetest voice for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests, and use their poorer food for the 'home folks.'

"I would say to all boys and girls—men and women, too: 'Use your best voice at home.' Watch it, day by day, as 'a pearl of great price;' for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the most precious pearl in the depths of the sea can, if brought to the light and given to you, ever be. A kind voice is a lark's song to heart and home. It is to the heart and home what necessary light properly appropriated is to the eye."

Busy as he always is, he is never too busy to notice and appreciate the songs of birds, if birds are singing near him. A few years ago he wrote:

"A mocking bird is this very moment teaching me a good lesson. The tempest howled all night last night, after nine, so far as I know. It's stormy still—raining slowly, but steadily, while the wind shakes this house;

and the cedars and other trees in sight are apparently in full sympathy with the storm,—bending and writhing in every possible way. In the meantime a mocking bird, in a tree near my window, is singing as if its soul were an exhaustless storehouse of sweetest, sacred song. Rocked by the winds, it seems to enjoy the storm, while it cheers me by its sweetest song.

“I believe I’ve never, in all my life, been where mocking birds were more abundant than they are here. So far as I know, there’s never a moment, from dawn to dark, when the voice of a mocking bird cannot be heard at this home. They’re gentle, too.

“Now, it’s not necessary to tell you this is a gentle family; and one of the gentlest and sweetest members of the family is the young lady whose picture I inclose herewith. She is a quiet, sweet, *good* girl—and ‘beauty is as beauty does,’ my grandmother used to say, when commenting on *my* peculiar style of beauty. Once, however, she encouraged me by saying: ‘I believe he might make a respectable-looking child yet—if he’d keep his hair out of his eyes.’ Strange that the mind should retain such little things so long. I was standing at the table, eating, when she said that. That encouraged me; hence I forthwith proceeded to form the habit of trying to keep my hair out of my eyes.”

In the grove of forest trees around Brother Larimore’s home many birds build their nests and rear their families. They are never molested, and care is taken to make them feel safe and happy. Many years ago he wrote some

things about birds and boys that the boys of this generation would do well to heed:

“Why do boys take pleasure in robbing, imprisoning or killing innocent little birds? Can it be that they *hate* these beautiful, useful, harmless and inoffensive little creatures? It does really seem so. If not, why do they rob their nests, break their eggs, destroy their young, and, having thus desolated their homes and given them all the trouble possible, kill them if they can? Hatred, vandalism—*something*—is the cause of this cruel war perpetually waged by boys upon pure little birds.

“There is one feature of this inexcusable war that, to my mind, is tenfold more revolting than this indiscriminate, merciless butchery of little birds—viz., lifetime imprisonment. Happy homes are invaded, parents are either murdered or driven from home and children, and the little ones, ‘prisoners of war,’ are remorselessly sentenced to lifetime imprisonment and sold for a trifle to the highest bidder.

“‘The love of money’ may be the root of this evil, and, possibly, may be honestly pleaded in palliation of the crime; for, unreasonable as it may seem, ‘they do say’ women, and, they also say, even some women who profess to be in favor of ‘humane societies,’ actually tempt boys to perpetrate this outrageous cruelty by proposing to pay a stipulated price for every poor, little, hapless, helpless, hopeless bird prisoner delivered into their tender hands. It is strange that compassionate, tender-hearted, merciful, humane *women* would do such a thing. To *her* both boys and birds may look for love,

sympathy and protection. The holiest thing alive, the purest and the best—little children excepted—is woman. Surely any cruelty toward birds, from her, is due to a lack of reflection or proper teaching as to the rights of these beautiful little creatures.

“Whatever may be the character or conduct of our children, they have been taught, from the cradle up, to treat all things kindly, *nothing cruelly*; hence, to never molest a bird or its home. Many birds of many kinds are hatched and reared in our yard every year. Five little ones first saw the light in our church house, near the pulpit, about the middle of the present year. This was no uncommon occurrence here. We love and protect our birds—especially because they seem to love us, trust us and look to us for protection.

“Very early in the morning, last Monday, Ettie found three little mocking birds a few feet from our door, under the nest from which they had fallen. The mother bird was near them, and seemed to be greatly troubled, and doubtless was. They could almost fly, and, possibly, thinking they were wiser on that subject than their anxious, cautious mother, had tried to fly away from home; hence their almost fatal fall. Children—who are supposed to be wiser than little birds—do that very way sometimes, rarely with better, often with worse, results. In all such, as in all other, cases, the mother, whether beast, bird or woman, is willing, if need be, to die for her children. Children should respect, love and obey their parents. All good children do.

“Ettie, when she found the helpless little birds on the

ground, 'raised the alarm,' and 'the entire department turned out.' In a very few moments we were all 'on the ground.' We put a table under the nest, a barrel upon the table, a box upon the barrel, and Herschel upon the box. Now, Herschel, like many other boys, imagines he is almost tall enough to be a man. He is only seventy-seven inches long from sole to crown, but his arms are so long that he can raise his hands clear above his head. While about as many as were saved in the ark of long ago gave advice, administered caution and held the table, barrel and box, the mother of the fallen children talking some sort of bird talk all the time, Herschel reached, with a brier hook, the limb supporting the nest. He drew it down gently till he could reach the nest with his hand, I handed him the little birds one by one, and he put them into the nest very carefully. Then we all went to other work, leaving the Bird family in 'close communion' at home, just as happy as birds can be—and *we* were happy, too."

A few years ago, Brother Larimore, in a sermon at Horse Cave, Ky., on the final Sunday of a successful series of meetings, pictured the struggles and death of a bird in a cage in a burning house so thrillingly and pathetically that some young men then living there who had an eagle in a cage opened the cage, turned the eagle loose, and saw it fly away, that very, selfsame day. Unfortunately, however, not all men, or women, either, are as sympathetic as those young men. They were true Kentuckians; but they were not born and bred in "bloody Breathitt," of course.



SOCIAL EQUALITY.

While engaged in a series of meetings in Lawrenceburg, Tenn., he saw a remarkable family, whose history he wrote for this chapter. He also sent a photograph of the family, which appears on another page.

“John English and John Gibbs—merchants of this charming little city—have in their show window a mother cat, one kitten and three pretty, little, gray squirrels—none of them caged or otherwise closely confined—whose brief history may be as interesting to some other children as it is to me.

“There were four kittens in the family a few weeks ago; but, before Nature opened their eyes, three of them died. A very few days after the mother cat had thus been bereft of all her children but one, Mr. Gin Grimmell, who lives near Lawrenceburg, and who then owned the cat conspicuous in this story, killed the mother of three little squirrels then so young that their eyes had not been opened—evidently not more than two or three days old.

