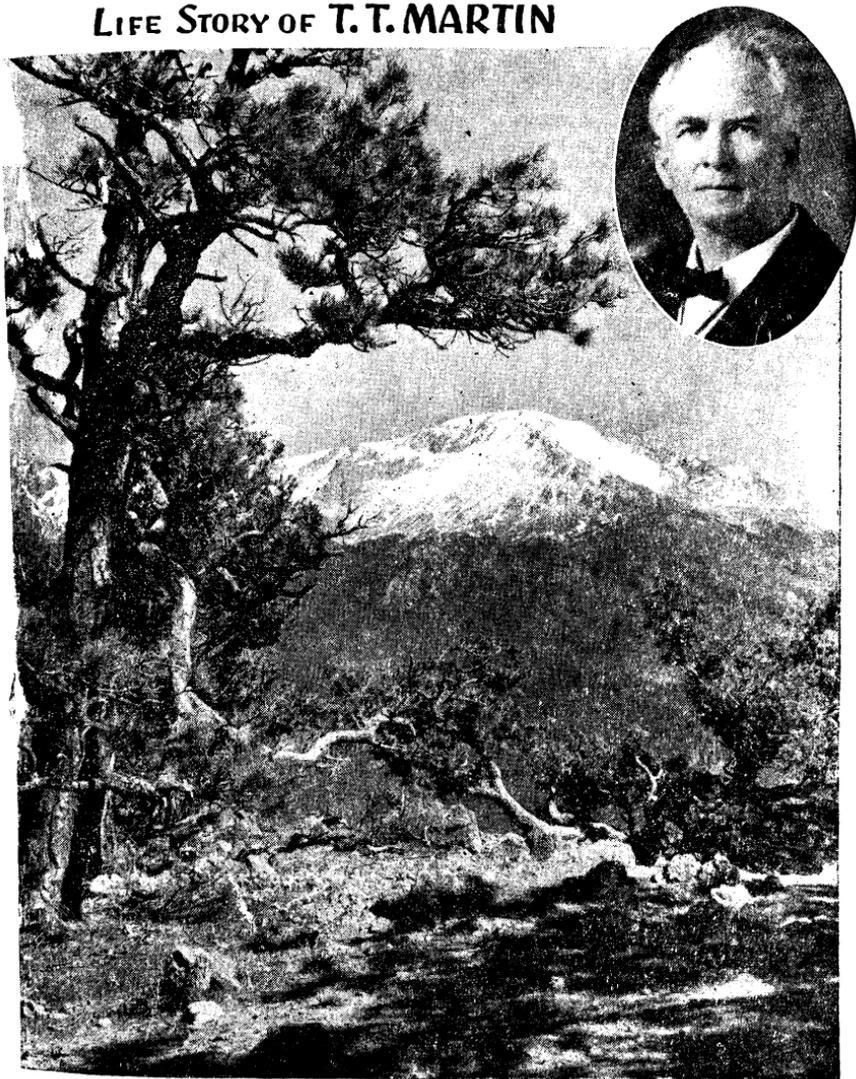
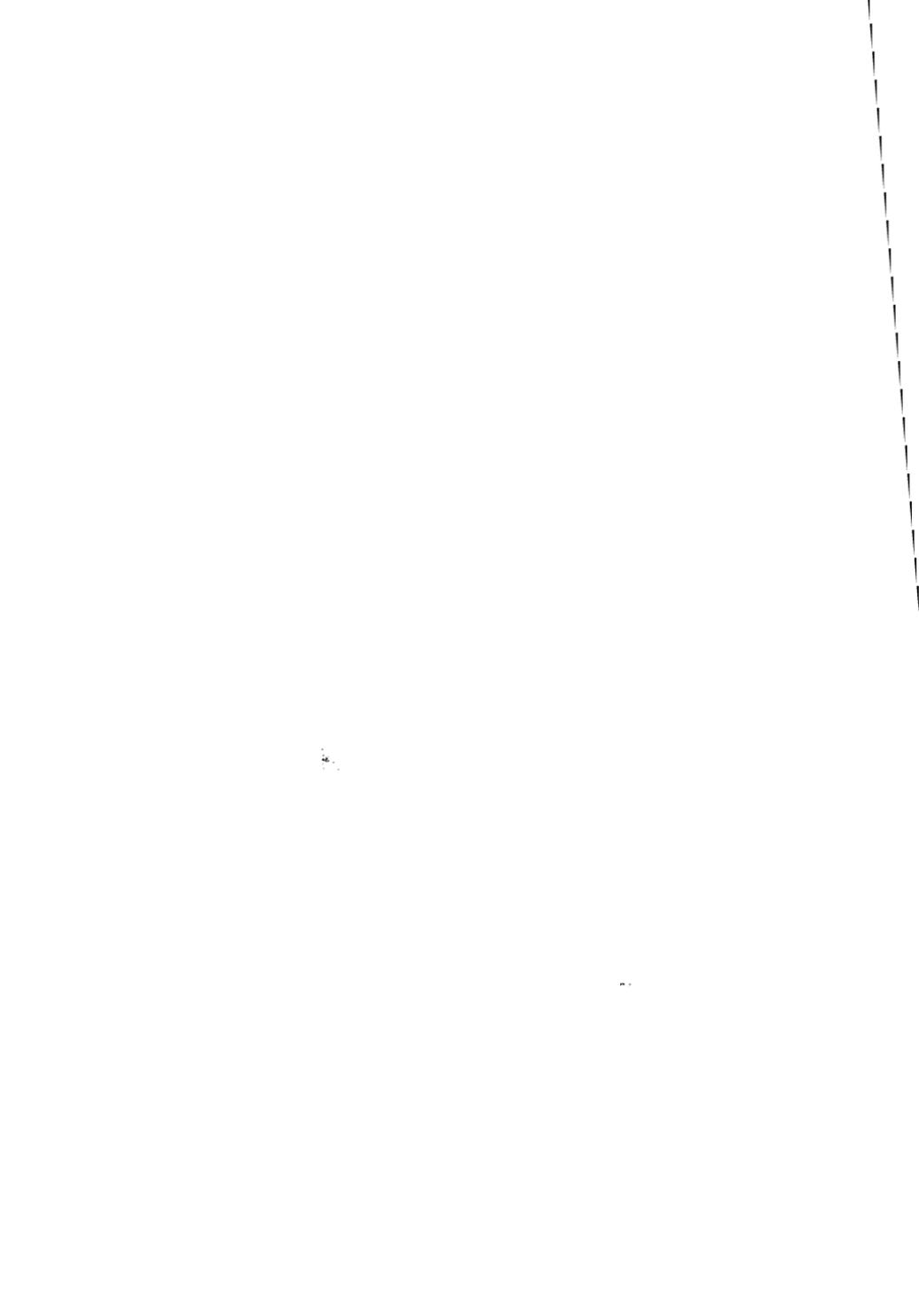


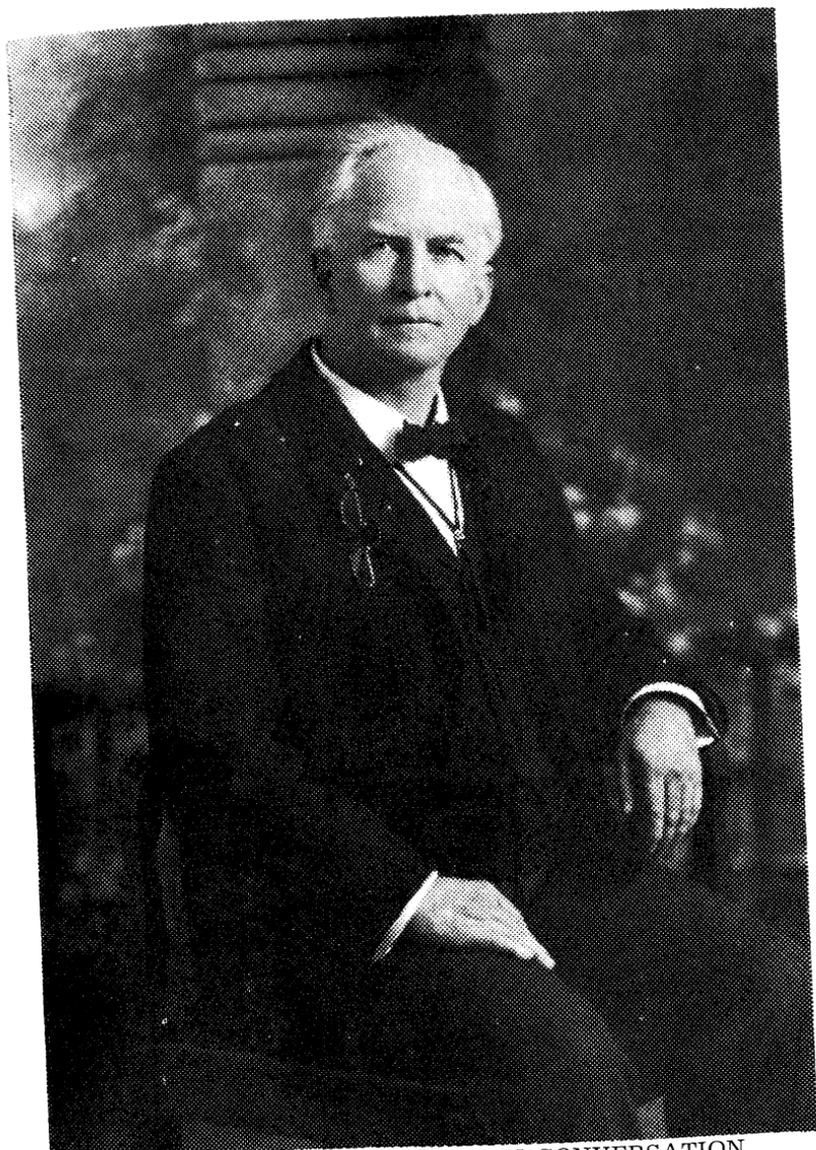
*Viewing* **LIFE'S SUNSET**  
*from Pike's Peak*  
LIFE STORY OF T. T. MARTIN



Photograph of Pikes Peak by O. Roach, Denver

Published by Evangelist A. D. MUSE





T. T. MARTIN, AT EASE IN CONVERSATION



# Viewing Life's Sunset From Pikes Peak.

LIFE STORY OF T. T. MARTIN



Published by Evangelist A. D. Muse  
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# I N T R O D U C T I O N

## VIEWING LIFE'S SUNSET FROM PIKE'S PEAK MY LIFE STORY

The Late T. T. MARTIN

Some of my friends say I am getting old! I don't believe it! And never will till my wife says so!

But I am not kidding myself into believing that I am as young as I was yesterday. The poor Russian Communist, when asked "How are you today?", with downcast countenance replies, "Better than I will be tomorrow". On the contrary, I, when asked how I am, rejoicingly reply, "Not as young as I was yesterday and not as old as I will be tomorrow".

But life's westering sun and the dimming eyes and the unspringy step, and the gathering shadows and "rising up at the voice of the bird", and finding myself toward sunset, with so much to be done, and so little done, all admonish me to turn on all possible steam and "work while it is called today."

Friends urge me to come out of the shadows and write something of the past, "or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken at the cistern", and I go to my long home "And the mourners go about the streets".

Hence these glimpses into the past, looking backward at life's sunset from the top of Pike's Peak.

I started my life's work in the Pike's Peak Country, Leadville, Cripple Creek, Canon City, and Colorado Springs. With life's sun far to the west, I come back to the top of Pike's Peak to take a sun-set view of life.

Since my life's sun arose at Pike's Peak, many clouds have come and gone; and now at life's sunset there is not a fleck of cloud on the sky. Life's sunset from the top of Pike's Peak and not a cloud in sight. How peaceful! How

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sublime! A noted infidel at life's close, with a sigh and suppressed sob said, "I wish I had never been born!" With an unsuppressed shout I praise God that I ever was born!

Sometimes now, when I lose sight of the world's needs and sorrows and woes, I catch myself sighing,

"I am weary! I am waiting;  
My day's work is done.  
I am watching; I am waiting  
For life's sinking sun.

The shadows are falling  
Afar o'er the lea;  
Then Oh! let me anchor  
Beyond the dark sea.

Beyond the dark sea!  
Beyond the dark sea!  
Then Oh! let me anchor  
Beyond the dark sea.

The cold surging billows  
That break at my feet  
Have lost all their terrors,  
Their music is sweet.

The loved ones are calling,  
Afar o'er the lea;  
Then Oh! let me anchor  
Beyond the dark sea."

But when I turn and again see the world's woe and sin and needs, I pull up my belt buckle a couple of notches and say, "Hand me the old sword again!" and I pray, "Let not

the sun go down on Gibeon, nor the moon in the valley of Ajalon, till another victory is won for the great captain of our salvation, the Lord our Righteousness, Redeemer”.

Looking back? Ah! “So much to do. So little done”, and I’ll soon be gone!

“Time worketh: let me work, too;  
Time undoeth: oh, let me do!  
So busy as sin my work I ply  
Till I rest in eternity.

“Death worketh: let me work, too;  
Death undoeth: oh, let me do!  
As busy as death my work I ply  
Till I rest in eternity”.



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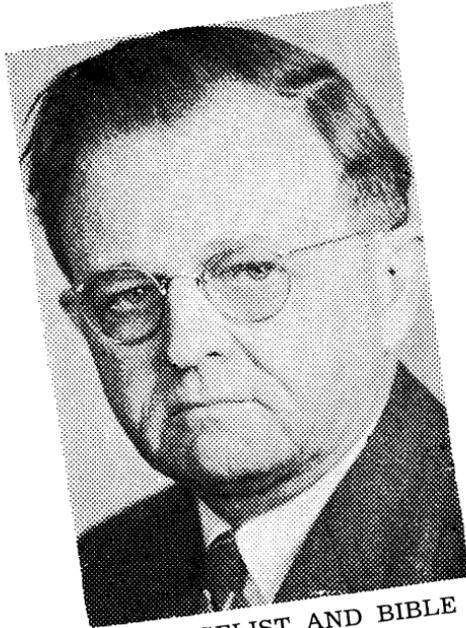
# F O R E W O R D

## VIEWING LIFE'S SUNSET FROM PIKE'S PEAK

This is the life story of the late T. T. Martin. When Brother Martin died we had this manuscript. We have had much trouble and many trials with this.

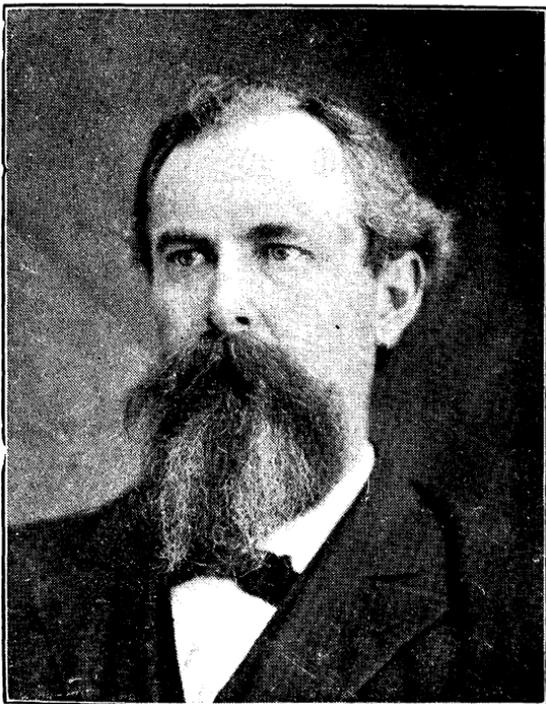
Dr. Martin was possibly the most picturesque personage that ever moved among the Baptists of America, the past generation. The first decade and half of this century he was the topmost church evangelist in America. The chapters of this book bring out the real T. T. Martin. You see the flash of that keen grey eye when in humorous mood. You see those thin lips quiver when gripped with sadness! You see that cutting rapier's blade flash when in political discussions. You see the blood of which martyrs are made run hot when he sees injustice and unfairness in control. You see the most beautiful descriptive power in story telling. He was a superb master of illustrations! He never had a superior. I doubt that he ever had an equal in the American pulpit in his day! He was an institution within himself.

A. D. MUSE.



A. D. MUSE EVANGELIST AND BIBLE TEACHER





M. T. MARTIN, T. T. MARTIN'S FATHER



# C H A P T E R I

## THREE LONELY GRAVES

Looking back from Pike's Peak? Ah! Far, far, far back yonder! Far to the south east from Pike's Peak are three lonely graves beneath three sobbing pines.

The first: A picture: A lonely broken-hearted five-year-child weeping over a mound of earth beneath a lone pine sobbing: "I have no mother now. I have no mother now", and tucked away that night in a lonely bed by a broken-hearted father, sobbing, "I have no mother now".

Is it a weakness that as an old man now I cannot pass a motherless child without wanting to take it in my arms and weep?

The second grave: My old grandfather! What a life! Walking over the hills of the piney woods of south-east Mississippi, leading his horse with my grandmother sitting on the horse, with my father, a little babe, in her lap; the old grandfather gathering the people under some spreading tree, preaching to them that Christ died for our sins, all of them, clear up till we die; that when we repent from our sins, and turn from them and rest on Christ dying for our sins, we are saved and shall not come into condemnation because our sins are paid for to life's close; that then from love we should serve him, and not from fear of hell, because God wants no hell-scared service. And then the old pioneer preacher would organize a little church and pass on. What a hero!

Yet he went to his grave with his heart broken. He rode two days on his horse to meet in an association with his brethren; a visiting educated, eloquent preacher preached, and held up to scorn and ridicule the uneducated preacher. The people, swept off their feet by the

eloquent visiting preacher, laughed and jeered. Sobbing, the old pioneer preacher, John P. Martin, arose, passed down the aisle weeping; mounting his horse, he rode two days back to his humble country home and never preached again. Ah, the tears of that long, lonely ride! The lonely grave of a broken-hearted old pioneer country preacher! "Two mites that make a farthing". Yet the Saviour said that she had done more than all the rest. What a reward! What a crown for the old pioneer country preacher at last! How old grandfather will shine up there!

Education does not, cannot make a preacher. The school can only hatch the egg that is put in the nest. If it is a goose egg, it will hatch out only a gosling. If it is a buzzard egg, it will hatch out only a buzzard.

Witness the great, godly man, though rich, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., sitting at the feet of an ex-slave negro six weeks every winter, listening at 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. to Black Spurgeon preach! Poor, uneducated men who were denied an education can preach! They could preach better if they were educated, but education does not reach one moment beyond the grave. "Now I know in part; but then I shall know as I am known". Heaven will mean perfect knowledge. The most ignorant negro lad in the South, who depends on Christ dying for all his sins as long as he lives, will know more astronomy in fifteen minutes after he gets to heaven than Gen. Mitchell or Sir Isaac Newton.

That third grave: My father. He died in my arms. I preached the funeral sermon over his body. What a man! What a life; What a preacher!

