

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)

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Whole No. 173

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1941

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## Gipsy Smith Conducts Union Revival Meeting In Charleston, W. Va.

While the editor was conducting a revival in Racine, Gipsy Smith, Sr., was doing likewise in Charleston (19 miles distant.)

Of course, his was the usual union conglomeration—the baby sprinklink, falling-from-grace, salvation by works, salvation by the city water works, sinless perfection, one church as good as another crowd, along with some week-kneed Baptists defied the Word of God in an attempted revival.

All those unionistic Baptists need to read God's old Book: "Mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them."—Rom. 16:17.

"And if any man obey not our word by this epistle, note that man and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed."—II Thes. 3:14.

When the Gipsy was in Nashville, Tennessee, a few years ago, he went along with the compromising, unionistic Baptists until the last night and after the collection was all taken, he "set" both hide and hair on the Baptists for their "close" communion. I haven't any information about the Charleston meeting, but I hope the Baptists there get the same burning they received in Nashville. If so, I'll say, "Amen! Gipsy scorch the unionists again."

## Our Needed Tent

Slowly, the contributions are coming for the purchase of a much-needed tent. This week our hearts were gladdened by a gift from our unseen but much loved friend of the Pacific coast, Bro. J. W. Schmidt of Boron, California.

We want to have sufficient money on hand to purchase this tent in June if God wills and we prayerfully ask you to assist us.

Due to the coal strike, which paralyzed both the coal and railroad industries, our local people at Russell haven't worked any during the month of April. They are now at work, but it will be May 30, before we will have pay-day. Therefore we invite those who can to help us in procuring this tent.

## The Wrong Standard

You have just read of the terrible crash of that expensive and long bridge out in Washington. A certain firm had up a large sign reading, "As sure as the Narrows Bridge." One hour after the bridge collapsed the firm took down the sign. Moral: DO NOT TIE ONTO MAN'S CHANGING WORKS however firm they may appear. Pin your faith to Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever. The promise is—Believers can't be ashamed. Banners raised in Christ's name stand.—Calvary Clarion.

## WEDDING BELLS FOR APRIL

Although the editor spent practically the entirety of the month of April out of town assisting in revival meetings at Greenup, Kentucky, Racine, West Virginia, and a Bible Conference at Monticello, Kentucky—yet he has also had the pleasure of uniting the following couples in the bonds of matrimony. To each of them we extend our heartiest best wishes for a happy married life.

1. \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ of Minford, Ohio.
2. Alvey Townley, 21, electrician, and Dolly Harvey, 23, Charleston, West Virginia.
3. G. Edward Thomas, 26, laborer, and Doris Nelson, 24, Pomeroy, Ohio.
4. Robert H. Self, 21, student,

and Ruth Bigelow, 21, Columbus, Ohio.

5. Robert H. Griep, 22, musician, and Marjorie Kempton, 21, Chillicothe, Ohio.

6. Richard Green, 21, filling station attendant, and Charlotte Sampil, 21, Columbus, Ohio.

7. Leroy B. Willie, 40, postal clerk, and Eleanor Maurer, 38, Columbus, Ohio.

8. Darius Forsythe, 22, truck driver, and Opal Marshall, 21, Columbus, Ohio.

9. Charles F. Venus, 68, retired, and Ressie Wilson, 48, Betsy Lane, Kentucky.

10. Harley Twigg, 36, farmer, and Leatha Christina Stopher, 21, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

## LOVE STORY OF AN AUSTRALIAN JEWESS

By Elinor Stanford Millar

I wish to tell you tonight "the old story" by telling you a new story. It is of a young woman who in my country, Australia, has been closely connected with my own life. She was born into a Jewish home, and in her earliest childhood was under the instruction and direction of strictly orthodox parents.

A few incidents which she related to me will give you an idea of the religious atmosphere of her earlier life:

"My father insisted on his children going regularly to the synagogue. One day, while yet a child, I said, 'Father, I do not feel any better from hearing the rabbi. I do not understand what he says. Will you not please excuse me from going?' He answered, 'No, I cannot have a heathen in my family. I

cannot excuse you. You must go.'

"We women and girls sat at the back of the synagogue, while the men worshipped on the floor in front. We sometimes discussed irrelevant matters—our servants, our engagements, the love affairs of the different homes, sometimes higher things, we all the while wondering what the rabbi was saying."

"I remember a strange yearly ceremony in our home—the celebration of the Passover. Two large cups were filled with wine. One was taken by the head of the house, my father, who pronounced a blessing upon it. Then he handed the cup to all the others who drank of it, sitting around a table. He then brought forth the hidden cake, and gave a piece to each of us. The second cup of wine was 'Elijah's Cup.' (Continued on Page Two)

## The First Baptist Pulpit

THE HARLOT RAHAB

"By faith the harlot Rahab perished not with them that believed not, when she had received the spies with peace." (Heb. 11:31.)

