

Devoted to Evangelism, Missions, and Bible Doctrines.

The Baptist Examiner

The Paper With a National Circulation

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel."

"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)

Address All Matters Concerning This Publication to 120 North Market Street, Benton, Arkansas . . . Or to Its Editorial Offices at Russell, Kentucky

Whole No. 158

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1941

Vol. 9, No. 48

A Distressed Pastor Asks A Pointed Question Which Many Ask Today

An earnest and distressed pastor writes from Kansas:

"What would you do if you were the pastor of a prosperous people, well to do, many of them, and leaders in practically every movement and institution in a large town, and found these people generous with their money towards the church and toward you and your family, unusually well behaved folks so far as scandals and wickedness go, and if you had a splendid building and equipment and a first class parsonage, and your church gave you a position of recognized importance in the denomination's life, and permitted you all the honors you cared to carry in the community, and the community and church gave your children the largest possible opportunity, if with all these advantages you found your church ineffective, its program really unworthy of its great ability and resource, and if you made up your mind that the trouble could not be anything but yourself, because with every material and social advantage, you did not succeed in really enlisting your Sunday school superintendent, your chairman of deacons and your chairman of your deaconesses, and your chairman of trustees, and your president of the women's organizations and if you knew that all of these people went to lodge, club, and party with enthusiasm and strength, yet not one of them attended your evening service, and not all of them even attend Sunday school, and some of them only occasionally go to the morning service, and if you found that every one of them liked you personally, approved of your ministry, and saw no reason for you being either discouraged or restless, and if you knew that every argument which touched the welfare of yourself and family was in favor of you drifting along as they want you to do, while your soul actually ached to get the folks interested in soul

(Continued on Page Two)

Keeping Himself Ready

Dr. Horatius Bonar had a very lovely way of keeping himself in the attitude of constant readiness for his Lord's return.

At night, when he went to his room, before retiring, he would go to the window, and, raising the blind a little, would look out upon the starry night and would say to his adoring heart, "Perhaps tonight, Lord. Perhaps tonight!" Then he went to bed and slept. In the morning when he arose, he would go to the window. Instinctively he would raise the blind and look upon the dawning day and again say to a heart that truly loved his Lord, "Perhaps today, Lord!" And so he lived as one ready to hail his Redeemer.—Selected.

"HE HAS NO ENEMIES"

"He has no enemies, you say!
My friend the boast is poor.
He who has mingled in the fray
Of duty that the strong endure,
Must have made foes! If he has none
Small is the work that he has done:
He has bit no traitor on the hip,
He has cast no cup from tempted lip;
He has never turned the wrong to right,
He has been a coward in the fight."

Author Unknown.

MARGUERITE

On a hot summer day, profiting by the shade on one side of the street, I sallied out for my daily round of visits. My objective point was the port quarter of the city, chiefly inhabited by sailors, longshoremen, and porters; rough people generally, but intelligent and industrious. A few of them attended our meetings quite often and I was not a stranger among them.

I had just turned into a narrow lane which led to the port when I heard a voice calling me. I turned and saw a man leaning against the door of a cabin built of pieces of broken ships. He was ill clad, and his hard features and brutal aspect denoted a man of evil life.

"Hello! Are you going to stop?" he shouted to me in an imperious tone. Then, pointing with his finger to the place of our meetings nearby, he added in a half mocking way, "You're the captain of that frigate over there, aren't you?"

"Do you desire to speak to me, my friend?" I asked quietly, without even noticing his manner of address.

"Not exactly," he replied in an indifferent manner. "It is the old woman in here who wants to see you. She's about to ship and would like to know if her passport is all right."

"Do you mean your wife?" I asked, as I looked at him half in pity and half in indignation.

"As you like. She was annoying me to go after you, but you see, it was too hot for a Christian to put his head outdoors, and I saw you passing."

"A Christian! and are you then a Christian?" I asked him, with a look which seemed to intimidate him somewhat.

"O well, I am not ambitious to pass for such," he replied. "What are Christians? tiresome sermon makers; the less of them the better."

I answered nothing, but walked into the sole room which made up his dwelling. The sufferer was in a bed built in the wall, ship fashion. She turned to me a smiling face, and extending her hand, she said, "God be praised for this favor." She had

(Continued on Page Four)

The First Baptist Pulpit

"THE BARLEY FIELD ON FIRE"

"Therefore Absalom sent for Joab, to have sent him to the king; but he would not come to him: and when he sent again the second time, he would not come.

"Therefore, he said unto his servants, See, Joab's field is near mine, and he hath barley there; go and set it on fire. And Absalom's servants set the field on fire.

"Then Joab arose, and came to Absalom unto his house, and said unto him, Wherefore have thy servants set my field on fire?"—II Sam. 14:29-31.

Our text takes us back to a vaguely familiar story in the Old Testament. Absalom, after killing his half-brother, Amnon, had fled to Geshur, and had lived among the Philistines for three years. Through the craftiness of Joab, David's commander-in-chief of the army, Absalom was permitted to return to Jerusalem, but wasn't admitted into David's presence. While David outwardly forgave Absalom for having killed his half-brother, inwardly he still nursed the wound in his heart. In fact, so intense was David's feeling toward Absalom that he would not allow Absalom to come into his presence. King David said to Joab, "Let him turn to his own house, and let him not see my face." (II Sam. 14:24).