“Mr. Grimmell gave the little squirrels to his cat, for food; but, instead of eating the dainty morsels, as she was expected to do, she adopted them, protected them and nursed them as her very own. Appreciating the protection and provision apparently, at least, providentially provided and prepared for them, the three little, motherless squirrels promptly proceeded to live as the kitten lived; and thus they continue to live.

“Mr. Grimmell sold the entire family—cat, kitten and squirrels—to Mr. English for two dollars. The cat fares sumptuously every day, and the kitten and squirrels are

growing rapidly. They seem to be about one-third grown. Peace and perfect harmony prevail in the family—an important factor probably in the marvelous growth and development of the little ones.

“Food and raiment and shelter are not the only essentials to the proper development—even physical development—of a family; and no family can be properly developed, mentally, socially or spiritually, where peace, harmony and love are strangers. That is—certainly ought to be—perfectly apparent to all.

“Not many months ago, a fond and faithful father, whom I know and love, frequently sprayed his children’s throats to prevent diphtheria, that dread disease being then prevalent in the community in which he lives.

“The precious little ones in his happy home are one boy and three little girls, the boy being the oldest—instead of one kitten and three little squirrels, as in that other family about which I am trying to tell you a few little things. The baby’s name is Phœbe Susan, but we call her ‘Sister Phœbe’—‘for short.’

“Recently the picture of a baldheaded—or white-headed—baby, like Sister Phœbe, nursing a bottle with a modern, rubber-tube attachment, found its way into that peaceful home. When Sister Phœbe, who had never witnessed such a performance, first saw the picture, she sagely suggested, with an air and emphasis clearly suggesting both approval and pleasure: ‘*He’s sprayin’ he’s froat!*’

“The kitten and squirrels mentioned in this little story all spray their throats from the same source—from the

same fountain—in the same now old-fashioned way that has been popular, practical and productive of satisfactory results as long as children have been children, squirrels have been squirrels, kittens have been kittens and cats have been cats. There's no *bottle* in the business, either. The cat furnishes the fluid, and her little ones do the spraying."

He also wrote for this chapter the following "cat" story, for the truth of which he is not afraid to vouch:

"'Cats is cats,' and their loyalty and love to and for their homes and little ones, as well as other things, should prevent our ever treating them unkindly, even if they had no other claims upon us.

"Having been credibly informed, repeatedly, that Mrs. Dr. Connor, of Florence, Ala., is responsible for the following feline story, and having very recently taken the precaution to have Mrs. Connor carefully interviewed on the subject, that she might refute or confirm the story, I am sure it is perfectly safe to repeat, report and record it as strictly correct, in letter and spirit, in whole and in part—in all of its details; hence, having neither right, reason nor inclination to doubt any part of it, I now hasten to record it, hoping it may help to make all of us who read it or hear it kind, careful and gentle in dealing with, not only cats, but with anything and everything that can feel, sigh, suffer, sorrow or be sad.

"In Mrs. Connor's comfortable Florence home were two cats. At about one and the same time each of the two cats became the fond, affectionate mother of four



"SISTER PHEBE."



"HE'S SPRAYIN' HE'S FROAT!"

baby cats—little kittens—temporarily “as blind as bats”—of course.

“Mrs. Connor realized that ‘cats is cats,’ as well as ‘pigs is pigs’ and ‘hats is hats;’ but she considered *ten* cats in her clean, ratless home a little too much of a good thing, notwithstanding eight of them were ‘noiseless as kittens’ and ‘blind as bats;’ hence she gladly gave one mother cat and her kittens to a worthy farmer who lived at least eight miles northwest of Florence.

“The polite farmer, properly appreciating the present, promptly proceeded to put his share of the Connor cats into a basket. Then, to make certainty doubly sure, he securely tied a cloth over the top of the basket—*a la mode*. Finally he put the precious package into or upon his wagon, and, at last, landed that load of live stock at his home, having forded three creeks—viz., Big Cypress, Little Cypress and Cox’s Creek—on his journey of eight miles or more, there being neither bridge nor foot log across any one of the three creeks he crossed—between his home and Florence.

“Next morning the discarded cat and one of her kittens were under the stove in Dr. Connor’s home—in the kitchen. The mother cat was so exhausted that she seemed to be almost lifeless—evidently exhausted by tedious, tiresome traveling; walking, running and swimming, with a kitten in her mouth, to say nothing of loss of sleep.

“However, as a natural result of an all-day rest in the dear, old home, and refreshed by ‘Nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep,’ she seemed to be in her normal con-

dition when night came. The next morning two of her precious, little, blind babies were with her, under the stove, in the Connor kitchen. Thus day by day—or night by night—those little, blind baby cats were, one by one, lost at one end of the line and found at the other, till at the losing end there was none and at the finding end there were four.

“The cat that stayed at home while the discarded cat carried her kittens back home nursed the kittens that were returned, as well as her own, every day while the banished cat was returning her babies, one by one, night by night, and a few days—probably two or three—after the move was completed, while the cat that brought her babies back home was so exhausted that it seemed as if she could scarcely move or live, and paid no attention—not even the slightest attention—to her precious babies.

“Of course, Mrs. Connor, being both woman, wife and mother, hence loving her own home and little ones, promptly and irrevocably resolved to let both families of cats live in peace in her happy home as long as the life thereof might last, rats or no rats, mice or no mice.”

The following well-told story of bygone days cannot fail to be interesting to the children of this generation, and especially to those who have never enjoyed the privilege and pleasure of attending school in the country, hence have missed many of the joys of school life. This story is culled from “Hearthstone Echoes,” a book written by Mrs. Mollie L. Meeks, Brother Larimore’s sister.

"THE 'LOST SCHOOLHOUSE.'

"I formed its acquaintance in the long ago, when Dunlap, Tenn., was a tiny, infant town, cradled in the beautiful valley of Sequatchie. The 'lost schoolhouse' was old enough to be mother, perhaps grandmother, of the village, which is situated on the highway from Jasper to Pikeville. Its name was very appropriate, as it was situated at a considerable distance from the public road and was hidden from it by a dense forest. A well-beaten path led to it from the public road; but at times this was obscured by fallen limbs, pine needles and oak leaves. The 'lost schoolhouse' was in a very small sedge field, near the 'dividing ridge' which runs north and south through the beautiful valley between and parallel with the Cumberland Mountain and Walden's Ridge.