There is an old adage which says, "Look before you leap." This was Israel's attitude when they encamped on the east side of the Jordan River. They sent spies across the Jordan to spy out the city of Jericho. When these spies came to the city of Jericho, they went to the house of Rahab the harlot. Many seem to find in this an indication of low morality on the part of the spies. Personally, I question this interpretation, for I feel that they could probably have gone to the house of Rahab and excited less suspicion than they could if they had lodged in any other house. In all probability, thinking of their duties, they forgot personal pride and went to the home of this harlot to spend the night in order that there be less suspicion cast upon them than otherwise.

However, the king heard of their entrance into the city, and sent messengers to the home of Rahab. Though she feared for her life from the standpoint of the kind, her feeble faith rose up and prompted her to save these messengers of Israel. Taking them up to the roof of her house, she hid them there, and then lied as to their whereabouts when questioned by the king. When darkness fell, she let them down on the outside of the wall from her house, and sent them away into the mountains to hide (Continued on Page Three)

## Dickerson Letter Tells Of Trials, Disappointments, And Joys In Mission Work

Belem, Para, April 14, 1941.

Dear Brother Gilpin: Your letter containing the check for \$208 came last week. I was dismayed to learn that the only word you had had from me in March was the note about the refrigerator. If I am not mistaken, and I am sure I am not, I sent you a letter after the arrival of the check in March, containing eight pages. In that letter, I gave the answer to some of the questions you asked in this last one. I hope it has shown up by now.

The Examiner comes through fairly regularly. We do enjoy it. Great was my satisfaction when you began to show up some of the rottenness of conditions at the Seminary. I made a motion that we go on record censuring the compromise of Baptist principles by some of Seminary professors. What inconsistency to impound funds going to Georgetown College, and continue to support those who in their teaching are upholding the things that, practiced, have resulted in the present situation at Georgetown. May God give you grace to wage the battle so successfully that soon the Seminary shall be Baptist in practice as well as in name.

Sorry to hear of the strike. Hope (Continued on Page Two)

## A Splendid Testimony

One of the finest letters the editor has ever received reached us recently from Miss Ruth Dawson, Lost Creek, West Virginia. Ruth had been brought up to believe in women speaking and praying in public. Though a graduate of a university, she couldn't understand the Bible otherwise. She travelled 100 miles to attend the meeting at Clendenin (March) and to use her own expression she says, "Some of your messages fell into good soil. You tore down all my carefully well-devised plan with your one simple statement, 'Human judgment is not to be trusted, only Heaven's judgment is to be accepted.'"

Well, now, Ruth knows from the scriptures what a woman's place is in the church and she is living up to what she knows. She closed her (Continued on Page Four)

## Room For More

A bishop was being patronized by a millionaire.

"I never go to church, Bishop," the millionaire said; "perhaps you have noticed that."

"Yes, I have noticed that," said the bishop gravely.

"Well, the reason I do not go to church is because there are so many hypocrites there."

"Oh don't let that keep you away," smiling, "there is always room for one more."—Selected.



# The Baptist Examiner

JOHN R. GILPIN.....Editor

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## CAMPBELLITE PERFDY

Of recent date we received the following letter:

Kenova, W. Va., April 3, 1941.

Dear Sir: I am happy to inform you that another large batch of (copies) Brother Hall's letter of March 19, 1941, addressed to you, is in the mail and going to readers of The Baptist Examiner.

We make a mailing list from The Baptist Examiner. In that way, we can reach a large number of the readers of your paper. We are waiting for your next. Yours sincerely.—Arnold Perry, Jr.

This will perhaps explain to many of our readers, especially those who contribute to our mission work, why they have received of recent date, circular letters from Campbellite "hindquarters" in Kenova, West Virginia. It is interesting to notice in his own words where Mr. Perry gets his mailing list. At least, he is honest in his confession of his theft.

This reminds us of one Luther Peak, who also sends out his circular weekly to the readers of our paper whose names he can find in THE BAPTIST EXAMINER.

What a combination—Peak and Perry—subscription name thieves!

Well, this is as it should be, for the first time we paid any attention to Mr. Peak, he had a Campbellite woman preaching for him. Hence, we are not surprised that he is now lined up with the Campbellite stealing names to whom he can send his literature. In fact, he just wouldn't look right if he did not have some kind of a Campbellite alliance that smells to high heaven.