Thus, for two years Absalom lived in Jerusalem, but was not permitted to see the king's face. Finally, Absalom, growing weary of this experience of living in the same city with his father and yet not being able to see him,

(Continued on Page Three)

Harrowing Description Of The Pope's Palace At Arignon, By Dickens

"A few steps," he says, "brought us to the dungeons in which the prisoners of the Inquisition were confined for forty-eight hours after their capture, without food or drink, that their constancy might be shaken, even before they were confronted with their gloomy judges. The day has not got in there yet. They are still, small cells, shut in by four unyielding, close, hard walls; still profoundly dark, still massively doored and walled as of old. On we went into a vaulted chamber, now used as a storeroom, once the Chapel of the Holy Office. The place where the tribunal sat was plain. The platform might have been removed but yesterday. Conceive the parable of the Good Shepherd having been painted on the wall of one of these Inquisition chambers! But it was, and may be traced there yet.

"High up in the jealous walls are niches where the faltering replies of the accused were heard and noted down. Many of them had been brought out of the very cell we had just looked into. We had trodden in their very footsteps. Then into a room adjoining—a rugged room, with a funnel-shaped, contracting roof, open at the top to the bright day. The chamber of torture, and the roof was made of that shape to stifle the victim's cries. See the stone trough for the water-torture. Gurgles, swell, bloat, burst, heretic—for the Redeemer's honor. Suck the bloody rag, deep down into your unbelieving body, heretic, at every breath you draw. And know us, for His chosen servants, true believers in the Sermon on the Mount, elect disciples of Him who never did a miracle but to heal; who never struck a man with palsy, blindness, deafness, dumbness, madness, or any one affection of mankind, and never stretched His blessed hands out but to give relief and ease. There the furnace was. There they made the irons red-hot. Those holes supported

(Continued on Page Two)

Billy Sunday Epigrams

Evangelist Billy Sunday was a master in the use of epigrams from the pulpit. He made language, vigorous, piercing language, serve him in his quest for souls. A few typical barbs that used to strike audiences like streaks of zig-zag lightning are produced below:

"The Devil has no more business in churches, pulpits, and individuals than a wolf in a sheepfold, a fox in a hen roost, or a rattlesnake in a nursery."

"The world does not respect the church or the preacher who is afraid; it will and does respect the church and the preacher if they have courageous convictions."

"We put our hands in our pockets" (Continued on Page Two)

The Baptist Examiner

JOHN R. GILPIN Editor

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
Printed and Mailed from office at
Benton, Arkansas.

Editorial Department: RUSSELL, KENTUCKY, where communications should be sent for publication.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
Per Year in Advance..... 50c
(Domestic and Foreign)
Send Remittance to Russell, Ky.

Paid circulation in about forty states and four foreign countries.

Subscriptions are stopped at expiration unless renewed or special arrangements are made for their continuance.

Entered as Second Class matter May 7, 1940, at the post office at Benton, Ark., under the act of March 3, 1879.

MISSION REPORTS

Baptist Examiner

During the month of December, we have received the following contributions toward the printing of THE BAPTIST EXAMINER. To each of these we express our appreciation, and we rejoice over the fellowship which we have with those who love the Lord and believe in the truth which we espouse, and who enjoy having a part with us from week to week in getting out this paper. May their tribe increase.

