

Still on the Throne


NETTIE MILLER



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By
Nettie Miller



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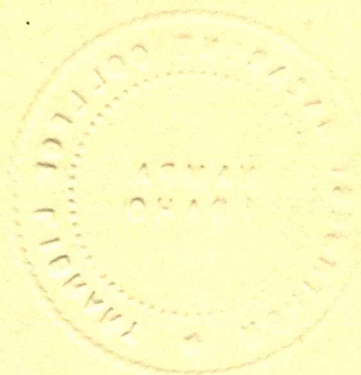
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DEDICATION

This volume I happily dedicate to my father,
a real southern gentleman.



PREFACE

Modern skepticism, with the lofty air of profound learning and philosophic doubt, would have us believe that to say that God is still on the throne would mean that we were scarcely abreast with our advanced age.

The author maintains that "God is the same, yesterday, today, and forever" and His Word is infallible. Submit it to every test which is possible and proper: intellectual, moral, philosophical, ethical, literary, or scientific, and on any rational ground, it does stand the test, in spite of the silver tongue of the orator, the chair of the university professor, and even the pulpit of some nominal preachers.

After nine years of watching the Lord perform His modern miracles, in the United States and beyond, through faith and prevailing prayer; by request I give you some of the happenings, trusting that you, after reading them, will feel more keenly that still He's on the throne!

THE AUTHOR.

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BUILDING THE TABERNACLE

I was converted! For the first time in my life I was thoroughly happy. It was Sunday morning. The sun shone brightly. The grass was just a little greener than I had ever seen it. The flowers bloomed more gaily, the trees were much brighter. I was a new creature in a new world.

The church bells were ringing, inviting the worshippers to the place of prayer. Eagerly I went with my new-found joy to the church of my rearing, but when I arrived my heart was saddened as I looked into the familiar faces, still as unhappy as once I had been. I longed to take them to the foot of the cross and have the crimson wave wash them whiter than snow. I was torn between emotions. It had dawned upon me that I could no longer find fellowship with these people. Disappointed, I walked out and stood wondering what to do. I ought to go to church somewhere, but where? I would try another. I did. I had no more than seated myself when the preacher said, "The road to heaven is indeed a rugged one. Very few people will ever make it, and sometimes I doubt whether I'll make it myself." I thought, "Well, if he doesn't know that he is going to make it, how in the world could he help me to get there?" I tried another church. That minister in his discourse made this statement: "We are living in an enlightened age, when man no longer

believes the childish notion that he can be converted and know it. We cannot know it until we get to heaven." About that time the Lord poured about a bucket and a half of glory over me and I shouted, "Well, I know it!" and I didn't wait for them to throw me out—I just walked out.

There were others in our neighborhood in the same predicament in which I found myself: they knew they were saved, and they wanted a place of worship. We got together. The Lord said, "Build a tabernacle." There was not a carpenter in the crowd, but that fact did not deter us. "I'll give fifty dollars," said someone. "And I'll give a hundred!" another exclaimed, and so on they pledged.

Soon we were hard at work. For the first time in my life I sawed boards on a street corner. (For that matter, I had never sawed boards anywhere before.) My friends for whom I had read and danced in my unregenerate days passed by in their cars, waving somewhat condescendingly. I sawed on, singing as I did so:

"I believe the Bible; oh, it is divine!

Heaven's golden sunlight on its pages shine;

Lights my way to glory, and I'm surely going
through:

I believe the Bible, for 'tis ever true."

Some of us carried lemonade to refresh the thirsty laborers; anything we could find to do, we did. Finally the sides were up and we rejoiced. I shall not forget the afternoon when the sound of the last nail died away. It seemed that the Lord said, "It is finished." I patted the rough boards. I had

come out of a church with marble statuary and richly ornamented altar, but this simple, rough structure was the most beautiful building I had ever seen. We had obeyed the Lord. I think I felt as Noah did when, though opposed and ridiculed, he finally had finished the ark; in fact, some people went so far as to say that our tabernacle looked like the ark; but to me it represented absolute obedience to the will of God. The Lord sent us a good Nazarene preacher. The tabernacle became known as Southside Church of the Nazarene. If those walls could talk, they would echo and re-echo the shouts of victory from newborn souls. Southside has grown until now the tabernacle is used only for Sunday school purposes and a new building known as Downtown Church of the Nazarene takes its place. Numbers of preachers have gone out to be a blessing to the world, who received a call in the old tabernacle. The world ridiculed, but He is *still on the throne*.

A TRAIN CONVERSION

I had closed a meeting the night before in one of our large cities. The Lord had been unusually manifest and had brought many souls unto Himself, for which fact I was deeply appreciative. As the train rolled swiftly over the plains I looked out of the window and into the clear sky, praying that the Lord would give me a soul on the crowded train. I rose and began to walk the aisles of the cars, scrutinizing faces as I went. I did not feel that any whom I saw were the ones to whom I should talk. As I came to the ladies' lounge I opened the door. The room was filled with smoke. Keenly disliking even the smell of tobacco, I started to make my exit immediately, but as I turned to the door I saw through the smoke the figure of a woman with a face marred by the scars of sin. I returned and sat down facing her.

"How do you do?" I remarked pleasantly. "Isn't this a lovely day!"

"I can't say that I see anything so wonderful about it," she replied gruffly.

After a few more questions and curt answers, I said in my heart, "Lord, are you sure this is my soul?"

Suddenly she said, "You have asked me lots of questions, and now I'd like to ask you one. What makes you keep in such good spirits?"

That was just what I wanted. I told her the story of how I had searched earnestly to find something to satisfy my heart; how one day I had met the lowly Galilean and He had stepped out on the storm-tossed waters of my soul and spoken His "Peace, be still"; how the waves had found in Him a hiding place and the tempest a covert: and there had come a great calm, which is there yet. When I had finished, she exclaimed, "Will you please leave this lounge?"

"No," I answered quickly.

"Please do," she insisted.

By this time I had decided that undoubtedly she knew something about salvation. "Do you know anything about what I'm telling you?" I demanded.

She wept openly as she answered, "I certainly do, but I didn't want to talk about it. For four years I served the Lord, and they were the happiest years of my life. Then I let little things come in; I listened to people's criticism and had my eyes on man till the peace departed. Now I am miserable. I have just left my husband at the train for no real reason at all. He begged me not to leave, but I said, 'Nobody cares'."

I told her that Someone did care, that this Christ whom she had left was standing with outstretched arms now, saying, "Wandering child, come home."

"There's something about the way you say it that makes me believe it is possible He wants me back," she admitted. "Can He really take me?"

"Surely," I said. "He is still on the throne." Then we knelt down by the seat and prayed. It did not take long. She earnestly prayed for mercy and forgiveness, and soon found it. Arising, she opened her purse and threw away some cigarettes, saying as she did so, "I am going back to my husband, back to the church."

At the next stop she left the train to return to her home. As she disappeared I bowed my head and thanked my heavenly Father that I could one more time face the world and declare that He is *still on the throne.*

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD"

The meeting was growing in intensity and gaining in momentum. We were all rejoicing. One morning I arose early to take a walk. As I did so, I asked the Lord to let me do some good that day. Stopping by a fence, I heard someone say, "Hello, Miss Miller. You don't know me, but I have seen your picture. Won't you come in?" I noticed that the woman's face wore a troubled look. "My mother is dying," she said. "Won't you come in and pray?"

"I shall be glad to," I answered, and was soon ushered into the mother's room. Lying on the bed was a little saint. I did not have to ask her if she was ready for the journey she was about to take. The glow on her countenance answered that question. Instead of praying for the mother, I began to do personal work with her daughters who were sitting in the room. The first one I approached must have been about forty-five years of age. I asked her if she wouldn't like to have the same kind of salvation that her mother had lived by so many years.

She said it was too hard. "My mother," she said, "went through hell to keep it." Then she burst into tears and sobbed, "If my mother could keep it, why couldn't I?" We knelt and prayed by her chair. In no time at all, victory was hers. She walked over to

the bed and said, "Mother, this is Martha. Do you know me, Mother?"

The voice was faint but audible. "Yes, Martha."

"Mother, I have what you've always wanted me to possess—salvation."

The mother smiled, tried hard to lift her thin little hand, and murmured, "Glory!"

In the meantime I had approached a younger daughter, Louise by name, and was speaking to her. "You must do as your sister has done. Take Jesus and before your mother departs be able to tell her that you too are all right."

"I can't! I can't! I could never do it! I have tried, but I can't make it!" she wailed.

"Then do you intend to give up for ever and never try again? Though you have failed in the past, you can try again. He who said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' cannot lie. He won't forsake you."

"He never did forsake me. It was I who left Him. I will try. I will!" And she did. Soon another daughter stood over the bedside of her mother and said, "Mother, this is Louise. I, too, have found Him."

The youngest daughter was left, the hardest to help. She told me what a hold the world had on her, how she knew that it would be impossible for the Lord to keep her in the midst of the social circle in which she moved. I assured her that if she decided to follow Christ her so-called friends would probably drop her without any effort on her part and that the Lord would give her many Christian

friends in their stead. "I do want to, and I know I must." In a short while the baby daughter was also telling her mother the good news.

"Helen," the mother whispered, "you have been a good girl and a great blessing in lots of ways in our home. Good-by, Helen. Mother will see you in the better world."

Similar farewells were given to the other daughters. Then she let it be known that she wanted to talk to me. I came closer to her. She said I had come just in time to see her take a trip. "It isn't bad," she assured me weakly, "for I am so happy." I believed her, for all was peaceful and serene; the storms of life were over and she was nearing the harbor of eternal rest. "He is still on the throne. My prayers are answered. My children are saved."

Down through the plains of light came the chariot of the Lord God Almighty. She stepped into the chariot and was borne past the stars in their orbits and ushered through the gates of the celestial city: and He who is *still on the throne* placed upon her brow the crown of eternal life.

HUMILITY

They took it upon themselves to inform me over and over that I need not expect to have a real revival meeting with souls at the altar in their church. "Dr. Blank held our last meeting, and there were only a few hands raised for prayer. We will pay you well, and you will have attentive listeners, but don't be discouraged if you don't see the altar lined."

I could not acquiesce. "God is still on the throne," I told them, "and the pentecostal skies are just as full as they have ever been if people meet the test."