"Around that house cluster many pleasant memories. I remember its appearance well. It was not a modern school building, with Gothic roof, balconies, corridors, spacious halls and 'up-to-date' desks. It was simply a little, old, log cabin. Its 'stick-and-clay' chimney was about to tumble down; its rough-board roof was almost ready to cave in. Its benches were long, splintery puncheons, or split logs, with small, round hickory posts driven into auger holes in the puncheons for legs, which elevated the seats so high that we little folks had to keep our feet swinging to and fro to keep them from 'going to sleep,' as we had nothing upon which to rest them, while through long, weary hours we daily went over our 'b-a, ba's; a-b, ab's."

"The surroundings were enchanting. Dense forests

that had never been disturbed by the woodman's ax were made cheery by Nature's sweet, winged choir. Now and then we would see a fleet-footed rabbit jumping across the path, a squirrel fleeing from us and seeking refuge among the leafy boughs of the trees, and occasionally a hideous serpent trailing its lowly length in the dust in front of us or hissing at us from the roadside.

"Springs of clear water, sparkling and pure, gladdened the eyes and throats of thirsty children, while a rippling brooklet quietly wended its way over a gravelly bed, seeking the company of neighboring waters. Walden's Ridge was only a few miles eastward, and from behind it the morning sun quietly climbed, walked proudly athwart the skies, then modestly retired behind the tall Cumberland Mountain, which looked down upon 'the lost schoolhouse' from the west.

"As the school was near town, and especially for the benefit of the town children, there was a large crowd of us in attendance, and a merry crowd we were. Our hearts always leaped for joy when our kind teacher announced 'Recess!' but when, two hours later, he called out 'Dinner!' the boys gave a simultaneous yell; the girls, a modest (?) shout or shriek; and such a stampede—pellmell, helter-skelter over benches and each other, tearing our long-sleeved, homespun cotton aprons on the splintery benches, the larger children priding themselves in pinching the little ones, pulling their hair, snatching off their 'headbands,' or treading on their shoeless toes with their own heavy, toeless shoes—just anything to make them cry, hoping they should receive

a whipping, which would give the big boys something to laugh at, holding up their books so as to hide from the teacher their odd grimaces. But onward we rushed for bonnets, hats and dinner baskets.

"Greedily and as quickly as possible we swallowed our lunches, for 'dinner time' meant two hours of solid fun. 'Club fist,' 'thimble,' 'hide and seek,' 'jail,' 'Ant'ny over' and 'poor puss wants a corner' were daily played with renewed animation; while for more violent exercise we girls engaged in 'jumping the rope' (a grapevine 'rope'), and the boys had a regular, old-fashioned 'fox chase.' One swift runner was the fox; two or three were hunters, yelling and blowing horns; but most of the boys were 'dogs,' and such a set of barking hounds! Grapevine swings and sapling horses admirably served the purpose of the trapeze and gymnasium of later days. The forests abounded in 'scaly barks,' chinquapins, chestnuts, persimmons, gooseberries and huckleberries to gladden the eyes and palates of all the school—the teacher included.

"We were a jolly band of little musicians; and how we could and did sing, especially on our way home! 'Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow;' 'From Greenland's Icy Mountain;' 'How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours!' and many other old favorites, were sung at the top of our voices. I imagine I can even now hear the echoes of those songs, as Cumberland Mountain caught the sound and sent it back to 'Dividing Ridge,' whence it came.

"Talk about happiness! Look at a throng of innocent children, such as we were, to find real happiness. Why

should we have been otherwise than happy? We had no care, except to be careful to not fall and break our milk bottles, which we intended to sink into the cold waters of the bubbling spring till dinner time; and if such accident should happen, our mothers had wisely taught us to never 'cry over spilt milk.'

"On our way to school we passed a large, open field—a free pasture for the town cattle. Each cow wore a bell, and each child could readily distinguish the tone of its cow's bell. We called our cow 'Muley.' She was large, red, hornless and somewhat vicious. A slight scar on my nose attests her temper. When she lifted me over the fence one evening, she failed to warn me of the rocks on the other side; hence the scar. I excuse her now, though I was not willing to do so then; but I'm still afraid of a cow that has no horns. Indeed, I treat all cows with becoming courtesy when I chance to meet them on the street. If they prefer the sidewalk, the middle of the street will suit my purpose, mud or no mud. I believe I could distinguish the clear, sweet tone of old 'Muley's' bell to-night, should I hear it amid the sound of a hundred other bells. It did not sound quite so sweet to me while she was helping me over the fence, however, as it did in the pasture near the 'lost schoolhouse.'

"Frequently the little boys would drive their cows home as they went from school, and then what music we would have—the jingle of cowbells—some of the tones coarse, some fine; schoolboys' yells—loud, louder, loudest; schoolgirls' songs—high, higher, highest! Nature took up the chorus and reverberated it from cliff to cliff

along the mountain side, as the songs and shouts of merriment glided over the laughing waters of the Sequatchie River.

"The teacher sometimes needed sympathy, especially on the last day of each session, when he must give the school a candy 'treat' or receive from his pupils a 'ducking.' How well I remember the day we chased Mr. Deakens through woods, blackberry patches and jungles of alder, swamp dogwood and hazelnut bushes; made him fall over logs and jump fences and tried to run him into a large pond! He at last capitulated and promised us the 'treat,' and the chase ended. I can now almost see that immense bundle of gay-striped stick candy that fairly bewildered our eyes as he kindly divided it among us.

"Years have glided by, and where—O, where—are those merry lads and lasses—the Elliotts, Ootens, Cains, Phelpses, Smiths, Hatfields, McDonoughs, Stuarts, Heardes, Vaughts, Alleys, Johnsons, Walkers? Their school days are over. Time has scattered them far and near. Many now have large, prosperous families, while others are sipping the dregs of poverty's cup; some occupy prominent positions in the world; some live in the same community, my kind teacher among the number. Many have passed over the river into the land of spirits.

"And where is 'the lost schoolhouse?' It is, indeed, lost to the world now, its charms, incidents and surroundings living only in the memory of a spared few; but

"'Dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,'

and sweet memories still place me on their downy wings and carry me back to the little log hut in the old sedge field. It served its purpose well. What we learned there we learned well—it was no superficial smattering we gained. The building did its duty as a schoolhouse till better houses were reared to take its place. May each of us learn a lesson from this humble little cabin—a lesson of fidelity. May we be faithful to the mission assigned us, so that when our bodies, ‘the houses we live in,’ shall give place to more durable dwellings, and, like ‘the lost schoolhouse,’ shall return to dust, we may at least leave pleasant memories for the friends who survive us.”

