

Religion, Philosophy and Fun



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Bud Robinson

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Bud Robinson's
Religion, Philosophy
and Fun

By
Bud Robinson



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RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY AND FUN



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IT HAPPENED TO OLD BUD

My beautiful old mother was a Presbyterian by faith and was very strict. If we boys had met a lady and had not pulled off our caps, the blackjack brush would have been flying. The American flag would have been in view, for while Mother put the stripes on us, we saw stars. Then the red, white and blue would immediately appear on the surface of our legs.

Some time ago I was crossing a large city, and, behold, I met a young woman with a pair of boots and a man's hat on. Her hair was gone and her mouth was painted red. She was leading a large bulldog and he had pulled her from one side of the walk to the other until her hands were blistered.

In front of a large department store the young woman lost her temper and she gave that bulldog the most outlandish cussing that I ever heard a poor dog get. I gave the sidewalk to the woman and the dog, and I kept my hat on.

When I got to my room, I said, "Now, Lord, my precious old mother taught me to take my hat off when I met a lady." And the Lord seemed to say, "Yes, you must still

do that when you meet a lady. Women and bulldogs are another proposition."

The hardest thing I have ever done was to confess Bud Robinson's sins. Gentlemen, I had to nearly sweat blood and just about spit fire, but I went down acrying and met Jesus and then came up a-flying. The easiest thing I ever have done was to confess the other fellow's sins, when he wasn't there to listen to me.

Well, after traveling for a million miles, I have never seen a she-monkey on a passenger train with a paint pot and a lipstick and a looking glass, painting her mouth red. Do you suppose that we will ever get to the place where the monkeys will claim kin to us?

A few years ago, in a city where I was preaching, an old lady came down the aisle to speak to me.

"Brother Bud," she began, "you are the strangest looking person I have ever seen."

"Why is that?" I asked.

"Well," she replied, "your hair is gray and your beard is black. How can that be?"

“Why, sister, that is no trouble to explain,” I replied. “When I was born I had hair all over my head. I didn’t have any beard until I was seventeen years old. Don’t you see that my hair is seventeen years older than my beard? That many years from now my beard will be just as gray as my hair is today.”

She looked up and smiled.

“Well, who would have thought it?” she said.

A few years ago there was a certain brand of whisky made in old Kentucky, advertised, “Aged in the wood.” When I was up there the last time, a few gentlemen got a jug of this whisky, and when I left Kentucky these same gentlemen were aging in the wood.

One night I heard my calf bawling. Going out to see what the matter was, I found my cow had licked her calf through the crack of the fence. As far as I could understand cow-talk, she had notified the calf that if he did not lie down, she would lick him again. One night in preaching I referred to this. A brother in the congregation got awfully in-

terested. After service he came down and asked me why a cow licked her calf through a crack in the fence. He said he would give me five dollars if I could tell him how that is.

"Get your money ready," I replied, "for I know."

Then I went on and told him that the reason a cow licks her calf through the crack in the fence is because she is on one side of the fence and the calf is on the other.

Thank the Lord, I haven't been guilty of marrying a "flapper" and a "sucker" in over thirty years. What a glorious record!

In preaching at Minneapolis one time, I remarked that, as a rule, the city people seem to think that country people know very little. I told the folks that that was a mistake, that country people know lots of things that city people don't know.

"If you go downtown to the office of the leading lawyer of the city," I began, "and ask him why a pig eats so much, he will tell you it is because the pig is so greedy. A country boy has more sense than that. If you ask a country boy that question, he will tell you that a pig eats so much because he is trying to make a hog out of himself."

At the close of the service a fine-looking gentleman walked down the aisle.

“I am a lawyer,” he said. “I would have told anyone on earth that the reason a little pig eats so much is because he is so greedy. Now, I make my money by giving people information. You have told me so many things tonight that I never knew before that I feel like I owe you ten dollars.”

With that he handed me a check. I thanked him and stuck the money down in my old jeans.