Henry Roberts, Russell, Ky.	\$ 1.00
W. E. Fleck, Russell, Ky.	1.00
Margaret Sutton, Russell, Ky.	1.00
1924 Bible Class, Russell, Ky.	1.00
Mrs. Dawn Pack, Chillicothe, Ohio	1.00
W. B. Curnutte, Louisa, Ky.	1.00
Paul Rece, Russell, Ky.	1.00
C. H. Brubaker, South Point, Ohio	1.00
Miss Gertrude Baldwin, San Antonio, Texas	.50
Myrtle Dalrymple, Cincinnati, Ohio	2.00
H. C. Barker, Cincinnati, Ohio	1.00
Coalgrove Baptist Church, Coalgrove, Ohio	3.00
Mrs. Bertha Hardiman, Russell, Ky.	.25
Cherryville Baptist Church, Louisa, Ky.	1.00
Burton Pedigo, Powersburg, Ky.	5.00
Mrs. J. T. Mills, Wayne, W. Va.	1.00
Clyde Stephens, Hillsboro, Ohio	2.00
A. L. Brubaker, South Point, Ohio	1.00
L. S. Butler, Boothbay, Maine	1.00
Greenup Baptist Church, Greenup, Ky.	1.00
R. A. Walters, Pinson Fork, Ky.	1.00
Edward L. Adams, Denton, Ky.	1.00
George W. Dials, Portsmouth, O.	2.00
Tennie Beamon, Florence, Ky.	1.00
J. W. Schmidt, Boron, Calif.	1.00
William R. Royce, Richmond, Ky.	.50
J. J. Oliver, Edenton, N. C.	.50
Mrs. William Bell, Ivor, Virginia	.50
John Porter, Russell, Ky.	2.00
Mrs. J. Reavis, Thompson, Wheelersburg, Ohio	1.00
Mrs. G. A. Arganbright, Portsmouth, Ohio	1.00
W. L. Webb, Glenwood, Ky.	3.00
Roy Wellman, Fort Gay, W. Va.	1.00
J. B. Damron, Louisa, Ky.	3.50
C. E. Rhodes, Belle, W. Va.	2.75
Greenup Baptist Church, Greenup, Ky.	1.00
Mrs. John Snoddy, Wurtland, Ky.	1.00
Fred Wilson, Russell, Ky.	1.00
Mrs. Sam Hood, Chaplin, Ky.	1.00
Kingdom Seekers Class (First Baptist Church), Russell, Ky.	1.00
Mrs. Gabe Felty, Samaria, Ky.	1.00
Charles P. Ross, Buchanan, Ky.	1.00
Mrs. Allen Ross, Buchanan, Ky.	1.00
Charles Burns, Buchanan, Ky.	1.00
Mrs. Williams, Coalgrove, Ohio	1.00
Berean Bible Class, Russell, Ky.	2.00
Clarence Reynolds, Ashland, Ky.	1.00
Evelyn Donahue, Ironton, Ohio	1.66
A. Dickerson, Harrodsburg, Ky.	1.00
Earl Kirkendall, Rushtown, Ohio	1.00
Wayne Jordan, Russell, Ky.	3.00
Hazel F. Hutchinson, Huntington, W. Va.	2.00
Elbert Stephenson, South Portsmouth, Ky.	2.00
Mrs. George Wells, Ivor, Va.	.50
Mrs. Polly Morris, Russell, Ky.	.50
Mrs. Manford Gayheart, Russell, Ky.	1.00
Mrs. N. W. Kiser, Carter, Ky.	1.00
Mrs. C. W. Lycan, Wayne, W. Va.	2.00
Homer Grooms, Louisa, Ky.	1.00
A Friend, South Point, Ohio	1.00
Coalgrove Baptist Church, Coalgrove, Ohio	4.64
A Friend, Danleyton, Ky.	1.26
Danleyton Baptist Church, Danleyton, Ky.	1.00
Mrs. L. M. Lester, Russell, Ky.	2.00

BILLY SUNDAY EPIGRAMS

(Continued from Page One)

ets, feel for a nickel to put on the collection plate, and then wonder why the world isn't saved."

"The old world is horribly disordered and out of joint; it must come under Omnipotent surgery before we can expect health."

"The auto is not responsible for the falling off in church attendance. That fool thing will stand in the middle of the road until you tell it where to go. It's the man behind the wheel that's to blame."

"The devil finds no fault with the mother who makes her children play in the street so they won't wear out the carpet."

"You say you have a bad temper, but it's over in a minute, so is a shotgun, but it blows everything to pieces."

"I'm trying to make America so dry that a man must be primed before he can spit."

G. S. Ruley, La Frank, W. Va.	5.40
G. S. Ruley, La Frank, W. Va.	2.50
E. E. Collins, Russell, Ky.	1.00
Joe Wood, Russell, Ky.	1.00
Richard Hammer, Gamaliel, Ky.	1.00
Clyde Nance, Lesage, W. Va.	1.00
Mrs. A. L. Cullen, Providence, Ky.	2.00
A. J. Kirk, Paintsville, Ky.	.50
Mrs. Thad Griffiths, New Market, Tenn.	1.00
A Friend, Ashland, Ky.	1.00
A Friend, Burnside, Ky.	25.00
Mrs. Harry Baisden, Wayne, W. Va.	1.00
Mrs. Lacy Griffey, Big Rock, Tenn.	.50
A Friend, Jump, Ky.	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Winfred Miller, Huntington, W. Va.	20.00
Roy Powell, Russell, Ky.	1.00
Jim Lowe, Raceland, Ky.	1.00
W. H. Pifer, Russell, Ky.	1.00
Mrs. Frank Nelson, Russell, Ky.	.25
Ralph Hicks, Russell, Ky.	1.00
William Milligan, Russell, Ky.	.66
A Friend, South Point, Ohio	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Mann Burton, Russell, Ky.	2.50
Harold Sutton, Russell, Ky.	2.00
Anonymously	4.50
Total	\$162.91

This leaves us with a deficit of \$71.12½ which has accumulated during the months of November and December. It is truly our prayer that the Lord may make it possible that this deficit may be completely wiped out by the end of January, and that we will be able to begin the month of February without any obligations.

BOOK REVIEWS

From William B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan

AAMON ALWAYS. By Dan E. L. Patch. 314 pages. Price, \$1.00. This book contains the fascinating story of the adventures of a young Jewish boy who was born in Finland, but later was adopted and brought to America.

After the death of his foster father and mother, not knowing from where he came, nor if he had any living relatives, Aamon was considered and treated as an outcast. Through the trickery of his foster brothers, he was cheated out of his inheritance, cast into prison, and later deported to Europe. The only thing that gave him courage during these dark experiences was the love and devotion of his foster-sister.