Brother Larimore has many namesakes—namesakes all over the country in homes where parents or friends bestow his name on the “baby” because they love and appreciate “Brother Larimore.” The pictures of a few of these namesakes appear in this book. There are also pictures of “voluntary namesakes” herein, who have added his name to their own because they themselves love and appreciate him. The first of these was—if still alive and single, *is*—Eva Larimore Mitchell, of Memphis, Tenn.; but she named herself Eva Larimore long ago, and Brother Larimore has no photograph of her and knows not where she is or who she may be now.

One of these voluntary namesakes—Miss Leota Neece, of Nashville, Ark.—expressed, in a letter to me, the sentiments that led her—and similar sentiments led the others, no doubt—to adopt the name “Larimore:”

“That you may know how much I appreciate Brother

Larimore and the good he is doing, I want to tell you I want to wear his name, believing and knowing, intuitively, that it will help me over many hard places in the rugged ways of life, brace and strengthen me against the allurements and evils of to-day and ever be to me an inspiration to be good and to do good. I have tried to wait till he comes to make the change, but perhaps it is as unnecessary as it is hard for me, childlike, to wait; so, on this beautiful Lord's-day morning, cloudless and bright—June 6, 1909—I make my name now and henceforth Leota Larimore Neece.”

He is not a member of any temperance society or other association for advancing the cause of prohibition of the manufacture and sale of liquor—indeed, he does not belong to anything except the church of Christ, being a Christian, “only this, and nothing more.” But, being a Christian, he is opposed to intemperance; and, both in the pulpit and out of it, he speaks forcibly of the evils of drunkenness and the danger of tampering with the enemy many men put into their mouths “to steal away their brains.” Recently he handed me a clipping on which appeared the following two letters—one, from Robert G. Ingersoll to Dr. Buckley; the other, Dr. Buckley's reply, which constitutes a very impressive temperance lecture:

“Dear Buckley: I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever drove the skeleton from the feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and shadow that chase each other over billowy fields, the breath of June, the carol of the lark, the dew

of the night, the wealth of summer and autumn's richest content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it, and you will hear the voices of men and maidens singing the 'Harvest Home,' mingled with the laughter of children; drink it, and you will feel within your blood the starred dawns and the dreamy, tawny dusks of perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been confined within staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of man.

"Your friend, ROBERT G."

"My Dear Bob: I return to you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever brought a skeleton into the closet or painted scenes of lust and bloodshed in the brain of man. It is the ghost of wheat and corn, crazed by the loss of their natural bodies. In it you will find a transient sunshine, chased by a shadow as cold as an arctic midnight, in which the breath of June grows icy and the carol of the lark gives place to the foreboding cry of the raven. Drink it, and you shall have woe, sorrow, babbling, and wounds without cause. Your eyes shall behold strange women, and your heart shall utter perverse things. Drink it deep, and you shall hear the voice of demons shrieking, women wailing, and worse than orphan children mourning the loss of a father who yet lives. Drink it deep and long, and serpents will hiss in your ears, coil themselves about your neck and seize you with their fangs. 'At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.' For forty years this liquid death has been confined within staves of oak, harmless there as purest water. I send it to you, that you may put an enemy

"Take my withered hand in yours,
 Children of my heart.
 Mother's growing old. Your love
 Makes of life sweet part.
 Touch with love my faded cheek:
 Kiss my anxious brow.
 As I've loved and petted you,
 Love and pet me now.

"Take my withered hands in yours:
 Hold them close and strong.
 Cheer me with a fond caress;
 'Twill not be for long.
 Youth immortal soon will crown
 With its wreath my brow.
 As I loved and petted you,
 Love and pet me now.

"Take my withered hands in yours;
 This your heart will prove.
 If you owe me anything,
 Pay the debt in love.
 Press me in your strong young arms,
 Breathe a loving vow—
 That as I've loved and petted you,
 You'll love and pet me now."

Very recently he told the following story, which shows how he and his wife arranged for their children to always have ready, on Lord's days, an offering for the Lord's treasury:

"In a home far away that is cheerless to-day, because the mother and children that cheered it have gone—the mother and 'Toppie' to return nevermore; the others, to build homes for themselves and their loved ones—is a 'little, old basket' that the thoughts I'm now trying to

express bring to my mind on the bosom of a tide from the realm of the rapidly receding past—the sweet, but sorrowful, *bitter-sweet* past.

“We were a healthy, happy family of eight. The children—four boys and two girls—‘obeyed the gospel,’ one by one, as they reached the proper age—hence all of them in childhood’s halcyon days. We wanted them to be happy—perfectly so, if possible—always and forever; hence, to never fear they were, or ever imagine they ever might be, a burden to anybody or in anybody’s way. We tried to bless them abundantly; and, to that end, we wished them to enjoy the precious privilege of abundantly blessing each other, others and us.

“When Christmas came, we never failed to remember them, of course; and they never failed or forgot to remember others, each other and us.

“But, while Christmas came but once a year, Sunday came much oftener. Moreover, Christmas presents and Sunday contributions were not all that called for cash—even from children that had contracted no pernicious habits. To enable them to meet these many demands and derive the greatest possible joy and good from doing so, we arranged for each of them to earn, even when little, guileless and young, in some honorable, useful, praiseworthy way, as much money as we deemed necessary, proper and best.

“To this end, so far as the baby boy and girl, when the family was complete, were concerned, we bought the ‘little, old basket,’ when it was new, for them to gather up eggs about the home in. It is doubtful whether any

bride has ever appreciated a diamond necklace or ring—or any wife, a watch or an automobile—more than Ettie and Virgil appreciated that pretty, little basket fresh from the backwoods. It takes *so* little to make the precious little ones happy that we ought to gladly do that little while we can.

“ We paid them ten cents a dozen for eggs. They did a thriving, profitable business, and intensely enjoyed both the work and the proceeds of their delightful, useful labor. Their joy was our joy, too; hence all of us were happy. Neither wealth nor poverty nor worldly renown is essential to the happiness of a home. The thought that the money we paid them for eggs that were already ours—and for eggs that they were to eat—was purely a present from us evidently never entered their minds. As *they* saw the situation, they were simply earning the money they spent, and doing us a great favor at the same time—and there was no serious mistake about that, either.

“ This is simply a sample of how we helped our children to feel that they were always a blessing, hence never a burden; and it, as well as many similar things, contributed immensely to the happiness of our now desolate home. That was a sweet and pleasant part of a sweet and precious fellowship, such as any similarly favored family may enjoy.

“ Well, those days are past and gone. Our children are all men and women now, and one of them and their mother have gone to that happier home on high; but the ‘ little, old basket ’ is nearly as good as when it was new—a precious memento of the past that fills and thrills

my soul with sad, sweet memories of times and scenes and things forever past and gone."