He took Junior and Senior at college in one year when he was only eighteen years of age and finished two months before the close of the session. No one ever did it before. No

one has ever done it since. He was at once offered the professorship of Mathematics. Just then the tocsin of war sounded. The Civil War had started. Declining the professorship, the eighteen year old youth rushed home, took the stump, and got every able-bodied man in his native county into the Confederate army. At the close of the horrible war, he returned to his desolate southern home, having left it well-to-do, and returned a pauper. He accepted the chair of Mathematics in the old college. But the college was under a mountain of debt to northern creditors. They had decided to foreclose the mortgage and put the college under the auction hammer on the market block. The young professor of mathematics went to the president of the board of Trustees, Capt. W. T. Radcliff, and to the President of the College, President W. S. Webb, and begged for a leave of absence to take the field and try to raise the money and save the college. They laughed in his face, the laugh of despair. Mississippi had borne the brunt of the Civil War as no other State save Virginia. Our people were in the depths of poverty; only a few people were left with any property, and they were on their plantations way back in the swamps or far up in the foothills out of reach of the railroads. The young professor of Mathematics stood before the two Presidents and pled so piteously for his Alma Mater, his big grey eyes swimming in tears, until, with a knowing shake of the head, they said, "Well, go and try". Only a few weeks and the mortgage would be closed out. Railroad trains would do no good. Kissing his wife and babies good bye, he mounted his horse and rode away. On and on he rode; sometimes swimming the swollen streams, sometimes riding all night long. Farmers would come out of their fields, taking the horse by the reins

and begging the seemingly-dying young professor to get down and go and get some sleep. But he would beg so piteously for the old college, his grey eyes swimming in tears, that the farmers would take the paper and put down a big subscription, and on to another farmer he would ride! On and on until the horse fell dead under him by the road side. Three horses fell dead under him. One morning he rode in home and reeled from the saddle almost dead, but with the look of heaven on his face; for every dime had been raised. Mississippi College had been saved. She has five hundred boys today and stands in the front rank of American colleges! To cut out of Mississippi the influence of Mississippi College would mean to cut the heart out of the State. In middle life he resigned his professorship to give his life to preaching. What a preacher; How clear! How simple! How powerful; How brave!

When he died a world renowned preacher came to me and said, "Your father did not wear his reputation. But I know nine hundred preachers in one State who are making clear the way of salvation—who did not do so before they heard M. T. Martin preach."

Let me lay a spray of acacia on a lonely grave beneath a lone sobbing pine; **all I know of the Gospel today came from him**; and many thousands can say the same thing.

Doing sentinel duty beneath that sobbing pine over that lone grave stands a marble monument, carved in the shape of a pulpit, with an open Bible held up to God. It was not placed there by his family. They were not able financially. It was placed there by those who knew him best and therefore loved him most. It could have been covered on all four sides telling of his noble life record. But there is an epitaph of only one short line. It is in Greek, and the literal trans-

lation into English is "The of Jesus Christ bonds slave". I think I know my noble good stepmother far away yonder in Southern California; I think I know my half brothers and half sister. On this point I know that I know myself: What ever others may think of that one whose grave is yonder beneath that weeping pine watched over by that lone marble monument, as for our little family circle, only God knows how we loved him! Not one in that little family circle would ever consent to one word being taken from, or one word added to, that simple epitaph! It is enough for us, if our Lord carries, that those of coming generations who may visit that sacred grave may know that those outside his own family who knew him best, and therefore loved him most, looked upon him as **"A bond servant of Jesus Christ"**.

But those three are not the only three precious memories and blessed future anticipations. Out there somewhere with the Lord Jesus are three precious babes who have never looked their father in the face, but who will see him and know him in heaven.

All babies go to heaven when they die. I know they do! Do you believe that they are shut out of heaven? Away with your specious special pleading concerning "Limbo" and the babes not having the "Beatific Vision". There is not one word in God's word for your "Limbo" and "Beatific Vision". They are miserable hypocritical dodges. They are to bolster up a heathen teaching. The man who says he believes it, ought to be ashamed to look an honest hound in the face.

"But they will not be saved unless they are baptized?" Do you believe that our Heavenly Father will shut out of heaven a little babe not eighteen inches long because its father did not have a few drops of water dropped on its

head? Brother, your God is my devil. There would be nothing meaner for the devil to do. How are they saved? **They have never been lost!** The Saviour came to seek and to save that which is lost. The babe that dies has never been lost.

“The provision for the salvation of babies that die was made in the atonement.” That theory of infant salvation is as devoid of scriptural proof as La Place’s theory of the universe, or Darwin’s theory of evolution, or the “Limbo” “Beatific vision” theories. On that theory, if the Saviour had not made atonement, all the babies would have gone to hell. Again, your God is my devil.

“But the babe that dies has a sinful nature”. God sends no one to hell for a sinful nature. “The soul that sinneth it shall die.” The baby has not sinned.

“What about the Adamic sin?” The idea of God sending my three babes to hell for what Adam did away back yonder! I repeat it again—your God is my devil.

“The babe is saved by its father’s and mother’s faith.” The idea of God forever shutting a little babe out of heaven because its father and mother didn’t have faith!

“How then is a baby that dies saved?” It was never lost.

The Jews got that horrible idea because of the father’s sins. Hence, they got up the proverb, “The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children’s teeth are set on edge”. God sent a crushing rebuke, “As I live saith the Lord, ye shall not have occasion any more to use this proverb—the soul that sinneth it shall die”.

What is sin? “To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin”.

Most people think that heaven is a small place, about

fourteen by sixteen feet after every body that is going there get there! Why, there are more people in heaven than there are in hell. From the United States there are more negroes in heaven than there are white people. That arouses your southern hot blood! Some southern hot blood says, "If there are going to be more negroes from the United States in heaven than white men, I don't want to go there." Well, there are going to be negroes in hell, too. So "Whar yo' gwine"?

Proof: All babies go to heaven when they die. The baby of the negro, the Chinaman, the Jew, the Christian, the heathen and the pagan. Possibly, considering the whole world, nineteen babies out of every twenty have died in infancy; died before they "know to do good". God gets possibly nineteen-twentieths before the devil has a chance and God gets part of that other twentieth too!



# CHAPTER II

## OTHER SACRED MEMORIES

The sunset's backward view from Pike's Peak brings up memories by threes. Outlined on the eastern horizon are three great educators:

First, President M. P. Lowrey, founder of Blue Mountain College, Blue Mountain, Mississippi. At the close of the Civil War Mr. Lowrey decided that the greatest service he could render his stricken Southland would be to found a school to educate the mothers of his land, a school where rich and poor could be educated together and be given thorough christian training alike. It would take a book to tell of the Lowrey family alone, its schools, its college Presidents, its professors, its great congressman and author, its judges, its bank presidents, its financiers, its foreign missionaries, school matrons, etc!

Just before a fearful battle between Union and Confederate armies in Kentucky, a Southern preacher-general was walking up and down before the Confederate army, addressing them: "Soldiers! Though we are fighting on foreign soil, we are fighting for our wives, our children, and our homes today." An Irishman in the front rank of the Confederate Army held up his old shot-gun and patted it on the barrel and said aloud, "Better remember Madry Ann today!" And many a soldier remembered that day a "Madry Ann", far away in the deep South.

No wonder they fought like "devils"—they were following the Baptist preacher—General M. P. Lowrey.

In another terrible engagement between the Union and the Confederate armies, my personal friend, Col. Carter of Meridian, Mississippi, was shot down, shot through both legs. Helpless, he lay on the ground, while both armies

charged and recharged over the wounded Confederate soldier's body. In a charge, just as the Union army had gotten to Col. Carter's body, there was heard unearthly, crazed-demon yelling from our army. The Union army halted as Confederates away in the distance swung into view, charging like mad and giving that never-to-be-forgotten blood-curdling "Rebel Yell". A Union officer said to Col. Carter, "Officer, who is that coming yonder?" Col. Carter replied, "Officer, put me behind that big tree, quick!" "But", pressed the Union officer, "who are those coming yonder?" Col. Carter said, "officer, be quick! Put me behind that big tree! That is Gen. Lowrey's 'Parson Jesus Brigade'! And they'll give you Yankees Hell!" The battle was over in a few minutes! Soldiers never followed a braver General than M. P. Lowrey of Blue Mountain, Mississippi, the Baptist preacher-general of the Confederate Army.

There was another brave Baptist preacher-officer in the Southern Army, the head of Robert E. Lee's scouts, J. B. Gambrell, of Mississippi. A braver man never drew breath.

The War had ended! The South was bare-footed, ragged, wrecked and helpless. One Sunday morning under a spreading tree, at a country Baptist church (Old Academy Church) a few miles east of Blue Mountain, these two noted, ragged officers of the Southern army faced the tragic condition in the South. They agreed that the best thing to do was to establish a standard school for young women, where rich and poor, at low cost, could be given thorough Christian training; that in rebuilding the South the greatest need would be thoroughly trained, educated Christian mothers. This is our greatest need today! General Lowrey said, "Gambrell, you are the man to establish the school". But Gambrell replied, "No, Gen. Lowrey, you are the

man. We have no money; your cultured, educated daughters can furnish the faculty”.

It was settled under that spreading tree that Sunday at old Academy Church—Gen. M. P. Lowrey was to establish a **first-class** school for young women. He did! Great God, What a work! How we thank Thee for Blue Mountain College! How we thank Thee for what it has done! How we thank Thee for what it is yet to do! How we thank Thee for the Lowrey family! For over thirty years old school mates and friends, upon meeting me, have gloatingly said, “I married a Blue Mountain girl.”

The second College President and educator is that great college president whom God sent us from the North, W. S. Webb of Mississippi College. It would bankrupt the English language to tell of what W. S. Webb meant to Mississippi College, to the South, and, through Mississippi College, to all the world. And to attempt to do so would mark me to the younger generation of readers as an exaggerator. Mississippi and the rest of the South owe to the North for W. S. Webb a debt of unpayable gratitude.

Was there ever such another college President! Every student who was under him, will ever say, “Never”. Just as Southern Baptists will never be able to pay their debt to the North for that greatest platform orator America ever produced, J. R. Graves, who, the great Southerner, B. H. Carroll, of Texas, said, “Did more to make Southern Baptists what they are than any other man who ever lived”. With the memory of those years at college under President W. S. Webb! The heart grows tender and eyes become moist with tears.

The third educator is President John A. Broadus of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ken-

tucky! Think of sitting for five years at his feet! We older preachers pity the younger men who never had the privilege of studying under him the world's greatest theological teacher! But he was a superlative double barrel; for he could preach, **as well as teach.**

Will the indulgent reader let me be unusually personal? After seven years' battle, I had given up everything dear to me on earth—my ambition to be a lawyer and statesman—to do what I dreaded most of all—to preach. But I was elected head of the Science Department of Baylor College in Texas. In addition, I had some fine village and country churches to which I preached every Saturday and Sunday. Life was a day-dream; I was the happiest young man on earth. Questions came up in my life as to the Bible's real teachings about some things. I said to myself, "Everything dear to me on earth lies buried on old Mississippi College's campus in a Sadducee's grave (that knows no resurrection). I cannot offer to go out now and teach errors. I am going to Louisville, Kentucky, and sit at the feet of J. P. Boyce." I did not then know John A. Broadus and T. T. Eaton. I got to Louisville just in time to catch the sunset rays from the life of J. P. Boyce—he died in southern France a few days after I arrived in Louisville. How strange, how wonderful God's providences! Instead of J. P. Boyce, I sat at the feet of John A. Broadus for five years, and at the feet of T. T. Eaton for twenty years!

I was a "speckled bird" among the students, for it was known that I was in trouble about some religious teachings. Lonely? Only God knows. One lonely, lonely Sunday afternoon, the great John A. Broadus came to my room and spent an hour comforting and cheering a lonely, misunderstood and shunned young preacher! I am told that he wrote

an unusual letter about me to a great church, who, I was told, was considering me for the pastorate. Of course, I was deeply touched by the letter; but ah, that one hour that lonely Sunday afternoon! A few years after this he was stricken, never to teach or to preach any more.

One morning, about ten-thirty, he was taking a slow sun-bath walk on the east side of Fourth Avenue, between Chestnut and Broadway, his head hung down, his hands clasped behind him—almost gone! I was passing hurriedly on the opposite side of the street. The Holy Spirit said, "Go and tell him what he has meant to your life. It will cheer him." Crossing Fourth Avenue rapidly, diagonally, I soon overtook him. As I laid my hand on his shoulder, I started to speak but choked and began to cry. By parts of sentences, between sobs, I tried to tell him what he had meant in shaping my life, and to thank him. He laid his hand on my shoulder and began weeping. He said, "How I thank you for this! It was just what I needed. I was so lonely and discouraged; for I have had so many disappointments in life". His hat was off his head, and with the other hand on my shoulder, he prayed. The busy, passing throng never understood the scene of the young preacher with head bowed and bare, and the old white-haired Professor with face turned up to the open blue, his lips moving in prayer.

It was announced that President John A. Broadus of the Seminary would preach in a Memphis, Tennessee, church at eleven o'clock on Sunday. He arose to announce his text. Just then an old farmer with brass spectacles on his nose and billy-goat whiskers on his chin came hobbling down the aisle and sat down on the front seat just in front of President Broadus. Broadus rose and to the vast audi-

ence that packed the auditorium to its capacity, announced his text. He began in a very simple and conservative tone; then gradually rose higher and higher. In ten minutes the old farmer's mouth dropped open. In ten minutes more the tears were flowing down the old farmer's cheeks. The voice of the preacher was interfered with by the sobs of the people. As he closed, he said, "Let us pray". The old farmer looked around and said, in an audible voice, "Well, I missed the best chance of shouting I will ever have!"

An unpublished incident in the life of President John A. Broadus given to me by one who was present: In the palmy days of higher criticism and modernism when they had not been unmasked and exposed as they have since been by such scholars as Robert Dick Wilson of Princeton, A. T. Robertson of Louisville, and others, a great mass meeting was held in Chicago to be addressed by the great and noted higher critic, Briggs, of New York, and President W. R. Harper of Chicago; when they had finished, it looked as if the Bible did not have half a dozen friends left in the audience. Just then some one arose and said, "President John A. Broadus is in the audience, and the people would like to hear from him". The audience gave him quite an ovation. Coming forward as modestly as a school girl and beginning in his inimitable simple way, he congratulated them on having a great University in their city. He went on to tell of the great universities of the world and what they had meant to the cities where they were located. He then told of the great work of real Bible criticism and the great benefits coming from it.

Then all at once, he seemed electrified! Trembling all over, he raised his clenched right fist in the air and, shaking it, let fly a thunderbolt, "But beware, my brethren!"

And again raising the clenched fist over his head and shaking it, his eyes flashing, his face livid, he again shouted, "Beware, my brethren! Jesus said, 'Moses wrote of me.' Jesus said, 'Moses wrote of me'", and, turning, he left the platform. The effect on the vast audience was electrical. It looked as if every one wanted to go and get a rope and hang Briggs and Harper.

## CHAPTER III

### TWO GREAT FISH BAITS

The old fishermen tell of the fish they never caught. Let me tell of two fish baits that I used, as I sit here at twilight on the top of Pike's Peak, and memory brings back to me two stories. How foolish men are to teach and preach salvation by character. They do not know what forms character. They think character is formed by deeds. Never. Motive prompting the deed forms character. A white man, an old negro, and a little negro boy were fishing, sitting on a log over a deep rushing creek. Suddenly the little negro slipped and fell in and sank. He could not swim. The old negro dived off the log and went to the bottom and brought him up. The white man said, "Uncle, that was a good deed, that was a noble deed". The old negro said, "Yes, boss-man, I had to get him—dat little negro had the fish bait in his pocket". His motive in saving the life was to get the fish bait.

In the two cases that I shall tell about, I had the bait in my pocket and if I did not get them, they were doomed. They were two infidels who had lost confidence in all other preachers, but they had confidence in me. I was the only preacher the older infidel would ever hear preach, but sometimes he would go many miles to hear me. In a business transaction he claimed eight hundred dollars that were mine. His uncle, an old lawyer, was so outraged over it that he came to me and said that in fifteen minutes he would get the money for me and it would not cost me one cent. But I knew that that infidel was honest and that what he had done, he had done honestly. He was of a stern, unyielding nature. I was the only preacher left in whom he had confidence. I knew that if I held to my

rights, it would ruin my chances to win him, and he would be forever doomed. I decided to put the eight hundred dollars on the hook and catch the fish. I immediately gave up my rights and claims to the eight hundred dollars. I landed the fish. He is waiting for me up yonder now.

With the younger infidel, I was likewise the only preacher left in whom he had confidence. I had to make a trip of one thousand miles. I had barely enough money for car and pullman fare. By detouring and riding a freight train, and having no sleep, and making a trip of fourteen hundred miles, I could get half an hour with this infidel. I baited my hook with that fourteen hundred miles on a freight train and made the cast. He took the hook. In the half hour with him, I landed him, also a cousin. He, likewise is over yonder waiting for me.

The devil said, "What a fool that old preacher is to pay that much for bait. He's got no business sense". Well, I got my fish, anyway. What is a soul worth?

### THREE GREAT SERMONS

Not many great sermons are ever preached among the Whites. If you wish to hear really great preaching, go to hear a really great Negro preacher preach. There are such, many of them. The white preachers haven't the time to become really great preachers; they are worked to death. They give more advice than a lawyer; they see more sick than a doctor; they visit more people than a politician; they provide for more poor than a mayor; they teach more people than a professor; they use up nine-tenths of their time as a religious errand boy. A little bow-legged Negro boy with an armload of books met a gentleman who said, "What are you doing, boy?" "Gwine ter skule," was the reply. "What are you learning?" "Larnin' nuthin'. Too busy gwine ter skule."

I've been pastor. I've gone in to my pulpit on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock without fifteen minutes' preparation for preaching, and without having touched my bed all night long for a single night during the entire week.

The Negro preacher has time to become a great preacher. If he is not a great preacher, he is to blame. His people are mostly working people. He cannot see them during the day; he has time to be a real preacher.

A few great sermons are preached by white people. The greatest three I ever heard are:

First and greatest was by J. W. Porter of Kentucky, now with the Lord. It was before a large Illinois audience on "The Ground of Christian Union." He "Walked about Zion." Professor E. C. Dargan, my old Seminary professor, was there. I watched Professor Dargan's face.

Never have I seen one preacher more stirred by another preacher's sermon. Porter could preach. He preached that night!

The second, to me, greatest sermon I ever heard was by T. T. Eaton over the body of Basil Manly, the senior member of the faculty of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. It was in the old Walnut Street Church at the corner of Fourth and Walnut. The great men of the South were there; the board of trustees of the Seminary were there; the millionaires of Louisville were there. The auditorium was packed to suffocation; the great speakers had all failed to rise to the occasion; hearts were almost bursting with suppressed emotions; no speaker had touched the chord; the funeral was long drawn out.

At last T. T. Eaton arose before that exhausted audience to pronounce the funeral oration. In that keen voice of his, his eyes flashing fire, he announced his text, "Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, rejoice." I hung my head in shame. That text for a funeral sermon! Our hearts were almost bursting! He began: "My friends, my text is from the brightest, happiest letter the world ever read—from Paul's letter to the Philippians, and written from the dungeon of Rome. If Paul could write such a letter under such conditions and say, 'Rejoice in the Lord always,' we ought to be able to rejoice today." With my head bowed in disappointment, I said to myself, "That is Eatonian, but I don't like it. We want pathos and emotion today." He continued, "But my friends, the Holy Spirit was back of Paul; and the Holy Spirit says, 'Rejoice in the Lord always'; then we ought to rejoice here today." With my head bowed in my hands, I said, "That is logic, but we don't want logic here today; we

want pathos."

Then the great preacher winged out: "My first lesson: let Southern Baptists rejoice today that they ever had a Basil Manly." I whispered to myself, "Look out! He has got it and gone!"

After showing what Basil Manly had been to Southern Baptists, and having the leaders of Southern Baptists weeping, like children, the preacher said:

"My second lesson—let the faculty of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary rejoice that they ever had a Basil Manly on the faculty!" He had the faculty and the board of trustees all weeping.

"My third lesson—let these weeping young Baptist preachers rejoice today that they ever sat at the feet of Basil Manly." That man by then was preaching! He had us all entirely broken down.

He went on: "Let Louisville, Kentucky, rejoice that she ever had such a citizen as Basil Manly." Then he showed what the noted professor had meant to the city. He then had the great millionaires, business men and professional men all weeping.