Past the midnight hour, while I prayed earnestly that a genuine revival would break out that would be felt throughout the city, someone's prayers struck mine. I felt it. I was happy in the fact that someone else was praying too. I asked the Lord to let somebody shout at the first service. The devil told me I was crazy, but my faith was in the God who never fails.

The next night I faced the great crowd of people in the church auditorium, brought the message which the Lord had laid on my heart, and made an altar call, leaving it in God's hands. It was not long until the altar was filled. The first person to pray through struck fire and raised a shout like a freight train. The next one who came up sounded like a

rooster crowing. I never heard so many different kinds of shouting. My soul rejoiced as over and over I was reminded that God is still on the throne.

That night I again bored a hole through the skies. Again somebody else's prayers hit mine. "They still pray!" I exclaimed. "We'll have another good service tomorrow night." The Lord answered prayer, and on through the revival, day and night, souls wept their way to God. Some men left their offices and came seeking help, unable to understand the strange concern that had come over them. Women began their housework but found themselves unable to finish and sought refuge in prayer. Thus the revival came and moved upon the church and upon the people of the city.

The last Sunday morning as I sat on the platform I watched the people entering the building. Among the new faces I saw a little old woman take a seat back in the rear. While I preached, her face shone like a full moon. Some people help you to preach, you know; others just sit like a bump on a pickle. She was a marvelous inspiration during the delivery of the message. When I gazed at her, my soul turned a flip-flop, and I would shout, "Glory!" After the altar call had been made and seekers were praying, I went back to her and said, "You were really a blessing to me this morning. I am sorry that you haven't been out before. You really helped me to preach."

"I have been ill, or I would have been here before now," she quavered. "I don't sleep well at night. I saw your picture in the paper, and I've

been praying at night that the Lord would give you souls."

"You see those souls down there? You hear the shouts of victory? Those are *your* souls," I cried.

"No," she murmured, "I have never amounted to anything. I live in an attic up on Main Street, and don't get out very much, but I do have a chance to pray."

Again I told her that those were her souls, though she insisted she had never done anything worth while.

They wrote me up in the newspapers. Repeatedly I tried to tell them about a little old woman who had prayed all through the night for souls in the meeting. They did not seem to give her any credit, but in *that day* when we shall be ushered into the Capital City, He who is *still on the throne* will give her the rewards she deserves, for many will rise up and call her blessed.

OPENED EYES

One night after all the seekers had prayed through, a lovely little girl of seven, accompanied by her parents, came up to me. Her eyes were concealed by dark glasses; golden curls lay on her shoulders.

"Do you reckon Jesus can open my eyes and let me see to go to school and read? I wish He would. Then I could read my Bible, too."

Thoughtfully I looked at the earnest child, and said, "Do you believe that Jesus can do it?"

"Why, my mother says He can do anything. Why can't He? He made them, didn't He?"

That was enough for me. Stepping to the pulpit, I picked up the olive oil. Returning to the altar, where she was then kneeling, with her glasses removed, I asked her mother how long she had been blind. She burst into tears and said, "My baby has never seen."

"God is still on the throne," I told her. "Let us pray."

Never was it easier to reach heaven. We reminded the Lord that He was the One who had walked in Galilee and Gethsemane, made the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and the lame to leap for joy; that He was the same yesterday, today, and forever. The child cried out, "I know He is!" I then anointed her blinded eyes in the name of the

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. It was done. He who said, "According to your faith, so be it unto you," fulfilled His promise. She leaped up from the altar, threw both hands into the air, lifted her face toward heaven, and shouted loudly, "I see! I can see!"

"Look at me, darling," said her mother. "You can really see me?"

"Yes, Mother, I can see you! Jesus did it." She ran to her father, hugged him around the neck, stroked his face, saying over and over, "Daddy, I see you, I see you!" Then throwing her glasses down, she exclaimed, "I won't need these any more!" Waves of glory swept over the place. The Great Physician still lives.

MIRACLES

The miracles of Moses and his economy attested at every critical hour that God reigned. This is equally true in the New Testament.

Lying miracles are those which are out of harmony with the character and works of Christ. They are not of God.

God according to His good pleasure may endow His servants with the gift of prophecy or of miracle.

The miracles of Jesus were regarded as "wonders" by those who beheld them, but in the estimation of the Lord himself they were simply "works." They required no more exertion at His hands than that which was common or ordinary with Him as divine.

God reveals Himself in His created works and in the progress of human history.

"God as a free Personality, is not merely back of nature as its metaphysical ground, but over it, and free to work within it or upon it according to His pleasure."

"The authority of God as a free Personal Being, is not a violation of law nor a suspension of it, but the introduction of a sufficient cause for any effect He would produce. Sheldon points out that the free working of men introduces effects into nature without destroying the integrity of the system, and the higher range of miracles has the same effect, so that

the greatest miracle is as harmless as the least physical expression of man's free agency.

When the Creator intervenes in the established course of nature, the result, as measured by the creature, is a miracle.

Miracles are authentications of the messengers of God to their contemporaries.

If men are to believe in miracles, the same must be supported by proper evidence and substantiated by mentally sound and conscientious witnesses.

Every Christian is a public monument to the miracle of conversion.

A miracle is a wonder and a sign. Its sole use is this: God appeals to it as a sign of His power. This is a reason why it must also be a wonder. It is a sign of God's power and a wonder to man. A miracle must have both of these elements. Many things are wonders that are not a sign of God's power, therefore they are not miracles.

A miracle may be no real invasion of the order of the universe, or is no exception to the law of cause and effect.

There may be two planes of operation in the natural order. One is the ordinary plane with which we are familiar, and the other is on a higher level with which we are not familiar, and in which the Creator himself, for wise reasons of His own, brings into operation forces not commonly observed.

"Skeptical persons say, 'I can't believe that God would first make laws for nature and set them in motion, and then go on and violate His own laws. What would be the use of making them, if He him-

self would break them or so easily suspend or set them aside?" We meet the objector on the very threshold, and honestly dispute his position. Is a miracle a violation of the laws of nature, or is it only such an interference with the established course of things, as infallibly shows us the presence and action of a supernatural power?"

GOD IS NOT MOCKED

It was one of those times when conviction is pungent and penetrating. Hardly a person escaped a call from the Holy Spirit. During the invitation I walked back to a lovely, black-haired young bride. Her husband stood beside her, tall and elegantly attired, eyeing his wife disdainfully.

"Let's go pray," I urged her, "while Jesus is calling."

She was almost persuaded to yield, but her husband nudged her, muttering, "Don't go!"

"I don't mean to bother you," I went on, "but I do want you to know that you cannot play with the Lord. Today is the day of salvation, and you may not have another call."

She trembled with conviction, gazing wistfully at the man beside her. I pleaded once more, but seeing that she was not coming I returned to my duties around the altar.

"Let's go home," the husband said, and they walked out of the church.

"I wish I had gone to the altar," she said plaintively. "The Lord called me another time, and I have turned Him down."

"Forget it," he answered. "We are young, and have lots of time to think about serious things later. Let's go get something to eat and drink."

"I don't want anything," she said. "I want to go home."

They went home. When they were seated in the living room, she began again. "I wish I had gone to that altar. I needed to go, and the Lord wanted me to go, but you laughed at me."

"We'll not go back another night. I didn't mind going and getting in that big crowd and hearing the singing, but when it comes to taking away personal liberties from people, we are too young."

She seemed unable to throw it off. As the evening wore on, she continued to repeat with increasing dismay and terror, "I should have gone to the altar, but you laughed at me."

By midnight the neighbors had been called in. She was screaming over and over, "The Lord called me and I did not answer. I should have gone—I know I should have—but he laughed at me. What shall I do?"

Her husband with the help of the neighbors tried to persuade her that she had lots of time in which to decide whether or not she wanted to be a Christian; but God is still on the throne and will not be treated like that. Later in the night she became so unmanageable that they were obliged to have her taken to the hospital; it required seven men to hold her while they strapped her in bed.

The next morning they sent for me. I went to the hospital and there I saw that husband beside the bed, wringing his hands. She was still strapped down, gazing at the ceiling. He recognized me and immediately said, "Please come over and pray for my wife." I immediately did so, but for the first time since the Lord had saved me it seemed that

my prayers were of no avail. I felt definitely that the Lord was through, that He had given her ample time to repent and this had been her last chance.

"Go back and tell the people at the church to please pray for my wife," he begged. When people are in trouble they always seem to be interested in someone's praying. I told him that I would.

Before I left the hospital I went about visiting the patients and asking them how it was with their souls. Many responded somewhat as follows, "Early this morning an unusual thing happened. I was awakened by someone's screaming, 'God called me and I failed to answer, and now it is too late.' Then I remembered how the Lord had spoken to me numbers of times; so I looked up and asked Him to call me another time and I would answer. Now He has come into my heart and I want to tell everybody."

Well, the revival meeting came to a close. Some time later I was preaching in a camp meeting. One night I saw some people come in whom I recognized as being from this church. I immediately went to them and inquired about the young woman. "We have a message for you," they said. "The woman is out of the hospital, and she said to tell you that she appreciated your praying for her, but not to waste any more prayers in her behalf, that she was definitely dead on the inside, and knew it. She also said that you could use her as an example to tell people that when God speaks that is the time to move and they cannot put Him off. Truly God is *still on the throne* and is the ruler of His creation.

SENTENCED TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

A woman and her husband had together murdered a man and both had been sentenced to die in the electric chair. Someone placed in her hands a copy of my life story, "My Satisfied Quest." Quietly she sat in her cell and read the story of how God had gotten hold of my own heart and broken the chains that bound me. Before I wrote that book I prayed that every copy would be the means of someone's finding the Lord. Thousands of Nazarenes around the country have joined me in this prayer.

The prisoner read on until conviction seized her heart. Past midnight she laid down the book and began to pray. God heard her as she fervently pleaded for relief from the guilt that pressed her sinful soul, and, assured of her sincerity, wiped away the guilty past. She shouted loudly. The guards, thinking that she undoubtedly had lost her mind, rushed to the scene of excitement. She convinced them that she was all right, but that she had really found the Lord as her personal Saviour. They sent for the psychiatrist; he, after thorough examination, pronounced her quite sane. She asked that "My Satisfied Quest" be handed her husband, who was occupying a death cell near by. The guards offered him the book, but he rudely shouted back, "If it's religion, I don't want it."