## MISSION REPORTS

### Radio Fund

Georgia Lycans, Wayn, W. Va. ---\$	1.16
Anonymously .....	2.84
First Missionary Baptist Church, Coalgrove, Ohio .....	2.33
W. E. Fleck, Russell, Ky. ....	1.00
Mrs. J. C. Woodard, Russell, Ky. ....	.50
J. E. Wood, Russell, Ky. ....	2.00
Roy Powell, Russell, Ky. ....	1.00
Lessie Mills, Wayne, W. Va. ....	.50
J. H. Lowe, Raceland Ky. ....	1.00
Mrs. R. C. Oney, Worthington, Ky. ....	5.00
Mrs. W. A. Sutton, Russell, Ky. ....	.50
Wayne Jordan, Russell, Ky. ....	1.00

Our radio fund is BADLY in need. We ask that you shall especially remember this in prayer, and then if God leads you, contribute toward this fund. We need approximately one hundred dollars immediately.

\* \*

### Brazilian Missions

Mrs. Georgia Lycans, Wayne, W. Va. ....	\$ 3.17
Cherryville Baptist Church, Louisa, Ky. ....	3.62
Emily Northup Baptist Church, Louisa, Ky. ....	.45
Mrs. Cale Lewis, Willisburg, Ky. ....	.50
Gallia Baptist Ass'n Committee, Northup, Ohio .....	4.00
First Missionary Baptist Church, Coalgrove, Ohio .....	2.34
W. E. Fleck, Russell, Ky. ....	1.00
Mrs. J. C. Woodard, Russell, Ky. ....	1.00
J. E. Wood, Russell, Ky. ....	2.00
Roy Powell, Russell, Ky. ....	1.00
Anonymously .....	4.83

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## DICKERSON LETTER TELLS OF TRIALS, DISAPPOINTMENTS, AND JOYS IN MISSION WORK

(Continued from Page One)

all is settled by now. But if not, we will be content with whatever our God and Father is pleased to give us. We believe He will meet our need as long as it is His will for us to stay here. How wonderfully He is meeting the needs there and here. With joy we have noticed how much is coming in from sources outside your church. Knowing your great expense there, we rejoice in this evidence of the ability and willingness of our Heavenly Father to move upon the hearts of others to furnish the amount we need.

During December, January, and March, in addition to our services here, I rented the front room of a certain man's dwelling for two services each week. That man and his wife were received for baptism last week by the first church here.

The man in the church who so openly opposed the Truth I preached there, has had double pneumonia, and is far from well now, though able to be up. Another refused to speak to me on the street one day, and the next time I heard of him, he was rushed to the hospital for treatment. It has been that way all my ministry, and is very humbling. Yet, of course, I rejoice to see Him jealous of His Word, and to have His protection.

It seems that we shall have to seek another preaching place soon. The people have just about ceased to attend here at our home, but we will wait (though continuing to preach and pray). You all pray with us over this situation. Wish we could rent a hall in a more public place. Surely we could get more people to attend, but that would cost a good deal.

The new pastor (came in December) of the First Church, seems to be using the truth contained in your's and my tracts in his preaching. Reports are coming in to this effect. Especially is this true on the matter of the Security of the Saved. When it is remembered that these tracts have gone throughout the nation to preachers and prominent laymen, there is abundant cause for rejoicing.

We are doing good. From two reliable sources, I learn that the priests have mentioned our tracts in their local Catholic paper—and warned the people not to receive them, nor any for that matter, not bearing the signature of some priest. This reveals how untouched was the field; and also how the Word is working. Meanwhile, I am doing a lot of preaching and learning more and more of the language.

Your name is called at least twice a day in our family devotion, and the Lord is asked to heal you, so, of course, we are glad to hear of your good health and that of the family. May it please the Lord to raise up Brother Aylor soon.

We are about as usual. My wife had another bad fall while taking the wash off the line in a hurry (because of rain). Nearly broke her arm. She is terribly nervous. The rest of us are all right. Your brother in Jesus.—C. W. Dickerson.

## AN APPRECIATED LETTER

I have been reading your paper almost one year. I don't want to miss a single copy. Let me know when my time expires. I surely enjoy it immensely.—Mrs. Frank Stewart, North Kenova, Ohio.

## LOVE STORY OF AN AUSTRALIAN JEWESS

(Continued from Page One)

This was placed before my father and then the door of the room was opened by me as the youngest member of the family. A solemn pause ensued. It is expected at this moment in the Jewish home that the coming of Elijah will announce the glad tidings that the Messiah is at hand. I was young and fearful, yet I was anxious, hoping and longing that perchance He would come. Though I knew that for many years my people had been continually expecting His arrival and had been continually disappointed, yet I shall never forget the beating of my heart as I opened that door and stood there waiting for Elijah to come in and say, "The Messiah is at hand!" Oh, happy you who believe that the Messiah has already come!

## LOVERS

When this young and beautiful Jewess was eighteen or nineteen years of age, her mother and father introduced her into the best social circles of New South Wales. In speaking to me of this time of her life she said, "I was the daughter of rich parents. I had received the best education. I was good-looking. My mother said to me, 'My dear, I expect you to make an elegant match, I expect you to marry some rich and prominent Jew.'"