After some thrilling experiences in Finland, Germany and Russia, where he serves as a co-pilot in the air corps, he becomes a stowaway on a British plane and suddenly finds himself in Palestine.

In the meantime, he has become a Christian, and the first person he meets is an old Jewish rabbi. He succeeds in leading him to the Messiah.

Through the Divine workings of God, his foster-brothers are brought

A DISTRESSED PASTOR ASKS A POINTED QUESTION WHICH MANY ASK TODAY

(Continued from Page One)

winning and character building, while you found them hard as flint to your appeals for consecration and loyalty, well, what WOULD you do?"

I have quoted this long letter from a brother pastor because it is typical of so many churches these days and of the heart cry of so many of my brethren in the ministry. Now, to briefly answer, and I wish I had several pages to answer in, but space forbids. I think I would try and reveal to this church its true condition as seen by the one who walks in the "midst of the candlesticks" (Rev. 1:13), and who gave the sad message to the church at Laodicea. (Rev. 3:14) My brother has a church that is "poor and blind and naked". And yet it does not know it. Only the Spirit of God can awaken such a church and under God I say that either that church would be awakened or there would be a funeral in the parsonage. A flame of fire in the pulpit will set at least a few souls on fire and they in turn will set others on fire for Christ and souls and then those who prove to be unregenerated and therefore unresponsive will either resign or cause the pastor's resignation, and by that time, the pastor would not care which. But there is a way out, and that way is the way of Pentecost.—Word and Way.

to see what a mistake they have made, and Aamon is the means of leading one of them to Christ. The story has a happy ending when Aamon marries the girl he has always loved.

* *

From J. B. Lippincott

PARTNERS. By Grace Livingston Hill. 308 pages, Price, \$2.00. Dale Hathaway, left alone in the world after the death of her mother, finds herself homeless and friendless. One night while coming up the steps of her boarding house, the oranges which she carried in her arms, fell to the ground. At that moment, a young man came out of the house, picked up her oranges for her, and carried them to her room. Thus was her meeting with George Rand, a young newspaper man, who was destined to play a large part in her future life.

Some months later, one cold snowy night, as George Rand opened the door of his boarding house, he heard a faint cry. Lying in front of him, just inside the door, was a poor little baby crying from cold and hunger. George picked up the babe, and not knowing what else to do, carried it up to Dale's room. Their landlady misunderstood the situation, and asked them to leave.

In the meantime, the young baby has developed pneumonia, and the doctors are fighting for his life. Dale and George stay by the side of the little life they are fighting for, for they have become partners in this great undertaking. The sickness of the baby has brought Dale to realize that she has strayed away from the Christ she had once loved.

George's work takes him to Chicago for a week, and it is during his absence from Dale and the baby that he realizes that only God can save the life of the child he has come to love, and he gives his heart to Him who alone is able to save. He realizes something else—that Dale is the only girl he has ever loved.

What a happy reunion it was when Dale walked into his arms a few days later, and they became PARTNERS in everything in life.

HARROWING DESCRIPTION OF THE POPE'S PALACE AT ARIGNON, BY DICKENS

(Continued from Page One)

the sharp stake on which the tortured persons hung poised, dangling with their whole weight from the roof. A cold air laden with an earthy smell falls upon the face. It comes from a trapdoor in the wall. One looks in. Downward to the bottom, upward to the top of a steep, dark, lofty tower, very dismal, very dark, very cold, the executioner flung those who were past all further torturing down here.

"Again, into the chapel of the Holy Office, a little trapdoor in the floor. Behold the oubliettes of the Inquisition, subterranean, black, terrible, deadly; my blood ran cold as I looked down into the vaults where these forgotten creatures, with recollections of the world outside, of wives, friends, brothers, children—starved to death, and the stones rang with their unavailing groans. But the thrill I felt on seeing the accursed wall below, decayed and broken through, and the sun shining in through its gaping wounds, was like a sense of victory and triumph.

"Place yourself in imagination beneath the vault of yonder rugged room, picture to yourself the scene, and consider what unguessed-at misery it means. Begin by laying aside the thought of friends, from whom when once a prisoner, you are altogether severed. Not a soul of them will ever see you again. No one can even conjecture where you are. You have been trapped, it may be, in a lonely street, and brought hither in the dead of the night. In another ten minutes you must undergo the question. What answer will you give? Will you confess to these men after the example of St. Paul: 'After the way which ye call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers?' Or will you deny your own convictions, and profess to believe what you do not believe? To do this will secure for you, at the least, an easy death, instead of a death by fire, possibly no more that a short penance, possibly seclusion in some well-known monastery. But if you will denounce your friends and enter the service of your tormentors as a spy, you will gain for yourself, not only life, but much that makes life luxurious, if not splendid. Remember, if you choose against this, you will go down in silence. No protest of yours, no word or deed will ever be known; neither the fact of your death, if you die, nor yet of your existence, if you should continue to live in any other vocation than the abhorred one of being a spy upon your friends'."

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE

Mr. John R. Gilpin,
Russell, Kentucky,
Dear Mr. Gilpin:

For some reason, you have been sending me your paper. I have never had any use for it. Your recent article in the December 7th issue about the Baptist Seminary at Louisville, of which I am a recent graduate, is quite irksome and characteristic of your narrowness. Kindly take me off your mailing list.—Douglass J. Harris, Ft. Thomas, Ky.