The wife continued in her new-found happiness, praying night and day. Once while praying she told the Lord that if He would let her escape the electric chair she would spend the rest of her life getting people converted. God heard her request. The news came that she was not to die on the appointed day. The husband, who had refused to accept any religious help, died alone.

Some time ago I went to the penitentiary where this woman was a prisoner. I learned the story and was told by some of the leaders that she had already been instrumental in getting numbers of the women in the penitentiary saved. I preached for the inmates, and was happy to see numbers pray through to victory. Among them this woman sought sanctification and I had the privilege of putting my arms around her and praying until God came in and took the carnal nature away.

To all she meets her life is a living example of what God can do. Her testimony has penetrating, convicting powers. If you should pass by that state penitentiary you would hear a voice ring out in song:

“There’s a sweet and blessed story
Of the Christ who came from glory,
Just to rescue me from sin and misery;
He in loving kindness sought me,
And from sin and shame hath brought me;
Hallelujah, Jesus ransomed me!
Hallelujah, what a Saviour! Who can take a poor
lost sinner,

Lift him from the miry clay and set him free!
I will ever tell the story, shouting glory, glory,
glory,
Hallelujah, Jesus ransomed me!"
He is *still on the throne*.

A TRYST TO KEEP

The little fellow at the end of the altar that night was red-headed, snaggle-toothed, and freckle-faced. I paused by him for a few minutes and saw that he was having difficulty in praying.

"Just ask Jesus to save you, sonny. He'll hear you. Tell Him that you are sorry for everything you have ever done that has been unlike Him."

Quickly looking up, he said, "Are you going to help me pray?"

"Surely, I am."

"Boy, oh, boy!" he said expressively; then he got in earnest. "I don't know much about this here prayin'," he told the Lord, "but she says that you'll hear me. Jesus, I want to be got up with the good people in the sky when—whoever it is that's gonna blow that horn blows it—and please, sir, hold them off until I can get this." Soon he looked up and inquired, "How'm I doing?" I assured him that he was making progress and would soon hear from heaven that his sins were gone and he would be ready for the Lord to come. Sure enough, a few minutes later the little lad had the witness that he was all right on the inside. He jumped up about three times and yelled gleefully, under the anointing of the Spirit, "Blow, horn, blow! I'm ready!" Then he hastily left for home.

"Where in the world have you been?" demanded his worried mother.

"Over to that Noisomerine church," he said.

"Why, you have been gone over an hour, and I told you that you could play with your friend down the street only a few minutes. I called, and no one answered, and then I went over there but no one was at home."

"I guess not, 'cause she took both Jimmie and me to the church, Mother."

"You have been crying too. What's the matter?"

"You see, Mother, I done been down to that squalling bench. I been down there and got all ready for the horn to blow and all the good people to go up. I'm going, Mother, honest I am, and I feel good, too."

"You are too young to know anything about religion. Go upstairs and get to bed quickly."

"Do I gotta?"

"Yes, you certainly do, and I want you to forget about this excitement that you have gotten into."

Billy went upstairs to his own little room. His heart was light and gay. He knelt down by his bed and prayed, "Thank you, Jesus, for giving me what you gave me, but please, sir, I'd like it ever so much if you'd give my mother this, 'cause I'd be too little in heaven without her. You know I would, Jesus."

In the meantime the mother, curious to know what Billy was doing and also wishing to tell him good night, made her way up the stairs—to find him on his knees pleading with the Lord to save his mother.

She ran to him, put her arms about him, and said, "Pray for Mother, Billy. She should be praying for her baby boy, but it seems that he knows more about it than she does."

"Boy, oh, boy! I knew that Jesus would send you. Mother, you are supposed to cry, louder than that, even. Ask Him to hear you. She said over there at the meeting that the Lord would hear everybody."

In due time the mother experienced a real case of salvation.

The next night as I sat on the platform, I was watching the people coming in and also looking for Billy. At first I did not see him, but in a few minutes I caught his eyes. He made motions and I read his lips as he pointed to each side of himself, "That's my mother and that's my daddy."

One of my best boosters and most diligent workers during that meeting was Billy. He brought neighbors and friends to the services.

There came that last night when the evangelist must leave the people with whom she has shouted, sung, prayed, and rejoiced, to go to the next field of labor. We had sung "God Be with You Till We Meet Again," and the crowd had begun to disperse when I noticed that Billy was tarrying by the altar with his hands in his pockets and tears in his eyes. Making his way toward me, he said, "I'm glad that you came to our city and told us that Jesus is coming back and all that. Don't know if I'll ever get to see you any more. Say, would you make a date with me?"

"I surely will, Billy," I answered.

"Well, it's like this," he continued. When that horn blows and all the good people get caught up to meet the Lord in the sky—you see, you might get there before I do, and I want to know if you'll meet me just inside them Eastern Gates?"

I took his hand in mine, gently clasped it, looked at his tear-stained face, and said, "It's a date. By God's grace I'll meet you there."

"Boy, oh, boy!" he said, and went away.

From that meeting to another one, and then to another and another. One day I received a message; this was the story it told: Little Billy had been riding his bicycle one day on a busy thoroughfare and an automobile had struck him. They rushed him to the hospital. The baffled physicians shook their heads. Billy began to speak. His words were weak but audible.

"I got a date," he murmured. "It's with the preacher lady, just inside them Eastern Gates. Guess I'll be there first, though. Suppose she won't mind." So Billy was taken into that city, and by the grace of Him who is *still on the throne*, I plan to keep that tryst.

A DYING WOMAN

One night at prayer meeting, not long after my conversion, I testified, "I will go wherever He wants me to go, do whatever He wants me to do, and say whatever He wants me to say." No sooner had I come home from church than the doorbell rang. Being summoned, I came and found a woman wishing to see me.

"Miss Miller," she said, "there is a woman dying around on Front Avenue. The doctors have said she won't last through the night. Someone said maybe prayer would help. Then we wondered who could pray. I had heard you were a Christian now. Is that right?"

"Yes, ma'am," I answered.

"Would you come around and pray for her?"

Remembering the words, "I'll go where you want me to go," I consented.

On the way I learned that the woman was dying from poison, and that she was a sinful woman. The thought gripped me, "If she dies tonight, she will certainly go to hell." Since being converted myself I have never been able to feel calm about people's dying and being lost forever. We walked down a dark street until we came to a poor hovel, opened the door, and entered. People were standing around the walls and sitting on the floor. On the right side lay a woman in a bed. In my life I have seen very

few people who were actually dying, but there was no doubt in my mind that this woman was on the brink of eternity. Her eyes were glassy and set. She was gasping for breath. I did not speak to anyone but fell on my knees and began to pray. It seemed that from the glory world a tangible rope was let down and as I prayed for the Lord to save her before she passed away I began to pull on my rope of faith. I pulled harder as I said, "Lord, I believe you can," and a little harder still as I said, "Lord, I believe you will"; then with one last effort, "Lord, I believe you do." Everything in the room was still. One might have heard a pin drop. The woman's eyes began to lower, her lips to move. Suddenly her face lighted up. She did not need to tell me that the work was done. I knew it.

Someone began to pull on my skirt. I looked, and saw a horribly emaciated old woman, crippled and deformed.

"I don't have that," she said pathetically. "Would you pray for me, too?"

"Certainly," I answered. Before I had time to begin, others inquired if I would pray for them also. In that room, without a carpet on the floor or pictures on the walls, the glory of God came down.

Again I looked at the woman who a few moments before had been dying, and I saw by the lines on her face that she was suffering intensely.

"I believe the Lord can touch your body," I said—though I had never heard of His doing such a thing. "He has saved you. Certainly He can do anything. Do you believe that?"

Weakly she answered, "He has made me feel so good already that I believe He can."

"Now you pray as I pray," I directed, and she obeyed. Again from the heavens came my rope of faith to which I clung firmly. "Lord, you saved her, and now I believe you can heal her body and let her sleep tonight. Lord, I believe you will. I believe you do." About that time she began to manifest signs of returning strength. She yawned, asked to be propped up, and soon she was sitting up and talking happily. I left soon after. The next day I returned and found that she was up and had testified definitely that the Lord could touch the soul and the body too. So far as I know, she is still living and well. Glory! There is no case too hard for God. Regardless of the troubles that harass us, spiritual or physical, there is a Remedy that never fails. No matter how far off we may have been pulled by sin, we can be drawn nigh unto Him by His blood.

HEALING

If healing comes to one who reverently seeks it, it comes from God, by whatever method. If one is cured of disease or other physical ailment by any means besides God's direct touch, it is God who does it, and He should be honored for it and praised.

There is healing by (1) Climate, (2) Diet, (3) Water, (4) Rest, (5) Mind, (6) Medicine, (7) Faith, and all of and from God.

Proof is in the following syllogism:

1. Recovery is a good gift.
2. "Every good gift is from above."
3. Hence one's recovery is from God.

Healing had prominence with Jesus when He was in the flesh and with His apostles thereafter. John Wesley, an eminent scholar, said, "This single conspicuous gift (of healing) which Christ committed to His apostles remained in the church long after the other miraculous gifts were withdrawn. Indeed it seems to have been designed to remain always, and St. James directs the elders who are the most, if not the only gifted men, to administer it. This was the whole process of healing in the Christian Church till it was lost through unbelief."

James declares that there is a prayer of faith for the sick which God commends in granting His attention and healing touch—"and the Lord shall raise him up."

Does God want us ill and lame and used up prematurely? In itself, no! But there is something better than bodily health. Character is better than bodily health, and sin is worse than physical pain. It is quite evident that the only way God can save the most of us is to let us have physical ills. The psalmist of Israel bears testimony concerning this principle if not this very thing, "Before I was afflicted I went astray: but now have I kept thy word It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes" (Psalm 119: 67, 71).

The commands of James for the sick:

1. "Let him pray."
2. "Let him sing psalms."
3. "Let him call."
4. "Let them pray."

In the case of the healing of the lame man by the ministry of Peter and John, Peter said, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." When the people naturally and properly wondered at this manifestation of power, Peter said, "Why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk?" The name of "The Prince of Life," "His name through faith in his name hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know: yea, the faith which is by him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all" (Acts 3: 1-16).