Imagine the horror and humiliation of that Jewish mother when, a little later, her daughter confided to her that she had given her heart's best love to a Christian? To them he was a Christian, inasmuch as he had Christian instruction and was not a Jew.

The father had died before this time. The mother said, "I cannot announce this. I cannot even have this. I must ask you to give me your word that you will never see that man again. Indeed, I shall not wait now for your answer—you will have to go to your room at once and there you will be a prisoner until you promise me you will put that Christian out of your life."

She was locked behind her own door. Needless to say, in some mysterious way, messages of love went both out of and into that room.

Later the mother, relenting somewhat, said: "I will grant you as much as this: You may correspond with your friend, but I ask you to promise now, on your honor, that you will never marry him, without my consent."

The daughter granted the request. An anxious time followed. The mother kept the lovers apart for several years, but the girl was unwavering in her attachment. She idolized the man to whom she had given her heart. Finally the mother said:

"I see you do not mean to change your mind. I must be considerate of you. I want to be as kind to you as possible. You are my baby girl, and I love you. If you are not going to marry any one else, but are determined to spoil your life, the time has come when I must yield to your wishes. If you still care to do so, you may write to your lover to come, and I shall meet him, and give my consent to your engagement. And I shall do the best I can for you. Send for him."

"Ah," said my friend, "I wired one word, 'Come.'"

And he came! They walked together that afternoon and were to return to dinner together.

What they said, I need not tell you, but she went home alone. During the course of their conversation

she learned that he had not been as true to her as she had been to him, and her proud heart rose in rebellion at his unfaithfulness. She turned him away with indignation. When she reached home her mother looked into her white face and said: "What has happened? Where is your friend?" The girl did not answer, but fainted away. She was carried to her room, and for many months lingered between life and death.

Finally, when she was convalescent, she was sent to St. Kilda, Melbourne. She walked up and down the seashore, heartbroken, feeling that her loss was irreparable. One afternoon as she looked out into the blue ocean, she said in her heart:

"I do not want to live, I am not going to live; and tonight I shall end it all."

She went back to the hotel, and as she was climbing up the broad stairway, she sighed heavily. A young woman going down the stairs heard the sigh and said:

"Excuse me! You sighed deeply. Are you in trouble?"

The Jewess replied, "Well, yes. I was thinking that life is not worth living."

She did not say that she intended to end it, but merely that it was not worth living.

"Indeed," said the young woman, "I think life is worth living."

The Jewess turned with a little bow, a look of unbelief on her face, and said, "Your secret, pray!"

The young woman replied, "My secret is that I have a friend who comforts me in all my sorrows, and delivers me out of all my troubles. He is my companion through life."

"Will you introduce me to your friend?"

"With pleasure; I shall do so by means of a book. Will you read it?"

"Yes, anything that will tell me of your friend who can heal one's sorrow."

"Then wait a minute, while I fetch it."

The young woman brought a New Testament, and said:

"This is the book."

"What is it? A New Testament? I have never seen it before."

"Will you read it?"

"Most assuredly."

## Reading the New Testament

She took it to her room. She afterward gave me an account of what followed:

"I opened the Testament at the first chapter of Matthew, and read: 'The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham.' Something struck my heart, and I was almost afraid to proceed. But there was a fascination about the whole genealogy, and not one name did I miss, no, not one, of the long list that meant so much to me."

"When further on in the same chapter my eye fell upon the verse, 'And thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins,' I asked myself, 'Is this the one she meant? Is this the friend she spoke of, who comforts her in her sorrows?'"

"I was now much agitated, and for a moment I was staggered; for that was the name that was never allowed to pass Jewish lips lest they be degraded! But I read it, and it burned like fire into my heart."

"And I came a little later to the wonderful Sermon on the Mount. 'Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.' I thought, 'Why nobody but a good man could ever say that!' 'Blessed are they that

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## THE HARLOT RAHAB

(Continued from Page One)

for a brief space, until they returned to Israel's camp. Before she let them go, they came to an agreement that she and her family would be saved when Israel marched against the city of Jericho. This was to be her pay, in view of the fact that she had saved their lives. Accordingly, they agreed that she would bind a scarlet cord to her window and allow it to hang down the wall, so that this would be a mark on her home, and an indication to all the camp of Israel whereby that she should be saved.

## I

Rahab was an evil woman. She had a disposition toward sin. She was born thus. This is just as every sinner is born today, for every lost one has a disposition and an inclination in the direction of sin. "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me." (Psalm 51:5.) "What then? are we better than they? No, in no wise: for we have before proved both Jews and Gentiles, that they are all under sin; As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one: There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable: there is none that doeth good, no, not one. For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3:9-12, 23). It is the lamb's nature to be gentle; it is the lion's nature to be fierce; it is the serpent's nature to bite; it is the nature of the leopard to be blood thirsty; it is the nature of the eagle to devour; so man's nature is toward sin. "The wicked are estranged from the womb: they go astray as soon as they be born speaking lies" (Psa. 58:3). "For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 2:26).