"My next lesson—let old Walnut Street Church rejoice that she ever had Basil Manly as a member." He then showed what Basil Manly's quiet influence had meant to the great church. The preacher was then interrupted by the sobs all over the vast audience.

The great Eaton was about to break down under emotions. Choking up and struggling with his own feeling, his voice husky with emotion, he said, "My last lesson—let those weeping fatherless children and this broken-hearted widow rejoice today that they ever had such a father and such a husband."

Such a sermon! Surely I will not be blamed for repeating this sermon over the body of T. T. Eaton when I took his body back to Louisville for burial, he having died suddenly on his way to visit me in Blue Mountain, Mississippi, and speak on our Bible Conference Program.

The third great sermon was preached by Pastor W. H. Felix of the First Baptist Church of Lexington, Kentucky, at a meeting of the Boone's Creek Association.

I was missionary to the mountains of Kentucky, under the Kentucky State Mission Board, having twenty-one counties in my territory. Some of the mountain brethren up there thought that I could preach. I said to them, "Come and go with me to the meeting of the Boone's Creek Association and hear some real preaching by W. H. Felix, of Lexington, Kentucky." About a dozen of them went with me.

With the auditorium packed, it was announced that W. H. Felix would preach the introductory sermon. He arose and came forward with his hands full of manuscripts to read his sermon? My mountain brethren did not think it was real preaching when a man read his sermon. Neither did I! I never heard but one other man who could keep me awake fifteen minutes if he read his sermon; the other was President W. S. Webb, of Mississippi College. I can very much sympathize with Pat, who, when asked by his pastor on Monday why he was not at church the day before, replied, "And faith, father, I was at home prophesying." "Prophesying?" "Faith, and yes, yer Riverence. When you read to us on Sunday what you have written you call it preaching. I was home yistedy reading what the prophets had written. I was 'prophe-sying'."

When Felix went to the pulpit and spread his manuscript before him, I bowed my head in shame. My mountain brethren would think I had deliberately deceived them. The great preacher announced as his text, "All Hail". I groaned. A little rose-tinted essay instead of standing up and preaching! And then "All Hail" as a text! Why did he not take some great doctrinal text and really preach? What a liar my mountain brethren will think me when I have told them what a great preacher Felix is! He said, "My text is the first message that ever came from beyond the tomb". I said to myself, "That's so. Nobody else ever said that. He has got it and gone. He is going to preach." Then he said, "No one else who had been raised from the dead ever brought back a message. Jesus had gone down into the tomb and had seen all of its dark recesses. He had sweetened it with the perfume of the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. As He came back, His first message to his disciples was 'All hail'. There is nothing in there for my disciples to dread. If there were anything in there for my disciples to dread, I would tell you. There is not. 'All hail'. There is nothing in the tomb for my disciples to dread."

The old preacher was preaching then. You could have heard a pin drop. The messengers of the churches were leaning over the benches in front of them, the tears trickling down their cheeks. The old man was preaching. The eagle was flying high.

After about twenty minutes of that breath-taking preaching, he paused and looked down over his spectacles and said, "My second lesson—". Second? But what he had already said was enough for a whole sermon. But the old eagle had caught the sun with his eye. He was soaring! And

he plumed for his flight. He went on. "Jesus had been down into the tomb and had come back; he had seen all of its dark recesses; if there were anything in there for his disciples to dread, He would have told them. But 'All hail'; nothing in the tomb for the redeemed to dread. 'All hail'; everything to rejoice over." Then for about twenty minutes more he preached. The sobbing there was all over that auditorium that day! Felix was preaching!

At last he stopped. Looking over his glasses and over the audience, he said, "I see many white heads here today among the messengers from the churches. I bring you a glad message. Not long, and 'All hail, all hail'." And he sat down.

I thought, "Why don't they all go to shouting?" Instead, as I looked over the audience, I saw a pitiable scene. They were all whimpering and sobbing like whipped children—"Boo hoo! Got to go to heaven pretty soon! Boo hoo! Boo hoo! It's awful! Got to go to heaven pretty soon." They made me think of a preacher on a vessel at sea in a storm. The vessel was bucking under them like a young mule. The frightened preacher ran up to the captain and said, "Oh, Captain, what is our hope?" The Captain said, "My brother, we will all be in heaven in half an hour", and the preacher gasped, "God forbid!".



# C H A P T E R V

## THREE GREAT MEN THAT I HAVE KNOWN

The first great man I have known was a country preacher, now an old man past eighty. (He died suddenly since this was written.) He could have filled and been a credit to any city pulpit; being a polished, powerful, and unusually able Bible teacher from the Ohio River to the Gulf. He chose to give his life to neglected country churches, often being pastor of eight churches at one time.

When I gave up my pastorate in the West to enter evangelistic work, he was called to succeed me at more than three times the largest salary he ever received. He turned down the call, and remained with his poor country churches.

Likewise, Pastor Joshua Gravett of Denver, Colorado, has repeatedly turned down calls paying him more than three times his present salary and remained with his church of laboring people for more than forty years. I could tell of many such, even to turning down ten thousand dollars a year to remain at their posts of duty. Yet I often hear heartless carpers and muckrakers and traducers say, "Preachers are in it for the money there is in it". Never do I hear them telling of the other class.

This old country preacher lives on and works his little farm; buys and sells stock; but he is not the proverbial "horse trader". Many times farmers in trouble have gone to him with some animal for sale; as for instance, "I'll take one hundred and twenty-five dollars;" and the country preacher, a great judge of stock, would say, "No, that horse is worth one hundred and seventy-five dollars". Never has he been known to buy any animal for less than he thought the animal was worth. And oh! The lonely rides through

the lonely night hours in rain and sleet and cold, to comfort the sick and dying, or the unsaved, for more than fifty years now! At the great assizes his name will appear as the great Christian Abou Ben Adhem, the country preacher—Jeff Rodgers, of Amory, Mississippi.

The second great man against the Eastern horizon was the great scientist-preacher, Professor I. R. Dean, head of the science department of a great state college in the West. When I was myself holding the chair of science in a great Western college I heard of the brilliant young infidel science professor. Suddenly there came a clap out of the sky that stunned the young infidels of the State: "Professor I. R. Dean has been convinced that the Bible is from God; has accepted Jesus Christ as the Saviour who died for his sins, to redeem him from all iniquity, resigned his bountiful professorship and gone to preaching for a small church for six hundred dollars a year!"

There had grown up at Waco, Texas, under the nose of the then greatest living preacher, himself a former infidel, B. H. Carroll, a strong infidel club, possibly the strongest in America, known as Liberal Hall, paying a great learned Infidel a salary to lecture to them twice every Sunday, owning a hall worth around fifty thousand dollars.

Professor Dean wrote Mr. Shaw, infidel leader and lecturer, that if his club was really liberal, he desired to lecture to them one night on "The Bible and Science". Mr. Shaw wrote back to come ahead; that he would advertise him and give him an audience. I secured a leave of absence from my school room in Baylor College at Belton and went to Waco and attended that lecture. He spoke two and one-half hours on "The Bible and Science". One month afterward the Infidel club cut down their lectures to once

a month instead of twice on Sundays. Six months afterwards their hall was for sale! Professor Deal killed that powerful Infidel club with that one lecture? He preached and lectured on the Bible and Science throughout the United States and Canada for many years. Men of means sent him to China and he preached and lectured on "The Bible and Science," through an interpreter, throughout China.

At the close of the Dayton, Tennessee, Scopes trial, Bryan having gained the victory over Darrow, the next day, for two hours, Professor Deal, William Jennings Bryan, and I planned how we could save our schools from the curse of Evolution. I left that night to put on a campaign in Louisiana against Evolution in tax-supported schools. The following Sunday afternoon there came a wire, "William Jennings Bryan died this afternoon while asleep". A few years later there came a wire from Los Angeles, California, "Professor I. R. Dean died last night while asleep." And I am left alone!

The third great man was the greatest man America ever produced. Great in character, great in intelligence, great as a lawyer, great as a statesman, great as a Christian great as an author and great as an orator.

Standing amidst the crags of Pike's Peak it is hard to point out the tallest peak; but stand in West Cripple Creek at the sunset hour, and when all other crags will be wrapped in shadows, the real Pike's Peak will be catching the sunset rays and throwing them back to the beholders. So, standing among the living, it is hard to select the tallest, the greatest; but wait until the shadows of time fall, and when others shall be wrapped in the misty shroud of the forgotten past, the life of William Jennings Bryan will still

be reflecting the rays of the glory of his true greatness as a statesman, as a Christian, as a man—though possibly the political jackals of the plains may be still howling over his grave.

Two unrecorded incidents in the life of William Jennings Bryan:

Years ago the Democratic party's Convention was deadlocked for weeks in New York City. There was in the city a great Gospel tent, seating thousands, in which for forty years evangelistic meetings had been held. During that Democratic deadlock I received a wire to come and preach in that Gospel tent for ten nights. Mr. Bryan and I were close friends.

One night during the long-drawn-out Democratic deadlock, about two-thirty in the morning, there was a knock at Mr. Bryan's hotel door. Stepping to the door in his pajamas, and opening it, he faced a committee from the Democratic Convention and invited them in. The spokesman said, in substance: "Mr. Bryan, the delegates have lost their heads in this deadlock; they are mad and are at white heat and are liable to wreck the party. We are from the wet wing of the party. We know your convictions as to prohibition. We don't ask you to change your convictions; the convention went on record on that issue in the platform we adopted four years ago. Let that stand as the party's attitude on the question until changed by the convention. Don't risk splitting the party by forcing in this heated deadlock to adopt another plank on prohibition. If you will do this, we of the wet wing will swing to the dry wing tomorrow morning and nominate you for the Presidency unanimously and you will receive the greatest majority any President ever received". The Presidency of the United

States offered him on a silver platter! Mr. Bryan replied, "Gentlemen, I am too far along in life to betray the people now". And bowed them out of his room.

In about an hour there was another knock at the hotel door and Mr. Byran in his pajamas stepped to the hotel door and there was facing him another committee, from the dry wing of the Democratic Party. The spokesman said, "Mr. Bryan, this deadlock is about to ruin the party. Men are mad and at white heat. They have lost their heads. We are from the dry wing of the party. We know your convictions on prohibition. We don't ask you to change your convictions. The convention adopted a plank in the platform four years ago. Let that stand as the attitude of the party until changed by the convention, and don't risk splitting the party by forcing the adoption of a plank on prohibition in this dead-lock and the wets will swing to our side and we will nominate you for President tomorrow morning, unanimously." Mr. Byran, with the Presidency of the United States offered him on a silver platter twice within one hour, replied, "Gentlemen, I am too far along in life to betray the people now. I bid you good morning". And bowed them out of his room! Immortal martyr to right! True Americanism!

In the days when the Chatauqua was at its peak, Mr. Bryan was lecturing three times a day, one hundred dollars per lecture. He was lecturing in the far Northwest; it was very hot weather; a friend of mine was travelling with him. Mr. Bryan had just lectured, and it was about eleven-thirty A.M. Mr. Bryan was wet with perspiration, waiting for a car to dash ninety miles across the country to the afternoon engagement.

My friend said, "Mr. Bryan, do you see that tall awk-

ward boy yonder? He walked fourteen miles from out in the country to hear you lecture this morning. He works out there on a farm as a wagehand to make his way through school. He is an orphan boy." Just then the manager handed Mr. Bryan his check for one hundred dollars for his lecture there. Mr. Bryan called the boy to him and said, "Tell me about yourself." The boy told him he was an orphan, lived and worked on a farm fourteen miles out to pay his way through school and had walked the fourteen miles that morning to hear him lecture. Just then Mr. Bryan turned over his check for one hundred dollars and wrote on the back of it "William Jennings Bryan" and jumped in his car and sped away as he handed the check to the boy. Did the angels strike a new note on their harps that morning?

# CHAPTER VI

## THREE BRAVE MEN

The first was my brother John, younger than I, a lad of barely sixteen. A braver man never lived. We were students in Mississippi College in the carpet-bag days following the Civil War. The Carpet-baggers came down as the C. I. O. is doing now, and poisoned the negroes against the whites. The negroes in the college town outnumbered the whites three to one. I saw eight hundred desperate negroes marching by our home, swearing to kill every white man, woman, and child in the town. The Carpet-baggers were in office. The negroes were insolent, protected by the Carpet-baggers who held the offices. The negroes would push college boys and citizens off the sidewalks and they did not dare resent it.

One day there came a student, a tall, quick lad, from Louisiana. I was captain of the baseball team; I made the new Louisiana student, Jim Allen, I shall call him, my first baseman; my brother John was my left fielder.

One day an insolent negro shoved Jim, my first baseman, and another student off the sidewalk. Jim drew his knife and drove it into the negro's side. The Carpet-baggers seized Jim Allen and he was refused bail. He and the officers were at the depot the next day, waiting for the train to take him away. People feared that the college student would never return.

My brother John secured two large bell pears and cut off the small part of one and hollowed the pear out and put in a tissue paper note, telling Jim Allen to jump when the train stopped at the water tank; then he replaced the small end of the pear and stuck it on with pins, pushed beneath the skin of the paper. Passing by Jim Allen and

the officers, eating the other pear, John said, "Hello, Allen! Want a pear?" "Yes, John", was the reply.

As the train stopped at the water tank, Allen asked to get a drink of water. As he sprang through the door, the officer dashed to the door, revolver in hand. He faced my brother John, the sixteen year old lad, and twenty shot guns and revolvers. John said, "Go back or we will kill you". When John was enlisting the school boys to take Jim from the officers, he asked a schoolmate and chum, B. G. Lowrey, now ex-congressman and author, of North Mississippi, to be one of the band, who replied, "John, my conscience will not let me do that". John replied, "Ah, B. G., this ain't no time to be jimmying with your conscience".

Ah, how many of our leaders in this day and time have joined John's band with the "This ain't no time to be jimmying with your conscience".

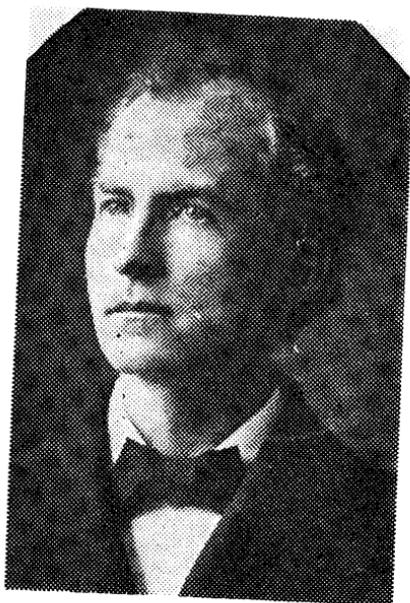
Killed six million sows in this depression to keep them from having pigs, while thousands are going hungry—"This ain't no time to be jimmying with your conscience".

Plowed under cotton while thousands of people are trembling in the shivering cold for want of clothing. "This ain't no time to be jimmying with your conscience".

Burn up millions of bushels of wheat when thousands of our people can't get bread. "This ain't no time to be jimmying with your conscience".

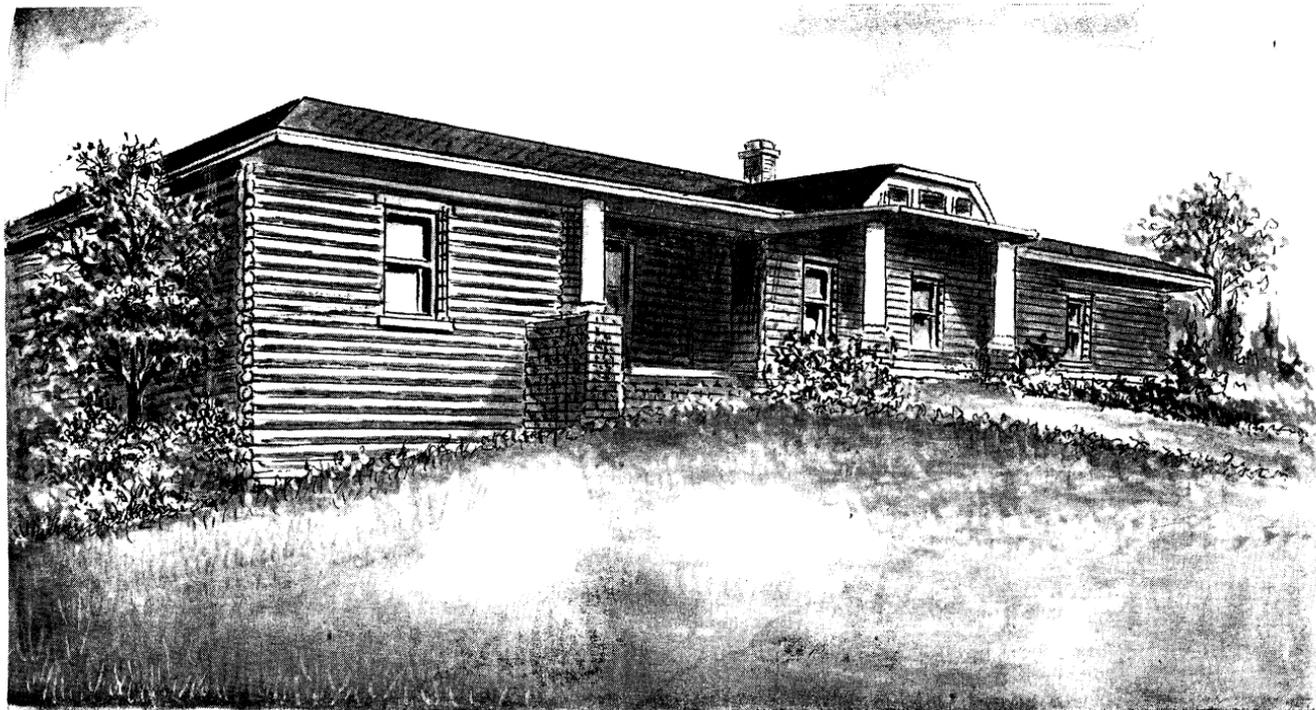
Give over three hundred thousand dollars to a campaign fund and receive back a Labor Relations board that will throw justice to the wind. "Tain't no time to be jimmying with your conscience".

Accept seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars to further an organization to promote world Communism—"Tain't no time to be jimmying with your conscience".



T. T. MARTIN IN 1900





LOG HOUSE ON TOP OF BLUE MOUNTAIN, MISSISSIPPI  
THIS WAS A RESTORATION MADE BY THE ARTIST.



Throw your influence for Communism and stir up hatred of working man for employer. "Tain't no time to be jimmying with your conscience".

Kill and beat up men who try to work and support their families because they will not join a union. "Tain't no time to be jimmying with your conscience."

Throw your influence to try to tear down the Stars and Stripes and run up the red flag of Russian Communism. "Tain't no time to be jimmying with your conscience".

Throw your influence for capital being legally responsible for injury done to persons or property; but demand that labor shall not be responsible for injury done to person or property. "Tain't no time to be jimmying with your conscience".

Throw your influence against the Bible, and God, and Christ, as in the French Revolution, when with their free love, as now, they crowned a prostitute in public as the Goddess of Liberty; tied the Bible to the tail of an ass, and had it dragged through the streets of Paris! And brand the Saviour as the illegitimate son of a Jewish Fallen woman. "This ain't no time to be jimmying with your conscience."

Throw your influence for banishing the Bible and Christianity from our borders and place over every grave, "He who enters here leaves hope behind". "Tain't no time to be jimmying with your conscience".

Go back: My brother took Jim Allen back to the College buildings and hid him up in the belfrey, where he fed and watered him for days. One morning about three o'clock John slipped Jim Allen down, took him to Vicksburg and put him across the Mississippi River. They never met again!

My second brave man was a Baptist preacher. His name

was James Nelson.

It was in the horrible Carpet-bag days. Charles Caldwell, a brave negro and the white man's friend when sober, but a veritable devil when drunk, was commander of the state militia, all negroes, who had been poisoned against the whites by the Carpet-baggers.