GRANDMOTHER'S RELIGION

Have you ever felt that the devil sat so close to you that almost he would push you off the seat onto the floor? That's the way I felt one day when I was riding on a fast-moving train. The enemy whispered into my weary ears, "You are discouraged."

"I am not," I answered quickly.

"Why don't you quit?" he replied. "Go home and live like a lady. No more long days of travel, sleeping in strange beds, eating everybody's food. Why don't you? You know you are discouraged."

"I am not," I reiterated, almost aloud, "and if you don't let me alone, I'm going to get a soul off this train for the Lord."

"You can't win a soul as discouraged as you are," he insisted.

I immediately arose from my seat and started down the aisles, praying as I went. "Please, Lord, let me help somebody. I must!" I went from one coach to another, scanning faces as I passed. At length I felt I should stop beside a well-dressed, middle-aged woman sitting alone. I smiled at her and she smiled back graciously, saying as she did so, "Won't you sit with me?"

"I certainly will, thank you," I replied, taking the seat by her.

"If you don't mind my asking you, I should like to know why you look so happy."

That was just what I wanted. I told her the story of how I had sought earnestly to find peace in my soul, how the world had failed to satisfy, and how popularity had been only a disappointment. I climaxed by telling her of the night in Columbus, Georgia, when the Lord forgave my sins and gave me more than I had ever hoped to receive.

"What do you call that?" she asked very quickly.

"Salvation," was the answer.

"Oh," she ejaculated, "my grandmother died with that! I never knew anyone had had it since she died with it. I am a government employee. I have worked for years in the Capitol at Washington, D.C. I have been busy, very busy, for these years. Many times I've wondered if I had not left out the spiritual side of my life. Sometimes I made room for a church service; most of the time I did not go. Alone in my apartment at night I have wondered if anybody could be as happy in his heart as was my saintly grandmother, and if not, why not? But I did not allow these thoughts to dwell in my mind." Then she looked at me and said, "Please, may I get what you and she have?"

I assured her that indeed she could have it too, and explained in detail the way of salvation, so simple that a wayfaring man need not err therein. She seemed to understand perfectly, and said, "I want Him, I want Him now."

I got on my knees on the seat and prayed earnestly for her salvation. She prayed also, and in less time than I had expected a testimony rang from her lips clearly and definitely, "I have what my

grandma had! I know I do!" We rejoiced together over the new-found victory. Then, looking up, I noticed that the travelers had left their seats and gathered around us.

The woman sitting next to us remarked, "I am so glad you prayed for her, for I have sat here these miles in bewilderment, not knowing which way to turn. I am on my way home to my father and mother who have suffered severe financial losses. I wondered what aid I could be to them. What would I say? What could I do? When you prayed for her, I prayed for myself, and I have received an unexplainable joy. I am so happy. I am going home now to tell my parents that there is something better than gold, that God is still on the throne!"

Just then we were interrupted by the conductor, who shouted loudly as he entered, "What in the world is the matter in here?"

I was going to answer, but the woman with whom I had prayed spoke up quickly, saying, "Don't blame her, please, for she only prayed with me and the Lord has come into my heart." Before she had finished, the other woman added her testimony. "Into mine, too," she said, and went into details about her family and their needs and what she was going to tell them.

I watched the conductor closely, making up my mind that all he could do would be to put me off the train, but I knew one thing—he would put me off happy in my soul. I need not have been uneasy; instead, the elderly gentleman reached out his hand and shook mine. "Wait," he said; "wait a moment.

I want to show you something." His chin quivered and tears appeared in his eyes as we all centered our attention upon him. "Not yet," he continued, "but now look." We gazed out the train window as his index finger pointed toward the east. There, silhouetted against the skyline, was a little country church. "That is the place," he said in a voice quivering with emotion, "where I found Jesus. It's been years ago, but He has gone with me every mile of the way." On leaving us, he again shook my hand, saying, "You may have a prayer meeting on my train any time," and wiping his eyes he went away.

Truly, God is *still on the throne*, and His way is the best way.

FAITH

Christ possessed a perfect faith channel over which God could operate. Times without number He achieved the miraculous through His unfailing faith in the Father. The miracles He performed required no more exertion at His hands than that which was common or ordinary with Him as divine. With calmness he performed the first recorded miracle—turning water into wine at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. Subsequent “works”—healing all manner of sickness and disease, walking on the water, stilling the tempest, feeding the thousands, healing the lame, the halt, and the blind, cleansing the lepers, and raising the dead—were all manifestations of His perfect faith.

Christ commissioned His Church to duplicate His deeds: “He that believeth on me, the works that I do, shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father.” The faith of the early Church attested the veracity of this divine promise. Through the faith of the Church Christianity was spread to all parts of the known world, and other miracles outside of the purely spiritual were achieved.

God’s resources today are still as unlimited as they were in, or since, the days of the early Church. He waits to release portions of His infinite plenitude upon the hearts of men today. He waits—waits for

a man or woman to stand in the gap, as Moses did, to intercede and believe. When the faith of man makes a perfect connection with God, revivals are sure to be precipitated and superabundant powers released. Where is the man or woman who wills to offer to God a perfect faith channel so that His power can be manifested among men? The promise is to him that *believeth*.

The early Church accomplished much for Christ for awhile, but the time came when her faith waned and, during the Dark Ages, almost disappeared. Yet, there were those who dared to believe in the darkest hours, and each one stands out in history because of his achievement through faith in God.

Some of God's people today carry the load and agonize with a genuine faith for a time, but their faith wavers and is finally lost. God is disappointed in their loss of faith, for then it is impossible for Him to use them as channels through which to work. His power cannot be released unless the faith channel continues to operate perfectly.

God is not to blame for the spiritual dearth that exists. His hands are tied because man fails to exercise faith. God Almighty is able to perform modern miracles if only man will believe.

PAST FEELING

It is a wonderful thing to be able to feel, to be tenderly touched. A child plays by its mother's side and when she is hurt the child is struck with compassion. I know that we are living in an age when psychologists would have us suppress our emotions, especially when religion is concerned, and that it is more difficult now than it has ever been to get a person stirred on the inside. It used to be that the death of a loved one or friend would be the means of making a person think on eternal realities to the point of being stirred to feel a definite need of God; seldom is this true any more. I am always encouraged when I see a person who has not reached the place where he no longer feels or yields to tears.

The sun shone warmly from a cloudless November sky as I walked down the crowded streets of the downtown business district. I watched the people as they hurried along when suddenly, while standing on the street corner, I saw a typical newsboy. His day was just about over; there was only one paper left. I stood close to him, although he was unconscious of my presence. He put the paper on the pavement and yawned lustily several times. Then I noticed that his eyes were fixed on something or someone on the opposite street corner. It was a blind man who stood there with his tin cup, accepting alms as the people passed by. The boy

glanced at the beggar several times; then reached down into his back overalls pocket, and picked out carefully the money representing his day's work.

"This," he said, "goes to Mr. Johnson." I assumed that Mr. Johnson was his employer. He put Mr. Johnson's money into a separate pocket. Just as carefully he took out forty cents which he indicated was going to pay for his mother's medicine. He had one nickel left. I wish you could have seen him! He took the nickel and looked at it. It would have been interesting to read his mind right then. Perhaps he was thinking that he would like to buy an all-day sucker or an ice cream cone with his profits of the day. He thumped the nickel up into the air—and—caught it; then he gazed across the street; then he thumped the nickel up again and—caught it! He did it the third time. Then he reached down, picked up the paper, and started to cross the street. (I was right behind him. He still had not noticed me.) I saw him as he gave his last nickel to the blind man, saying as he did so, "Say, mister, it must be pretty tough on a guy that can't see nothing. I ain't got but a buffalo profit today, but maybe I can get you two of them tomorrow."

"You are a fine boy, son, to give me your nickel."

"Don't give me any credit, sir. When I saw you over here, I just got a lump in my throat that I couldn't swallow past. So long, pal. I sell papers around here all the time, and I'll see you tomorrow."

Then was my chance. "I saw the little fellow give you his money," I told the beggar.

"You did, ma'am? What did he look like?"

I described the bright-eyed youngster of ten.

"He must have loved me to give me the last nickel he had."

"Yes," I answered, "the boy was touched." While the man was stirred, I told him of One who loved him even more than the paper boy. He was eager to know who cared even half as much as the youth. I told him the story of the Christ of Calvary who died for him because He loved him as much as that. He put his cup on the ground and said, "Tell me more. How can I repay Him?"

"It would be recompense enough for Jesus if only you would give Him your heart to serve Him and love Him."

"Could you pray for me—now?" he asked brokenly. I prayed that God would come into his soul in salvation grace at that moment. To the best of his ability, he looked through blinded eyes at the Saviour. Salvation was his! He was so happy!

"Thank you, miss! Thank you for helping me to get Jesus!"

"It was not I who did it," I told him, "but rather the little paper boy who stirred your heart." If it had not been for the ten-year-old's getting him to feel, I probably never could have reached him with the story of Jesus' love.

I never want to get to the place where I am past feeling, where I become so inured to sorrow and suffering that nothing touches me.

PRAYING FOR A VISION

I had about thirty-six hours that were all my own; that is, I did not have to be at my next revival until that time was up. I wondered what I would do with the time. There were numbers of friends near by who had asked me to come to see them just any time I could or would. I paused for a moment, and decided that I would register at the hotel just across the street. I was given a nice room and was quite comfortable.

Then I got down on my knees and began to talk to the Lord. I told Him that I had over thirty-five hours and that I wanted only one thing. If it took as long as that, I would stay there on my knees until that for which I knelt was mine.

"I have preached around the country that we must have a vision. Now, Lord, I know that I love souls but I want to know that I have the kind of vision that you want me to have. I don't want somebody else's vision, but I want one all my own, one that will take sleep away and make food uninteresting at times—that's what I want." The time passed by rapidly—darkness had come on—and still we talked together. Alone with God! Blessed retreat! Everything else was completely obliterated. Some time past the midnight hour I could hear the tramp of what seemed to me to be an army—then at once I saw the feet of countless thousands march-

ing, keeping step with the beat. "Lord," said I, "what's that?"