(Editor's Note: If there is anyone else who wants to prove the truth of the old adage, "The hit dog always whines", just send us a similar card, and we promise speedy action.)

Booze builds business—for the undertaker.

"THE BARLEY FIELD ON FIRE"

(Continued from Page One)

decided to have Joab act as a mediator in his behalf to see what might be done toward getting him an audience with the king. Our text tells us that Absalom sent for Joab, but the latter refused to come to him. Then he sent for him a second time, and he did not come. Finally, after a while, Absalom had his servants set Joab's barley field on fire. This brought Joab in a hurry. His question was, "Wherefore have thy servants set my field on fire?"

Thus, since Joab had refused to see Absalom, and had paid no attention to Absalom's urgent invitations to come see him, and now since he had come into Absalom's presence to inquire as to his barley field being set on fire, this brought what Absalom desired—namely, an interview with Joab. Hence it was that Absalom had set fire to Joab's barley field in order to gain an audience with him.

I

From this story we gather that God often deals thus with sinners. Many times God calls sinners to come to Him to receive a blessing. Yet, foolishly, cold-heartedly, and wickedly they refuse to do so. Then, perhaps, God may call again. Often He calls many times. Of this we are assured by the prophet, for God, speaking through Isaiah, said: "Because when I called, ye did not answer; when I spake, ye did not hear." (Isa. 65:12). The prophet Jeremiah likewise describes how it is that men hear God's voice but refuse to heed: "And now, because ye have done all these works, saith the Lord, and I spake unto you, rising up early and speaking, but ye heard not; and I called you, but ye answered not." (Jer. 7:13). Thus it is that when God calls repeatedly and men refuse to hear Him—thus it is that He many times sets the sinner's barley field on fire—He sends some serious trial to bring that sinner into God's presence.

So many people are just like a pig. You know a pig's face is shaped in such a manner, and his eyes are in such a position in his head that he cannot see the sky until you lay him over on his back, and then he looks out around the side of his nose to see upward. Well, Adam's fallen race is just like the pig—the majority have to be laid flat of their backs before they are able to see toward the heavens.

God burns the sinner's barley field many times to call the sinner to repentance. Many and varied are the trials which fall upon the unsaved. Sometimes it is through a loss of money, or a loss of position that God calls. I think today of a young man here in Russell who was a drunkard, and who lost his job with the railroad due to his incompetence caused by drink. Later, by God's grace, I led him to Jesus and he was saved; and months after his conversion, I heard him publicly say that he thanked God that he lost his job in view of the fact that it had brought him to a saving knowledge of Jesus. Truly, God had burned up his barley field, and through this trial of losing his job and his income, he was brought to salvation in Jesus Christ.

Still again, there are other methods whereby God burns up the sinner's barley field, such as through sickness. I remember a man who lived in the community of my first pastorate. He was a good moral man, but a rank unbeliever. He went so far as to deny all thought of the future. To him there was no God,

no Christ, no Holy Spirit, no Heaven, and no Hell. Many times in that country community I talked with this man relative to God's goodness, but I failed to reach him. Then one day his barley field caught on fire. I mean by this that God took his little girl, just eight years old, who was the idol of his life—God took her in death. Still again, some months later, God set his barley field on fire again. This time the man himself became ill—being stricken with tuberculosis of the bone. I stood by him in the hospital and saw his arm amputated. I visited with him many times, both in the hospital and his home, and on my fifty-first visit and conversation with him, I led him to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus. Thus, finally, through his own sickness, he was saved. In his case, he lost heavily financially, he lost his child, and he lost his own health. God had to burn barley field after barley field, but eventually this man was brought to the Lord Jesus.

Sometimes it is through the death of our loved ones whereby God calls sinners to Himself. Years ago I heard Brother A. S. Petty, an old Baptist preacher, tell how he followed a little coffin to a cemetery, and how he stood there with the father and the mother until the grave was filled and the mound was made. Then, he said, the father leaned on his shoulder and said, "Brother Petty, will I ever see my babe again?" God had thus given that little grave a voice, and it was calling this godless man to repentance. You see, beloved, God burned up his barley field in the taking of this little child, and thus called a gospel-hardened sinner away from his sins to a Saviour.

Right here in Russell I have seen this same thing happen not once, but many times. I think now of a woman with whom I dealt often, but was unable to reach her. One day, her father, who was the idol of her life, died rather suddenly, and within a week's time she made a profession of faith. God burned up her barley field.

I remember a man who became sick and was unable to work for a number of years. Nothing seemed to reach him—not even his own sickness—until God reached down and took a son in death—that son being truly the joy of that father's heart. When his barley field was burned—I mean, when his son had departed to be with the Lord—I saw this man publicly profess his faith in Jesus, and heard him say that God had burned up every barley field that he had.

II

This being true, it behooves us to ask if there is anything that God gives us in exchange for the barley fields that He burns. How we thank God today that He does not beggar us, but rather, He always makes us richer as a result of these experiences.