One day, eight miles from town, eight hundred negro militia under Caldwell's command mutinied and swore they were going to march into town and kill every white man, woman, and child in the town; and began their march on the town. Caldwell drew his two pistols, and backing down the road in front of them—eight hundred desperate negroes—he kept swearing he would kill the first negro who would put his foot across the corporation lines. As he himself backed across the corporation line, he raised both revolvers and commanded, "Halt! Stack arms!" Every negro militiaman saw coffins in the barrels of those two pistols—they knew Charles Caldwell; and that it was flirting with a hearse to step over that line. One of them explaining why he stopped, said, "Uh. I didn't want to go up dis mornin' and say, 'Mornin' Marse Jesus'."

Stepping between the stacked arms and the militia, Caldwell marched them to the depot and wired the Governor for a train to take them away.

But when drinking, Caldwell was a demon and a terrible enemy of the white man.

One afternoon he was drinking heavily. Glum and saying nothing, with his head bowed, he was walking back and forth on the side walk in the main business section of the town, one hand in his bosom and the other behind him under his long frock coat. Citizens put pickets at each end of the block to warn people back, that Charles

Caldwell was drinking. All at once he whipped out a pistol and shot Dr. Ed Banks down, the town's family physician, the best loved man in the town. That shot and the fallen man brought Caldwell to his senses. He knew that he had made a fatal misstep; he knew that the white people had borne so much from the negroes that he had brought on a crisis. Running through the hardware store and seizing a couple of boxes of cartridges, he ran down into the basement. Every time a white man would pass by the sky light, Caldwell would fire at him. The mob began gathering. By night there were hundreds in the streets. They thought that they had stood all they could stand from the misled negroes. Three men were in the frenzied mob, trying to quiet them, and begging for the negroes and for law and order. Judge Caviniss, a political friend of Caldwell and the negroes, James Nelson, a Baptist preacher, and my father, professor of mathematics in the college.

About nine o'clock Caldwell called out from down in the basement, "Judge Caviniss, I am a dying man; come down to me". Judge Caviniss turned pale as death and said, "Men, Charles Caldwell and I are political friends, but when he is drinking he is a demon; he will kill me if I go". Again Caldwell called, "Mr. Nelson, I am a dying man; come down to me". Nelson turned deathly pale and the tears came to his eyes, and, as he made a step toward the basement door, men rushed and pulled him back, "Nelson, go back, go back; remember that wife and those three babies up on the hill". He said, "Men, I can't let a dying man call for me and not go to him". Crowding around him, they thrust the butts of their revolvers to him, "Take my gun! Take my gun! Take my gun!", they cried. Shoving them all aside, James Nelson grabbed the lantern and went

to the door and thrust it open and, holding the lantern up, peering through the darkness, he called, "Charlie, I am unarmed, but I am coming to you". Was there ever a braver deed?

My third brave man was another college boy and chum. He was second baseman on the baseball team and had been nicknamed "Little Red," because of his red hair. It was the last game of the season. The game decided the championship of the State; the last half of the last inning, the college team one ball ahead with the enemy at the bat; and two men out, a runner at first, and two strikes on the man at the bat; the batter drove the ball down past second and slid, plowing up a fearful dust cloud; the ball was hurled to second; it was the split part of a second. The umpire called, "You're out". The college boys went wild, the citizens joining in the cheering. Pale as death, "Little Red" stood on second as if carved out of marble, his arms folded. When the cheering died down, "Little Red" threw up his hands and called, "Mr. Umpire, I dropped the ball". Were there ever such cat calls, shrieks, screams, curses, as they milled around him, spitting at him! He walked alone from the ball field, the crowd hooting at him.

At the roll call the next morning the President stepped forward on the platform and called, " 'Little Red', come forward!" Pale but calm he walked forward down the aisle and up to the platform, the students gazing in death-like suspense—expulsion!

The president reviewed in detail the events of the day before on the ball field; then he said, "Young Gentlemen, that is what this college is here for, to train and give men such character. I call for three cheers for 'Little Red' ". It looked like they would tear down the old college build-

ing. They yelled. They shrieked. Arms went around each other's necks and they sobbed like children. Talk about when manhood was in flower, it was in flower on the old college campus that day!

## CHAPTER VII

### THREE GREAT WOMEN

The first, her husband a Baptist preacher, who, at the beginning of the Civil War, thought it his duty to take the field and fight for the Confederacy. He left his wife and eleven children and volunteered for the Southern Army. They offered him the Chaplaincy of a Company. He said, "I did not come for a Chaplaincy. I believe in the cause. I came to be a soldier". They offered him the Chaplaincy of a Regiment. He declined, saying, "I believe in the cause. I came to be a soldier, not a Chaplain." They offered him the Chaplaincy of a brigade. He declined, saying, "Had I come for a Chaplaincy, I would have accepted that of a Company. I did not come for a Chaplaincy. I came to be a soldier, because I believe in the cause". They gave him a gun. He entered the Southern army as a private and came out as one of the leading Generals.

Back at home during those horrible years was that lone woman with the eleven children. She went to the field and worked to make bread for them. A roll-call of that family shows: one son, a preacher, known throughout America, whose influence has belted the globe; who has been President of four colleges, and has trained hundreds for the ministry; two daughters leading foreign missionaries in China; another, the wife of a prominent physician and a leading Christian worker; another, the matron of a great college where she has helped mold the lives of literally hundreds of young women; another son, a leading Christian business man; another, a bank President and business manager of a great college; another, a noted lecturer, platform orator and author; another, a prominent Christian, a lawyer and a great judge; another, a college Presi-

dent, United States Congressman, and historian and author; one other, a daughter, who is the second greatest woman who rises before me. Oh, woman! What a record.

I never have gone down on my knees to any woman. At college the boys used to say that if you wanted to win a girl, get hold of her hand and go down on your knees and plead. I could get hold of her hand; but when I tried to fall on my knees, there seemed to be a steel ram-rod up and down my back and I couldn't get down. But when, on my first trip to Blue Mountain, my old college chum, College President, and afterwards Congressman, B. G. Lowrey, led me into a private room to an aged woman and said, "Tom, this is my mother", sitting in a chair was Mrs. General M. P. Lowrey—the woman working in the field, and the eleven children, and what they had become, flashed before my mind, and I felt that I ought to get on my knees before taking hold of her hand!

The second great woman is the oldest daughter of this first great woman, Mrs. Modena Lowrey Berry, Vice-President of the great Blue Mountain College, her brilliant nephew, Lawrence T. Lowrey, three times offered the Presidency of a great State University, being the President.

It is a unique, but correct, measure of influence; for over thirty years traveling over America as an evangelist at the rate of around two thousand miles a month, more mothers, from California to Florida, and from New York and the Great Lakes to the Gulf, have come up to me, flushed with pride, and, holding up a baby, have said, "This is Modena Lowrey Berry", than have called the name of any other great man or woman in America. By the thousands, all over America, women thank God that they were ever under the influence of Mrs. Modena Lowrey Berry; and her in-

fluence, like that of her oldest brother, has belted the globe. Far, far be the day that the electric wires shall flash the sad message to thousands of weeping hearts that "Mother Berry" is with us no more!

How often have men, proud of it, said to me, "I married a Blue Mountain girl". Traveling men have often said to me, "I can spot a Blue Mountain girl as soon as she gets on the train"—the modesty, the quiet dignity, the refined, womanly deportment. In over thirty years I've never seen a cigarette between a Blue Mountain girl's lips or fingers; and not a Blue Mountain girl will be offended because I publish this! And in thirty years no one has ever seen a Blue Mountain College girl designedly make her skirts short or suggestive as she sat down in a public conveyance, and fill the air with smoke saturated with the inner coating of her lungs. Even men in the South have enough modesty and consideration for the ladies to go into the smoking car to smoke!

My third great woman was a young Yankee girl of wealth.

In 1878 that most fearful Yellow Fever scourge fell upon the South. Till then the horrible bitterness in the South toward the North because of the terrible Civil War still rankled in the hearts, North and South. When the news was flashed North that the terrible Yellow Fever scourge had fallen on the South; that dead bodies without coffins were piled upon wagons and hauled out to the cemeteries, train loads of Northern physicians and nurses came; car load after car load of blankets and other necessities came. It broke our hearts. Judge Simmons' immortal poem, "Dem Yankee Blankets", and "Dem Yankee Blankets" by "Ol' Si" (Sam W. Small) gave the credit of forever killing the

bitterness between the North and the South to the Northern physicians, nurses and "Dem Yankee Blankets". But there was another, an unsung influence, that helped mightily in breaking Southern hearts and in burying forever Southern bitterness. A sweet Yankee girl of wealth and culture was visiting a college chum in one of our Southern cities when the horrible Yellow Fever plague fell upon us. People were dying by the hundreds. The Northern father wired his daughter to come home. She wired back, "I can't. These stricken Southern people need me". From home to home she went, nursing the sick, comforting the bereaved, smoothing the pillow of the dying. Finally, she herself fell before the awful scourge. A committee of citizens went North and begged the family to let her body sleep beneath our Southern sod, made sacred by the martyrdom of that sweet Yankee girl. And out in one of our Southern cemeteries is a beautiful monument over the sacred body of that sweet Northern girl, that Northern Angel of Mercy!

## CHAPTER VIII

### FACING MOBS

Mob violence is anarchy—whether it be mobbing a negro in the South or mobbing a working man in the North by the C. I. O. because he will not join them, or mobbing a non-union man by mass picketing when he tries to go to work during a strike. If you can mob for one cause, I can for another; and that is anarchy. They mobbed hungry tramps in California for stealing some peaches. The C. I. O. mobbed non-union men and even women in strikes for trying to work to support their families. Law or anarchy! Which? Whether by Southern white lynchers or Northern labor unions, mob violence is anarchy. The anti-lynching bill which Northerners have tried to force through Congress **deserves the contempt of every right-thinking man and woman in America.** The bill excepted mobs caused by gangsters and labor union strikers—they were excepted; the mobbings of the South are largely of Negroes. The anti-lynching bill, with its exceptions largely concerning the mobs of the North, simply meant humiliating and crushing the South, and making the South the scape-goat of the Nation.

Further; the gangster mobs and union labor strike mobs are largely mobbing of white people; the mobs of the South are largely of Negroes. The anti-lynching bill, with its exceptions, was largely class legislation, to get negro votes. Yet, further, the bill, with its exceptions, meant: leave the non-union working man of the North largely unprotected, and at the mercy of the C. I. O. and other Communistic sympathizers and their strike mobs—boot-licking the negroes for their votes—the trickery of demagogic, unprincipled politicians and ward heelers. The

better class of negroes ought to have a contempt for it!

It is no fun to face a mob, to stand for an hour and a half and face fifteen hundred men sworn to hang you when you get through preaching; and you will preach, brother! And if for a week afterwards your hair does not lie down when you comb it, don't blame it!

I was holding a series of meetings under the spreading trees because the church auditorium could not hold the audiences; preaching morning and afternoon, dinner on the ground, and no preaching at night. Negroes had recently been mobbed in that county. The day before the close of the meeting I denounced mobs and especially the mobbing of negroes. That afternoon a committee demanded that I apologize before the audience. I lost my temper and said what a preacher ought not to have said. I said, "Hell will freeze over and the little devils go skating on the ice before they ever get an apology from me". The spokesman for the mob said, "Then you will have no one to preach to tomorrow". I said, "Go to it; then I will preach to the benches!" The next morning we almost had to quit counting them by the hundreds and go counting them by the acres. Every man and his dog were there! I preached to that angry sullen crowd. I might as well have been shooting pop-guns against Gibraltar. As they were milling around, spreading the dinner, the pastor whispered to me, "Get into a buggy and drive as hard as you can". I said, "No, I am an American Citizen, standing under the Stars and Stripes! If they hang me, I'll be in heaven and they will all be in Hell sooner or later". I preached that afternoon. At the close I said, "Gentlemen, my work for this church is over. The Evangelist is over there in the choir. There is a man talking to you now, an American citizen. I shall

stay in the community tonight. Tomorrow at eight o'clock I shall take that road out there and drive through the swamp yonder and take the train about twenty miles from here at noon. One more announcement; I am not armed, and I shall not arm myself. You are dismissed".

The leader of the mob came up and asked me to spend the night with him. I said, "I will do it". The captain of the band came up and asked the privilege of taking me to town the next morning in his buggy. I said, "I will go". They were good men who had been misled. I knew that they would die rather than let a hair of my head be touched.

Back of this incident, in Leadville, Colorado, I had to face a mob. It was when the Indian mines closed down on Silver in 1893. Eleven hundred miners were thrown out of work. The next morning the mob filled the streets for blocks. We pastors were among them, trying to quiet them. Pastor Barr of the Presbyterian church was addressing a vast crowd at the corner of Sixth and Harrison Avenues, appealing for law and order. A giant brute tapped him on the shoulder and said, "You be careful, or a stick of dynamite will be placed under your home tonight". That night twelve hundred and sixty pounds of dynamite were stolen out of a hardware store and the city was sown down with a flaming circular; "The American Communist is fighting as Proletariat. Down with the church; Down with the state! Down with private property!"—calling on the unemployed to establish a Communistic community, and destroy the churches, private property, and the Government. We were over a magazine of powder; something had to be done, or we were all doomed. In a consultation of citizens it was decided that some pastor ought to reply to that circular. I had the smallest family. All eyes

turned toward me. I said, "I will do it". I sent my family out of town, one hundred miles away. Then I sowed the city down with a circular announcing that I would reply to that circular that night.

That audience? They packed around the walls; they packed the aisles; they packed across the street in front of the church. I showed that the hundreds of fulfilled prophecies proved absolutely that there is a God, and I gave them some of them, and that He was dealing with us through the Bible; that no man could foretell future events in detail; and that many of the greatest lawyers, among them Greenleaf, professor in Havard, and Daniel Webster declared that the resurrection of the Saviour is the most positively proven fact of all history; and that it proved that there is a God; that He is dealing through the Bible, and that Jesus is really the Saviour who died for our sins, past, present, and future; that God's message to the lost is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved", without any church membership, without any baptism, and without anything else; and "He that believeth on the Son had (then and there) everlasting life", without any baptism, church membership, or anything else; and that we serve him from love for having died for all of our sins and not from fear of Hell; that God wants no man's Hell-scared service.

I then showed that God's word is the working man's friend; also that it was opposed to capital treating labor wrong; also opposed to labor treating capital wrong.

Then I showed that God's word taught obedience to civil law; that those who resisted civil law, anarchists and Communists; who resist civil laws, "heap to themselves damnation", and that those who hated others, or taught

hatred, were classed as murderers by God's word, which says that "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer" and would be lost; and that those who taught others to hate were teachers of murder. I then pleaded with the people to be true; to be patient; and wait for our Government to come to the rescue.

Then I read the anarchistic, Communistic circular and denounced it and the heartless cowardly fiends who put it out under the cover of darkness, and dismissed the audience.

I told the janitor to go home; that I would lock up the church. I was confident that they would try to kill me. As I turned off the lights and closed the door to lock it, a form stepped up out of the darkness and threw strong arms around my neck, and, with bowed head on my shoulders, began sobbing and crying. It was old drunkard Dick, whose family our church had largely to support. I was nervous and irritated; and I thought he had come to beg for money, and was working the sob racket on me. Impatiently I ran my hand in my pocket to try to find him some money and said roughly, "What is it? Why don't you talk up like a man?" Sobbing, he pressed me to his bosom; and, kissing me on my cheek, said, "Brother Martin, they are going to kill you tonight." Old Dick will never know how near to death he frightened me that night! There was no community of hair on my head then! Every hair stood up for itself! The cold chills chase each other up and down my backbone even now whenever I think of it! But I put on a bold front and said, "Dick, I guess not; but if they do, they will shoot me in the back; that kind of cattle never shoot a man in the front". "Yes, they are, Brother Martin". I said, "Dick, how do you know?". He replied, "Brother Martin,

I am drunk. But I am not dead drunk. I was sitting on a beer keg in the back room of a saloon half asleep, when some men came in from hearing you preach. Brother Martin, they are going to kill you tonight. But, Brother Martin, I came to tell you that if they kill you tonight, they got to kill old Dick first", and he kissed me again on my cheek and said, "Good-bye, Brother Martin", and staggered away into the darkness.

I was told the next day that old Dick hounded them all night long from saloon to saloon. Love him? If he needed me I would go to him if he had small pox!

My last mob was back in my own State—the mob State.

I had pitched my Gospel tent in the worst liquor precinct in the State, among the moonshiners and boot-leggers. For a week they crowded the tent and gave me good attention, except when I would refer to Hell or the Judgement, or sin or liquor; then they would honk their cars at me. Saturday night the tent was packed; but the almost constant din from the cars was awful! It was breaking up my meeting. Suddenly I threw up my hands and said, "Just a word here! I have tried to do my duty in preaching to you; you have been kind in giving me good audiences, and a good hearing. But everytime I refer to Hell, or the Judgment, or sin, or liquor, you honk your cars at me. I have waited a week for the citizens or officers to protect me. They have not done so. Now I am going to protect myself. This is disturbing public worship; the penalty for disturbing public worship is very heavy. The law gives me the right to arrest offenders. The next time a car is honked until I get through tonight, whether man or woman, you will be in court Monday morning and I will be the witness against you; for I will arrest you here to night or you

will kill me, or I will kill you. Let's understand each other". There was no more disturbance!

The next day two bootleggers tanked up to get courage enough to take me off the stand that night, and take me out in the woods and give me a beating. Why, those farmers who had been aroused by that time would have cut them into ribbons before they could have gotten within ten feet of me! I was stopping at the hotel five and a half miles away. That night as we came near the tent I saw the road blocked with cars and people. The two would-be attackers, running rapidly in an old car in order to get to the tent ahead of us, ran over a cow lying in the road, tearing up the car and almost killing the two men. For forty miles around the moonshiners and boot-leggers said that they were going to let that preacher alone, that God Almighty was on his side!

A few years after, in a State liquor election, I took that county as one of my Counties. I gave a thorough campaign to that precinct. At the election, prohibition received every vote in the precinct. And there was not a Republican in the precinct, either!

# CHAPTER IX

## FOUR DEATHS

My old "Black Mammy"! (God's blessings on their memory; they made the South orthodox—they spanked Hell out of us and orthodoxy into us.) She used to croon me to sleep, singing.

"Oh, trials and great tribulations!

Oh, trials, I'm bound to leave this world".

That shadow has rested over my entire life—Death!

God's word calls it an enemy, and God knows!

The greatest Presbyterian preacher, in my judgment, that the world ever knew, not even excepting John Calvin, was J. H. Brooks of St. Louis. The great old physical and theological giant used to stalk across the platform of the old Walnut Street Presbyterian Church exclaiming, "Oh death! How I hate you! How I hate you! How I hate you!"

It has been my lot in life to see many deaths, possibly more than any other living preacher or physician. I have seen most glorious deaths and the most horrible. Taking dinner with one of America's great young physicians I saw that he was hardpressed financially. I said, "Doctor, why don't you get out of here? You are a great physician, and you could make a fortune elsewhere, but this old physician here has the practice and you can never get it". He replied, "Brother Martin, I did not have to come here; I was the physician in Happy Valley, settled and populated largely with infidels, and I was making big money; but the way they died got on my nerves. I would decide to move, but the thought of giving up my lucrative practice would hold me. Finally the leader of the infidels came to die. He demanded of me if he was going to die. When I

told him, he said, with a most indescribable look of anguish in his face, "Doctor, you must not let me die! You must not let me die! Don't let me die! You must not let me die!" And he died holding on to my arm and begging me to give him something and not let him die. I could not stand it any longer and sold out and moved here".