"It's an army, my child."

"An army, Lord?"

"Yes, it's the army of the lost, and they are going to hell."

The tramping rang through my ears. I saw the outstretched arms. I seemed to hear voices, "Come and help us."

Earnestly I cried, "Help me, Lord, to snatch someone out of that army!" A vision—it was mine!

Since then I have never been able to get away from the fact that night and day there is a continual marching of the army of the lost on their way to destruction. Someone must have a vision for them, for "without a vision, the people perish."

When you pray for a vision, like an experience from God, don't seek someone else's. God will give you something to remember a lost world by that will suit you better than it will anyone else, but ask the Lord to make you more interested in the souls of others, and He will, for He is *still on the throne*.

SALVATION IN AN AIRPLANE

"We'd like to show you our new airport," they said to me that morning as we got into the car. My hostess was trying to be nice to me, as all the people are who have entertained me during my revival meetings. While we rode along the beautiful highway I prayed that the Lord would give me a soul that morning. When we reached the airport I looked around, still praying that I might be able to help someone. It seemed almost as though I were not going to make it, when out of the western sky came my favorite plane—the Great Silver Fleet. The pilot jumped out, and I knew the plane was grounded for a fifteen-minute rest stop.

A few minutes later I was in the plane, walking up and down the aisle.

"How do you do?" I said smiling to a woman who appeared somewhat downcast.

"Not so well," she answered. "I don't have anything to complain about, I suppose, but I am supremely unhappy. You are happy, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said. "Very."

"I have everything that money can buy—more money than I can use in my lifetime—I don't know why I'm telling you this—but I feel that something is lacking in my life. I give to the poor, I'm a church member, but still I need something."

"I believe that I can tell you what you need, my friend," I told her. "You need a real definite touch from God on your soul, a real case of old-time salvation."

"Maybe that's it. Maybe it is, and how do you get that? No one ever told me."

She listened intelligently and soon I had briefly explained the way by which she could find God.

"I see," she said; then "I will!"

The pilot was taking his place in the cabin and I knew that I must go.

"I'll be praying," I shouted to her, as the plane began to move.

As it became a speck in the eastern sky, something struck my soul. I believed she was definitely converted. *Still on the throne!*

THE POWER OF A HOLY LIFE

It was easy to preach that Sunday morning. The Lord came so definitely close that no one could have mistaken His presence. I had told the congregation that our lives are either a blessing or not. I related to them something that really happened.

A letter was sent to a certain city, addressed simply to "The Good Samaritan" of that particular place. When it reached the post office it was immediately placed in the bag of one of the postmen and he started out on his route. Reaching a certain house, he knocked on the door. A man whose face shone with the presence of the Lord, opened the door.

"Here is a letter for you," said the postman.

"A letter for me?" he asked. "Why, this letter is addressed to the 'Good Samaritan'."

"Yes," said the postman, "and there was no doubt in any of our minds at the post office whom the writer meant to have this letter. Good day, sir. Your life tells what you are."

I asked the congregation if a letter were sent to their city addressed to the good man or the good woman, would it ever occur to anyone that it might belong to one of them, and so on.

At the close of the message, a big, stalwart man came to the altar, and said, "Preacher, I am one of the meanest men you ever preached a sermon to,

but I want to tell you one thing: I've got a wife who has the kind of religion you were talking about. She's a good woman. I've come home at night drunken and been very unkind to her, but she's always kept sweet and said something like this: 'God bless you, Jim; it won't always be like this.' I have wished many times that she would nag and swear at me so that I could tell her she didn't have any religion, but she always kept the same spirit about her. I tell you, lady, it's just about got me." Then he began to tremble, and said, "Will you pray for me? Get my wife to kneel by me, too, please." He fell over the altar and began to pray earnestly that God would forgive his ungodliness and give him what his wife possessed that had kept her all those years. I watched the little Christian woman as she knelt by her husband—a touching scene. Many years she had prayed that God would save her husband. Her prayer was answered. He found God!

It was not my sermon that got him, but his wife's life that had proved to him that salvation is real! And that He is *still on the throne*.

NO ESCAPE

"Guess you don't know who I am," the elderly gentleman asked our Nazarene preacher.

"Yes, I do. You are one of the richest men around here. I've seen your picture in the papers off and on for some time."

"Preacher, I have been searching for you for over an hour. People whom I have asked to tell me one man in the city who would not lie, have all told me to find that Nazarene preacher. So I have found you."

Our preacher said, "Imagine how good I felt, Sister Miller, when he told me that."

"Preacher, my doctors have just informed me that I have only three weeks to live, only three. I have been planning what I am going to do with the three weeks of my life. Last night I lay awake making my plans, and I decided that I am going to drink all I can hold and spend all the money I can spend; but there's one thing that bothers me. I am afraid of the judgment. That's where you come in, preacher. I am going to have this down in writing so that there can be no mistake. Just as soon as I die I want the folks to send for you. I want you to go to the crematory and stay there until they hand you my ashes. Then I want you to get into the car and go and dump my ashes into the river, and then I will not be afraid of the judgment."

"You will be at the judgment, brother, whether I throw your ashes in the river or not. 'It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment.' Regardless of what is done with that body of yours you can't escape meeting God to await your final reward or punishment."

"I shall count on you, preacher, and you don't lie." Then he departed.

In less time than the old man had anticipated, he died. Our good preacher stood by the hot ovens as the rich man's body burned to ashes. They handed him the urn. He stepped into his car and drove to the bridge. He stood on the bridge with his overcoat collar pulled around his neck, for the wind was blowing furiously. With his right hand he reached down into the urn and took out some of the ashes. Some blew back on his feet, some went into the water, and some fell back on the bridge. He turned around and told the people the story of how the old man wanted to escape the judgment.

I stood on that same bridge overlooking the mighty waters containing part of his ashes and the bodies of many others also, and I thought of that great day of the Bible when the waters shall give up the dead, who, with the multitudes, will take their places at the judgment bar of the Lord; and as I stood there I promised Him who made me that I would try to live as if I expected to face Him that day. The judgment may not be today, but it is coming. He is *still on the throne*, and no one can escape.

HE LIVES!

The revival had been going on for about two days and the Lord out of His mercies was blessing abundantly. Numbers of us invited everyone we met, if we could conveniently do so, to come to the revival. The Lord was helping me to preach and, bless His name, He was giving some outstanding victories. The pastor of the church met two little girls one day at the beginning of the meeting and said to them, "We are having a revival meeting over at the tent and would like to have you and your people to come over."

"We can't come," one of the children said quickly. "We have already asked our mother and she said that it was just a place to get people all scared and everything. Wish we could go; don't we Helen?"

"Sure, I already thought about slipping as close as I could to the tent and just see how much we could hear."

"I'm gonna ask Mother again. Thank you, mister, we may be there tonight. I do want to come so bad."

That night as we sat on the platform the pastor pointed out the two little girls and told me his story.

When the altar call was made, both of them came and prayed. They had slipped away without permission.

They sought God as earnestly as an adult could, and He who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," forgave them definitely.

"But what'll Mother say? She told me that you didn't have to pray and cry like this that you could get to heaven by doing good deeds and things."

Right here let me say this: I read of a man who had a dream and he dreamed that his morality and good deeds were to make a ladder by which he could climb up into heaven. Every time he did a good deed, when he gave anything to the preacher's salary, when he went to church, when he gave a coin to a beggar; every time he did any good thing a rung was added to the ladder. At last the ladder lacked only two rungs of being complete and when these were in the gate of heaven was to swing open and he could enter in. And when these two good deeds were done he stepped upon them and sure enough the gate rolled back, but right there in the middle of the way stood Jesus Christ who looked out upon him and said, "I am the door; he that entereth not by the door, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

My heart went out to those youngsters as I knew that they were going to have difficulty at home when the news of what they had done reached the parent.

"We are happy, Mother, we're not going to hell. Jesus is done come in," said Helen enthusiastically. They were reprimanded severely for what they had done and were forced to listen to their mother's conception of hell. She insisted that there was no hell

and that people should never think of unhappy situations.

I hate the very thought of hell myself. I hate the thought of jails, hospitals for the mentally sick, penitentiaries, but just the same these penal institutions exist. Hell exists! God said so. "For a fire is kindled in mine anger and shall burn to the lowest hell. . . . Then shall he say unto them on his left hand, depart from me ye accursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. These shall go away into eternal punishment, but the righteous into life eternal. . . . Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." Jesus said that if your eye or your hand has anything to do with your sin, you had better gouge out your eyes and chop off your hand; that it would be better for you to enter into life with one eye and one hand than to have two to be cast into hell fire. I believe every word of His Book. It does not matter whether this mother or I either differ in our opinions about His authority. Man's opinion does not weigh much when it is put in the balances over against the written declaration of Almighty God.

One afternoon, two days before the meeting was to close in that city, Helen came running to the parsonage crying brokenheartedly. "Please, please come to my house, hurry fast. It's Mother; something's wrong with her, terribly wrong!"

The pastor, his wife and I hurriedly got the child into the car and she directed us to her home. When we got into the house we found the cause of all the excitement. The child's mother had been in some

kind of an accident. She lay there on the bed screaming in agony. The doctor had left the room after indicating that she was about through with this life.

In a moment one of the most piercing screams came from her lips, "This is hell! I'm in it; move me, somebody, anybody, but hurry; I can't stand this! My feet are in the fire. Please help me, please, please, I'm burning."

The last words that she uttered were that she was in hell. She who had said that there was no hell. The pastor at one end of the bed and I at the other took the sheet and gently threw it over her face. I walked down the steps, mumbling to myself, "*still on the throne!*"

A RICH POOR WOMAN

I sat on the platform as the people made their way into the auditorium. Someone nudged me and whispered in my ear, "You see that little woman coming in just now? That's Sister Brown. She is the poorest woman in this congregation. She receives ten dollars a month from the government and that is all she has."

I observed the woman more carefully. She appeared about sixty years of age. Her face was glowing with the presence of the Lord. No one could have told, by looking at her animated countenance, that she was in such limited temporal circumstances.

As the service proceeded, the minister in his introductory remarks asked the congregation how many would be willing to give something that souls might be brought to Jesus. There was a moment of silence; then Sister Brown stood up.