THE BIBLE HAS NEVER LIED

The Bible is the only Book I ever heard tell of that tells the truth on everybody who ever lived or who ever is living, or who ever will live. The Bible has never lied on any of them. It is the only Book which is hated and cursed by every atheist and agnostic and by every skeptic and infidel who have ever lived on this planet.

One infidel said that the reason he fought the Bible was that it fought him, and that the reason he did not let the Book alone was that it did not leave him alone.

There is not one case on record where a dying atheist or a dying agnostic or a dying skeptic or a dying infidel did not have to acknowledge that the Bible is true and that it is inspired by God.

God's plan for fallen man is, a Holy Bible for a whole world and a salvation from all sin for all men, provided through the atoning blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. This is the creed of all churches when it is boiled down and skimmed and the skimmings are analyzed.

In the June 24, 1931, issue of the *Pentecostal Herald*, there is a statement from Reverend John Wesley that is worth repeating and then remembering. In my reading I have not seen anything that covers so much territory in so few words. Here is the statement: "I beg leave to give a short, clear, strong argument for the divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. The Bible must be the invention of good men or angels, of bad men or devils, or of God. First, it could not be the invention of good men or angels, for they neither would nor could write a book and tell lies all the time they were writing it, saying, 'Thus saith the Lord,' when it was their own invention. Second, it could not be the invention of bad men or devils, for they could not make a book, which commands all duty, forbids all sin and condemns their own souls to hell for all eternity. Third, therefore, I draw the conclusion that the Bible must be given by divine inspiration."

THE LIVING LAWS OF MOSES

Moses, the Hebrew baby boy, born in a mud hut in Egypt, was the son of a little mother who, at the time of Moses' birth, was a slave. The devil saw in that baby something which so enraged him that he took possession of Pharaoh, causing him to lay a plot whereby the baby would be drowned. But God was not pleased with Pharaoh's plan, so He got busy and laid a plan Himself.

God made Pharaoh take that baby boy, Moses, and feed, clothe and educate him. He made him teach that boy all of the wisdom of the Egyptians. After forty years of schooling, God sent Moses to the backside of the mountains and deserts to herd four-legged sheep for his father-in-law.

After forty years herding the sheep of his wife's father, Moses met God at a burning bush. After that day and until his death, Moses herded two-legged sheep for his heavenly Father.

After spending forty years in the sheep herding business, Moses was sent by God back to old Pharaoh's country. Here God

had another plan all made. He had Moses drown that old king. Then God had Moses write the laws, not only for the Egyptians, but, if you please, sir, a collection of laws that was to be the foundation of all the laws ever to be written by mortal man in any age of the world.

The laws of Moses are for every nation and kindred and tongue and people, and the best proof on earth that the laws of Moses were inspired is the fact that every atheist and agnostic and skeptic and infidel who has ever lived since the laws of Moses were written has hated them with a perfect hatred. They all have said, "Down with the laws of Moses and up with our laws." But I am glad to say that their laws died in the same generation in which they themselves lived. Yet, after thirty-five hundred years of hard and bitter attacks on Moses' laws, the laws are still God's standard by which a lost world is governed.

When Jesus came on the scene and met the devil in the three greatest battles ever fought, He knocked the devil out three times with the laws of Moses.

Some years back, right in the nation where I have been preaching the gospel of Christ for sixty-one years, a great American infidel arose and came to the front challenging the laws of Moses. For twenty-five years this brilliant gentleman went up and down the country like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour. From the people he collected five hundred dollars a night so he could show them the mistakes and blunders of Moses. That was after Moses had been in heaven for thirty-five hundred years. And, thank the Lord for this one fact, that after that infidel gentleman had been dead for only twenty-five years, no man could go up and down the nation and collect off of the people even fifteen cents a night to lecture about the mistakes he made. This shows the greatness of Moses.

You can't really make a comparison between Moses and the infidel gentleman. They simply won't compare. It is like comparing the Atlantic Ocean to the little pond in your barnyard. In your pond are raised mosquitoes, while in the Atlantic Ocean whales are raised. No comparison there, men. You just have to smile and give in. The laws of

Moses are as unmovable as the Rocky Mountains—they have come to stay.