Nelson's "The Cause and Cure of Infidelity" is one of the great books of the world. No honest infidel will ever read it carefully and remain an infidel. Nelson was a brilliant young infidel physician. He noticed the difference between the way the redeemed die and the dying of the unredeemed. It caused him to re-examine the evidence of Christianity; the result was his writing "The Cause and Cure of Infidelity".

Just as the two great lawyers of England, Lord Lyttleton and Gilbert West, each agreeing to write a book destroying Christianity, and having the libraries of England at their disposal, after giving years to their investigation, both accepted the Saviour and wrote their books in defense of the Bible!

Just as Morrison, the great Psychologist, who wrote for the Century Magazine, deciding to destroy Christianity by proving from psychology that the Saviour never rose from the dead, after studying all the records carefully from the psychological viewpoint, accepted the Saviour and wrote that unanswerable book, "Who Moved the Stone."

Just as General Lew Wallace, the infidel, at the suggestion of Col. R. G. Ingersol, studied the Gospels carefully to gather material to write a book to show that Christ was a mere human being, was led to accept Him as the Son of God and his Saviour, and wrote Ben Hur.

Just as the brilliant young German soldier, Adolf Deis-

mann, who started out to disprove the Bible, after years of exploration, wrote "Lights from the Ancient East", pronounced the most revolutionary book on the Bible of this century, showing the Bible to be true.

Just as Sir William M. Ramsey, a young man of thorough education, of unimpeachable character and culture, who had been led to believe that the Bible was fraudulent, and spent years preparing himself to lead an exploration expedition in Asia Minor and Palestine to "dig up evidence that the Bible was a fraud" and not what it claimed to be, which the enemies of the Bible were confident would prove a final and complete refutation of the Book; after fifteen years of investigation wrote "St. Paul, the Traveler and the Roman Citizen"; then after twenty years of publishing books proving the Bible and Christianity to be true, the truthfulness of the New Testament, brought out in 1914 "The Bearing of Recent Discoveries on the Trustworthiness of the New Testament", in which he says, "My aim . . . is to show through the examination, word by word and phrase by phrase, of a few passages which have been exposed to hostile criticism, that the New Testament is unique in its compactness, its lucidity, the pregnancy and vivid truthfulness of its expression. That it is not the character of one or two of the books that compose the New Testament; it belongs in different ways to all alike". These books resulted in many infidels renouncing their unbelief and accepting Christianity, the fact that all did not, being not a reflection on their intellects, but on their honesty, the attitude of the heart.

Just as the world-renowned Italian atheist, Giovanini Papini, who confessed that he had "affronted Christ as few men had ever done", at peak of his influence and renown,

astounded and amazed the world by repudiating his atheism and accepting Christianity in his "Life of Christ", which has been translated into all the leading languages of the world.

Just as J. B. Walker, an American Skeptic, who went to leading preachers with questions concerning the Bible which they could not answer, and, disappointed over their failures, studied the Bible for himself, accepted it as from God, and the Saviour as the real Redeemer, and wrote the greatest book outside the Bible which has ever been written, "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation".

Yet the prophecies, the resurrection of the Saviour, God's Word itself, and the testimony of these great skeptics and their unanswerable great books, are all thrust aside by fledgling Ph. D's, who strut and attitudinize before young men and women, boys and girls, in our schools, and forever damn their souls, for the sake of a little temporary cheap-John reputation, to soon lie down in death, to go and meet a just God, and the souls they have damned.

And the students are to blame! God did not put a knot on the upper end of their backbone for the lone purpose of holding a collar on. They sit before these swell-headed and shrivel-hearted atheists, dishing out professors' warmed-over lectures and acting like a nest full of young mocking birds: Here comes the mother bird with labored wings; as she gets near the nest, she gives a little signal; they shut their eyes, and their little yellow-ringed mouths fly open, and down it goes!—bug, rock, or worm—it doesn't make any difference—mammy brought it! Waiving aside the hundreds of fulfilled prophecies, which they have never read, nor any book showing them, such as "Prophecy Speaks," by Rawell, another converted atheist, and "Keith on Pro-

phesy", or John Urquhart's "Wonders of Prophecy"; waiving aside the greatest proven fact of all history, the Resurrection of the Saviour; waiving aside the testimony of these former great skeptics, and these great books, proving the Bible to be true and Jesus Christ the real Redeemer-Saviour, they sit in their classes before these faith-destroyers, dry-as-bone-dust Dr. Smell Funguses, and gulp down what they say—to whine like whipped hounds in a dying hour to be allowed to slip up the back stairs into the back door of heaven after all!

The poet, Young, well says,

“Fools men may live,  
But fools they cannot die.”

This was shown that tragic Sunday night when the supposedly unsinkable Titanic realized that the hundreds of dancing, drinking, carousing passengers and the jazz-playing orchestra on the great unsinkable (?) were sinking; the orchestra switched from the Sunday night jazz to whining “Nearer, My God, to Thee”; and a band of young men turned from their Sunday night of carousing, dancing, and drinking; and, forming a circle with joined hands, went to repeating, “Our Father which Art in Heaven” while the rising waters were circling around their knees!

While I have seen most glorious deaths, I have never seen a death but I suffered for days afterwards! Thank God there is coming a time when there will be no more deaths! The dying Payson said, “Eternity of bliss is this!”

I never saw but one dead body with a smile on the face. In a western pastorate, there was a knock at my door one night past midnight. I sprang to the door, and the messenger said, “Mr. Jenkins wants you to come at once! His wife is dying”. I dressed and rushed to the residence. As I

mounted the front steps, Mr. Jenkins' head was bowed on his arms against the front gallery post and he was weeping. As I took him by the hand, he said, "Brother Martin, my wife is dying in there. We are Presbyterians, but we attend your church; and we believe what you preach. I love my wife, and I don't want to take any chances on her not being saved. Go in there and talk with her. Talk with her just as if she were your wife." I tried to be cheerful as I entered the room. Would that people could learn never to enter a sick room looking solemn. It is enough sometimes to kill a patient. Sometimes life is hanging in the balances by a thread; a very slight influence will turn the tide.

As I stepped into the sick room, I saw that Mrs. Jenkins was somewhat excited; so I said, "Hello, Mrs. Jenkins, how are you?" She gasped, "Brother Martin, I'm dying." I placed my finger on her wrist a moment and said, "I don't believe it. There has been a reaction of your heart; you are not dying. But Mrs. Jenkins, you know that you are a very sick woman; you know the treacherousness of this high altitude. Let's look the situation squarely in the face and take no chances. God's word says that 'Christ died for our sins' (I Cor. 15:3). You are a sensible woman and you know there is no more sense in that than there is in a dog dying if Christ's dying does not actually pay for our sins. Do you believe that?" She said, "I do, Brother Martin."

"Mrs. Jenkins, the jailer, an earnest inquirer, asked Paul and Silas, 'What must I do to be saved?' and they said, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved' (Acts 16:31). If one should believe on Christ and afterwards should be lost, then God would lie. Do you

believe that promise?" "I do, Brother Martin."

"Mrs. Jenkins, Jesus said, 'He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life,' (John 6:47) 'and shall not come into condemnation' (John 5:24). Do you believe that?" "I do, Brother Martin."

"If just now Jesus were to appear here to you and tell you that He transfered to me the full power to say that His dying for your sins would save you if you would trust me, just as a widow would trust me to pay a debt, if I promised that I would, and I told you that if you would trust your being saved entirely to me, I would in no wise fail to save you, you would trust me. Jesus says, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out' (John 6:37). Just as you would accept my offer and trust your whole salvation to me, will you just now accept Jesus dying for your sins and trust your full salvation to him?" "I will, Brother Martin."

"Mrs. Jenkins, whether you live long or die soon, are you willing to go into eternity on this?" "I am, Brother Martin."

After a prayer of thanksgiving to God for all His blessings, and especially for the Saviour, for an unending life beyond this life, I passed out on the gallery and said, "Mr. Jenkins, just as if she were my wife I would be willing for her to go out into eternity resting on what she is resting on."

I had some local reputation for nursing the sick. Mr. Jenkins said, "Stay here tonight, Brother Martin, and try to bring about some reaction." "Certainly, Mr. Jenkins." I threw off my coat and vest, and, stepping back into the room, I said, "Mrs. Jenkins, I am going to nurse you and try to bring you back to health."

About eleven-thirty the next morning the family physician came. After a few minutes he came out of the room and said, "I'll declare, Brother Martin, that woman is out of danger! I do believe that we are going to pull her through." I replied, "I think we are, Doctor." About twelve o'clock I received an emergency telephone call down in the city on an important matter. As I came near the residence upon my return about one-thirty, I saw Mr. Jenkins with his head bowed against the gallery post, weeping, and some of our church women at the other end of the gallery, weeping. Mr. Jenkins grasped my hand and said, "Brother Martin, there was a sudden heart failure soon after you left and she died very suddenly." As I passed to the group of our church women, one of them said, "Oh, Brother Martin, you ought to have been here." I said, "Tell me about it."

"There was a sudden heart failure after you left. She realized that she was dying. Calling for her husband and three children, she told them good-bye and with a smile, just as if she were going to take the train for a trip. One of the ladies quoted, 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life,' and she quoted, 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also.' The lady said that all the time the Scripture was being quoted, the dying woman was smiling, almost to laughter, and moving her lips, but the words were not audible, she was so weak;

and that she kept clapping her hands, rejoicing. Then the ladies sang a song from our Sunday School song book, "Jesus Is Tenderly Calling Thee Home." With a smile, almost a laugh, her hands met and fell on her breast, and she was dead. The lady said, "And, oh, Brother Martin! She died with that smile on her face, and it is on her face still! Go in and see!" As I stepped into the room, I saw the sweetest smile that I ever saw on a human face—and she was dead, the body growing cold in death!

The second death was that of a bootlegger.

In my young manhood I was a missionary in the mountains of Kentucky. Jim Smooker, a wealthy, powerful bootlegger, was wrecking the County. I brought on an election to drive him out of the County; but he defeated me. The next morning after the election I began laying my plans for another election. Jim Smooker was taken sick; he had the best physicians; they could not diagnose the trouble. I called on Jim, an old bachelor. As I stepped into the room, he scowled. I was cheerful and pleasant, and told of the news in the morning paper. I kept up the visits for days, breaking down his bitterness. Finally, one morning I said, "Jim, I am not your enemy. You would have had a contempt for me if I had not fought you and your business. I am going to be a friend to you, if you will let me. The doctors don't know what is the matter with you. Whenever doctors change medicine every day, they are at sea, feeling their way. You are growing worse and weaker every day. Why don't you go to some city to a first-class hospital and get the great doctors to take your case?" I said, "I will write to Louisville and engage you a room in a hospital and get you good doctors." He said, "Brother Martin, I have

never traveled; and I am so weak I couldn't get there." I said, "Jim, I'll go with you and I'll stay and nurse you, and it will not cost you one cent." He looked up in amazement. I said, "I am not your enemy, man! I'll gladly do all I can for you." After a long silence, with a subdued tone, he said, "Martin, I wish you would."

I got him to Louisville and got him into a good hospital and called in several of the best physicians in the city. They finally decided that without an operation he would die within a week; with the operation there was one chance within five hundred. I went to Jim's room and told him. After waiting for some time, he said, "Martin, tell them I'll take the chance." When I repeated it to them, they said that they would be ready to operate within half an hour. I went back to his room and said, "Jim, there are five hundred chances to one that within an hour you will be in eternity. I cannot force the Saviour on you, but I want to show you the way of salvation." He said, "Go ahead, Martin." I put the way to be saved before him as quickly as I could; that Christ dying for our sins pays for them, that God's word is plain, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved"; "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." I heard the doctors coming down the hall. I said, "Oh, Jim, will you accept Him as your Saviour?" He began shaking his head. The doctors came in and began arranging everything quickly; I held his head and right arm as they administered the anesthetic; Dr. Holloway operated; all at once Dr. Holloway dropped his instrument and gasped, "Great God! Man, he is gone." They worked hard to bring him back—he was gone!

Isn't it strange that people will take any chance as to salvation—as to eternity?

The third case is somewhat similar. I was pastor in Cripple Creek, Colorado. One night I had been out with the sick till one-thirty. There was a sheet of icy sleet on the streets about three inches deep. Coming back to my house, I saw a man at Second and Bennett, with a crutch and a wooden leg, down in the ice, trying in vain to get up. Coming up to him, I said, "Partner, it seems to me that you are in a bad fix." He replied, "That I am, stranger." I said, "You will never get up that way." He replied, "Well, it looks like it." I said, "Let me help you up." After I had helped him to his feet, I asked, "Where do you live?" "Out on the Plaza half a mile away, with an ice-covered hill between." I said, "Man, you can't make it. Let me take the place of the crutch and you put your arm around my neck and I'll put my shoulders under your arm and be that other leg for you."

It was a hard pull up the hill. Stopping to rest, he asked, "Who are you, anyhow?" I replied, "I am T. T. Martin, pastor of the First Baptist Church." He laughed, "Isn't this a pair to draw to! I am Tom the gambler, the Faro dealer at the Gambling house!" I said, "Well, you are a fellowman in trouble, and I am here to help you." I finally got him home! I started to show him the way of salvation, the way to the Eternal Home; but he cut me off bluntly, "I don't know anything about that, and don't want to hear it." I replied, "That settles it. The Saviour does not want me to force Him on you even if I could, but that does not prevent our being friends."

I called the next day about noon. Tom had pneumonia. In that altitude they die like sheep with pneumonia, especially men who drink. I said, "Tom, you know the danger of pneumonia in this altitude. I know how to nurse it. I am willing to stay here and nurse you and it will not cost you anything." He thanked me, but said he had a trained nurse. I said, "But, Tom, she cannot nurse you night and day. Call for me any hour you need me. And Tom, you know the dangers of pneumonia in this altitude. Will you let me show you the way to be saved?" "Oh, Martin, I don't care anything about that!" He lied, for the nurse told me that when she entered the room after I left, she found him crying.

I called about noon the next day and Tom was dead!

Isn't it strange what chances men will take in the matters of salvation and eternity?

I was followed in the pastorate in Kentucky by the most brilliant young lawyer of Texas, whom God had called to preach. His death was glorious.

There are preachers who say that there is no such thing as a call to the ministry. There is no dispute as to their not having been called. The Lord's Cause is cursed with a great body of that kind of preachers. Every one of them ought to have honor enough to get out of the ministry.

Joe Parks of Meridian, Texas, was a God-called preacher. He overworked in the Kentucky pastorate, took typhoid fever, went home to Meridian, Texas, and died.

The day he died, though, the family did not know he was dying. He had been asleep for some time. The father and the mother were kneeling on one side of the bed; the white-haired old family physician was on his

knees on the other side of the bed, with his fingers on the pulse. The father, W. H. Parks, said, "Doctor, when you see that our boy is dying, please don't keep it from us; let us know it."

The white-haired old physician dropped his head on the side of the bed and sobbed. He was at the bedside when Joe was born; had seen him develop into manhood; had seen him stir audiences in the courtroom; had seen him stir juries with his eloquencies into a frenzy. He loved him as if he were his son; and now, after a long-fought battle, Joe was slipping away from him. Lifting up his head, his face flushed from weeping, he said, "Mr. Parks, I dread to tell you, but I have made my hardest fight, and the battle has gone against me. He is almost gone now."

Mrs. Parks, the mother, shot up like she was on springs and rushed around the room like a mad woman, and wringing her hands over her head screamed to the top of her voice.

It aroused Joe. Turning to the family physician, he said, "Doctor, don't deceive me. Is this death? Am I dying?"

The old doctor dropped his head on the side of the bed, sobbing aloud. Lifting his head, he said, "How I dread to tell you, Joe, my boy! I have made my hardest fight, and the battle has gone against me. Yes, Joe, you are dying and you are almost gone."

Looking up as if he were looking up to the throne of God, Joe gazed for some moments. He said, "Listen, Mother; listen, I am not suffering a particle of pain any more. There is not a pain in my body; and I have thought it all over! and I'll tell you, my mother, it's sweet to die

this way. Come kiss me goodbye, Mother. Come kiss me goodbye, Papa." The old family physician rushed for the door and closed it as he passed through.

Some young business men had come to inquire about their former friend and chum. They said, "Is he dead, Doctor?" The doctor said, "Great God! Men, if you want to see how a Christian man can die, go in there and see Joe Parks dying!" As they filed into the room, they expected to see great excitement; nothing of the kind. The father and mother had knelt down and were weeping; Joe, without a tear, was smiling and patting the cheeks of the father and mother, trying to comfort them. Seeing his friends coming in, he said, "Oh boys, I'm so glad you have come! Good-bye, Sam. Good-bye, John. Good-bye, Bill. Good-bye, Dick, old boy. Good-bye, George. Boys, I am not suffering any pain, and I've thought it all over. And, boys, it's sweet to die this way—" There was a sudden heart failure and they thought he was gone; but the heart slowly rallied. Weakly, he said, "I would be glad to stay here with father and mother and you boys, and go on with my work; but boys, our God makes no mistakes, and I'll tell you, boys, it's sweet to die this way." And then, turning to his mother, he said, "Kiss me good-bye again, mother. Kiss me good-bye again, Papa! Oh Mother! It's sweet to die this way! It's so sweet to die this way! Papa, it is so sweet to die this way!" Struggling for breath, he gasped, "It's so sweet to die this—" There was a stare in the eyes. The breath had ceased. A young man placed his ear over Joe's mouth. He slipped his hand under his nightshirt and placed it on his heart. He said, "Joe Parks is not here. He is in Heaven."

# CHAPTER X

## FOUR PEAKS

The first is, my leading an unsaved church member to Christ, a young woman to be really saved.

She at once became deeply concerned for the salvation of others. I have never known anyone more in earnest for the salvation of the lost. She adopted for her own a tract I had written for circulation, "How To Be Saved." She died at twenty-nine. Before dying, she willed every dime she had to a little tract fund. It has long since been exhausted, but I have tried in a weak way to carry it on.

I yearned to put something in her place, as her representative in leading the lost to Christ. I wrote a booklet giving an account of how she was saved. To my surprise, Our Father in Heaven has widely used it. It has gone into the nine hundredth thousand. It is now being circulated in China. The publishers estimate, from the letters that have come, that around two hundred thousand have been led to Christ by it. That it may reach still others, I here reproduce it:

### "THE CONVERSION OF RUTH WYATT"

She, who while here on earth would have protested against having this chapter of her life made public, would not now, with her full realization of what really being saved means, enter any objection even if there is a bare possibility of its leading someone to make sure of a home in heaven. It is, therefore, sent forth with the hope that some consistent but unsaved church member, as she was, may be led to see the fatal mistake and correct; or that some anxious one, yearning to make sure of salvation, may herein see God's simple, plain, sure way.

She had been reared in an earnest Christian home, by

pious, Godly parents; and when Providence first brought our lives together, she had for years been an active, consistent church member; the leader of the young people's work, active in the Ladies' Society, teacher of a large class in the Sunday School; welcomed everywhere in society, yet always maintaining the highest standard of religious character and deportment, and the respect and reverence of all with whom she came in contact, for her Christian profession.

My first fear that she was mistaken as to her salvation was aroused by her asking me: "Mr. Martin, do you think that only real Christians desire to see others saved?" I was at once impressed that she was troubled concerning her own salvation, and let her know that I was so impressed. She at once changed the subject of conversation, and I saw that she was either pained or offended at my suggestion.