"I'll give ten dollars," she said.

To myself I said, "That will be ten dollars that they won't give me, because I'll never accept it from that poor old lady." I then began the message of the evening.

Often I found that I was looking to Sister Brown for inspiration. It was she who was getting an extra amount of God's blessing. How her face fairly glowed with the light of heaven! At the close of the message I made an altar call. Again it was Sis-

ter Brown who promptly made her way to help others to the place of prayer. She did not pull nor beg; she only said, "Won't you accept my Jesus?" Those to whom she spoke seemed to want the Christ she served. I stood on the platform watching her bring numbers to the altar. Reverently I looked up toward heaven and told the Lord that I was sorry, for that "poor" woman was the richest woman in the house.

"Oh, yes, oh, yes, there's something more,
There's something more than gold;
To know your sins are under the blood
Is something more than gold."

NUMBER 30361

(The following story is a true experience. The prisoner at the time I visited her was occupying a cell in a state penitentiary.)

"Bless your heart, Martha! Mother's baby looks so sweet this morning. Say your Scripture verse to me while I dress Bobby."

"Dod is lub."

"That's fine. Now, Bobby, what's yours?"

"For Jesus came not into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved."

"You do remember it. Now do you have your five pennies for your birthday offering ready, Bobby?"

"Sure, Mommie, I—"

A gruff voice interrupted. "Mrs. Nix, if you think you are going to trot away to church again and make me wait for my dinner, you are just sadly fooled. I won't stand for it! Ever since you went down to that old church and yelled like a dying calf, you can't stay away from there. I don't want my kids to—"

"Please, Jim," she interrupted, "don't talk like that before the children. I'm only trying to do the right thing. We have never taken them to Sunday school as other parents do. I won't stay for church, but you don't mind my going to Sunday school?"

"I don't care where you go. I think you've gone crazy. All I hear is religion."

"All right. What's the use? I give up. I won't try any more."

"Mommie, don't we go to Sunday school? What about my birthday pennies?"

"Go down to the store and spend them, and take Martha with you."

"Say, I'll buy me a wax gun," said Bobby, "and—"

"I wanta go to Sunday school," cried Martha, trying hard to keep pace with her brother.

Mrs. Nix walked out of the bedroom, picked up one of her husband's cigarettes, lighted it, and began to murmur something under her breath. She sat down on the day bed, a queer stare in her eyes.

Night came on. Mr. and Mrs. Nix had not spoken for hours, not even at the supper table. It was time to tuck the youngsters in bed. Mrs. Nix took each one by the hand and walked up the stairs.

"'Night, Daddy," called Bobby. His father did not answer.

"Mommie, are you going to tell us about David tonight 'fore you go?" asked Martha after the covers had been tucked.

"Not tonight. Go to sleep now. Good night," she said as she went over to Bobbie's bed.

Mr. Nix retired early. His wife sat for hours in the living room. Everything was still except insect noises and the creaking of furniture. Mrs. Nix arose from her seat, tiptoed into the bedroom, went to the dresser, unlocked a small chest, took some-

thing from it, and walked over to the bed. The only light was that of the moon shining in through the partly raised window. "It's the only thing to do," she said to herself as she pointed a gun toward her husband's head and pulled the trigger.

He screamed, and then groaned so loudly that the neighbors came running to see what was the matter. When Mr. Johnson opened the door he saw Mr. Nix writhing in agony. Blood was oozing out of his head. Mrs. Nix stood by the bed staring at her husband, the revolver still in her hand.

"Quick, call an ambulance!" called Mr. Johnson to his wife. In less than twenty minutes the ambulance had come and the police were in the room.

"We'll take her along with us," said a policeman.

"The children! I must see about them!" ejaculated Mrs. Johnson.

"Silence in the courtroom!" thundered the judge as his gavel struck the desk. "Mrs. Nix, take the stand. Mrs. Nix, you are on trial for the murder of your husband on the night of June 6. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

The pretty brunette looked straight at the judge, and her eyes filled.

"I had to, your honor. I had to."

"I object, your honor," shouted the prosecuting attorney.

"Guilty or not guilty?" the judge demanded the second time.

"Guilty," she answered as she dropped her head.

"Life," said the judge. For the first time since

the dreadful episode had occurred, Mrs. Nix came to herself.

"Life, life," she said, "life away from Bobby and Martha!"

Soon she heard the sound of a closing iron gate and the click of the key as the iron door behind her was firmly locked. Everything was strange. She was cut off from the outside world, a stranger in a strange environment.

A week passed, only a week, and yet it seemed a year. One day the warden called, "Mrs. Nix! Visitor to see Mrs. Nix!" She quickly ran to the screen. There was her pastor with Bobby and Martha.

"Mommie, Mommie, take me!" cried Martha. The poor woman held her face in her hands and wept.

"Mommie, what'd you come here so long for? Where's Daddy? Is you going back with us? I got a new wagon, Mommie. Grandmother bought it for me." The mother was speechless. The pastor breathed a word of prayer and the five minutes were up.

"I'll bring them back on Wednesday," he said. She was placed in her cell again. Wednesday came, and sure enough they were back again.

"Brother Brown, I had to do it!" she said.

"Now don't worry. I go by every Sunday and take the children to Sunday school. I gave the warden some things for your room. There is a picture of Jesus praying in the garden of Gethsemane, a Bible, and a picture of Bobby and Martha."

Some time later I came to visit her and she earnestly and thoroughly prayed her way back to peace and pardon. The days were not so lonely now. She spent much time talking to her heavenly Father. The prison authorities noticed how different she was from the other prisoners. The walls of her cell were decorated with pretty pictures, while the others were covered with pictures of half nude women and the like. Each day she read her Bible and made handkerchiefs which she sold to visitors.

Mrs. Nix had been in the penitentiary only six months when Brother Brown was allowed to have a ten-minute talk with her one day.

"I did not want to get your hopes aroused unnecessarily," he said, "but I feel now that I can tell you there is some hope of your being pardoned in a few months."

Her face glowed as she said, "I have been praying, and God answers prayer."

He is still on the throne!

“YOU LOOK ASKEERED O’ ME”

I used to spend half my time worrying about dying. In the church of my rearing I had been taught that I would have to spend lots of time in the place where every creature resides until he is made good enough to go to heaven. Since the Lord has cleansed me, I no longer fear death. Isn't it wonderful not to worry about dying and to know that if you said good night here it would be good morning up there!

I was asked one day if I would come and pray with an old colored man who had been seriously ill. I don't care what color they are nor how rich nor poor nor educated nor ignorant, if help is needed I am glad to go. I took someone with me to the shack and was shown into the room where a very sick man was lying on a bed. True, he had been painted black by the brush of heredity, but his face shone with the presence of the Lord.

“Come around here, miss,” he said. “I wants to tell you what I's seed. Death is done come in here. I seed it. Looked just as real, and a heap whiter'n you is. I looks at it and it looks at me. 'I's death,' it says, 'and I visits everybody, an' now I's come to visit you'.”

“And what did you do?” I asked him.

“I jist looked at 'im. Then death pinted his finger in my face and said, 'I tell you, I's death, and I's come to get you'.”

“What did he do then?”

“Why, he moved right over on the other side of this yer bed, over where she’s soddin’; then he gits up a little closter to me and pints dat pale finger right in my face agin, ’n’ says, ‘I tell you I is death, and I is come after you.’ I tell you, ma’am, I jist looked him right square in the face an’ I said, ‘I guess I is s’posed to be afeared o’ you, but you look so skeered o’ me, ’cause I is done met de Lawd and I ain’t skeered to die’.”

As I left the room of the heroic old soul I thought how amazing, how marvelous and wonderful that the Lord could take the fear of death out of the heart of a superstitious southern Negro and give him complete assurance in the face of death. When the cleansing power of Jesus’ blood is applied to the heart we can truly say with Paul that “death is swallowed up in victory.” “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?” The sting of death, which is sin, has been entirely removed, and all fear is gone. Praise God for the assurance He gives His beloved, that they can face even the pain and agony of death with sweet assurance because He has taken the fear and sting away. Yes, He is ever and always on the throne.

HEARTS STILL HUNGRY

Some time ago I had a Sunday all my own; in fact, I had to take the Sunday off for I had two wisdom teeth extracted and my jaws were exceedingly sore. Have you ever had wisdom teeth dug out when it seemed that they were fastened right on to your ears? Then you know how I felt that Sunday. I wanted to go to church, but I knew if I went to the Nazarene church I would be asked to preach; therefore I began to search for another place in which to worship that Sabbath evening.

Stopping in front of one of the most beautiful churches I have ever beheld—and I have seen cathedrals all over the country—I marveled at this splendid piece of architecture. "Whoever constructed this edifice," I thought, "is a wonder." Within it was even more beautiful.

In the rear I found a comfortable seat and watched the crowd gathering. For each person who passed by me I prayed that God would reach his heart. As the service opened I felt constrained to pray that the Lord would warm up the place, spiritually speaking, for His presence was not keenly noticeable in that spacious auditorium. The minister arose and announced the choir number, which was delivered in an excellent professional manner, but lacking the spirit of the Lord. He read a text, and after that the choir sang again. Then, to my

surprise, he announced, "I see Miss Nettie Miller in the congregation" ("Oh, my jaws!" thought I) "and I am going to ask her to come up and take the evening service." I said, "Lord, you hear him!" and was then very properly escorted to the platform, and, with an introduction to the people and the radio audience, was presented to the congregation.

He had already read the text. It was a good one, and I just took it. I prayed that the Lord would warm up the space around the pulpit, and He opened the windows of heaven and poured about three and a half bucketfuls of glory on me; then I felt better. I spoke the words that the Lord seemed to give me. In the middle of my discourse I realized that the people were getting under conviction. I almost rebuked myself for having accepted the invitation to speak, since an altar call could not be made in that church—or rather one had never been made there, of this I was sure.

Soon the people were weeping audibly, for hearts are yet hungry in spite of modernism. While I spoke to the people I talked to the Lord. I asked Him what in the world I could do with all those people under conviction; He recalled to my mind the introductory remarks of the pastor when he said, "We now turn this service over to Miss Miller." The Lord seemed to let me know that the preacher had turned the service over to me and it would not be unethical for me to give the people a chance to pray. At the conclusion of the sermon, with the lowly Galilean having talked to the hearts of the people, I had that great crowd bow their heads and then I asked how

many of them had ever met the Lord as a personal Saviour. It is almost inconceivable that in a land of Bibles in so-called Christian America this should happen—not one person in all that number had ever been born again!