In an eastern town, on a fine avenue, a palace was built by a rich man. Lavishly and with great pride, he spent a fortune on its construction. There was a moorish room, a Chinese room, and a picture gallery. The owner took possession of the house, when it was completed, in early May. In July, his son died of a long lingering fever. In the next seven years, it was occupied by a number of tenants, but ill-health or death visited each. When the house was finally torn down, it was found that there was an old drain under the foundation which had been pouring death into this beautiful dwelling for years. The life of every man outside of Jesus Christ is just like that. A man's life becomes so impregnated with the poison of sin, that all that can be done is to tear the house down, for each person, just like Rahab, is possessed of a disposition which inclines sin daily.

Rahab encouraged her sinful disposition by her sinful living. To be sure, as we have said, she was born with a disposition toward sin. She fed, and nurtured, and encouraged this disposition by her life of harlotry. This beloved, is the way in which each sinner lives daily. The majority talk about their will-power, strong dispositions, and letting one's conscience be his guide, while, at the same time, each one is encouraging his sinful disposition by his sinful living.

Have you ever seen De Vinci's masterpiece, entitled, "The Last Supper"? The artist, in painting the picture sought many months

for a model for Christ. He wanted someone of a pure life, with an innocent face. In a church in Rome, he found a young lad, an altar boy, which suited him. He hired this lad to serve as a model whereby he might paint the picture of Christ. As you will remember, there are a great number of faces in this picture. It required many months and years for its completion. As the years passed by, he painted eleven of the apostles. Then he began to search for someone who might pose for the character of Judas. He wanted a debased man; one whose features were stamped with the ravages of reckless living; he wanted one that was hardened and distorted. One day he picked up a beggar in rags, with a face so sinful that it was actually repulsive to the artist. This one he used as a model for Judas. When the picture was completed and he started to pay this beggar, on asking the latter's name, he found that it was none other than the one who had posed for the portrait of Jesus ten years before. The one who was pure enough in life and face to represent Christ, had by ten years of sinful living, become so debauched that he might pose for the character of Judas. Thus you see, beloved, like Rahab, he had encouraged his sinful disposition by his sinful living.

It is rather interesting to note further, that Rahab, as an evil woman, was bossed by a habit—namely, the habit of adultery. I hear unsaved men quite often say, "I am a free moral agent. I can drink or not drink; I can smoke or not smoke; I can sin or leave it alone." Listen, beloved: "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin" (Jn. 8:32, 34). No man is free from the power of sin, but rather is a servant of sin, and does the biddings of Satan until he is made free by the truth which is none other than the Lord Jesus Christ.

A man thinks that he can sin a little, and his sin can never harm him; he thinks that he can quit when he wishes. Yet beloved, daily the sin will grip him until he can't quit. It will get such a hold upon him that he can not shake it off. This is true of any game of chance or gambling. It is true of the sin of drink; it is true of the sin of adultery; it is true of swearing; it is true of lying. In fact, there is not a sin but what eventually it gets such a hold upon the sinner that he can not quit, and like Rahab, he comes to be bossed daily by his habit of sin.

Do you remember the story in the old McGuffey reader of the camel who wished to come inside the Arab's tent? You remember that he proposed in view of the cold, that he be allowed to push his nose—just his nose—inside the master's tent. On getting his nose inside, you remember that he then suggested that he be allowed to push his neck in, seeing that this would not discommode his master. Little by little, he pushed his forefeet, then his body, and his flanks, and his hindfeet, and ultimately his whole body into the tent, until the master was crowded out. There are many such camels, dearly beloved, knocking at the human heart today. Whatever the sin of your life may be, it will control you in just that manner. Regardless of what your sinful habit may be, if it gets a grip upon you, it will sooner or later push you

about, just as the sin of adultery controlled Rahab.

## II

The blessed part of this story is that Rahab was saved. Of course, she was saved by the blood, for there is no other way which has ever been provided for one's salvation, in either the Old or New Testament, except the blood of Jesus. You remember that she hung a scarlet line outside her window, and when Israel saw this, she was saved from physical destruction at the hands of Israel. By it's color, being scarlet, it speaks to us of our safety through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ. Our text tells us that she thus attained spiritual safety. "By faith the harlot Rahab perished not with them that believed not, when she had received the spices with peace" (Heb. 11:31).

I have been told that there is a scarlet thread which runs all through the ropes of the English navy, so that whenever you see a rope belonging to the English navy, you find a scarlet thread inside which marks it. I don't know that this is true, but I do know that the scarlet thread of the blood of Jesus runs all through the Word of God.