He thinks young Christians 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 until they reach "the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." On that subject he says:

"I believe we discourage young Christians and drive them away from the cross by a vast superfluity of *dont's*, the force of which is rarely broken by a righteous, prudent, proper *do*. It is their nature 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 but two congregations of Christians—'churches of Christ'—in all this wonderful, wide, wide world, in which boys and girls wait on—serve—the congregation in the communion and the contribution service; whereas I know many and know of more in which aged men who tremble and totter as they walk perform this sacred service, while the young and active simply wait!

"In each of these two 'churches of Christ' of which I speak, four pure, chaste, clean, Christian boys, free from all bad habits—believed to be such, at least—wait on the congregation in the communion service; four sweet girls of similar character and reputation, in the contribution service.

"The eight selected for the first Sunday of the year serve one week, one month, one quarter or half a year or

one year, as to those whose province it is to manage such matters may seem best; then another eight, and then another and another and another, as may seem best, thus giving all the available material a chance and encouraging all the young to be 'without spot, and blameless.'

" 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I' never known why a few old men should persist in doing all the work, as well as all the scolding, in the church. Why not teach and encourage the young to do something? Why not let the sisters help a little—in their legitimate sphere? I know one church in which it required the very nicest kind of diplomacy to open the way for some of the sisters to even set—prepare—the Lord's table! The impression that had to be overcome was that a man, and not only a man, but an *old* man, had to do that!

"A Sunday-school superintendent and class leader combined, in North Alabama, near my home, once read publicly, for the edification of an audience, something about 'straining at gates and swallowing camels.' It may be possible that some of us are still 'straining at gates and swallowing camels.'

"Be this as it may, hobbies and hobbyists in the church are cursing and, in many localities, crushing the cause of Christ. 'My brethren, these things ought not so to be.'"

CHAPTER XXII.

Sermon—Sowing and Reaping.

“**B**E not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.” (Gal. 6: 7, 8.)

“*Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.*”

This is language so simple that all of us can understand it. It is so simple that all of us *do* understand it. It is so simple that none of us can *misunderstand* it, little as some of us may appreciate it. And this suggests one of the beauties of God’s word: it reveals truths thrilling, important and sublime enough for the careful consideration of angels forever, in language simple enough for the comprehension of children. It was true when Paul, inspired by the Holy Spirit, wrote it. “Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” It is true now. It has been true from then till now. It is to be true till Time’s knell shall be sounded and all the redeemed shall be gathered home. Then and forever the everlasting reaping shall prove it to be eternally true.

It is a fixed, established, unchangeable principle—a wise, beneficent provision of Providence—that Nature’s true noblemen, the tillers of the soil, appreciate, and that

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2 all should appreciate, that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." We can readily realize this when considering literal sowing and reaping. All responsible souls have intelligence enough to understand, as the human race has understood throughout the ages, that that immutable law, or principle, of Nature is a blessing. But for that, farmers would be forever "all at sea" in their work; and, therefore, all the world would be "at sea;" for the farmers feed the world. If there were not fixed, immutable laws governing the vegetable kingdom, it would be impossible for farmers to feed themselves, and, of course, the world; for they could never know what to plant—or where, or when, or how. If all the farmers who sow and reap and put upon the market the wheat that feeds the world, so far as wheat feeds the world, should prepare for a bountiful crop of wheat, and the crop should be simply some kind of grass, without grain; and the next year the same experiment should result in worthless weeds—nothing but worthless weeds—and if this should thus continue forever, how long could the human race exist?

Our literal reaping, however, is not a matter of chance or uncertainty; for "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." When a farmer desires to produce a certain kind of crop, he plants that kind of seed. If he wishes to raise corn, he plants corn; if wheat, wheat; if oats, oats. If a farmer chooses to make a specialty of corn, he may plant corn—nothing but corn—and raise the world's record along this specific line. He may sow in faith and look forward in hope to the realization of his desire. He could not do that if it were not true that

“whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” So, then, it is safe to say the salvation of the human race from literal extermination depends upon this rich provision of the God of nature; for we could not exist without it. Jehovah, knowing this, made this law of nature before he made man. “And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so. And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind; and God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the third day.” (Gen. 1: 11-13.)

3 The kingdom of nature is, in this important respect, like the kingdom of grace. The Author of natural laws is the Author of spiritual laws. Hence we should never forget that it is, at least, as perilous to the soul to ignore, disregard or disobey spiritual laws as to the body to thus treat natural laws. We can readily recognize the wisdom of the law that governs reaping and sowing in the kingdom of nature, and we should certainly appreciate it. We should no less readily recognize, and no less highly appreciate, the grace and goodness of God in giving us this law regulating and ruling the spiritual realm. We should just as readily recognize the *wisdom* of the same law that governs sowing and reaping in the kingdom of grace, since the all-wise Author of all law has decreed that, in spiritual matters, “whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” If we are possessed of mental powers sufficient to make us responsible in the sight of God, we choose for ourselves what we will sow,

knowing we must reap according to our sowing; and we may know before we sow and when we sow what the harvest shall be.

So, then, free agents are we all, preparing our harvests for time and for eternity, as we sow to the flesh, of which we shall reap corruption, temporal and eternal, or sow to the Spirit, of which we shall reap life everlasting—the sweetest joys earth can give and all the bliss of heaven forever. What are you sowing, my brother, my sister, my friend? *What are you sowing?* The crop resulting therefrom shall answer that question, and the answer shall be clear and correct; “for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” “Sown in the darkness, revealed in the light.” In the thirteenth chapter of Matthew we read of “a man which sowed good seed in his field: but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.” When the wheat appeared, “then appeared the tares also.” Hence the servants of the husbandman said to him: “Didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares?” He promptly replied: “An enemy hath done this.” Did he see his enemy sowing the pernicious seed, to produce the troublesome tares? No; it was evidently done while he slept. Why, then, did he so promptly, plainly and positively reply: “An enemy hath done this?” Because he knew none but an enemy would willfully sow bad seed in his neighbor’s field. All respectable, responsible people of every country and clime readily recognize any man who will do that, or anything like that, not only as an enemy, but as a cruel, contemptible, cowardly enemy.

Sowing bad seed

Sermon—Sowing and Reaping.