“How many of you would really like to have an experience with the Lord that you could know about, that would make you a new creature in Christ Jesus and old things would pass away and all things become new? If you are not ashamed to admit that you would, raise your hand.” Hands went up all over the auditorium. I invited every hungry heart to meet me at the place of prayer. I heard a noise behind me, and when I looked, the robed choir with the exception of one member were making their way to the altar. Numbers from the congregation came hurriedly to the front. I implored the people to pray earnestly and ask God to forgive them for every sin they had committed. Conviction was so deep that it did not take much persuading to get the seekers to pray. Once I glanced at the pastor as he sat on the platform, and I saw him wringing his hands; I wish you could have seen him. I found my “hole in the sky” where I always get in contact quickly with the Lord, and prayed that He would not let this man interfere with the service.

One by one, sad seekers became happy finders. Sunday-school teachers confessed that they had taught Sunday-school classes for years without any salvation until that night. Everything was working smoothly when one of the city’s socially elite came running down the aisle, screaming loudly as she did

so, "I'm dying, I tell you! I'm dying!" That woman was really under conviction. When you begin to see yourself as God sees you and your sins begin to rise as high as a mountain, you'll think that you are going to die, but you will not; just before you do you will breathe again. The minister came running off the platform. I had already helped the woman to fall gently by the front seat and had given her a few little pushes in the back to aid her in her seeking, which seemed to help immensely. Many times over she screamed out, "O Lord, give me something in my soul to satisfy me!" The preacher, wringing his hands as he bent low toward the seeker, asked her, "Would you like to be baptized?" I prayed that the Lord would run him out before he ruined the service. At his question the woman looked up and said, "I want something and I want it now!" He replied that he would go change his raiment and arrange to baptize her. I knew that by the time he had climbed all those stairs and taken off his dress suit he would not come back. With him out of the way and prayers still ascending toward the skies, I besought the people to just pray right out of their hearts until Jesus heard and answered. They did so until numbers had found definite victory. Some of us shouted around the church aisles. The prominent society woman arose to her feet and said, "I have found what I was looking for."

The words were no more than out of her mouth than a committee came to lead those who had prayed through, to the baptistry. It was one of the most beautiful baptistries I had ever beheld. The organ

began to play softly and sweetly, and the minister with the candidates for baptism stood in the water which was lighted with many rainbow colors. You could see the clouds above them and the twinkling stars in the sky. As he put those men and women, boys and girls under the water, I knew that they had first been under the blood. I had forgotten all about my sore jaws and was nearly overcome with joy. And so another time my soul sang again, *still on the throne—God is still on the throne!*

THE PROFESSOR FAILED TO CONVINCe

Deeply appreciative am I that I believe the truth although doubters try hard to convince me otherwise. "God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him." That's the simple story of how man was ushered into the world. Many are saying today—instead of "I believe in the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth"—"I believe in the chaotic nebula, self-existent evolver of heaven and earth." Instead of saying that God created man in His own image, they try to improve the Word of God by telling us that our ancestors were common chimpanzees, and that God never made us at all.

I sat under a college professor who had told his creation story something like this: The whole thing started way back yonder in some tiny, infinitesimal speck of inexplainable something which grew and developed and changed until at last through a series of differentiating processes it was finally rationalized and perfected into man, and if you want to trace your ancestry you must go back through all the countless years and see yourself in the chimpanzee and the monkey, and farther back find your great-grandparents in some amphibious, trogloditic creature about eighteen inches long and four inches wide, and then on back to some wiggling worm in the slime bed of some stagnant pool and so on *ad*

infinitum ad nauseam—until you shake hands with your former self in the shape of this wonderful, insignificant, so-called primordial germ, whose origin I don't believe the professor was able to discover.

One young girl from a Christian family was hardly able to brush the false theory away and one day she came weeping.

"Please, I want to talk to you. It's about the professor's lectures. You don't believe them, I know, but why doesn't the Lord if He's all powerful strike him down for the lies, if they are lies. I am so unhappy. I don't want to believe him, but—"

"Don't say another word about it," I told her, "just go to your room and pray. I am sure that the Lord will come to your rescue. As to the professor, the Lord doesn't settle his accounts on Saturday night as we do here but there will be a settling time with him. In the meantime, pray."

Another day came and with it came happiness to the bewildered soul. "I did pray," she said, "and while I was there on my knees, I could see so very plainly the family altar back home in front of the fireplace. I could see Mother looking up at Father with tears in her eyes as he read the portion of Scripture. Then I could almost hear them as they called my name in prayer. The Lord seemed to come closer—so close that almost I felt that I could reach out and touch the hem of His garments. I feel like shouting now to the professor and all the world that I know *He's still on the throne.*"

THE TRUTH RINGS CLEARLY

You've seen them, haven't you, those who feel that God has done them an injustice and for vengeance they will get it back some way or another. Well, she was just this type of person, although at the altar that night she prayed seemingly earnestly for a good while, then her face hardened. In a few moments the young but successful writer burst forth in screaming words as she looked at me:

"My mind is fixed. If this God took my mother and left me alone, it is my turn now, and I will do what I can to square the account. I will *dethrone* your God today amid peals of laughter; blow His being down the wind on the wings of my epigrams. I have those about me who will send my words flying all over the state. I will start a crusade, if possible, which will shut up your churches some day, silence your immemorial prayers, slay all the hopes that would strive after something other than this momentary gleam between the eternities, make of no account the grand theme you preach about, *One still on the throne.*"

What could you do with a person like that? Her mind was fixed, but I believe that those who go about with a chip on their shoulders are likely in the end to be voted a common nuisance. I love the truth, no matter who gets hurt; the truth, or even semblance of the truth which smites the man who

tells it, and moves his heart so that he has to cry,
"Woe is me if I preach not this gospel."

The truth still comes to us through clear and simple statements which tell their own story, rather than through denial, denunciation, satire, slang. I am convinced that although the little lady at the altar shall scatter, as she said, literature to *dethrone* the Lord, that the truth will continue to ring clearly, *He's still on the throne!*

LOOK AT THE PLANETS!

In one of our large cities I visited a great planetarium. If I hadn't already known who was on the throne I certainly knew after I left that place. A very vivid likeness of the heavenly planets I gazed upon. When I looked at the size of the earth, I was exceedingly glad that the Lord still remembers that He made it. You can take an auger and bore a hole into the sun and pour 1,200,000 earths like this one into it, and still have room for 4,900,000 moons to lie around the inside edge. I thought that was big, but some of the fixed stars like Alpha Centauri for instance, are five times bigger than the sun.

There was old Neptune over there. She's seventy-five times bigger than this earth you live on, and close to three billion miles away.

If you were to take a fast train and go sixty miles an hour, it would take you one hundred seventy-seven years to go to the sun. I figure that it will make the sun ninety-three million miles from where you are now.

Then there was Mercury, nearest to the sun and whizzing around her orbit at the rate of 109,000 miles an hour.

Southwest was the most beautiful to the naked eye, Venus, about 35,000,000 miles farther out. She swings around the sun once in two hundred and twenty-four days and when she gets on the other

side she's nearly twice as far away from the earth as the sun is.

I couldn't forget Mars, one hundred and forty million miles from the sun, taking six hundred and eighty-seven days to get around.

Then there was Jupiter, the giant planet, which is one thousand two hundred fifty times bigger than the earth, and goes thirty thousand miles an hour.

I don't know what was in the minds of the others as they filed orderly out of the place, but within my own heart I was saying over and over, *still on the throne, the General Traffic Manager of the skies!*

“HE MADE THE STARS ALSO”

In the hotel lobby recently an infidel called me as I was turning toward the elevator to go up to my room. “You are an evangelist; are you not? I have seen your picture around.”

I told him that I was and soon he asked me if I would discuss my beliefs with him. He was the author of many textbooks on infidelity.

He thought that he had made a point against the Bible by remarking that the author of it had compressed the astronomy of the universe into five words. Just think of the ignorance this betrays. It proceeds on the assumption that the author of this apocalypse intended to teach the world the astronomy of the universe; and then, of course, it would have been a very foolish thing for him to discuss the whole subject in five words. Whereas, in this very reticence I see a note of truth. If this work had been the work of some mere cosmogonist, some theorist as to the origin of the universe, he would have been sure to have given us a great deal of information about the start, but a prophet of the Lord has nothing to do with astronomy as such. All that he has to do with the stars is to make it clear that the most distant orbs of light are included in the domain of the Great Supreme, the One *still on the throne*, and this he can do as well in five words as in five thousand; and so, wisely avoiding all details, he simply

says, "He made the stars also." There was danger that men might suppose some power resident in these distant stars distinct from the power that ruled the earth. He would have them to understand that the same God that rules over this little earth, rules to the uttermost bounds of the great universe. This great truth he lays on immovable foundations by the sublimely simple words, "He made the stars also."

"TELL MOTHER I'LL BE THERE"

"That Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance."

Heaven is ours by inheritance. It is not purchased by merit, nor won by strength, but obtained by birthright.

Of this inheritance we have a foretaste here below; and that foretaste is of the nature of a pledge or earnest, guaranteeing our coming to full possession.

An earnest is of the same nature as the ultimate blessing of which it is an earnest. A pledge is returned but an earnest is retained as part of the thing promised, of course promised to those who forsake sin and accept the blood in atonement.

They were singing "Tell Mother I'll Be There," and numbers of people were answering the call of God to prepare for heaven. Among the number was a lovely girl at the altar who prayed through beautifully. She kept saying, "Mother is there, and now since the Lord has come into my heart, I don't feel that we are so far apart."

"The whole family in heaven and earth," not the two families, nor the divided family, but the whole family in heaven and earth. It appears at first sight, as if we were very effectually divided by the hand of death. Can it be that we are one family when some of us labor on, and others sleep beneath the greens-

ward? There was a great truth in the sentence which Wordsworth put into the mouth of the little child, when she said, "O master, we are seven." The verse, I believe, goes like this:

"But they are dead: those two are dead!