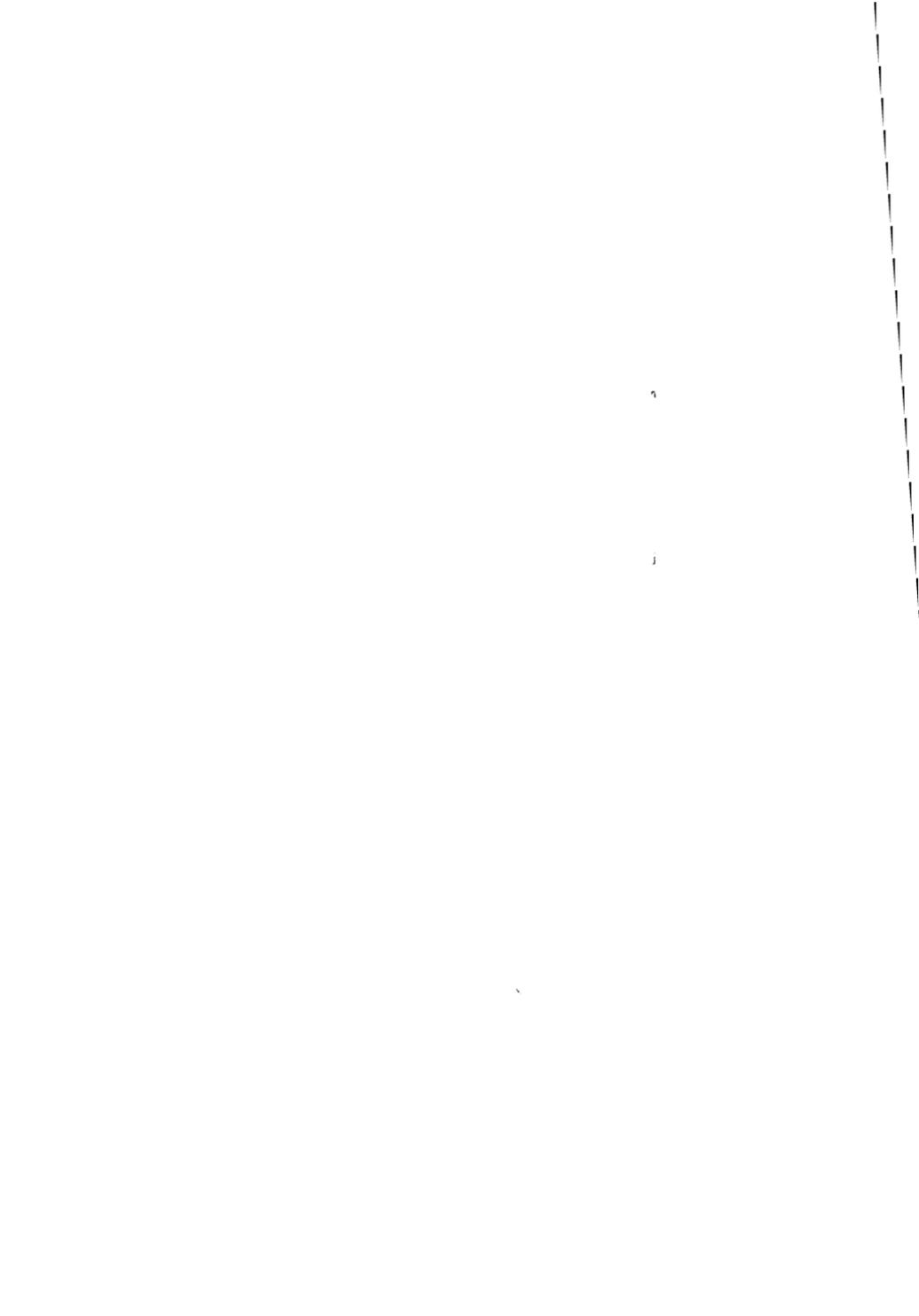
Some days after, she said to me, "Mr. Martin, I wish you would suggest some Scriptures on assurance for me to read." I was impressed that it was the time to speak plainly, and I replied, "Miss Ruth, I think you need to lose what assurance you have already."

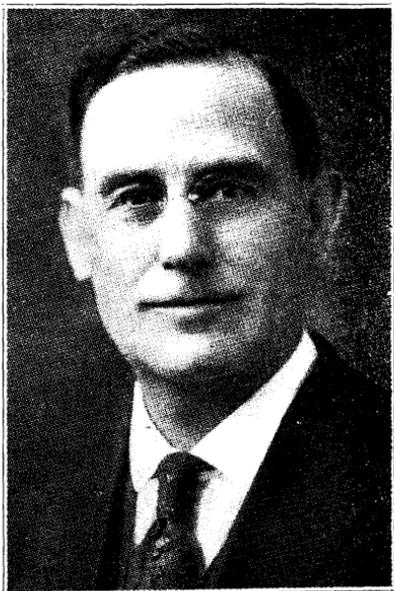
It was several days after that she came to me and said, "I very much fear that you are correct in regard to my condition. I have never told any one, but since I united with the church I have been troubled. I have never been at rest. There has always been a hollowness in my religious life. I have tried to do my duty, but there has been no peace in my life. All the sermons on the way of salvation that I have ever heard have been cloudy and confused to me. I yearn for peace and to realize that I am surely going to heaven."

After some moments I said, "Miss Ruth, tell me about



T. T. MARTIN IN 1938  
Kodak Snapshot





SAM RABORN SANG FOR  
T. T. MARTIN 14 YEARS



what you thought was your conversion when you joined the church." She replied, "Well, a noted evangelist was conducting a meeting here. Many were deeply interested. I felt no special concern; but as many of my friends were seeking salvation, and I always did want to be saved, I went with them night after night to the front seats to be prayed for. One night at the close of the meeting, the evangelist said, 'Here is a large river. On each side of it there is a city. On one side in the city, they are having dancing, card-playing, theater-going, and all kinds of pleasure, but there are no Christians there and none of them are going to heaven. In the other city, they are having none of these things, but churches and prayer meetings and many hardships. Now all of you who had rather live in this last city are converted, and you ought to join the church.' Of course, I preferred to live in the second city and go to heaven, than to live in the first city and go to hell, and so I went forward and united with the church."

I asked, "Miss Ruth, is that all the conversion you have had?" She replied, "Yes, sir. I thought that I must be converted, as the preacher said that all who felt that way was converted. I didn't know, and so I depended on what he said."

"Well," said I, "Let's see what God's word says about it. Jesus, in talking with Nicodemus, said, John 3:14, 15: 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life.' Here you see that it is not how you feel, or where or how you prefer to live, but your believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, trusting your salvation completely to Him, that saves you; and that makes it sure; for God says that if you believe

in Him you shall not perish, but that you have eternal life."

"But," she said, "What about my being born again?" I replied, "That is not your work, and with that you have nothing to do, for it is the Holy Spirit's work and He never fails to do His work. Here is what the Saviour said about it, John 3:8, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.'"

"How may I know, then," she inquired, "when I am born again?" "Let God answer that question, I John 5:1, 'Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God.'"

"But," she inquired further, "what about my repenting?" "One must repent before he can believe, for Jesus said, Mark 1:15, 'Repent ye and believe the Gospel,' and again, Matt. 21:32, 'And ye, when ye had seen it, repented not afterwards, that ye might believe him'."

"But notice," I said, "it is the act of 'repentance,' and not the word 'repentance,' that God requires. And much that I called repentance is not real repentance. It is true that God says, Isaiah 55:7, 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts,' but God also says, Hebrews 6:1, 'Repentance from dead works,' and in Hebrews 9:13, 14, we see that dead works are the works that men do in order to save them; so persons have not really repented until they have not only returned from their wicked ways and thoughts, but also have turned from their trying to do any work in order to save them.

"To get what our Saviour meant by repentance, let's go back. He said, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the

wilderness, even so—that the occurrence back there illustrates the way to be saved. The people bitten by the serpents realized that they had sinned against God, that they deserved punishment, were justly condemned, that they were helpless, and in their helplessness they turned to God for relief.

“That is repentance; then God provided the easiest, surest way possible, Numbers 21:8, ‘Make thee a fiery serpent and set it upon a pole; and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it shall live.’ How easy, simple, sure! One look and God’s promise was that he ‘shall live.’ Jesus says, ‘Even so must the Son of Man be lifted up that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish put have eternal life.’

“If the bitten Israelite looked and did not live, it was because God failed to keep His promise; even so, if you believe in the Lord Jesus, trust Him to save you, and then do not go to Heaven, it will be because the Lord Jesus Christ does fail to keep His promise.

“Now take the case of the jailer at Philippi, Acts 16: 19:34. The jailer asked Paul and Silas, ‘Sirs, what must I do to be saved?’ And they said, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.’ They did not tell him to get himself born again; that was the Holy Spirit’s work, and He would attend to that. Neither did they tell him to repent; yet repentance must come before we can trust the Saviour to save us. But notice, the jailer had repented. He realized that he had sinned against God, that he deserved punishment, that he was helpless; and now he turns in his helplessness to God for relief. And their answer was simple, plain and positive. ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.’”

"But I fear I do not really understand," she replied, "What 'believe on the Lord Jesus Christ' means. I know I shall be saved if I do it, for God says so; but what does God mean by 'believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?'"

"We are told," I answered, "that the Saviour came 'to seek and to save that which was lost' (Luke 19:10). Notice, not to help save, but to save, to do all the work of saving, Himself. If, then, He does the saving, all of it, we have simply to let Him do it, to leave it entirely to Him, to trust the whole of our salvation to Him.

"Here is what God says about it, Romans 4:5, 'To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness.' He says that Christ will justify the ungodly; hence, it is not a question of your getting good enough to be saved, or to go to Heaven. If you were a million times greater sinner than you are, He would save you as readily and as surely as if you were the best person in the world, for 'He justifieth the ungodly.' And He **justifies** them. You remember that Jesus said, 'Even so **must** the Son of Man be lifted up.' It was the only way we could be justified.

"Hence, God tells us, Isaiah 53:6, 'All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' And again, Titus 2:13, 14, 'Our Saviour, Jesus Christ who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity,' hence we are told that we are 'justified by His blood' (Romans 5:9).

"Now then God says, 'To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly.' Here is the work of your being saved to be done by someone. The Saviour came to save but not to help save. He says

for you not to try to do the work, not to try to help do it, but to believe on Him, leave the entire work of your being saved to Him.

“Now the question comes, will you do it? Have you confidence enough in the Lord Jesus to trust your being saved entirely to Him, to go into eternity resting solely on Him for salvation?”

After a few moments' thought, she asked, “But what if I should not live hereafter just as He wishes me to live?”

“You may lose your reward by not living as you should,” I replied, “but not your salvation. God's word makes clear distinction between your salvation and your reward. The Saviour said, John 10:28, ‘I give them eternal life and they shall never perish.’ But He also said, Matt. 6:20, ‘Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven’; and Paul adds, I Cor. 3:8, ‘And every man shall receive his own reward, according to his own labor.’ And the Saviour adds further, Rev. 22:12, ‘And behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me to give to every one according as his work shall be.’

“Your salvation depends on what your Saviour did for you and you accept; but your reward depends on what you do for your Saviour and He accepts. Now, what depends on you, you can lose—your reward; but what depends on Christ, you cannot lose—your salvation; hence, Paul says, I Cor. 3:15, ‘If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss, but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire.’

“But again, if you do not live as you should, God will chasten you as a father whips his child, Hebrew 12:5-8, ‘My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him; for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.’ A disobedient Christian will be chastened,

chastened severely, scourged, but not sent to Hell; for the Lord Jesus promised, John 6:47, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'

"But," came the objection, "It looks as if people would become careless if they were certain not to be lost."

"If they do, God is certain to chasten them. But you forget, Miss Ruth, the great motive power in the real Christian's life. The night before the Saviour was crucified, He held up a cup of wine and said, Matt. 26:28, 'This is my blood of the New Testament which is shed for many for the remission of sins.' His blood, then, settled for our sins; as Paul says, Ephesians 1:7, 'in whom we have redemption through His blood.' Our Lord then said, John 14:15, 'If ye love Me, keep My commandments'; not 'if ye are afraid of Hell'; nor 'if ye desire to go to Heaven'—for both of these questions were settled by His blood; but 'if ye love Me'."

"Oh, I see! He suffered and died for my sins, and if I accept Him as my Saviour, and trust Him to save me, that saves me; and then I serve Him the rest of my life because I love Him for suffering and dying for me and saving me, and not because I am afraid of being lost."

"Exactly," I replied. "Now then, if the Saviour were here in bodily presence, you would at once trust Him as Saviour and trust your being saved entirely to Him; and you know He would keep His promise and save you. Well, He knows your heart; and the very moment you believe on Him, trust your salvation to Him, He knows it and it is settled forever. Will you here and now, just as if He were here in person, trust your salvation entirely to Him to save you forever, to go into eternity on His sacred

promise, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.'

"Yes, sir, I will."

"Thank God. Now, Miss Ruth, one step more. If tonight God should send an angel to you, and you should be convinced that it was no delusion, but a real messenger from Heaven, and he should deliver a real message to you written from the Lord Jesus which would read as follows: 'To Ruth Wyatt, I, the Son of Man, send you this to tell you that you have a home in Heaven and that when your life on earth is finished, you will surely be with Me in Heaven,' would it not bring joy and peace to you?"

"Indeed it would."

"And ever afterwards, when tempted to think that you might not be saved after all, would you depend on the way you felt about it or on His message to you?"

"Oh, His message to me would be all I would need. I could rest on that and be satisfied."

"Now are you sure that you have accepted Him as your Saviour and trusted your salvation completely to Him? Then please read this."

The passage was John 6:47: "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life."

"Is not that just as good as if it were a message sent from Heaven to you? For it is the message of the Lord Jesus to you and it says you already have everlasting life."

I shall never forget the expression of quiet peace and joy that came over her face. It was on her face when she came before the church to tell them of her fearful mistake, and of her peace in believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is on her face in Heaven today.

And now, dear reader, a few words with you. Our Saviour said, Matt. 7:22, 23, "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy Name? And in Thy Name have cast out devils, and in Thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you." Notice, reader. He does not say "a few," but "many."

The Saviour tells us plainly that many professing Christians are going to be lost. Will you be among them? Beware how you lightly pass this question by! People who will be lost never were converted, never were saved, for He says, "I never knew you. You never were really Mine."

Are you sure you are not resting on some false hope? Are you depending on some past experience you have had, some change of feeling, or church membership, or baptism, or good life, or on your continuing to try to live right, or are you depending solely and entirely on the Lord Jesus and on His having suffered and died for your sins; and not a part of them, but all your sins, up to the end of your life? Are you looking forward, hoping that you will be saved when you die, or are you already saved?

Are you hoping that you will be saved at the Judgment Day, or are you already saved now? Remember, God tells us plainly, "He that believeth on the Son hath [notice it clearly, reader—HATH] everlasting life." And it is everlasting life, and so not a salvation that may be lost; for our Saviour tells us plainly that, John 10:28, we "shall never perish."

But you say that you have never professed to be a Christian. Let me say a few words to you. God's way of salvation for you is the same as that for the unsaved church

member. Go back and read this paper again and apply it to yourselves.

“Why will ye die?” God asks you (Ezek. 33:11). Why take any chance or risk in the matter of your salvation, when you can make sure of salvation if you will?

Think of the peace there would be in your life, if you could only realize, day after day, that you were safe and sure of Heaven! Well, you may be! If you put it off, there is at least the possibility that you may neglect it, grow careless and never be saved. Oh, the millions that have gone down to Hell along that path?

The Saviour said that “Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction and many there be that go in thereat”; and this is the most popular side of the great boulevard to Hell, simply putting off the matter of salvation” (II Cor.

“Now is the accepted time. Behold, now is the day of salvation” (II Cor. 6:2). Satan has deceived and led more souls to hell through putting off salvation than he ever carried to destruction through saloons and gambling. And here you are yielding to his most successful temptation? Oh, reader, turn and make sure of Salvation now!

Think, reader, of eternity in Hell or in Heaven! And you can just in a moment of time, even right now, make sure that, as for you, it will be eternity in Heaven? For the Saviour has promised, “Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out” (John 6:37). Will you come to Him? Will you just now trust Him to save you? The moment you do, you have His positive promise that you are saved, saved forever, “He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life” (John 6:47).

Ah, reader, it is not going to be long until some who have read this little paper will sit down in the Kingdom

of God (Luke 13:28) with her concerning whose conversion the paper is written. Oh, may you be among the number! And it is not going to be long until some who have read this little paper shall in Hell lift up their eyes (Luke 16:31). Oh, may you not be among that number! But God's word has told us plainly in which class you shall be: "He that believeth upon the Son hath everlasting life; he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3:36).

The second peak, as I look backward, is my fight against Evolution.

Next to the fall of Adam and Eve, Evolution and the teaching of Evolution in tax-supported schools is the greatest curse that ever fell upon this earth. It is, in the sight of God, a crime to teach it in any school. I know that these statements will bring sneers. But a dog, as well as an Evolution professor and a newspaper reporter, can sneer.

Evolution teaches that all living beings from the smallest living thing up to man have evolved through millions of years.

God's word says ten times that everything brought forth after its kind. Evolution teaches that these are ten lies. But the Saviour says that Scriptures cannot be broken. Evolution makes it that the Saviour endorsed ten lies. God's Son, Deity, would not endorse ten lies as the word of God. Hence, no Evolutionist believes that the Saviour was born of a human mother without a human father—as was Deity.

The Saviour taught that no one would be saved who did not believe in His Deity, John 8:24, "I said therefore that ye shall die in your sins, for if ye believe not that I am

[the **he** is not in the Greek] ye shall die in your sins." They either will die in their sins or He lied—there is no middle ground!

What did the Saviour mean by saying that He is "**I AM**"? The Children of Israel, from centuries of slavery in Egypt, had become steeped in ignorance and superstition. God, preparing to free them, sent Moses as a messenger unto them, "And Moses said unto God, behold, when I come unto the Children of Israel and say unto them, the God of your fathers hath sent me unto you; and they shall say unto me, What is His name? What shall I say unto them? And God said unto Moses, I am that I am; and He said, Thus shalt thou say unto the Children of Israel, I am hath sent me unto you" (Exodus 3:13-14).

The Saviour says that everyone who does not believe that He is that Being shall die in his sins; not one person who believes in Evolution belies that the Saviour is that Person—I AM—Deity.

Again He said, John 5:46, 47, "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed Me, for he wrote of Me; but if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe My words?"

Not an Evolutionist, not a Modernist, believes that Moses wrote of Christ—they are all lost. And they are leading our high school and our college students by the hundreds of thousands every year to all be lost forever! Yet we are forced to pay taxes to pay teachers to teach this to our children and forever damn their souls!

The Evolutionist comes back with a sneer and a jeer, "if all Evolutionists go to Hell, there will be some fine company in Hell." If that will be any comfort to you—go! The gate is wide open. But remember; there are no

round-trip tickets to Hell—you will never get back.

But a chorus of lying voices is heard: "You are fighting science!"

I have published lists of hundreds of scientists who say that there is not one word of truth in Evolution.

Take two: Former President of Harvard, now dead, Charles W. Elliott said, "Evolution does not seem to me to be a science of creation or of anything else; it is merely a hypothesis—a supposition, a guess"; former President of Yale, now dead, Arthur T. Hadley said, "Evolution is not a science at all."

They admit that Darwinian Evolution has been given up. There is no other kind! To talk of any other kind is simply to save their faces or their jobs, or their royalties on their books, or to keep from accepting Christianity.

Mendel's Law kills it. Professor William Bateson of Cambridge University said that had Mendel's book been published before Darwin wrote his books, they never would have been published.

The Evolutionists rested their edifice on two great pillars: First—Inheriting acquired characteristics. Herbert Spencer said (which is a fact), that without the inheritance of acquired characteristics there can be no Evolution. It has been given up. Second—Natural selection. It has been given up.

Professor Louis Trechard Moore, of the University of Cincinnati, in his great book, "The Dogma of Evolution," which grinds Evolution to powder, says that Professor Bateson of Cambridge knocks down every prop of Inheriting Acquired Characteristics, of Natural Selection, and of Evolution in general. What is left?