First of all, when God takes a sinner and burns up his barley field, and in some way brings that hardened sinner to Himself whereby he is saved—when God does so, He gives that man in exchange a forgiveness of sins. Listen to this scripture: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity." (Psa. 32:1, 2).

In the Old Testament, the great day of the year for the Jews was the day of atonement. We read of this in Lev. 16:17. On that day, a goat was chosen, which the Jews

called a scape goat. Listen: "And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness: And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited: and he shall let go the goat in the wilderness." (Lev. 16:21, 22). Thus you see that the priest confessed over that goat all the sins and transgressions of the children of Israel. Then the goat was sent away at the hands of a fit man into the wilderness where it was turned loose. When that man came back from the wilderness, he could tell the people that the goat was gone, and that that goat had figuratively carried away their sins. Of course, that goat was only a type of the Lord Jesus Christ. At Calvary God confessed over Him all of our sins and all of our transgressions and all of our iniquities, and Christ Himself bore those sins. Hence, it is that when God burns up our barley fields and saves a sinner, He gives him a forgiveness of sins.

Not only does He give him a forgiveness of sins, but He gives him assurance. How we rejoice that every child of God has a definite assurance concerning the sin question. I thank God that when the sinner's sins have been forgiven that we are assured in the Scriptures that those sins will never be called up in question against us again. Listen: "For the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." (Rom. 11:29). The word "repentance" means a "change of mind". Repentance is a gift. Then this text would tell us that after God gives us repentance He never does change his mind about it. What text could be greater than this? Just to know that we are saved, and that we have the assurance that we are saved forever!

You doubtless have heard of Indian givers, haven't you? That's an expression concerning that individual who gives you something today and then asks you to return it tomorrow. Well, beloved, God is not an "Indian giver". He takes our sins once, and when they are laid to the account of Jesus Christ, they are paid for and put away once and forever; and in turn, God gives us definite assurance. Listen: "For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." (Heb. 8:12). Note that expression, "their iniquities will I remember no more". Well, beloved, if God won't remember them, then surely we have a wonderful future, with a definite assurance from Him.

In the Old Testament we have the same assurance, for we read: "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins." (Isa. 44:22). How we rejoice that our sins are blotted out, and if blotted out, then we are assured that we are forgiven forever.

However, when God burns up a sinner's barley field, He not only gives him in exchange a forgiveness of sins and an assurance that he is saved forever, but He gives him the privilege of prayer right now. Of course, no unsaved man has this privilege. We are assured of this through one of Jesus' experiences. Listen: "Now we know that God heareth not sinners." (Jn. 9:31). What a contrast there is, though, between the sinner and the saint in regard to prayer. Whereas the unsaved man does not have this privilege, the child of God is encouraged

to "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." (Matt. 7:7). Look also at Jesus' words in John's Gospel: "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If you shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." (Jn. 14:13, 14).

Surely, when God burns up a sinner's barley field, that one is far richer than he was before, for now he enjoys the privilege of prayer.

Furthermore, when God thus deals with a sinner, in exchange for what He takes, He gives him an experience of peace. No unsaved man has any peace, and yet every child of God revels in the fact that he is at peace with God. Listen to these Scriptures: "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. 5:1). "And, having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself." (Col. 1:20).

Before one is saved, he absolutely has no quietude of soul, and no peace of mind. The darkest picture in the Bible describes him: "That at that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world." (Eph. 2:12). Yet, when one is saved through the blood, he comes to a definite peace in Christ.

Several months ago I visited an infidel who was dying. He was a rather learned man, having been a school teacher, and having practiced law throughout all his life. From early childhood he had been an infidel and had taught his own family to be infidels, and had influenced hundreds of young lives whom he had taught in the schoolroom in the same manner. I stood by his bedside and tried to talk to him about Jesus, but this he spurned. I tried to read to him from the Bible, but he rejected this. I tried to pray with him, but he refused to let me pray. And there I stood by his bedside, helpless to be of any service to him. Yet, his infidelity served him to no good purpose, for it brought him no peace. I have never seen a more wretched, dejected individual in my life than that man who died without the peace of God. What a contrast to the way in which I have seen my own loved ones, some of my best friends, and some of my preacher and brethren go out to meet the Lord. Whereas they had peace, this infidel died in a horrible agony of conscience.

I say, though, that whenever God burns up our barley fields, or in other words, when He takes from us some of our greatest blessings in order that He might call us to Him—when He does so, He gives us the peace of God in exchange.

And finally, after a while, He is going to give us Heaven as an eternal home. Listen: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. 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." (Jn. 14:1, 3).

Some day we are coming to that city whose streets are paved with pure gold. What a day it shall be! As the old song has said:

"There's no disappointment in heaven,
No weariness, sorrow, or pain;
No hearts that are bleeding and broken,
No song with a minor refrain.
The clouds of our earthly horizon
Will never appear in the sky,
For all will be sunshine and gladness,
With never a sob nor a sigh."

(Continued on Page Four)

"THE BARLEY FIELD ON FIRE"

(Continued from Page Three)

I'm bound for that beautiful city
My Lord has prepared for His own;
Where all the redeemed of all ages
Sing "Glory!" around the white throne;
Sometimes I grow homesick for heaven,
And the glories I there shall behold;
What a joy that will be when my Saviour
I see,

In that beautiful city of gold!