The laws of the skeptic are like molehills that can be moved any day in the week or can be plowed under and never heard tell of again. Thank God for something that abides! St. Paul, referring to Moses and the prophets, said, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." For all this we say, "Amen," and "Glory to Jesus," for we have something to stand on which the unbelievers can't shake.

If every American citizen were to live according to the laws of Moses, we would have empty jails and the banks would be as safe open as they now are when they are locked and bolted and guarded.

Here in our country, one-half of the people are making iron safes to keep their money in, while the other half are sitting up at night to see how to blow them open. It is man against man and gun against gun. The jails

are full, and it makes no difference how black a crime a man commits, there is always a lawyer who will defend him and plead for him as though he were pleading for the life of the best citizen in the nation. And nine times out of ten the laws that we have made in our countries are defeated and fail to accomplish the good for which they were intended. Help us, Lord!

HOME-FOLK PHILOSOPHIES

I want my readers to see how much greater God is than the devil is. God can take a man who is as crooked as the roundhouse, give him one touch, and make him as straight as a gun barrel. But let the devil take a straight man, and if the man will yield himself completely to the devil's power, he can make him too crooked to sleep in the roundhouse. The devil has the power to make a man crooked, but it takes God to make a man straight.

What was the difference between Abraham and Lot? You know, they were blood kin and lived in the same country at the same time, and were in the same business. But here is a part of the difference between them.

Abraham commanded his house—Lot's house commanded him.

Abraham had a house of obedience—Lot had a house of disobedience.

Abraham pitched his tents toward Jerusalem—Lot pitched his tents toward Sodom.

Abraham lifted up his eyes and looked toward the mountains—Lot lifted up his

eyes and looked toward the plains of Jordan.

Abraham went to the mountain and met God and blessed the world—Lot went to Sodom and well-nigh disgraced the human family.

Abraham chose grace—Lot chose grass.

And grace and grass tell the difference between the two men.

Roy V. Starr says that second blessing holiness has made the Church of the Nazarene what it is and has brought it to where it is. He also says that to be as happy as we want to be, we must be as good as we can be.

We should all be producers and not consumers. If a white man can take a race horse and win fifty thousand dollars in a year, he is a consumer and not a producer. He is a contemptible fraud and every gentleman in the United States should look on him as such. But if an old colored man can take a mule and produce a hundred bushels of corn, two bales of cotton, fifty laying hens, a barrel of good molasses in one year, that old colored gentleman is a producer. Every citizen in the United States should look on

him as a fine American citizen. Let us be men enough to place the honor where it belongs. The world needs corn and cotton and potatoes and molasses and no country needs race horses.

If a man could have the wisdom of a Solomon, and the music of a David and the vision of an Ezekiel, and the fire of an Isaiah, and the tears of a Jeremiah, I would call that success. If a man can take the material that he has on hand and succeed, that man is a success; but if a man can't take the material he has on hand and make good with it, then he is a failure.

The sun can shine all day on a dead pig in the fence corner and crawl in behind the western hill at night as clean as he was when he crawled out from behind the eastern hill that morning.

I remember years ago that a man gave me a dog. As a boy, I was nearly tickled to death to think I owned a dog. I tied him out under a little apple tree. The dog barked and howled all night long. By this I knew that my dog was a howling success.

Beloved, don't you forget that when the eternal security man is telling you that nothing can separate you from God, that Old Bud said if your religion won't keep you out of sin in this world, it will not keep you out of hell in the world to come. There is nothing can put you in heaven but holiness. And as far as I have been able to see, the eternal security man takes no stock in holiness. Ridicule and scorn are his complete stock. What a pity!

MONKEYS AND JAWBONES

One of my objections to evolution is that if you want anything done you have to put in your order anywhere from five to ten million years before you want the goods delivered. And then the question naturally arises, "Where will you be when Master Evolution delivers the goods?" Well, that really depends on how you lived while the goods were being manufactured.