One clear-cut fulfilled prophecy, and there are scores

of them, kills Evolution. No honest man can read "Prophecy Speaks," or "Keith on Prophecy," or John Urquhart's "Wonders of Prophecy," and doubt that there is a God, that He is dealing with us through the Bible, and that Jesus Christ is the Saviour and is Deity.

The Resurrection of the Saviour kills Evolution, and the greatest lawyers, such as Greenleaf on "Evidence," and Daniel Webster, have said that the Resurrection of the Saviour is the most positively-proven fact of all history.

If the Bible is in advance of science one time it kills Evolution. Scores of times the Bible teaches the germ theory; yet no human being knew there was a germ for over fifteen hundred years after the birth of the Saviour.

Take, for instance, the Saviour's teaching that the earth is round, "as the lighting that lighteneth out of the one part under heaven and shineth unto another part under Heaven, so shall also the Son of Man be in His day" (Luke 17:24). "In that night [night time there], there shall be two men in one bed; the one shall be taken and the other left. Two men shall be in the field [day time there]; the one shall be taken and the other left" (Luke 17:34-36).

It is daytime at one place on the earth and night at another place — the earth is round.

Two boys were fishing, and one of them catching a turtle, cut his head off. The next day, fishing at the same place, one of the boys thrust his fishing pole in the side of the turtle and he wiggled around. "Well, sir," said the boy, "that old turtle ain't dead yet." The other boy thrust his pole into the side of the turtle. The boy said to the other, "can a dead thing wiggle around that way?" "I

don't care if he can wiggle, he is dead." "He ain't dead." "He is dead." "He ain't dead."

And just then an old farmer came along and the boys decided they would arbitrate and let the old farmer decide. One of them said, "We caught this turtle yesterday about this time and cut its head off; cut it clear off; there lies the turtle and yonder lies the head; ain't he dead?" The other boy thrust his fishing pole in the side of the turtle and he wiggled around; he asked, "Can a dead thing wiggle that way?" The puzzled old farmer scratched his head a moment; then said, "I tell you how it is, boys; he is dead, but the fool thing don't realize it!"

The third peak outlined against my life's Eastern horizon: The exposure and combatting of Russian Communism and its blood-kin allies, the Civil Liberties Union, and others.

Communism calls for:

First—The doing away with private property;

Second—The doing away with Christianity;

Third—The doing away with "The Stars and Stripes" and replacing it with the red flag of Russian Communism;

Fourth—The doing away with race lines and whites and Negroes intermarrying.

NOT ONE WORD OF PROTEST AGAINST THESE SCHEMES HAVE I SEEN FROM JOHN L. LEWIS, OR HIS C. I. O., OR THE CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION.

The Stars and Stripes gave the Negroes their freedom. I know the Negroes of the South; I was raised with them; I've worked in the cottonfield with them; I have preached for them for over thirty-seven years. A black hand will never reach up and pull down the Stars and Stripes. A

black hand will never run up the Red Flag of Russian Communism to wave over the South.

I think I know the Negroes of the South as no other living man knows them. Many of the white people of the South do not understand the Negro. Many of the Negroes of the South do not understand the white people of the South. The Negroes of the South are a thousand miles ahead of what many of the white people of the South think of them; the white people of the South are a thousand miles ahead of what many Negroes think of them.

A white man passing along by a big swamp said to an old Negro man sitting on the roadside, "Uncle, are there any bullfrogs in this swamp?" The old Negro said, "Boss, dey is jes' waggin loads uv um." The white man said, "Well, Uncle, could you get me three dozen big bullfrogs by this time tomorrow? I'll pay you fifty cents a dozen for them." The old Negro grinned, "Boss, I kin git ye three waggin loads jes' as easy." "Oh, no, I don't want three wagonloads of bullfrogs. I will pay you fifty cents a dozen for three dozen big bullfrogs, if you will have them here tomorrow afternoon," said the man. "Boss, I'll have 'um here 'morro' even' 'bout dis time."

The next afternoon as the man drove up there was the most woe-begone, mud-bedraggled looking old Negro standing beside the road with six little bitsy bullfrogs strung on a stick. The man asked, "Uncle, where are my frocks?" The old Negro answered, "Boss, burfore Gawd, dese frogs is sho' deceivin'. I ain't never looked at 'um before, and I ain't never counted 'um. I been passin' by dis swamp for fifteen years, and I ben judgin' by de noise dat dey makes, dat dey wuz waggin loads uv 'um, and

dat dey wuz great big 'uns. But, burfo Gawd, boss, heah is eve' bullfrog whut is in dis swamp!"

So, judging by the noise they make, and the trouble they can stir up, half a dozen mean Negroes can make the white people think that the woods are full of mean Negroes; and half a dozen mean white men can make the Negroes of a whole State think that the white people are all fiends and devils and against the Negroes. It is thus that the two races are stirred into antagonism, and a fearful, fruitful field is prepared for the Communists and the diabolical work of race hatred and strikes, and the insidious and persistent plottings to bring on Russian Communism.

- After traveling for thirty-seven years at the rate of about two thousand miles per month as an evangelist, principally in the South, and never once having refused to preach nor to hold meetings for the Negroes, bowing in prayer by their sick beds, and bathing their fevered brows, I think I know the Negroes of the South. They are a thousand miles ahead of what many white people think they are. I know that I know the white people of the South; they are thousands of miles ahead of what the Negroes think they are. Oh, for mutual right understanding and mutual sympathy! And oh, for deliverance from the stirrers-up of strife and racial hatred!

In my Southern home I received a letter from a Negro pastor in Colorado Springs, Colorado:

"Dear Brother Martin:

"I am pastor of a Negro church here in Colorado Springs. My people are servants working for the white people; and they imitate the white people's vices instead of their virtues (The curse of the Negroes of the South-

T.T.M.). There is no Negro evangelist in the West. Would you hold a meeting for the Negroes?

“Your brother in Christ,

“W. E. GLADDEN.”

(Now with the Lord.—T.T.M.)

“Dear Brother Gladden:

“Certainly I will hold a meeting for you. I never refuse any call from my Negro brethren. I am doing what I can to get the finest young white people of the South to go to Africa as missionaries. I would count myself a hypocrite to get them to go to Africa as missionaries and then refuse to preach to Africa here at home.

“Your brother in the Lord Jesus,

“T. T. MARTIN.”

I knew what I was going up against. The Negroes not only imitate the vices instead of the virtues of the white people, but they imitate their religious errors.

Knowing that many of my Negro brethren had been misled by imitating the religious errors of the white people, along such lines as “The Mourner’s Bench” and “Falling From Grace.” I went to Colorado Springs expecting a hard meeting.

In the three weeks not one was received for baptism. But two or three weeks after the close of the meetings, one prayer meeting night, a grown woman got up and said, “Brethren and sisters, I want you to open the doors of the church. I want to join. I trusted Jesus to save me when Brother Martin was here.” She was received. Pastor Gladden said, “We will meet tomorrow night!” That night three grown people came forward and said that they accepted the Saviour during the meeting. Night after night they met, until they had received sixty-six members, every

one of whom said that they had trusted the Saviour during the meeting.

Pastor W. E. Gladden and I had blessed fellowship studying the Bible together for three weeks. He is now with the Lord!

Some time after, the Pastor's Conference of Colorado Springs, composed of all white and Negroes of all denominations, of Colorado Springs, requested the pastor of a very rich, cultured church, a highly educated, up-to-the-minute Modernist and Evolutionist and infidel, wearing a preacher's coat, to give them an address on "Salvation By Character." He poured out his stream of lucid English and charmed them. After the other pastors had rubbed him down and puffed him up, over his wonderful, up-to-date, progressive address, my Negro brother, Pastor W. E. Gladden, arose and said, "Brother Moderator, the gentleman has given us a marvelous (it was "marvelous") address on 'Salvation By Character.' I would like to ask him a question." "Very well, my brother," replied the Modernist pastor. Said Gladden, "He has given us a marvelous paper on 'Salvation By Character.' I would like to ask him what would he preach if he were pastor of a people who haven't got any character?"

My! That ton of dynamite exploded. But the Modernist managed to squirm. He arose and said, "Brother Moderator, my brother and I were raised in such different intellectual atmospheres that I don't suppose that I could make it plain to my brother." (Trying to humiliate my Negro brother.) Rising, Gladden said, "That is doubtless true, Brother Moderator, that the great pastor and I were raised in such different intellectual atmospheres, that he could not make it plain what he would preach if he were

pastor of a people who haven't any character. But the trouble with him is that he can never make it plain to anyone else, either."

A young man in New York decided that he would become a Texas cowboy, and so he went out beyond the Fort Davis Mountains, in Southwest Texas, and hired a Texas cowboy to be his teacher. A few weeks later the Texas Cowboy wired the young New Yorker's family that he had been killed. The broken-hearted father wired back, "Send on the remains." The Texas cowboy wired back, "Thar warn't no remains, he war kilt by a bar."

When Gladden asked the Modernist that last question, "Thar warn't no remains; he war kilt by a bar," he not only killed the Modernist—he ate him up, hair, hoof, and hide. And it will kill any other Modernist who will try to answer that question.

Jesus said, "The Publicans and harlots go into the Kingdom before you" who have what you boastfully call character. Character comes from motive-power. The deed may be noble, the character back of it and prompting it—diabolical. Hence, "Though I give all my goods to feed the poor, and my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

The motive forms the character. But the motive of love is produced only by "Christ died for our sins." And character formed by deeds prompted by fear of Hell, or in order to get to Heaven, or as a cold, dead sense of duty, or because it is customary for respectable people to so act, is as flint-hearted as the Sphinx and as cold as a worm born at the North Pole!

Christ saves people irrespective of character; and then

with the motive of love develops a character that will be to the glory of God throughout eternity.

The Communists, the Communists' sympathizers, and others, are out in the South to organize the cotton-mill workers, the sharecroppers, and poor farmers, the renters, the Negroes and others for Russian Communism. Shall these groups have less principle, less manhood, less character, less patriotism than the Negroes?

You have been dubbed the "poor white trash of the South"; shall you merit the title? Shall you sell your country and take your stand with Benedict Arnold?

The Fourth, and last great peak outlined against the sky, as I sit viewing Life's Sunset from Pike's Peak, and the one in which my heart finds its greatest satisfaction, is organizing and maintaining for twenty-five years the Blue Mountain Evangelists. As it has been my own work, I shall let others tell of it.

One great pastor said: "The Blue Mountain Evangelists have been the greatest group of sound Gospel preachers and safe evangelists that has ever operated in all the South."

Another pastor, whose name is known throughout America says: "Wherever I have found the work of one of the Blue Mountain Evangelists, it has been sound preaching, sane work and great soul winnings."

Another pastor: "The Blue Mountain Evangelists have done more to turn back the tides of superficial sentimentality and emotionalism, and hold the churches to sound Bible teaching Evangelism than any force among us."

For years I had seen the drift toward superficial emotionalism, and much of the preaching never making clear

the way of Salvation and my heart had yearned to correct it.

I went through two three-week revivals conducted by two of the most popular evangelists of that day. In one case the preacher would take a text and then begin telling a humorous story and a tragic one, a more humorous and more tragic one, until he had stirred the congregation to the highest peak of emotional tenseness, and then give some sad deathbed scene, and make his invitation, and people would fill the aisles! Never had he shown one time how God saves the sinner by Christ dying for our sins (I Cor. 15:3); that Christ gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity (Titus 2:13-14), and "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and Thou Shalt Be Saved" (Acts 16:31).

The other evangelist would hold up the threatening Thunders of Sinai and the Horrors of Hell until you could smell the brimstone, and that in the most graphic descriptions; the Sins of people he would deal with in the most blistering words, mixed with sarcasm, humor and satire, until the emotions of his audience were stirred with disgust with sin and sinner, and then turn and point the tragic scene of a deathbed and make his audience shudder; then take the sinner by the nap of the neck and seat of the trousers and hold him over the gaping pits of Hell for fifteen minutes; and when he turned the sinner loose he hit the ground running. The poor sinner did not know one thing about how to be saved; he had not been shown one word of how God saves the sinner by Christ dying for our sins (I Cor. 15:3), but he joined the first thing he came to—church, Masons or Elks—he joined!

Oh, the tragedy of never making clear the way of

Salvation; and it has to be done over and over in every sermon. You always have some there who have not heard the other sermons. Then, too, it is hard for a man to come into the light of the Gospel.

When you begin to make clear the way of Salvation, and clear away all the false hopes built up in the minds of religious people, Church members—and even preachers, for Salvation, and you begin to tear away morality, a grand life, good citizenship, charity, and being a fine husband and noble father, being a pure young lady, and noble young man, for Salvation—you stir up all the religious prejudices, the lost church members and pride of heart of the unreligious, but good people!

I have stood for three weeks, night after night, making clear the Gospel, the way of Salvation, and the people would become angry, or writhe and squirm, or sit in silence and look on, and then suddenly the light would break upon the people—that Salvation is only and alone in Christ dying for our sins (I Cor. 15:3), and that by trusting our whole salvation to Him, we are saved (Acts 16:31). They would come in great numbers.

Suppose I had yielded ONE time to the clamour for popular sermons of a pleasing nature; or had yielded one time to the religious prejudices of the great multitude of people, living on a false hope, think of the people that would have been turned into Hell, all because they were never brought into the light of the Gospel, and brought to have seen God's plain way of Salvation by Christ dying for our sins, and by our leaving our whole Salvation to His dying for our sins! Oh, the fearful responsibility of standing before the people, congregations of eternity-

bound souls, to preach! Ah, the tragedy of not making plain the Gospel!

After I gave up my pastorate in the West to turn to evangelistic work, the calls kept coming from all over America for more than I could ever work. At last I realized that here was an opportunity in the great majority of cases to place a good strong Gospel preacher who did make plain the way of Salvation, and who would stand against the tides of religious prejudices and the clamours for popular preaching, and who would stand nobly by the word of God! Hence I organized the Blue Mountain Evangelists.

In all the land there are noble men, who know the Gospel and make clear the way of Salvation, who stand nobly by the word of God, and who earnestly withstand the tides of the religious prejudices of those who are living on false hopes of Baptism, or Church Membership, or prayer or believing in God, or the Mourners' Bench or change of feeling, or being born again, or living a good life; men who stand nobly against the clamours for popular preaching; and yet men who are greatly circumscribed by circumstances; men who are wearing their lives out as religious errand boys and community pack horses, who ought to be out yonder preaching the Gospel to the multitudes, making clear the way of Salvation to the thousands! Under God it has been my great joy to help many of those noble men to find the largest possible fields of Evangelism.

Often times a good man has been wilfully misrepresented, and placed in a bad light before the brethren. Often I have been able to take such a brother and help him to come out and make good—make a great soul-winner

and a great preacher and save him to the cause.

Sometimes a noble man has erred, made a mistake, and has been placed under a shadow, when the facts proved there was no wilful sin on his part. Oh, the joy that has come to my heart, after I have picked up such a brother, and have seen him make good, and prove himself. How many times have I sat in my room at night and thought of the great work these men were doing, and bow my head and thank our Heavenly Father that He ever led me to organize the Blue Mountain Evangelists!

And besides, such men as D. P. Montgomery, J. B. DeGarmo, Joe English, F. J. Harrell, Paul Montgomery, A. D. Muse, E. A. Petroff, and others; noble, clean as a hound's tooth, clear as a bell on the Gospel. How I thank our Heavenly Father I ever had these men, and others like them, on the staff of Blue Mountain Evangelists.

As I view Life's Sunset from the top of Pike's Peak, in my backward look, there comes before me the scene of scores of young men, young men of great talent and ability. Our Heavenly Father allowed me to touch and lead them to see the all supreme importance of always making clear the Gospel, and making plain the way of Salvation, as pastors, evangelists, and many now great leaders in our great cooperative work. Many of these are kind enough to come to the white-haired old man at the conventions, in the hotels, on the trains and say "Brother Martin, all I know about the Gospel, and the real teachings of God's word, I owe to you." And the white-haired old preacher, turns his head and wipes the fast-falling tears from his eyes, and thanks our Heavenly Father that he ever called me to preach; that He ever called me to "Do the work of an

evangelist", and that He ever led me to organize the Blue Mountain Evangelists.

Oh, what is one soul worth? But not one soul will ever be saved, until he sees clearly God's way of saving a sinner! Oh, the importance of standing squarely by God's word, and standing always against the tides of the religious prejudices of people who are living on a false hope for Salvation, and standing always against the clamours for popular preaching!

# CHAPTER XI

## THREE HIGHLY-PRIZED YET STILL UNDERVALUED MEN

The first: when I think of him, I think of what the angel said of John the Baptist, "Great in the sight of the Lord." When I say that he is a man, a true man, a great man, a great preacher, "Filled with the Holy Spirit," every Christian man and woman who knows him, and every businessman and working man who knows him, will say "Amen" when I give his name, J. W. Lee, of Mississippi. If God ever made a truer man, he never came my way. Far back yonder in college days, when I was captain of the college baseball team, and their pitcher, J. W. Lee was my third baseman. Whenever I led the club into a match game, when I would come out and look over the field, I would say to myself, "Third base is safe today; for Jim Lee is covering third." And the same words, "Capable, safe, reliable," have characterized his whole life for more than fifty years. Mississippi has realized it and honored him. Mississippi has realized that in him she has had one of the world's truly great preachers. Even those who for many years have sat under his ministry three times every week, often with bated breath and tear-filled eyes, have not known and will not know till they get to Heaven and hear the Judge say, to him, "Thou hast been faithful," what a great true Gospel preacher they have been privileged to hear. Should the Saviour not return to earth soon, and he should precede me, the world will seem lonely to me without Jim Lee.

The second one: what a galaxy of stars comes up before me! R. A. Cooper, J. G. Chastain, Prof. P. H. Eager, Judge J. H. Price, Hon. A. S. Bozeman, F. W. Williams,

J. P. Williams, that matchless country preacher; J. S. Threlkeld, that wonderful Greek scholar; Judge P. H. Lowrey, Excongressman B. G. Lowrey, Boothe Lowrey, T. C. Lowrey; Walter Skates, my old baseball team catcher; Jack Wade of Louisiana, my first baseman; Roberson of Louisiana, Cordelle of Louisiana, R. W. Merrill; Jack Hardy, ex-president Mississippi State College and also Baylor College, Belton, Texas; J. W. Lee — and I must stop else I call the roll of Mississippi College from 1882 to 1886! "There were giants in those days."

The crowning thing of my life was that W. T. Lowrey was my roommate. I was not a preacher, but prayed that God would give me W. T. Lowrey as my roommate, and He did. Often when I think of W. T. Lowrey, there rises before me W. T. Lowrey and T. T. Eaton. I never knew two more nearly perfect Christian men. But I am not alone in my estimate of W. T. Lowrey. The fact that he was called successively to the presidency of four colleges, attests the fact that I am not alone in my estimate of him. And I am not alone in my life being blessed by him, as many thousands of men and women all over America and beyond the seas will testify.

Let me tell of the turning-point in his life. Another schoolmate, Leon T. Ray, a young Baptist preacher, and an eighteen-year-old Mississippi boy, having taken dinner after preaching, at a farmer's house in North Mississippi, were traveling a mountain road home. Ray was clearly putting before the eighteen-year-old lad God's simple way of salvation through Christ dying for our sins, all of them; and then, after we have accepted the Saviour and trusted Him to save us, we serve Him through love and not from fear of Hell. When Ray had finished, they rode along in

silence. Then suddenly the young man spurred his horse up by the side of Ray's horse and, taking hold of the bridle reins, drew them both to a stand-still, and bowed his head on the young preacher's shoulders and sobbed out, "Oh, Ray, how good God is!" And, with their arms around each other, they sat there in silence for some minutes, weeping over God's goodness. That eighteen-year-old young man was the great teacher, preacher, man — W. T. Lowrey!