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We all understand this. Still, strange as it may seem and as it is, all over this land men are habitually, deliberately and willfully sowing in their own infinitely more important fields than any literal field is, ever has been, or even can be, the most pernicious seed—seed that must necessarily produce the very worst kind of a crop for time and for eternity. None but an enemy would sow bad seed in his neighbor's field, so far as literal fields, literal seeds and literal sowing are concerned. But a man will, himself, deliberately and persistently sow the very worst kind of bad seed in his own field, so far as that other sowing is concerned—that sowing that is millions and billions and trillions of times more important than any literal sowing can ever be—yea, millions of billions of trillions of times more important.

If some friend had roused that husbandman from his slumbers, at midnight, and said to him, "An enemy is preparing to sow in your field seed that will ruin your crop and your field," think you he would have turned over and said, "Go away and leave me alone?" No one believes he would have acted thus. He would have sincerely thanked his neighborly neighbor, and would have watched and taken necessary precautions to prevent the sowing of pernicious seed in his field. When the question of the infinitely more important sowing is involved, however, a man will refuse to heed the warnings of those who love him best and trust him most—will reject the advice of his truest friends, and fill the field of his own life with bad seed—even the very worst. He will go right on from bad to worse, from worse to worst, "sowing seeds of bitterness for his reaping by and by,"

This is true as what we think
matters our lives + as we think so

reaping wreck and ruin as he sows—wrecking his reputation and character—and, at last, reaping the everlasting condemnation of his soul as a result of his bad sowing.

(5) Nature makes no allowance for mistakes; hence our care in the selection of seed should be commensurate with our wish to reap the desired results. A few years ago a ridge, or row, the entire length of our garden, was prepared for radishes. For the purpose for which it was prepared it was practically perfect. An abundance of good, sound seed was planted in the place thus prepared, and the crop was thoroughly and carefully cultivated. The season was favorable. An abundant crop was the result. Never a radish grew in that row, however; but such another crop of "touch-me-nots," or "balsams," we have never raised. We had flowers three times a day and between meals—enough for ourselves and all our neighbors. We had a superabundance of balsams, but no radishes. We simply made a mistake in selecting the seed we sowed—a little mistake, and one that I never regretted; for we enjoyed the flowers much more than we could have enjoyed the radishes. Nature makes no allowance for our mistakes; hence we should be very careful in the selection of seed to sow—should be sure we sow the right seed in our literal sowing—much more so in that infinitely important sowing. We should never assume to be so nearly superhuman, or divine, as to know we are right simply because we think or *feel like* we are right. We thought, and therefore felt like, we were sowing radish seed, when we were sowing "touch-me-not" seed that time. We were sincere and honest,

but we were mistaken. Nature, however, made no allowance for our mistake.

So it might be in the realm of religion, as we know it is in the realm of nature; for Solomon says: “There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.” (Prov. 16: 25.) We may think we are right, hence feel like we are right, refuse to investigate our position in the light of truth divine, and thus, treating Divinity with contempt, be eternally lost. We are not dependent upon Solomon and the analogy between literal and spiritual seed sowing alone for this startling conclusion. The merciful Savior himself says: “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 will I 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.)

Square
Prov 16
25

That settles that with those who believe the Bible and know that's in it.

(6) We understand, when we sow, that we shall reap more than we sow, in the literal sowing. Otherwise we would not sow—*of course*. There is not a farmer in all this land—in all this wide, wide world—who would sow a bushel of wheat believing he would reap only a bushel of wheat as the result of that sowing. Every man who sows, literally, hopes to reap many fold from his sowing. So far as that infinitely more important sowing is concerned, we may confidently expect to reap much more than we sow. The Bible suggests this. “For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind” (Hos. 8: 7), is a clear Bible declaration, as well as forceful illustration, of this important principle.

We reap much more than we sow, and we reap much longer than we sow, especially in this more important sowing. We can, in a day, an hour, a moment, sow enough for a lifetime, and, it may be, an eternity, of reaping. Forty-seven years ago, a certain young husband, his faithful wife and their precious little babe lived in a humble, but neat and clean and happy, home near Chattanooga, on a pretty little hill, near a crystal spring and limpid stream, in the shadow of one of the towering mountains that make East Tennessee sublime. That young man, husband, father, went to town one Saturday with a small sum of money that he and his little wife had managed, by hard work and close economy, to accumulate, to get some things they needed in their humble little log-cabin home. They had talked it all over, and decided how the money should be spent—to get a little

of this and a little of that—a little of several things they needed—especially some things for the baby. He left his busy wife at home, trying to make home a paradise, humble though it was, where she, with the baby in her arms, was waiting and watching to welcome him home at the setting of the sun. At noon of that sad day he was drunk—had spent for whisky the money he should have spent for other things, and was drunk. When just drunk enough to feel like he owned the earth and could whip the world, he enlisted in the Confederate Army—a thing he had never, when sober, even thought of doing. He didn't want to be a soldier; but he was too drunk to know what he was doing. Having enlisted, however, he drank more whisky, and finally fell into a deep, drunken sleep. Next morning, not knowing what had happened, he started home; but was arrested and taken to headquarters, where he was officially informed that he was a soldier, hence must obey orders, or reap the fatal results. He doffed his citizen's garb, donned the uniform of the army to which he belonged and marched with the army to Kentucky. He never saw his wife and baby after he left them at home that memorable Saturday morning when he started to town expecting to return to them that selfsame day, and was inexpressibly miserable all the remnant of his days. I know what poverty, misery and distress are; but I think I have never been associated with a more miserable man than that man was. He was a soldier against his will—a brave, daring, reckless, desperate soldier, who really preferred death to life. Sometimes he would weep like a heartbroken child; sometimes he would rave like a maniac. Ordinarily, how-

ever, the calmness, fearlessness and resolute determination of dread despair seemed to possess him. Well do I remember the dark and dreadful day—the thrilling, terrible time—when he fell lifeless on the frozen bosom of old Kentucky, far away from his home and loved ones among the mountains of Tennessee. In a very few moments that unfortunate man spent for whisky the money that should have been otherwise spent. In a very few moments more he got drunk. But he spent all the remnant of his days in reaping, in sorrow and sadness and tears, the result of that brief sowing.

But there is a sadder side, or shade, if possible, in this picture than I have yet presented. To see that sadder side, or shade, let us go from the fatal field where that unhappy husband, father, fell, back to the humble log-cabin home among the mountains, where his youthful widow weeps and wails, as she presses to her heaving bosom her fatherless babe that knows not why its mother weeps. The scene changes rapidly. Shadows are falling upon the picture. The baby is sick. The baby is dead. Two little white hands are folded on a bosom in which a heart has ceased to beat. A little white coffin is in that lonely log cabin. A lonely little grave is in the garden. The childless, widowed mother has borne all she could bear. She is sick unto death. Her sorrows are ended. She is dead, but beautiful even in death. Another coffin comes and goes. There's another grave in the garden. There's one family less in this sad world. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;" and as "none of us liveth to himself, and

others must Reap with u

Sadness & Death here

others suffer for us and after

no man dieth to himself" (Rom. 14: 7), it is sadly inevitable that the innocent must often reap with the guilty.