May we notice a few of these Scriptures: "When I see the blood, I will pass over you" (Ex. 12:13). "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. 17:11). "For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins" (Mt. 26:28). "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (Jn. 1:29). "Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him" (Rom. 5:9). "In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins" (Col. 1:14). "And without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9:22). "For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins. By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all. And every priest standeth daily ministering and offering oftentimes the same sacrifices, which can never take away sins; but this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, sat down on the right hand of God. Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus. He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses: Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace?" (Heb. 10:4, 10-12, 19, 28, 29). "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot" (1 Pet. 1:18, 19). "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood" (Rev. 1:5). "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb

which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" (Rev. 7:14-17).

This was the only hope which Rahab had. In spite of the greatness of her sins, the blood could wash her white as snow. Regardless of how foul you may be by sin, irrespective of how stained your life may be, the blood of Jesus Christ can likewise wash you white as snow. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1:18).

Many years ago in Cincinnati, a young girl died in the old General Hospital, located in the down-town section of Cincinnati. She was a girl of the streets; a girl of stained morality; a girl of spotted virtue; a girl who had been bossed by the habit of adultery; a girl, who was born like Rahab, with disposition toward sin, and who encouraged that disposition by her sinful living. Among her possessions, after her burial, was found this poem:

"Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell,  
Fell like the snow flakes from Heaven to Hell;  
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street;  
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;  
Pleading, cursing, dreading to die;  
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;  
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread;  
Hating the living and fearing the dead—  
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?  
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow."

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,  
With an eye like its crystal, and heart like its glow;  
Once I was loved for my innocent grace  
Flattered and sought for the charm of the face.

Father, mother, sister, all,  
God and myself I have lost by my fall!  
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by

Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too high  
For all that is on or above me I know  
There's nothing as pure as the beautiful snow."

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,  
Sinner despair not! Christ stoopeth low  
To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin,  
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.  
Groaning, bleeding, dying for thee,  
The Crucified hung on the 'cursed tree.  
His accents of mercy fall soft on thine ear.

Is there mercy for me? Will He heed my prayer?  
O God, in the stream that for sinners did flow,  
Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow!"

## III

It is rather interesting to notice what the grace of God made of Rahab. In Matthew's Gospel, we read of the ancestors of the Lord Jesus. In the group, there are four women mentioned. One of them was Rahab. Thus, she became an ancestress of Jesus. Isn't it marvelous beloved, what God's grace can do for us after that we are saved. See what the grace of God did for this harlot in that she was saved,—in that it picked her up from a position of sin, and not only made a child of God of her, but developed her into a sweet Christian character whose ancestry gave rise to the Lord Jesus. O the marvel of God's Grace! What that grace can do for us today is just as marvelous.

I remember reading of a very costly handkerchief upon which a drop of ink fell. It was thought that this handkerchief was worthless in view of this spot of ink. However, an artist used this blot as a basis, and with Indian ink, he produced a beautiful design upon the cloth, so that the handkerchief was

(Continued on Page Four)



## THE HARLOT RAHAB

(Continued from Page Three)

made more valuable than ever. It is thus beloved, that God takes our lives stained and blotted with sin, and by His Grace, makes us over into something of beauty, so that we are more valuable than we ever would have been if we had not sinned.

It is the grace of God that changed the lives of all the characters in the New Testament. The woman of Samaria, who had had five husbands and was then living with one who was not her husband, had her life and her heart changed by the grace of God. It was the grace of God which took Levi, the publican, and made out of him Matthew, the writer of one of the Gospels. It was that same grace of God which took Simon Peter, an illiterate, uneducated, unrefined, boorish, cursing fisherman, and transformed him into an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ. Paul goes so far as to tell us that it was the grace of God which made him what he was. "By the grace of God I am what I am" (I Cor. 15:10). Beloved, what the grace of God did for Rahab, and what the grace of God made out of these characters of the New Testament, the Grace of God has been doing for men and women of sin for the past 1900 years, since Jesus died. The grace of God can still transform lives today. Your life, regardless of its sin, can be changed, and you may be reclaimed through the gospel of the Son of God.

I present the Lord Jesus Christ to you. I believe that Jesus is here. I believe that He is with you in the room where you are. He holds up His hands that you might see the wounds therein. He points to His feet that you might see the holes put there by the spikes. He pushes His robe aside and shows you His heart. I ask, "Art thou weary?" To which he replies, "Yes, weary with the world's woe." If I ask again, "Whence comest thou?" He says, "From Calvary." If I ask Him, "Who comest with Thee?" He answers, "I have trodden the wine press alone." When I say, "Why comest thou here?" He says, "I came to carry all the sins of the people." Then He kneels before me and says, "put your sins on my shoulders." When I do this, I then gather up the sins of my family, and the sins of my friends, and I lay these on His shoulders. I ask Him, "Canst thou bear more?" Answering in the affirmative, I gather the sins of the whole world and lay them on His shoulders, while the Lord Jesus arises and carries our sins all away, where He shall never see them again.