We'll never pay rent for our mansion,
The taxes will never come due;
Our garments will never grow threadbare,
But always be fadeless and new.
We'll never be hungry nor thirsty,
Nor languish in poverty there,
For all the rich bounties of heaven
His sanctified children will share.

There'll never be crepe on the door-knob,
No funeral train in the sky;
No graves on the hill-sides of glory,
For there we shall never-more die.
The old will be young there forever,
Transformed in a moment of time;
Immortal we'll stand in His likeness,
The stars and the sun to out-shine.

I'm bound for that beautiful city
My Lord has prepared for His own;
Where all the redeemed of all ages
Sing "Glory!" around the white throne;
Sometimes I grow homesick for heaven,
And the glories I there shall behold;
What a joy that will be when my Saviour
I see,

In that beautiful city of gold!"

While it is true that God often deals thus with sinners, and that many times He burns their barley fields, or in other words, takes from them their greatest material blessings—while this is true, He always gives the sinner far more than He takes from him, for He gives to that one who is saved, as I have said, forgiveness of sins, an assurance of eternal salvation, the privilege of prayer, and the peace of God now, and after a while, He will give him Heaven for his eternal home.

Let me say in closing that this is not only God's method of dealing with the unsaved; He deals likewise with the child of God, for even after we are saved, God many times burns our barley fields in order to bring us nearer to Him. Listen: "And ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, My Son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him: For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." (Heb. 12:5, 6, 11).

I remember a little poem which I picked up several years ago, published in the Salem Pioneer-Register, presumably from parents who had lost an only child. It goes something like this:

"Only a baby's grave—
A foot or two at the most
Of tear-dewed sod
But a loving God
Knows what the little grave cost.

Only a baby's life—
Sweet as a perfumed kiss
So fleet it goes
But our Father knows
We are nearer to Him for this."

It may be that God is dealing with some of you today in this manner. If you are a child of God and He is thus dealing with you to call you to a closer walk with Him—may you heed His call ere He be compelled to burn your barley field that He might bring you nearer to Him.

It may be also that there are those of our invisible audience who are yet unsaved. Perhaps this very day God is speaking to you, or it may be that He has already burned up barley field after barley field. He may have taken one blessing after another from you that you might be saved. May you hear His voice today and receive Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour. "But as many

MARGUERITE

(Continued from Page One)

to make an effort to speak and it was evident her end was near.

Seeing such a rough husband, I had expected to meet a woman in keeping, but I was greatly surprised at what I found. Scarcely thirty years of age, there was in that woman, who was evidently dying, an expression of gentleness, of intelligence, and even of refinement which contrasted strangely with her surroundings. I wondered how such a creature as she could be the wife of that brutish man.

"Sir," she said, "it was a strong wish of mine to see you before dying. I desire you to pray for my husband," and her eyes went after the porter who, leaning against the door frame, listened to what was being said within while he seemed to be only watching the movements of the vessels in the harbor.

"Marguerite," he called out, as he turned his head, "if you called the minister to make prayers for me, you are giving yourself unnecessary trouble." Then, looking at me in an insolent manner, he added, "Mister, if any paryers are to be made for me, they may as well be addressed to the devil."

The poor woman closed her eyes, and seemed to be silently in prayer. There was carved upon her face an expression of patience and resignation which told to what extent her unworthy husband had been an exercise of piety in her life.

"I don't want any of your religion," he added with an oath.

"Are you a man?" I asked.

"Well—well—I suppose I am not a dog!" he replied with an awkward laugh.

"Then you need the Christian religion with all it brings to men," I said. "There are in the universe but two kinds of creatures which can do without it: The angels who have not sinned and have no need of a Saviour, or the brutes which have no soul to save. But man, having sinned, needs the salvation which Christianity proclaims. Since you say you need none of it, you must be either an angel or a brute."

He looked at me with a fierce look and said, "Mister, these are hard words for a man to hear."

"Then you own you are a man," I replied calmly. "God commands every man to repent of his evil life. The language which seemed hard to you is that of the word of God. It says that man without God is like the beasts that perish." (Ps. 49:12).

At that moment I saw his fists clenching as if about to give way to his passion; and his wife exclaimed, "Jacques, do not strike."

He replied, "No, no, Marguerite, fear nothing. I would certainly not fight for a passage of the Bible, but it is not pleasant to hear oneself called a beast."

"Pardon me," I said, "I have not called you that. You have drawn that conclusion yourself. I only said that a man needs salvation, whilst angels and brutes do not."

He turned his back and walked up and down the room as if absorbed in thought. His wife's eyes followed him a while, then turning to me, she said, "I thank you, sir, for your faithfulness. Once he was kind and gentle, but he is no more what he was when we were married. Drink and bad company have made him change. O sir, when I am gone,

as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." (John 1:12).

think of him, pray for him. He has a soul to save. His sins are not too great for the sacrifice of Christ, that he may obtain pardon."