I have seen the beautiful pullet in the barnyard sly and so timid that she would make you think of the blushing maid. But one day she laid her first egg and went to cackling. And strange to say she laid one egg each day for seventeen days and cackled every time she laid, for a cackling hen is a laying hen, and a laying hen is a cackling hen. But on the eighteenth day she went to setting and began to cluck, for a setting hen is a clucking hen, and a clucking hen is a setting hen. I would like to know how long it took Master Evolution to teach that pullet to turn her eggs over each day for twenty days and then hatch off her brood and go to clucking and scratching to provide food for

her little ones. After the chicks are hatched, the hen then shelters them under her wings and lets them nestle in her feathers.

If an evolutionist were to have just one good thought, he would have a fit, for he came from nothing and he is nothing, and he is going to nothing. Therefore he can't evolve one good idea. He thinks that we don't know anything, and we know that he doesn't. So the man with a divine Creator, and he himself a divine creation, is a million miles ahead of the gentlemen who have been millions of years coming from the lower order of animals to the higher order of animals.

Just how a bald-headed man can look at a monkey with a fine suit of hair on his little head and make himself believe that there is blood relationship between him and the monkey is a mystery to Old Bud.

The elephant walked about in the pasture and said, "Gentlemen, if you want to see the biggest thing in the nation, please look this direction."

The billy goat walked about in the pasture, he gave his head a toss and said, "Gentle-

men, if you want to see the fellow who has the stiffest neck of any other animal, please look here.”

The polecat walked out and waved his beautiful bushy tail over his back and said, “Brethren, if you want to smell something, just walk this way.”

The evolutionist walked down the sidewalk with a cigar in the corner of his mouth and said, “Gentlemen, if you desire to see an animal that has been ten million years evolving and hasn’t made a success of it yet, please look at me.”

Some time ago Reverend U. E. Harding told some of us boys a good story he had just heard. It is good enough to pass on to you.

There was in a certain community a very gifted doctor. He got interested in trying to prolong life. He began studying how to make a medicine that would make a man young again. After many long, weary years of study, he finally got up his remedy, and it was a great success. One drop of this wonderful medicine would make a man five years younger than he was before he took the drop, and so two drops made him ten years younger. Just a few drops would take a man back to childhood.

An old gentleman heard of the wonderful discovery and went to see the great doctor. The doctor confirmed the reports of the medicine and told him that just a few drops would make him a young man again. The old man, being very anxious for this, asked the doctor the price of the medicine. When told it was five hundred dollars a drop, he was heartbroken, because he could not buy any at all. While he talked with the doctor, the phone rang, and the doctor stepped out to answer the call. The old man grabbing the bottle drank every drop of the medicine. When the doctor returned, the old man was gone and to the doctor's surprise, he saw an old pair of shoes and some old clothes. Behold, as he looked up, a monkey was swinging on the chandelier by the tail. This wonderful medicine had taken him back to prehistoric days, which all goes to prove to us that the evolutionist is correct!

A "genius" is a gentleman who can take a jawtooth that was discovered in Egypt and a jawbone that was discovered in England, a shinbone that was discovered in Italy, a shoulder blade found in western Canada, the joint out of a backbone seen down in Brazil, and with some clay and putty so arrange

these bones as to build a jointed man, who lived ten million years ago. This same gentleman can then trace his blood relationship back to this made animal. Gentlemen, I tell you, the man who performs that miracle is a genius of the first magnitude!

THE MODERN CHURCH

The American church as an institution is so great that it makes one stagger to think of its greatness. There are two hundred different denominations. There are nearly two hundred thousand local churches, with almost an equal number of ministers. There is a church membership of about 46,000,000, and there is scarcely any way to tell the real value of the church property. And yet this great institution is drifting with the tide of worldliness.

As an institution, the church has very largely substituted church membership for the new birth and has substituted the activities of the church for the gifts of the blessed Holy Ghost. All that is left is a salvation without regeneration, and a Christianity without Christ. It is perfectly natural for such an institution to lead God to the back door and bow Him out of existence. God is not needed any longer to help run that kind of a church.

