

# The Baptist Examiner

A PAPER WITH A NATIONAL CIRCULATION

"To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them" (Isa.8:20).

VOL. 8, NO. 9

RUSSELL, KENTUCKY, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1939

WHOLE NO. 68

## Two Different Views Relative To Whiskey

In the days when Bob Ingersoll was at the height of his career, he sent his friend Buckley some whiskey as a gift. The first letter which follows was Ingersoll's letter to Buckley accompanying the gift, while the second letter is Buckley's letter to Ingersoll refusing it. Though we have seen these in print from time to time, they are still most interesting and we are therefore sharing them with our readers.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am sending you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever drove the skeleton from the feast of painted landscapes in the brain of man. It's the mingled soul 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 rich 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 voices of children. Drink it and you will feel within your blood the starred dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusk of perfect days. For forty years this imprisoned liquid joy has been confined within staves of oak longing

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## Except My Property

I must not be regarded as irreverent when I express my conviction of how multitudes of people sing of surrender with very decided reservations. Frances Ridley Havergal has written for us one of the most effective hymns of consecration in our entire hymnal. But note how many people sing it:

"Take my life and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord to Thee  
(Except my property).

Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee  
(Except my property)"

My readers will protest that this ruins the hymn. Certainly it does. It ruins the harmony. It breaks the meter. It destroys the rhythm. But that is exactly what happens when I leave my property out of my surrender to God. If Christ is to be Lord of my life, I must crown Him Lord of my property as well as the

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## INFLUENCE.

"An old man going a lone highway,  
Came at evening, cold and gray  
To a chasm, vast and deep and wide;  
The old man crossed at the twilight dim:  
The sullen stream had no fear for him,  
But he turned when safe on the other side  
And built a bridge to span the tide.

'Old Man,' said a fellow pilgrim near,  
'You're wasting your strength with building here  
Your journey will end with the ending day,  
You never again will pass this way;  
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,  
Why build you this bridge at eventide?'

The builder lifted his old gray head—  
'Good friend, in the path I've come', he said  
There followed after me today

A youth whose feet must pass this way;  
This chasm that has been as naught to me  
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;  
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;  
Good friend, I'm building this bridge for him."

## BIBLE QUESTIONS

1. Who found an angel under an oak tree?
2. What message did an old man receive from the stars?
3. What king never had father nor mother?
4. Who wrestled all night with an unknown wrestler?
5. Who was protected by a host of horses and chariots?
6. What man brought upon himself a dreadful curse by rebuilding a city?
7. What was the forgotten dream that nearly caused the death of a host of men?
8. Who slaughtered sixty-nine of his brothers on one stone?
9. What nation first fought with the Israelites after they crossed the Red sea, and what was its fate?
10. Who loved so well that seven years of service seemed to him but a few days?
11. What murderer became king and reigned seven days?
12. Who was the second oldest man in the Bible?

(See Answers on Page Eight)

## The First Baptist Pulpit

### When The Angels Acted As Pallbearers

"There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day:

And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores,

And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.

And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried;

And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.

And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.

But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.

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## Much Interest In Dickerson's Going To Brazil

Since this paper is a clearing house for missionary information, it gives us no little joy to share with you the letters relative to our missionary work. The following letter was written by the aged father of our Bro. C. W. Dickerson, who is soon to go to Brazil as a missionary.

Dear Brother Gilpin:

Please find enclosed fifty cents as subscription price for your paper for one year beginning with the the sample copy you sent me date of March 18, 1939, which gave me the news of my only son, C. W. Dickerson, being called of God to take His gospel message to the lost of Brazil.

Of course, it makes me very sad to have him so far away. When he was small, he slept with me, and on the night of his sixth birthday, after he had gone to sleep, I took him in my arms and dedicated him in my weak way, but in the best way I knew how, to God. Lately I have been praying to God for him to give Charlie a place to preach His word and to make him a great soul winner. It grieves me knowing I may never see him any more this side of the judgment, yet I must say, God's will be done.

May the Lord bless you and  
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## Bible Conferences

Sunday, Mar. 26, the editor visited Ashland Avenue Baptist Church at Lexington, Kentucky, on the occasion of the opening of their annual Bible Conference. This is the church of which Bro. Clarence Walker is pastor.

Just to be with brother and sister Walker and their church is a happy season of fellowship. This year was no exception. For the past seven years it has been the editor's great privilege to preach for this church on the opening Sunday of their annual Conference. Since last year's pilgrimage with them, they have enlarged and painted their auditorium, added more Sunday school rooms, and installed a new organ. We also observed a growth in attendance in the Sunday school and in the crowds at the preaching services. However, the best growth was noted in the spiritual interest and reception of the mes-

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