7 The Associated Press tells us three men, living near Eastman, Ga., went to town one Saturday recently—one being fifty-five years old, the head of a large family; one, fifty years old, the head of a large family; and one, twenty-four years old, having a wife and baby. These three men went to town, got drunk—the same sad story that has been so often duplicated—were arrested and put into the barracks, there to remain till sober enough to be brought before the proper tribunal for trial. About midnight flames enveloped, fire completely consumed, the barracks—the calaboose that contained those drunken men—and only the charred remains of the men were left to tell the sad story of their sudden reaping—reaping the results of only a few hours of bad sowing. Imagination needs to only go to the three homes those husbands and fathers should have made happy and prosperous—to the two large families and the widow with her one babe—to behold the inevitable, sad, sad reaping of the innocent, as a result of the guilt of the guilty they loved.

It matters not how secretly we sow, our sowing—literal sowing—is revealed as the crop is developed. So shall it be with our sowing in this other sense—the crop shall show what the sowing has been, regardless of how secretly we may have sown. God tells us: "Be sure your sin will find you out." (Num. 32: 23.) And, howsoever many or grave may be our doubts as to the inspiration of the Book of books—the Bible—whensoever or wheresoever we find in this Book of books this or any



GRACE LARIMORE ATKISON.
 LARIMORE ROBBINS.

LARIMORE SMITH.
 BROTHER LARIMORE AND LARIMORE HARDIN.
 ADA LARIMORE SWINDLE.

other clear declaration, we may just as well conclude it is true. Many who are recklessly sowing bad, pernicious seed vainly imagine their sowing will never come to light; but the Bible says, "Be sure your sin will find you out;" and observation, history and tradition teach this is true. "Sown in the darkness, revealed in the light." "For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known." (Matt. 10: 26.) Recently a man in the far West committed suicide, leaving a letter to explain why he did the rash deed. He had worn a fictitious name; hence the people who were associated with him knew not who he was till the letter he left was read. He wrote: "More than thirty years ago I outraged and murdered a beautiful girl seventeen years old. A friendless, unknown tramp was arrested, tried, convicted on circumstantial evidence and hanged for that crime, notwithstanding he had nothing to do with it—did not even know of it till he was arrested. I have tried in vain to flee from the memory of that deed. I have gone every gait and all the gaits, but I cannot rid myself of the terrible burden of that guilt. I have borne it as long as I can bear it; hence when this letter is read my body will be dead." It required only a few minutes for him to do that terrible, sinful sowing; but he spent more than thirty years reaping the harvest that followed, then destroyed his own life, and plunged into the fathomless depths of the boundless beyond, thus fleeing from ills he knew to ills he did not know to reap through eternity's endless ages the final result of his heartless sowing here.

It is not simply and solely after our sowing is ended

that we reap. We sometimes reap *while* we sow, as well as *as* we sow. The man who is living a life of sin, thus preparing his soul for perdition, may, and frequently does, reap regretful, but natural, results of his living—his sowing—in the loss of business prestige, of health and happiness, that naturally and necessarily result from the life he is living. Then, too, if we commit heinous, cruel crimes, notwithstanding the world may not condemn us, our consciences, like unquenchable flames, torture us every day; for we can never forget the cruel crimes we commit, and we can never remember them without remorse. You may remember Ed. Stokes, who shot and killed Jim Fisk, of Fisk University fame. Public opinion and “the unwritten law” seem to have favored the murderer; but the Associated Press tells us he has never, since that day, known even one hour of real happiness or conscious peace. Though not really old, he is “dying of old age,” having aged so rapidly. His hair is prematurely white. He has never slept in a dark room since he committed that cruel, cowardly crime. Though he was acquitted by the law, under pressure of public opinion, his conscience is literally torturing him to death. This is the testimony recently presented to the public by the press.

Many years ago an aged man, whose hair was long and perfectly white, and who had been blind many years, sent for me to go to see him. When I went to him, he was sitting on a goods box, and on his arm was a little basket containing things he tried to sell, that he might live on the proceeds, instead of being a burden as a blind beggar begging his daily bread. He said: “I want to

talk with you—want to tell you my life story. More than forty years ago I killed a man. My neighbors approved the act, public opinion approved it, and the people protested against my being punished for it; but my conscience has never approved it, and my punishment all these forty years and more has been almost greater than I could bear. It was not absolutely necessary for me to kill that man; and a moment after I saw him gasp the last time, just a few seconds after I shot him, I would gladly have given all the wealth of all the worlds, had it been mine, to have restored him to life and health again. I have been as miserable as man can be in this world ever since I committed that deed. I believe my blindness is a judgment—a just judgment—sent upon me because of that cruel crime. I wanted to tell you, because I believed you would sympathize with me in my deep distress, my constant sorrow and my bitter regret.”

Things similar to these have occurred so frequently that they seem like stale news, uninteresting and commonplace; hence I find myself wondering why this large, intelligent audience should listen so patiently and attentively to the recital of the sad stories I have just related. It is not because they are rare, for their name is legion; but because there are in them truths that thrill the hearts of those who hear. Such stories are common because sin, the source of every woe, abounds; but while thousands sow in sin and reap in sorrow, sympathizing millions mourn, and would gladly prevent such sad, sinful sowing, and resultant reaping, if they could. Men may philosophize and theorize and speculate, and even jest and joke, about hell—may deny there is a hell, or to be a

hell, hereafter; but, be this as it may, millions have made a hell *here* for themselves, and millions more may do so, if they will; "for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