Many times we find that the type of Christianity now found in the churches is simply human enthusiasm. This naturally leads the

members to take the fire out of hell, for they see no need of eternal punishment, and to take the gold out of heaven, for they no longer need golden streets. They then make heaven a condition and not a locality. If heaven is only a condition, then where will our saints go when they die? Can a saint go to a condition?

Some of the churches have substituted man's wisdom for God's revelation and according to them we no longer have an inspired Bible. It is not needed in a man-made church. They have removed the blood from the atonement, for according to them, man can redeem himself with his own good works and his own great wisdom and powers of learning. The deity and eternal Sonship of the Lord Jesus Christ also have been taken away, and so today we often find the Son of God is only a "nice, respectable gentleman," and in many respects does not equal the scholars of the present day.

Beloved brother and sister, the Book says, "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" Now, we don't have to agree on who is to be President or who is to run for Congress, or who is to be county attorney. These things don't enter into the wonderful

statement from the blessed old Book. The Scripture refers to saints and sinners, for we read again the wonderful statement that the "friendship of the world is enmity to God," and "He that is a friend to the world is the enemy of God." And in still another place we read, "You cannot serve God and mammon," or in other words, God and the devil. To make it just a little plainer, we cannot be worldly and righteous at the same time. When Christ comes in, the devil moves out. If you finally decide that you would rather have the devil in your heart and life, then Christ must go, for we "cannot serve two masters." We will "hold to the one and despise the other, or else we will hate the one and love the other."

You ask, "Why do the Nazarenes preach holiness as a second work of grace?" This is the answer: Holiness is the only theory that we ever heard preached which ever got anyone into the experience of grace. All other theories allow the carnal mind to remain in you until you die. The second blessing theory proposes to get rid of the "old man" before death. See Mark 8:22, 23, 24, 25; James 1:8; James 4:8; Genesis 19:17; Romans 5:8, 9, 10, 11, and Hebrews 13:12, 13.

PREACHERS, ARE YOU ON THE SCRAP PILE?

The most pitiable man who walks the earth is a preacher who is blind in one eye and deaf in one ear, and short in one leg. And I don't mean physical blindness or physical deafness, or physical deformity. But some preachers are so blind they can't see that God's remedy for the unsaved of earth is the new birth, and God's remedy for His believing children is the baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire that cleans up the believer and puts an eternal "go through" in him until men and devils and difficulties will have no effect on his life's work.

Some preachers are so deaf that they cannot hear the heart cry of the hungry and starving world around them, and have no time for the deeper and richer experiences that God has provided for His children. In most cases these same men have one short leg, and it seems to be next to impossible for them to get out among the needy and the poor, to pray for them and to encourage them in the battles of life. And even if some of these needy ones get to church, often the "doctor" has nothing to offer them.

The devil is at work to break up homes and to break hearts and to destroy the lives of the people of our day. The slaughter is something fierce! What will God require at the hand of a preacher with one blind eye and one deaf ear and one short leg at the great judgment bar of God? Preachers, we must wake up and fly for our lives!

In the days in which we are living, a preacher ought to have his eyes open to the great needs of the people around about him, and he ought to keep his ears open to the heart-cry of the multitude. He ought to be ready to go and pray and love and sympathize with the hungry hearts, day or night, anywhere in the city.

I sat in a five hundred thousand dollar church and listened to a preacher take the most of his time explaining what a great German scientist had discovered in a single grain of sand. The crowd went to sleep and left him to discourse on the sand. The poor people did not get anything that was worth their time. They were going to church where their hungry hearts were not fed, and where they did not get one encouragement to help them in the battles of life.

I have known preachers to get an opportunity of almost a lifetime to preach a great sermon on doctrine, and instead they beat and peeled and scaled and blistered. The crowd would leave sad and really disgusted. The preacher would then make his boast that he knew he would never have another chance at that bunch of backsliders and hypocrites. And sure enough, that was his last opportunity. He lost it forever. Isn't it strange that a preacher of the gospel will get himself into that kind of a condition mentally and spiritually, until he feels that he is especially called to "take the hide off," as he calls it, and then as the fine crowd of people walk away sad and disappointed, the preacher feels that he has really fixed the situation? And I judge he has.