Does He make such an appeal to you tonight? Does He speak to your soul now? Can you see Him tonight as the One who died for your sins, and who poured out His blood at Calvary for you? Then may you tonight cast your sins upon him and in return, secure the robe of His righteousness for your covering now.

## A SPLENDID TESTIMONY

(Continued from Page One)

letter with a precious poem, I want to share with our readers:

## HIMSELF

'Tis good to know about Him,  
And right the truth to own,  
But oh, how sweet to know Him  
And then to make Him known.  
—Charles M. Cramer.

## LOVE STORY OF AN AUSTRALIAN JEWESS

(Continued from Page Two)

mourn: for they shall be comforted.' My own heart was full of anxious care, and sorrow and disappointment and desolation and unrequited love, and I wanted to draw near to him. And I said to myself, 'Surely he is not the one whose name I am not allowed to utter, for he must have been good! Surely he is not the one for whom we are looking! If he is, how wonderful, and yet how terrible, that we rejected him.' And then I went so far as to say, 'God forgive me but I half believe the story!' I read on to where He cleansed the leper, and gave new life and gladness and song to those who were in sorrow; to where He ate with publicans and sinners; and my heart was beginning to love Him. And when I saw Him take little children in His arms and bless them, I said, 'I believe I love him.'

"I hurried on through the pages. I saw that I was letting my heart go out to Him. Then I again asked God to forgive me. But the truth was riveting itself upon my mind. I could not get away from it, and I slowly and thoughtfully read on."

"I came to where I found that a plot was being formed against him, and I said, 'I will hate my people if they do any injustice to this man, for I love him.' I went on still further, to where I witnessed his trial; and I was so indignant with Peter that I positively hated him."

"When I reached the greatest tragedy of the World, the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, and heard the scoffing, and saw Him nailed to the cross, saw the forehead of one I had learned to love bleeding from the thorns that picked it, I said, 'They will never kill Him, they cannot kill Him. He will come down and defeat them yet!' I waited almost breathlessly with fear and yet with hope, and when He bowed His head and gave up the ghost, I closed my New Testament, and returned it to the young woman saying, 'I told you I was full of sorrow. You brought me this book and said that by means of it you would introduce me to some one who would relieve me. You are welcome to your book. Your Christ is a dead Christ, but when our Messiah comes, He will be a living Messiah.'

"The young woman said, 'Read further.' I read further—of the first Easter morning, of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, of his victory over the grave, of his disciples. Then I knelt beside my bed, with my New Testament open, and raising my hands to heaven said, 'O God, I believe that Jesus is my Messiah!' And I arose from my knees a converted Jewess."

## Confessing the Messiah

"I went home, restored to health. I said, 'Mother, I am back again.' 'Yes, and you are looking well.' 'Oh mother, I am so happy!' 'Are you engaged?' 'Something better than that, mother. You will not misunderstand me, will you? I am sorry if I am going to hurt you, mother. I have found the Messiah!'

"Mother said, 'Do you mean to say that you are going to bring upon me a greater sorrow and disgrace than any other? Do you not know that I must renounce you? That I must refuse ever to see you? That I must curse you if you say that again?'

"I said, 'Mother, will you read this book?' She took it from my hand, but in a few hours she said, 'Here is your book. I must never read it

again. You must never again ask me to read it, for it frightens me. I was born into a proud Jewish home and I must die as I was born. If you ever speak of this again you will have to leave.'

She was silent for six months. Then the time came for the celebration of the Cup Day of Melbourne, when people come from America and all parts of the world and the city runs wild.

The mother, sister and brother said, 'Come with us this afternoon.'

"No," she replied, "I cannot." Her brother rose from the table and said, "You have never been what you used to be since you read your cursed book about your cursed Christ."

She rose and replied, "The time has come when I must confess that He is the Messiah."

She had said all that was necessary. She was driven from her home. As she was leaving, the mother fixed her eyes upon her and said:

"In the name of your fathers, I curse you!"

She soon stood alone on the sidewalk, with her trunks about her. She hailed a cab. Looking back to her home—hers no longer—she saw that the windows were closed, the blinds drawn, the doors shut. There were her mother, her brother and sister and fortune. Then came the thought, "Suppose, after all, that He is not the Christ!" But instantly there was a new love in her heart, and a new light in her soul, and she answered the doubt with, "There is no supposing! He is the Messiah, He is the Christ!"

## A Friend in Need

The cabman approached and said:

"Where shall I drive you?"

She stood a moment and looked about her and then shrank back in a awful dismay, saying, "I do not know."