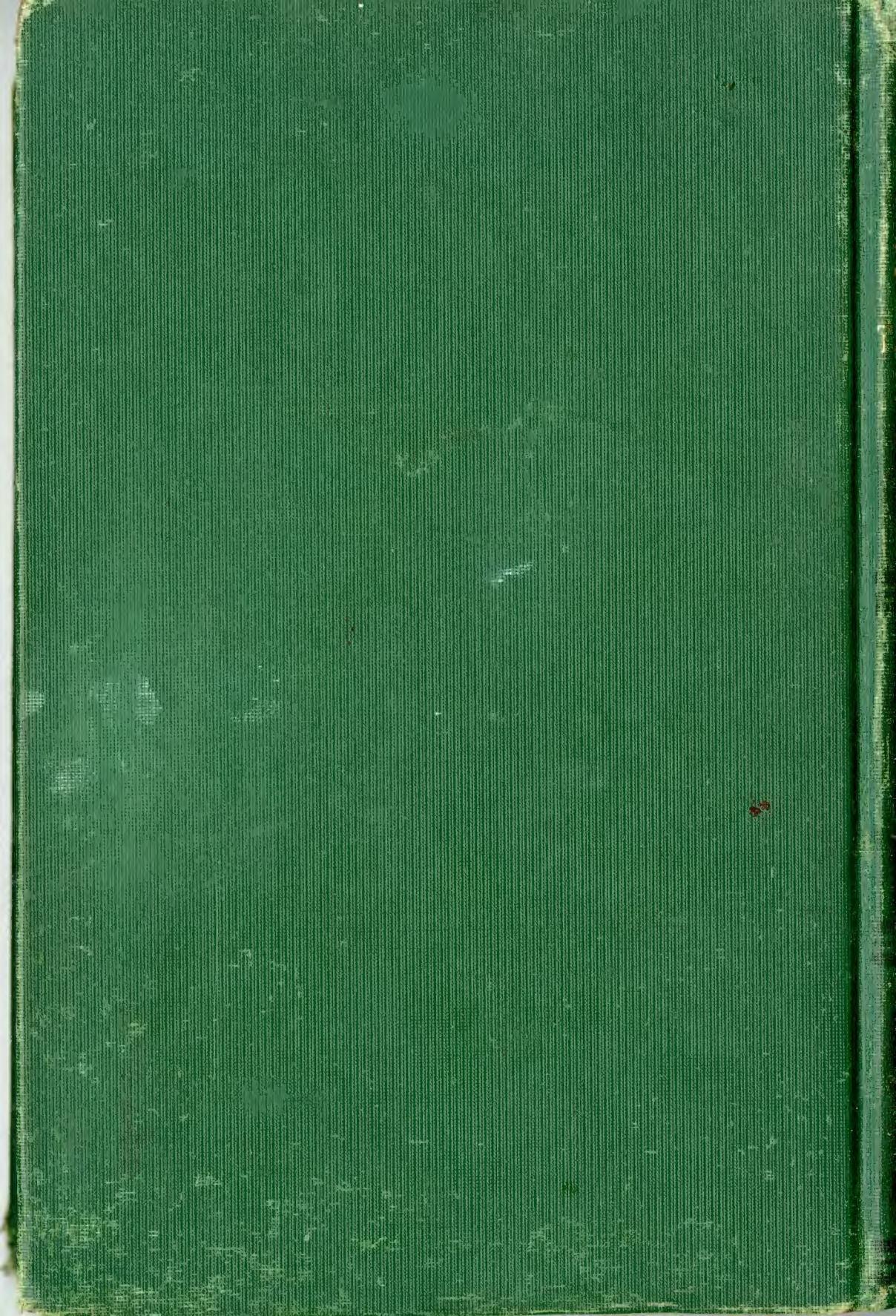
After the actual reaping in its worst form begins, some, then remorsefully and hopelessly reaping the legitimate results of their sinful sowing, are more than willing to abandon their bad sowing—gladly would, if they could, reverse all the regretful, remorseful results thereof, of course. After a brilliant youth, who might have been a blessing to the brotherhood of man, has broken his mother's heart and wrecked his own life; after he has committed murder that has caused him to be locked up in jail, and that is to result in his being hanged by the neck, like a dog, till he is dead, he would give a thousand worlds like this, if he had them—the wealth of all worlds, if his—to roll back the wheels of time and be again an innocent little boy at his mother's knees, having the knowledge that he now has to help him avoid bad sowing—that his lifelong sowing might be good instead of bad. That, however, can never be. It is but the remorseful dream of dread despair, and never can be realized.

Realizing all these things, and knowing them to be true, why cannot, why *do* not, all who are sowing bad seed of any kind stop—stop now and forever, without delay? They must reap as long as they live—reap the results of the bad sowing they have already done, but why not stop all such sowing now, that they may not have to reap eternal results thereof? That stalwart young man who has lost an eye in a drunken brawl can never regain the

eye he has lost. That being true, he must reap the sad results of the sinful sowing that destroyed it; but that is a reason unanswerable why he should not continue to live a dissipated life, that may result in the loss of his other eye, and, at last, his soul eternally. Some one has said: "The way to do a thing is to do it." The way to quit a thing is to quit it. A farmer is sowing seed in his field. His neighbor, suddenly appearing on the scene, says to him: "That is not the seed you want sown in your field. It will ruin your farm as certainly as you sow it here." Will he sow another handful of that seed? Not then. He will thank his neighbor, and tell him so. Then he will carefully consider, and diligently investigate, the case. Investigation may prove his neighbor, instead of himself, was mistaken; but he will, nevertheless, thank his neighbor for *trying* to bless him. If, however, investigation proves his neighbor correct and himself mistaken, *then* what? We all know what he will do. Why not act upon the same, sane, safe principle in reference to that other sowing that is millions of billions of trillions of times more important than this? Let us remember we are sowing, not only for our own reaping, but for the reaping of others, even those who love us best and trust us most; for they must reap, to some extent, with us, and, some of them, after us, results of our own sowing; "for none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." (Rom. 14: 7.) Many are heartlessly sowing bad seed, the bitter harvest of which must be reaped by loving and trusting souls who would not refuse to die for them. "What are you sowing, my brother? O, what are you sowing to-day?"

I have scarcely alluded to the eternal reaping—the reaping beyond this life. I shall not now take time to speak of that endless reaping, but simply suggest that you think of it. You can make that reaping what you will. If you live and continue to live in rebellion against God, you must die in your sins and go into eternity without God and without hope—plunge into the fathomless depths of outer darkness and dread despair, and spend eternity there, with the offscourings of every age, country and clime—that sad, sorrowful reaping continuing through endless ages as a result of bad, sinful, shameful sowing here. If you will abandon sin and Satan and obey the gospel of the Son of God, and, being thus born into God's family, God's church, then live the Christian life all the remnant of your days, as you should do, as all responsible souls should do, your sowing shall be sweet sowing, your reaping blissful reaping, your influence shall be good, and only good, and that continually, for all concerned; and, at last, after enjoying the sweetest blessings earth can give, you shall die in the triumphs of a living faith and be borne to the land of eternal blessedness, there to reap eternal bliss from the sowing you shall have done in the service of our Savior here. "So mote it be."

"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."





LETTERS
AND
SERMONS
OF

T.B. LARMORE