A preacher must beware of being "hot," or "sour," or "conceited." These are about the most poisonous diseases he can take into his system.

As a rule, when a preacher tells you that he wants something "hot," the poor fellow has been warming by some other fellow's fire for at least ten years. Because he is sour, he thinks he is hot, and when he tells you he wants something hot and at the same time

something radical, usually he has been rabid for years, and he thinks he is radical. He is under a delusion, for sour and rabid do not mean radical and hot. What a difference! A man is better off spiritually if he is cold in his heart and sweet in his life, than he is if he is hot in his heart and sour in his life. If he is cold, it takes very little grace to warm him up, but if he is hot and sour, it will take a cyclone of grace to keep him out of the scrap pile.

One of the most beautiful things about our Nazarene boys up and down the land is that they are so busy following the Lamb, that they have no time to ride the goat. While they are not lodge fighters, thank the Lord, they are not goat riders!

Years and years ago I got my eyes opened. No preacher shall ever ride a goat with my saddle. The preacher who rides the goat will have to ride him bareback as far as I am concerned.

When a preacher is too big to be little, then he is too little to be big, and his next station is the scrap pile. My, my, but the junk that I have seen up and down these United States in the past fifty years. What

a pity! When a preacher has wisdom enough to be wise and humility enough to be humble and grace enough to be a saint, that will make him a hero, and, if need be, a martyr, too.

When a preacher or a professor robs himself of a divine Creator and thus robs himself of a divine creation, making himself only an evolved animal, he is almost as intelligent as the gentleman who went to town to go into the dairy business and the only live stock he had was a team of mules. You will see at a glance that this herd of animals has never registered very high with any of the creamery associations of this country, from the fact that a mule is not built in the order to produce cream.

A worldly preacher preaches on evolution on Sunday and his worldly members go to the dog show on Monday. The members are trying to keep up with their pastor, and they are showing him that they believe that blood runs thicker than water.

I was in a city a few years ago, where a famous preacher outlined his Sunday night sermons for six weeks in advance, and placed the subjects on the church bulletin board at

the door, so the passers-by might see what they had to enjoy in the future. Here were the subjects as they appeared:

The Great Benefits that Are to Be Derived from the Carnegie Library.

Will the Future Woman Marry?

Hoofs and Horns.

Five Cents Worth of Beef Liver.

Love, Courtship and Marriage.

One Feather from the Tail of the Dog that Flew at the Tramp.

At the end of the year I found that the above church was so dead that the famous preacher preached the funeral from the subject, "We Were so Well-born Once that We Don't Need to Be Born Again." And then the preacher went to his next appointment. It took a faithful pastor two years to resurrect that church and to keep it from going to the scrap pile.

JESUS, THE SAVIOR OF MEN

Jesus was out in the suburbs of Jerusalem one day, taking dinner with a friend. Probably He saw a hawk sailing around in the blue sky. The hawk was hoping to make a dart and pick up a little chick. Just as he had chosen his victim, the little mother hen spread out her wings and gave a cluck. All the little chicks ran under their mother's wings. Christ said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Therefore your house is left unto you desolate."

If sin is the only thing that can keep a man out of heaven, and according to the Bible it is, and if Jesus Christ cannot save a man from sin, the man is as truly lost while he lives as if he were already dead and in the pit. But, if Jesus Christ has the power to save a man from all sin and yet He will not do it, then the man is still lost, but Jesus Christ is responsible for it. For if you can't get to heaven with any sin, and Christ has the power to remove that sin and yet won't

do it, He is guilty. If Christ can't save from all sin, then He is not a perfect Savior, and is therefore a failure, and every son and daughter of Adam's race is absolutely lost and there is no hope for a single one of us.