"But," said the man, "I must take you somewhere."

She replied, "I have nowhere to go."

Suddenly there came to her, she knows not how, a name, "Dr. Robinson." She was never able to recall that she had heard it before. She did not know who he was or where he was, but she said, "Drive me to Dr. Robinson's home."

"Certainly," said the cabman, and soon he stopped near a door bearing a brass plate, on which she read, "John Robinson, D. D." She was admitted and there came to meet her a dear old Presbyterian minister.

She asked "Is this Dr. Robinson?"

"Yes."

"I am a Jewess. I have accepted Jesus as my Messiah. I have been driven from home and cursed; I am alone and without money. I believe God has sent me to you. Will you help me?"

"Will I help you? Why, bless your dear heart, we are just needing a daughter in our house."

Then he called out, "My dear, come down." In a few moments, a beautiful little white-haired lady, his wife entered the room. He repeated the story of the Jewess, adding, "She wants to know if we will help her."

"Will we help you?" she said, putting her arm around her. "You have left one mother but you have found another."

Then the Jewess said in her heart "There is no supposing. He is the Messiah! Oh, He is the Messiah!"

## In the Rescue Mission

She crossed my path not so very many years ago, when I was look-

ing for some one to follow me in the position of superintendent of a rescue mission. As soon as I saw her I said:

"It is you I want and you have to come."

"What for?"

"To take charge of forty of the worst women that were ever inside or outside of jail; poor, wretched, outcast sisters of the night. Will you come?"

"I do not know how to do such work."

"Never mind, I know something about it. I have been laboring with them for years. I will teach you. Will you come?"

"Yes."

I afterward saw that delicate, refined, converted young Jewess as she paced up and down the room at night with a frenzied opium eater, a drunken, outcast creature, who was raving and tearing her hair.

She said to me, "Lock me in with this woman all night."

I said, "I am afraid to. I have to leave."

"Lock the door, or we shall not save her, and save her we must."

All night long this woman screamed and tore her hair. I am stating what is true when I say that she pulled it out by the roots. She cursed the Jewess and said, "I will kill you if you don't let me out. But you won't let me out, will you?"

"No, I will not."

And all night the Jewess paced up and down with the insane woman, repeating, "God loves you. Jesus is the Messiah. He is able to save you. He saved me. Won't you let him save you?"

As the morning broke, the poor, exhausted, wretched woman knelt at the bedside, with the Jewess beside her and said, "Since you love me as you do, I believe in Jesus as the Messiah. I know He is able to save me." And deliverance and the opening of heaven came to this poor victim of sin—she was savingly converted to God. As those two went out of that room, there went with them another, and the form of the third was like unto the Son of God. He was Jesus, the Messiah of the Jewess.—The Chicago Hebrew Mission.

## MISSION REPORTS

(Continued from Page Two)

C. E. Rhodes, Belle, W. Va. ....	5.00
Lessie Mills, Wayne, W. Va. ....	.50
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smalley, Lucasville, Ohio .....	1.00
J. H. Lowe, Raceland, Ky. ....	1.00
A Friend .....	21.00
Mrs. W. A. Sutton, Russell, Ky. ....	.50
Wayne Jordan, Russell, Ky. ....	1.00
1924 Bible Class, Russell, Ky. ....	5.00
W. H. Pifer, Russell, Ky. ....	1.00
W. M. Milligan Russell, Ky. ....	.67
William L. Stephens, Whitley City, Ky. ....	2.00
Mrs. Leslie L. Stephens, Whitley City, Ky. ....	3.33
Audra Lester, Fort Gay, W. Va. ....	2.00
Johnson Nave, Praise, Ky. ....	5.50
Danleyton Baptist Church, Danleyton, Ky. ....	7.46
W. B. Goff, La Frank, W. Va. ....	6.74
First Baptist Church, Russell, Ky. ....	32.01
A Friend .....	12.00
Philathea Class, Russell, Ky. ....	1.00
E. E. Collins, Russell, Ky. ....	2.00
Dorcas Class, Russell, Ky. ....	2.00
Mrs. Lycan's Class of Jr. Girls, Russell, Ky. ....	5.00
Ledbetter Baptist Church, Dexter, Ky. ....	6.00
J. W. Schmidt, Boron, Cal. ....	3.00
Paul Reese, Russell, Ky. ....	1.00
B. H. Mansfield, Russell, Ky. ....	1.00
Frank Patton, Russell, Ky. ....	1.00
Clyde Nance, Lesage, W. Va. ....	.50
Fred Wilson, Russell, Ky. ....	.50
Laura Mae Wright, Evansville, Indiana .....	1.00
Total .....	\$156.62

We are accordingly sending our check for \$156.62 to Brother Dickerson for the month of April. We trust that we shall have a great deal more to send him at the expiration of the month of May.