Their spirits are in heaven!"

'Twas throwing words away; for still

The little maid would have her will,

And said, "Nay, we are seven."

Should we not speak of death as having no separating power in the household of Him who is *still on the throne?*

When I was a child I thought of heaven as a great shining city, with vast walls and domes and spires, and with none in it except white, tenuous angels, who were strangers to me.

By and by some little friends died; and I thought of a great city with walls and domes and spires, and a flock of cold, unknown angels, and those little friends. Numbers of my acquaintances began to die and the number grew. I guess it was not until the angels took my own mother there that I began to think that I got a little in myself.

I cease to see walls and domes and spires but rather the residents of the celestial city.

One night the Christ spoke His words of forgiveness to my soul and now I feel a family interest surely in that country; a pilgrim and a stranger here, waiting for the Maker of heaven and earth to call me home.

INSERTION

In the gospel history we find that Christ had a fourfold entertainment among the sons of men: some received Him into house, not into heart, as Simon the Pharisee, who gave Him no kiss, nor water for His feet; some received Him into heart, but not into house, as Nicodemus, and others; some neither into heart nor house, as the graceless, swinish Gergesenes; some into both house and heart, as Lazarus, Mary, Martha.

It is my desire to endeavor that Christ may dwell in my heart by faith, that my body may be a fit temple of His Holy Spirit, and that in this life, while Christ stands at the door of my heart, knocking for admission, to lift up the latch of my soul and let Him in; for if I ever expect to enter into the gates of the city of God hereafter, I must open my heart, the gates of my own city, to Him here in this world.

“Faith makes man’s heart,

That dark, low, ruin’d thing,

By its rare art,

A palace for a king.

Higher than proud Babel’s tower by many a story;
By faith Christ dwells in us, the hope of glory.”

HOPELESSLY, HE CRIED ALOUD

Today I read the sad, pathetic, and almost hopeless cry of Robert G. Ingersoll over the grave of his brother. It is eloquent with feeling, and shows that his heart was tender and affectionate; and I could not but sympathize with a grief which is not soothed by any hope of a reunion hereafter. He said, speaking of death, "Whether in mid sea or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all; and every life . . . will at its close become a tragedy as sad, and deep, and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. And life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry." All the way through that funeral oration, the brother had no hope that there was *One on the throne*, he, one of the brightest infidels of our country, who has done more to destroy faith in God and immortality than any other! How striking the contrast between such a "wreck," as Ingersoll calls it, and the joyous, hopeful death of a Christian.

Yes, what a difference it makes to one who dies in the Lord. The man who had been hit by an automobile and at whose bed-side we stood, had come

faithfully to all the first week's meetings and was on his way to the services, but—

He cried aloud, "This is death, but oh, how wonderful for I see the Lord—*still on the throne*—and I fear not."

Ingersoll sadly said over the remains of his brother, "We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry"; and, speaking of the dead brother, he said, "He climbed the heights, and left all superstition far below."

"Climbing the heights" to him was only to look into the black gulf of despair, to hear over the grave only the "echoes of our wailing cry."

I would kindly ask Ingersoll, are not faith and hope better than doubt and despair? Then why should many make it their life's mission to ridicule, satirize, and destroy the faith and hope of the thousands who find in their religion the only refuge from the sufferings and sorrows of this life?

If someone has shaken your faith by wit and eloquence or by whatever means, I would say listen to the cry of despair over the dead brother and compare it with the cry, "This is death, but oh, how wonderful for I see the Lord *still on the throne* and I fear not," and choose for yourself the truth.

FAITH IN JESUS CHRIST THE ESSENTIAL FACTOR

Others were praying through to victory around the altar, but I noticed that numbers of people had gathered around a well-groomed business man of the city who was trembling under conviction.

Going nearer the scene I heard him say, "Yes, surely everybody wants to be a Christian at heart, I suppose; but I don't want to be a hypocrite."

"How would going to the altar make you a hypocrite?" someone asked him.

"I don't believe all the Bible and don't understand how some of the scripture could be authentic."

Let me say here that there are those in our midst daily who find a stumbling block at the very threshold of the Christian life, in the fancy, that what is required of them in order to obtain salvation; that is, the crediting of all the details of a long history extending from the first man to the last man, from Adam to the consummation of all things, and being long accustomed to that skeptical attitude of mind which questions all things, they think it would take them a lifetime (as indeed it would) to verify every statement that is made from Genesis to Revelation, and clear them from all possible objections, and so some do not venture at all.

Remember it is never said, "Believe everything in the Bible and you will be saved." No. It is "Be-

lieve on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

"Quit troubling yourself," we told him, "with questions connected with the Book of Genesis, or difficulties suggested by the Book of Revelation, and let the wars of the Jews alone and dismiss Jonah from your mind."

"I'll try to see if it'll work," he said.

He prayed and the One *still on the throne* heard him gladly. He believed in the blood and Christ, forsook his sins and accepted the Saviour. The victory was his in a short while.

You may never have all your difficulties solved, or all your objections met; but though difficulties may still remain, and interrogation points be scattered here and there over the wide Bible field, you will be sure of your foundation; you will feel that your feet are planted on the "Rock of Ages," even on Him of whom God, by the mouth of the Prophet Isaiah, said, "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious cornerstone, a sure foundation; he that believeth shall not make haste."

ON THE THRONE TO LITTLE CHILDREN

No one asked the youngster, a girl of about ten, to come to the place of prayer that night; she came of her own volition. She prayed intelligently as one who is conscious of right and wrong and I soon heard expressions of joy as God forgave and witnessed to her heart.

She told her father that night of the experience that had been hers at the church. This displeased him very much; in fact enough that he accosted me about the matter.

"She is too young," he told me, "to be reading the Bible, it's too great a shock to a child."

You have all observed how much children are shocked as they gather about the mother's knees in the twilight, and hear her tell the stories of Jesus, and Joseph, and Moses, and Samuel, and Daniel. You and I know they only cry, "Tell it again!"

"Eminent thinkers," I told him, "would agree that your baby daughter [the idol of his parenthood], could read the Bible and pray with no ill effects, but quite the contrary."

I can quote some of their direct statements. It was Thomas Jefferson, speaking of the Bible and home life who said, "I have always said, and always will say, that the studious perusal of the Sacred Volume will make better citizens, better fathers, and better husbands."

John Quincy Adams said one time, "So great is my veneration for the Bible, that the earlier my children begin to read it, the more confident will be my hopes that they will prove useful citizens to their country and respectable members of society."

I found a statement from Theodore Parker worth passing on to you, "There is not a boy on the hills of New England, not a girl born in the filthiest cellar which disgraces a capital in Europe, and cries to God against the barbarism of modern civilization; not a boy or a girl all Christendom through, but their lot is made better by that Great Book."

There was a French philosopher, Diderot, about whom I read somewhere that he was even a skeptic, made the confession, "No better lessons than those of the Bible can I teach my child."

The father of that girl of whom I speak was well read and none too easy to convince. Our conversation continued for over an hour.

"She is right now at the age where her mind is plastic, when her education means most, and I will not have her juvenile mind filled with that Book that is too difficult for an adult to assimilate."

It was at that moment that I was thankful for a certain course in education that I took in college where I learned the words of Huxley in an address upon education, "I have always been strongly in favor of secular education, in the sense of education without theology, but I must confess I have been no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, was to be kept up, in the

present utterly chaotic state of opinion on these matters, without the use of the Bible. The pagan moralists lack life and color, and even the noble stoic, Marcus Aurelius, is too high and refined for an ordinary child. Take the Bible as a whole, make the severest deductions which fair criticism can dictate, and there still remains in this Old Literature a vast residuum of moral beauty and grandeur. By the study of what other book could children be so humanized? If Bible reading is not accompanied by constraint and solemnity, I do not believe there is anything in which children take more pleasure."

The girl attended the services regularly but was quite upset one day. She came to me weeping and said, "I am enjoying my salvation but have had a difficult time keeping it. Do you think I can stand it, the criticisms, I mean, and not give up; because so many want me to!"

"*God is still on the throne,*" I said, "and He promises to go with you all the way. Trust Him and He'll never let you down."

I kept up with that youngster. There were times when she said she almost gave up, but just as I told her she said that the Lord came to her rescue and at this very writing that girl is an established soul-winner. Is *He still on the throne?* I say, "Yes," *now and forever!*

Today I am exceedingly happy, my soul doth magnify Him who is *still on the throne*. I know that He is, because His wonderful salvation reached my soul and this moment is filling me with "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

I have just visited Forest Lawn Cemetery in California; filled with towering trees, sweeping lawns, splashing fountains, singing birds, beautiful statuary, cheerful flowers, noble memorial architecture with interiors full of light and color. All of this suggests to the world that God lives! Eternal life is real! *Still on the throne!*

Aren't you glad that you believe this? For *unbelief* leaves one hopeless and helpless. If we are in sorrow it has no comfort, if we are in sin it has no deliverance, if we are in perplexity it has no message, if we are in darkness it has no light. The virtue it preaches is without foundation; the heroism it inculcates is without evidence. It brings no benefaction, it pronounces no benediction, but casts its baneful shadow on all that is fair and sacred. It has no gospel of salvation even for this world, but only an evangel of destruction.

I have turned from it and proclaim my motto to all who will listen—*still on the throne.*

And why should I not proclaim it when the greatest of all miracles has happened to me—the gift of salvation has been brought down; conversion is mine—that marvelous change has been wrought in my own heart, involving entirely new relations with God on one hand and sin on the other.

I watched carefully one time the metamorphosis of a caterpillar to a butterfly. The ugly little worm crawled in the dirt and finally spun around itself a cocoon and shut itself out from the rest of the world. It slept the sleep of death until nature's conditions were met. I don't know exactly what all took place,

but I do know that one day, a lovely new creature burst out, a beautiful butterfly. He was no more the worm of the dust but he was different in appearance, habits, and in his whole life.

That's what happened to me. I was out in a world of sin but one day conviction struck my soul. The Lord and I had a real conversation—everything else was shut out. I don't know what all happened, but I do know that God's conditions were met and I burst out of darkness into the "newness of life" with a new nature—"old things have passed away and all things are become new," and so I say now and the next time that you hear from me—*still on the throne!*