Turn the thing around and look at it from another standpoint. If Christ cannot save you from all sin, then the devil has put something in your heart that Jesus Christ can't take out, and if that is so, then the devil has greater power than has the Son of God. For if sin is the only thing that will keep souls out of heaven, and if we can't get rid of it in this life, then we are wasting time, and also wasting money building churches and hiring preachers to preach to us.

But if Christ has power to save from all sin, and if He is ready and willing to do it, and yet, if we refuse to allow Him to do it, then we are lost, for sin will keep a soul out of heaven. Christ died to save sinners, and is ready and waiting to do it, so if we refuse to have it done, our damnation is just, for we all know that we are born sinners and that Christ died to save sinners and yet some of us refuse to allow Him to save us.

Beloved readers, here is a most beautiful outline by that prince of preachers, Dr. Howard Jerrett.

In Christ alone is there life and hope for the soul, for:

In Romans—in Christ is the soul justified.

In Galatians—in Christ is the soul crucified.

In Corinthians—in Christ is the soul sanctified.

In Philippians—in Christ is the soul victorious.

In Colossians—in Christ is the soul satisfied.

In Hebrews—in Christ is the soul bettered.

In Jude—in Christ is the soul preserved.

In Thessalonians—in Christ is the soul ascended.

In Revelation—in Christ, is the soul at home. But “out of Christ, no promise, no hope.”

This beautiful outline on the seven wounds of Christ was given to me by Reverend Paul Moore:

His feet were wounded because He was to turn the wandering feet back to God.

His dear head was crowned with thorns until the blood trickled down His face, so that sinners' minds might be cleansed from all evil thoughts.

His back was wounded that the load of sin might be lifted from the drooping shoulders of the human race.

His blessed side was pierced in order that the blood and water might flow out making a way for man's wicked heart to be cleansed from all sin, outward and inbred.

Think of the nails driven through the hands which were always raised in blessing for a lost and ruined world. Those dear hands blessed every person who would receive a blessing.

Think of the beautiful brow pierced with thorns until Jesus' hair was all matted with blood.

Think of the lash that was laid on Jesus' quivering back until the blood flowed to the ground.

Think of a poor sinner loaded down with a long life of sin and wickedness and all stooped over under the load that has crushed out every good desire and every ray of hope.

Then realize that all of man's guilt and sins were laid on the Son of God, until He staggered under the load. Until Jesus suffered, that howling mob of sinners were dependent on only the mercy of the devil.

It took all the suffering Jesus went through to redeem a lost world, and to make it possible for man to be prepared for heaven, and qualified to keep company with God. God can take into heaven only the blood-washed sons and daughters of Adam's fallen race.

WORLDLY CHRISTIANS?

Beloved, sometimes we are accused of preaching that a man can get so much grace that he could not sin if he wanted to. But we do not preach anything like that and never did, and I never heard of anyone else preaching that kind of doctrine. We do teach a doctrine that sounds a good deal like the above. Here is our teaching and the teaching of the Bible, and the teaching of all orthodox Christians, "A man can get so much grace that he doesn't have to sin and doesn't want to sin." Do you see the difference? Well, the difference is as great as the distance is from here to the man in the moon. To teach that a man could not sin if he wanted to is unscriptural and unreasonable, for we all know that if a person wants to sin, he can sin. But it is scriptural and reasonable to teach that a man can have so much of the grace of God in his heart that he has no desire to sin. The beauty of the thing is that he doesn't have to sin if he doesn't want to.

If a man had to sin whether he wanted to or not, that would make the devil a success and would make God a failure. If the devil could put something in your heart that God

couldn't take out, then the devil would be more powerful than God. In that case, there would be no person on earth who could be saved, for if God cannot undo in you what the devil has done in you, you would be a lost soul and doomed above ground.

Thank God, the blood of Jesus Christ, God's blessed Son, can cleanse from all sin and can purify your heart, making you a holy and clean soul. You can get so much grace that you don't want to sin and don't have to. That is beautiful and glorious, and a truth as big as the mountains and as everlasting as God himself.