I promised to do as she desired, and she thanked me. Then the flush which my coming in had produced passed off and I saw the shadow of death creeping over her pale face. Kneeling by her side, I prayed fervently, and as I rose, she opened her eyes and said with a smile, "I know that my Redeemer liveth. Jacques, husband, come near to me. I am about to go. Let me say good-by."

During prayer, he had stopped walking, and now drew near the bed, but he stood there, arms folded, affecting unconcern.

"Jacques, come nearer. Look at me. Give me your hand."

He surrendered and gave her his hand, but with bad grace. Yet he seemed touched. That dying face upturned into his affected him. He gazed at her with a fixed look.

"Jacques," she said softly, "I am going. I leave for that which has sustained me through the valley of tears. I am going to be with that Jesus who loved me and died to open to me the gate of heaven. There no sin, no tears, no pains, no death for me any more; eternal bliss will be mine; it is eternal life with God. At this solemn moment what sustains me and fills me with peace is the glorious hope of the Gospel; the reading of which has so often irritated you against me. But, forgive me, I did not mean to reproach you. Jacques, kiss me."

To my surprise, he leaned toward her, got on one knee, and kissed her brow. She smiled, and putting her hand on his head, she said, "Father, glorify thyself in making of my husband a real Christian. Nothing is impossible with Thee."

In spite of his effort to hide his emotion, it was evident that that hard man was softening. A conflict within was manifest. Meanwhile his gentle wife turned to me with, "Good-by, sir. We will meet up there. I thank you for all your pains with me, and especially for this visit." Then, with that persuasive gravity and tenderness of address which marked her to the end, she said once more, "Dear Jacques, good-by. I will not return to you, but you can come where I will be. Good-by, not forever I trust."

At these words, Jacques' chest rose convulsively, and as a pent-up spring suddenly bursts out of the rock under a stroke of the steel, so his tears from beneath that hard-heartedness, which had been pierced. Hiding his face in the pillow on which his dying wife's head lay, he gave way to his anguish, and sobbed as a child.

How can I describe the expression which came over that dying woman's face? The smile which lighted it up could only be from heaven. Drawing him close to her, she kissed him fondly, and said, "Jacques, your tears give me joy. They show you love me. O, may God show you mercy that you may come where I go. Can you promise me you will seek the way?"

"Marguerite, with the help of God, I do," he replied deliberately, though with a voice broken by emotion.

For a few moments after this, she gave not a sign of life, and we thought all was over, but again she rallied, and turning to her husband, kissed him tenderly several times. Then came strange words from his lips. Softly they came as he addressed her: "I am a wretch; I am a brute. I am not fit to be so near a creature

which is so near to God. Marguerite, forgive me; forgive all my wrongs toward you. I did not know there was reality in your piety. Now I see it was what enabled you to bear with me. May God forgive me, too. I abhor myself."

All at once another wave of that celestial smile I had seen before passed over the dying woman's face and, opening wide her eyes, she exclaimed, "Do you hear that music? Listen to the heavenly choir!" And as if joining in with them, she began repeating one of our hymns. Her voice failing, I took up the stanza. Again she broke in, "Oh! Yes, Lamb of God, Jesus my Saviour, I follow Thee; there ever with Thee."

But the end had come, and in a moment we saw there was nothing left with us but her mortal remains. She had gone to be with her Saviour and Lord.

For a long time her husband remained on his knees. Then he looked at her with a look of tenderness and respect, and, having risen to his feet, he bent over and kissed her icy brow.

"My friend," I said, "you have seen how a Christian dies."

"Yes, sir," he replied, making an effort to keep calm, "and I have also seen how a Christian lives. That woman was an angel of God sent to me. I see it all. What enabled her to bear my brutalities I called weakness. I understand it all now. Sir, I am a brute. My treatment of her has been a shame; yet those lips of hers have spoken only words of love, of kindness, and of truth. I hated her because of her goodness. The holiness of her life was an incessant accusation to my conscience, and a living witness against me and my evil life."

Having said this much, he hastened outside by the back door and walked up and down the open space there. As for me, having called in a neighbor and left her in care of the body, I busied myself with matters about the burial.

The next day, at the service, the husband was present, serious and attentive. At the grave his sorrow and remorse overcame him again. Hiding his face in his hands and leaning upon a tombstone, he gave way to his grief in a way which drew sympathy of all hearts. Jacques D. was well known among the port population as the most wicked man among them, and as they did not know what I had seen at the wife's death bed, they were all surprised at his tears and at his respectful and sober behavior.

From that moment a real work of grace seemed begun in his soul. His eyes were opened to the awfulness of sin, and he understood the just condemnation of the sinner. He felt the misery of bondage to sin, and the awful danger of being out of Christ, without the assurance of being forgiven of God. He had seen in his wife that there is real peace for the soul through the atoning work finished by the Saviour.

He believed in the Lord Jesus, and the same grace which then ministered salvation to him was effective also in his daily life, for, "denying ungodliness and worldly lust" he lived "soberly, righteously and godly, in this present world" (Titus 2:12).

Would that every unconverted person who may read these lines, though not before men as low as Jacques D., be led to see their no less need of salvation; like him come to the One who has "made peace by the blood of His cross" (Col. 1:20), and there find forgiveness, and rest, and reconciliation.