If the American church members were as afraid of sin as they are of holiness, every one of them would go sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb, to join the blessed blood-washed army on the shores of eternal deliverance.

Worldly church members? Millions of them. Worldly Christians? Not one on the face of the globe! The least religion that a man can have to have any at all is the new birth, and the Book says that "whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin," and if that is so, and thank God it is, then the new birth stops the sin business.

A worldly woman in the church, out for the evening, drives in a fine auto with a pug-nosed bulldog in her lap, a cigarette in her mouth, a chain around her neck, a few dog collars around her arms, and the devil's stirrups in her ears, and her mouth painted red. Gentlemen, that woman looks to me like she needs a lot of changing.

Here is a beautiful lesson by Dr. A. O. Hendricks on Acts 11: 26.

The characteristics of a real Christian are:

1. He is a child in relationship.
2. He is a disciple in knowledge—a learner sitting at the feet of Jesus.
3. He is a friend in fellowship—a friend is one who knows all about you and loves you still.
4. He is a saint in character.
5. He is a soldier in conflict.
6. He is a pilgrim in progress—never camping two nights in the same place.
7. He is a missionary in spirit—reaching out to the whole world.
8. He is an heir in prospects—the prospects of a Christian are glorious.

The disciples were first called Christians at Antioch.

Dr. Roy L. Smith once said, "Christianity is not a cheap religion." And indeed it could not be. Jesus Christ himself died upon the cross to start it. Every one of His disciples died a martyr for preaching it. St. Paul went to his death defending it. Thousands of martyrs through a dozen centuries went to the stake or faced lions on bloody sands to preserve it. Heroic souls sailed uncharted seas, engaged in desperate struggles with the savages and wilderness to keep it pure. Brave pioneers gave lavishly from their scanty store to perpetuate it, and then who are we to complain that a tithe of our income is unreasonable?

AND THEN, IN CLOSING, BELOVED READERS

Some Impossibilities:

It is impossible for pride and humility to live under the same skin.

It is impossible for you to be a teacher if you are unwilling to be taught.

It is impossible for you to be a leader if you are not willing to be led.

It is impossible for you to be a commander if you are not willing to obey.

It is impossible for a man to climb Zion's hill carrying a load of conceit.

It is impossible for a man to be any better on the outside than he is on the inside.

It is impossible for a man to walk straight if he lives a crooked life.

It is impossible for a man to succeed in life if he spends his spare time sitting on a goods box and chewing Star Navy, talking about how the government ought to be run. It is impossible for a man to be a booster as long as he is a boaster.

It is impossible for a man with a level head, a clean heart, a big soul, a good experience and a loving disposition to fail.

It is also impossible for a man to fail who has been cleaned up and cleaned out and filled up and sent out.

In my work in the ministry for the past many years, I haven't met or seen or read of a man who was equal to St. Paul in one point, at least. In Philippians 4:11, Paul says, "Not that I speak in respect of want, for I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." St. Paul was not dissatisfied in the ministry, he was not discouraged, and, thank God, he was not discontented. What a victory he had achieved! What a glorious thought! Although he was tired and hungry and not half clothed and often beaten and driven from place to place, yet Paul was content. He had a contented mind, a satisfied heart, and a soul on fire for God determined to know nothing but Christ and Him crucified. Paul himself said that he was pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

I feel a little like John Adams felt in the story told me by Brother Will Tidwell. Daniel Webster made a call upon John Adams before he died. Webster asked Adams how he

was getting along. John Adams replied, "Very well. The top is all off the house, the windows are getting dim. The foundation is very shaky, and as far as I can see, the landlord does not aim to make any more improvements."

Beloved, as I journey along life's way getting older day by day, I well know that some sweet day this old preacher will pass away. I know that as I rise above the skies, toil and sacrifice will be left so far behind that they will never overtake me and cause me another heartache. Then what joy and peace and rest will come to this old preacher who has done his best. Well, glory to Jesus forever and ever! I haven't been lazy or fussy or fighting, but have kept right on preaching and shouting.

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