The third highly-prized man, yet greatly undervalued, was that down-Easter, that wonderful Yankee, who gave his life to Southern Baptists, J. R. Graves. He was possibly the most powerful platform man America ever produced. As an illustration: At a meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention at Waco, Texas, a great battle of the giants was coming up. The people of Waco wanted to hear it. By one-thirty that afternoon the auditorium was packed and the greater part of the delegates could not get in. Something had to be done. The First Methodist Church, three block away, had offered their auditorium, seating three thousand. Someone announced: "In fifteen minutes J. L. McCurry of Virginia will preach at the First Methodist Church," one of the most powerful, most eloquent preachers of the South, a preacher, a Congressman, and superintendent of the great Peabody Foundation. Not fifty people left the building. They were going to see the battle of the giants. Something had to be done! Someone announced: "In fifteen minutes J. B. Hawthorne will preach at the First Methodist Church." Hawthorne was given up to be the most eloquent man in the South. Ordinarily five thousand people would have rushed to hear him. Not over one hundred people left their seats. They were going to witness that battle of giants! Something had

to be done! Another announced: "In fifteen minutes E. C. Gates of Tennessee will preach at the First Methodist Church." John A. Broadus stepped forward and said, "My brethren, I have learned to measure my words when I recommend men. E. C. Gates of Tennessee is the most eloquent young man I ever heard. It is an opportunity of a lifetime for you to hear such a man. You must go and hear him." Not two hundred people left their seats. They were determined to see that great battle of the giants. B. H. Carroll whispered, "Where is J. R. Graves?" President Burleson said, "At his place of entertainment, sick in bed." Carroll whispered, "Get a carriage and take him at once to the First Methodist Church." Carroll arose and said, "I want to announce that in fifteen minutes J. R. Graves will preach at the First Methodist Church." Every man and woman sprang to their feet and began rushing for the door! President Mell, of Georgia, then President of the Convention, beat and hammered with his gavel and begged the delegates to remain and give them a quorum; people rushed along the streets as if going to a fire; a woman was seen with a child in her arms, and dragging another along, running to get a seat; they packed the vast auditorium; they packed around the wall; they packed the platform; they packed the aisles.

At last J. R. Graves was seen, pale as death, crowding down the aisle, leaning on the arm of President Burleson. They had to push the people back on the platform to make room for a table and a little chair; Graves was lifted upon the platform and placed in the chair. He laid his watch on the table. He began preaching from the fourth chapter of Romans. In the audience were noticed fourteen preachers bitterly prejudiced against Graves. In fifteen

minutes after Graves began preaching, apparently everyone in the audience was weeping, including the fourteen preachers. On and on Graves sat there preaching, his voice interrupted only by the sobs of the people. Finally, pale and exhausted, he said, "Pardon me, my brethren! I've been preaching three hours and fifteen minutes." Throughout the vast audience cries arose, "Go on! Go on! Go on!" What a preacher! No wonder the great Carroll of Texas said, "J. R. Graves did more for Southern Baptists than any other man who ever lived."

One incident in his life must be preserved. He and my father canvassed Mississippi, traveling in a buggy; father canvassing for Mississippi College; Graves for his paper, the Tennessee Baptist, and preaching. Graves gave my father this incident. He said any man of any ability knows it; but that he ought to have sense enough not to let the people see that he knows it; that when he first went to preaching, he preached only along popular lines; and the people flocked to him in great numbers; that he saw how Southern Baptists were becoming Liberalized; and because they held not liberal doctrines they were not popular, they were being neglected, and that it was ruining Southern Baptists; that he also saw that the man who would attempt to stem the tide and stand for the unpopular teachings of God's word would be crucified. He said that the price was too great, and that he decided not to undertake it; but that one night, in a vision or dream, he saw an angel standing on top of a mountain; two roads leading from him up the mountain to the angel; one narrow, steep, rocky, thorny, but straight; the other, a beautiful boulevard, with beautiful flowers on each side; the road graded, but winding, until reaching the angel. He said that on

the angel's face was a look of inexpressible sadness as he pointed him to the rough, thorny, and narrow but straight road. Graves said that as he awoke the next morning, he found himself crying, but that as he was dressing, the decision was made to take the steep, narrow, rocky, thorny, but straight way — and he took it! Thank God for his life-work among us! Thank God that his books—those precious mines of Bible truths—are still being published!

## C H A P T E R   X I I

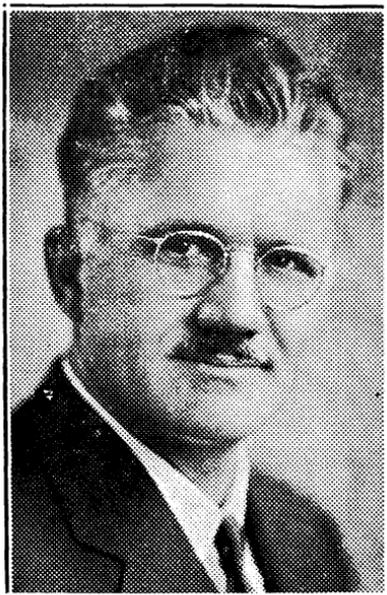
### DANGERS OF DEALING WITH ENQUIRERS

Many "Personal workers," "Soul winners," and even preachers, are dangerous in dealing with enquirers; yet people are tongue-lashed and abused by some evangelists into going out into the congregation and doing "Personal work"; and people are called up to the "Altar" and the "Mourners' Bench" to do "Personal work."

Some animals and some human beings are said to be "Disease Carriers." Even so, many professing Christians are not only "Disease Carriers," but misleaders of souls; worse, they are damners of souls; **they send souls out into eternity on false hopes!**

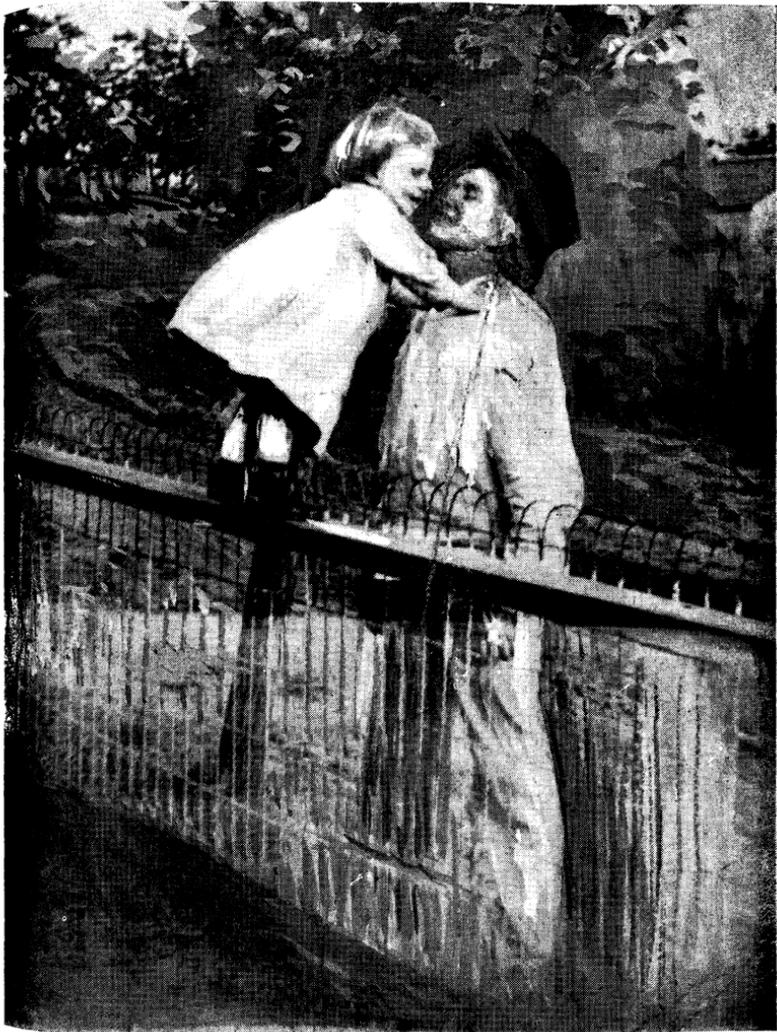
It is far better to make no effort to lead people to be saved than to lead them into a false hope. "My people have committed two evils; they have forsaken Me and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." To have forsaken God was one evil, and to have a false hope is another!

And the Saviour taught that those who have been given a false hope have eight times more chances to be forever lost than those who have never known any hope at all. "When the unclean spirit (one—TTM) is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none. Then he saith, I will return to my house from whence I came out, and when he is come he findeth it empty (not really saved—TTM) swept and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself (eight now, and the others "more wicked than himself"—hence more than eight times worse off) and they enter in and dwell there." Any discriminating church member has noticed that it is far harder to reach



E. A. PETROFF SANG FOR  
T. T. MARTIN 10 YEARS





T. T. MARTIN AROUND THE HOUSE



the unsaved church member, the one with the false hopes, than it is to reach one with no hope at all. Go back; in the case of the young church member I led to Christ, it took five days, three to eight hours every day; of hundreds of fallen women whom I have led to Christ, I've never had to take three hours.

Would that those who are depending on church membership, baptism, living a good life, change of heart, change of feelings, their religious experience, for salvation, could realize that they have more than eight times as many chances to be finally and forever lost than the one who has no hope at all; and those who led them into this false hope **were simply religious soul-damners**. Would that the staggering, tremendous responsibility could be realized, of university, college and high school professors and teachers, magazine writers and editors, daily and especially Sunday newspaper editors, damning millions and millions of people, who stand for and teach Evolution and Modernism, and Communism and other sympathizers who throw their influence for it. For all who believe this false hope will be forever lost. Hear Him from whom the kings and the rich men, and the great men, and the mighty men, shall call unto the rocks and the mountains to fall upon them and hide them; before whose face the sun shall become black as sack cloth of hair, and the moon become as blood—"I said therefore unto you that ye shall die in your sins," John 8:24.

What does the Saviour mean by saying that it is essential to being saved to believe that "I Am?" The "**He**" is not in the Greek: see Exodus 3:11, 14, "for if ye believe not that **I am**." In Exodus 3:13, 14, God's word says that "**I Am**" means Deity; and that is not arbitrary; the Saviour said

that it is absolutely essential, "Even so **must** the Son of Man be lifted up"; for without Deity there would be no **real** redemption; it would be only a miserable dodge, a make-shift. And they who teach it, stand for it, advocate it, throw their influence for it, from the most ignorant Russian Communist to the most arrogant, degree-exhibiting Professor or College President, do not do so because it is science, because the ex-President of Harvard, the ex-President of Yale, and many others of the world's greatest men have said that Evolution is no science at all. Many great scholars and scientists have repudiated it; but for money, or for popularity, or for reputation, or from love of sin, or from rebellion against God and God's Word, continue to teach it and support it, when it is dooming and damning millions. And yet many of them, when the cold, chilling winds of the dying hour come mourning and whistling around their souls, will cry and whine and whimper and beg for mercy from the God whose Son they have insulted and trampled on all their lives. But around three-fifths of the world die without every knowing that they are dying; so three-fifths of the Evolution Professors and their deceived students will die without having a chance in a dying hour. But none of those who have seen the truth and trifled with it will ever be saved; for the Saviour said, "for I say unto you, that none of those men which were bidden (and wilfully trifled—TTM) shall taste of my supper."

"Well," jeers some Evolutionist or Communist, "if all Evolutionists and Communists go to Hell there will be a big crowd of us in Hell." This sneer is in the face of God's Word, "**Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil.**" But with the God of the universe, "The nations are as a

drop in a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the earth." If you wish to know how much your great, and your popular, and your influential Evolution teachers and writers will be missed in Heaven, go and stick your finger into a bucket of water and pull it out and look for the hole!

But it is enough to make the blood run cold in the arteries of these jeerers of Hell, and the Evolution teachers and writers, and the Russian Communists, and their sympathizers and co-aids and confederates, that every sin will be punished justly; hence that there are degrees in Hell. The Saviour said, "These shall receive the greater damnation." What, oh what, will be the punishment of those who, year after year, turn people into Hell with their God-hating, Christ-denying Evolution!

But more heart-chilling still is the fact that those in Hell will keep on sinning. A mistranslation has misled us. The mistranslation reads, "He that is unjust let him be unjust still." The margin of the Revised Version translates the Greek, "He that is unrighteous, let him do unrighteousness still more—" Let him keep on sinning when he gets to Hell. And "yet more," for there will be no restraining influences in Hell. What will the most brilliant Evolution professor and the most heartless Russian Communist be ten thousand years after they die, keeping on hating God, in Hell?

But in the face of hundreds of fulfilled prophecies, and one is enough with all honest men; in the face of the Resurrection of Christ, the most positively proven fact of history, and in face of the fact that in scores of cases the Bible is in advance of science, and one is enough with all honest men; not content with dooming and damning souls

by the millions with their Evolution rottenness, Evolution teachers and writers, in their soul-dooming and soul-damning frenzy, join with the liquor bootlegger, and vulgar, false-hearted, money-grabbing, groveling "strip teasers" among women, who **for money** will expose their persons to men, in sending people to Hell.

A liquor bootlegger is an angel compared to an Evolution bootlegger, who will defy the law and teach Evolution in a State where there is a law against teaching it in the tax-supported schools!

It is tragic that men and women, from unworthy motives, will so live that in a dying hour they will breathe out that hopeless, tragic sigh, "Oh, that I could bury my influence with me!"

But pseudo-scientists, **graspers after a little more money, cringers for applause, and bootlickers for popularity**, are not the only ones who doom and damn!

One is nauseated and turns sick at heart at the thought of women going so low as to be "tease-strippers" and "phantom dancers," advocating practicing of Free Love, throwing their influence to eternally damn souls.

One blushes in shame at the thought of humanity, of these and others, especially writers of some "best sellers" among novels—runners-up, all, for houses of prostitution!

As one has well said recently, "I think we are entitled to a new deal in novels." A noted writer has just said, "I have my fill of carnality, rape, seduction, incest, lynching, murder, and general hellishness!" Amen!

But in defense, these peddlers of salaciousness and sordidness say, "We do not care whether you like our pictures of life or not; this is as we find it. As honest artists, we are portraying the real life of America." I deny it! Oh, I beg

ten thousand pardons! I take it all back! It is existing as they find it—in that stream of society to which they gravitate, in which they live! Says a writer of note recently, “I protest that lust and cruelty do not operate twenty-four hours a day, even in the United States. I fancy most of us do not begin breakfast by shouting obscenities.”

Why do they write such filth? **Money!** “Best Sellers!”

The idea that a being who calls himself a man—I blush to write it—and even a woman, **for the sake of money**, offending decency and corrupting the young by putting such slop and slime and slush into print!

Some birds of prey do carry carrion to the young. But the larger class of soul-damners are under the banner of Christianity.

Whenever any professedly Christian worker or “Soul Winners” puts in baptism, or church membership, or “Forgiveness of sin,” or a “change of heart,” or a “Second blessing,” or a good life, or anything else, but that “Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures” (I Cor. 15:3), that He “Gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity” (Titus 2:13-14) and depending on that alone for redemption, he is ignorantly a runner-up for Hell, when God says, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.” As a just judge who will do right, He will not let anyone be lost who depends on that for salvation; for Christ died for, ransomed, redeemed, paid for, our sins till death; and to send a man to Hell for sins already paid for is **forcing a debt to be paid twice**. But Christ dying for our sins applies only to the ones who will accept that, depend on that, and nothing but that, for salvation; hence, the Saviour said, “He that hearerth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, **hath** everlasting

life and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life," John 5:24.

Why serve Him then? Not from fear of Hell! "If ye love me, keep my commandments," says the Saviour.

But many "soul winners" and preachers, who do not put these things in as helping to save, are yet in the class as soul-doomers and soul-damners.

Now, for some fatal mistakes of would-be "soul winners":

First, "We are fallen from grace" (Gal. 5:5). That is widely used to teach that one who has everlasting life may lose it by not living a good enough life. If so, was it everlasting? The plea that everlasting means the quality of the life and not its duration is a fatal mistake. In the only case on record of the Saviour leading a soul to be saved (and that case is our pattern; for God has only one way), to the woman at the well, the Saviour explains that the duration of the life is essentially included; referring to the water in the well (John 4:13-14), the Saviour said, "Whoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again (It will give out in its effect; the drinking will have to be repeated); but whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

What does "We are fallen from grace" mean? Notice the first part of the verse: "Christ is become of no effect unto you (Who?)—whomsoever of you are justified by the law, ye (Who? Those who are justified by the law) are fallen from grace."

But a saved, redeemed person is not justified by the law! Romans 5:9, "Being now justified by His blood."

Not one passage of Scripture means that the everlasting life of the believer ends, or may end, or can end. Many

scriptures can be warped by the honest or the dishonest, to mean that.

If any man makes any passage of Scripture mean that any real believer in Christ can afterwards be lost, what is he going to do with Matt. 7:12-23, where the Saviour, speaking of those at the judgment **who were professed Christians**, but are lost, "I never knew you!" Or, with John 10:28, 29, "I give unto them eternal life and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. The Father which gave them me is greater than all and no man can pluck them out of My Father's hand." Or, with Jer. 32:40, "I will make an everlasting covenant with them that I will not turn away from them to do them good; and I will put my fear into their hearts, **that they shall not depart from me?**"

Many do turn back. Let God's word explain. "They went out from us but they were not of us." (I John 2:19).

The second fatal mistake, "I believe in God," said a great University President, trying to hedge on the subject of Evolution. So does the Devil! "Thou believest there is one God; thou doest well; the devils also believe and tremble." But this University President, and these University professors who boast that they believe in God, do not tremble! **They are worse than the devils!**

But the devils never did "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," that "Christ died for our sins" and "gave Himself that He might redeem" them from "all iniquity."

God the Father hasn't any more power to save a lost sinner than the devil has. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that **Christ Jesus** came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief, and to give Himself a ransom ("Our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave

Himself for us that **He might redeem us from all iniquity**"). God the Father did not redeem us from all iniquity, by dying for our sins, any more than the Devil did, not a bit!

Third fatal mistake: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all iniquity." Not to a priest, but to God the Father; "Our Father which art in Heaven—forgive us our sins."

Oh, the multitudes that have been sent to Hell with that passage of Scripture by some "soul winner" or some preacher!

If that is the way a lost sinner is saved, why did not Paul and Silas tell the Jailer that? And why did Jesus Christ ever die at all? God never forgives a lost sinner his sins; if He does, then what did the Saviour die for? "For our sins." That is not forgiveness. That is **redemption**.

That Scripture comes from First John and First John is every line of it to Christians; John says so plainly, "These things have I written unto you that believe on His name." (I John 5:13).

"Can we not apply it to the unredeemed?" Not one particle more than you can apply it to horses and dogs! **Whenever you take Scripture from its intended meaning, it is no longer Scripture.**

The lost, the unredeemed, get rid of sin by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

The redeemed, the child of God, gets rid of his sins by confession to God the Father.

Confession has nothing to do with staying out of Hell. The death of Christ has already paid the Hell penalty. Confession has to do only with the restoration of fellowship and joy with the Father and to do with your not being

chastised, whipped, in this life. The death of Christ paid for all the sins of the believer up to the end of life, and hence he can never go to Hell for them, whether he ever confesses them or not. But oh, the desolate, joyless, powerless life of a Christian with unconfessed sins in it! Oh, the lashing whip of the Heavenly Father's chastening rod on the back of a disobedient child of His who has sinned against the Heavenly Father and has not come and asked the Heavenly Father's forgiveness. I press it; forgiveness belongs to a father for his child and not to a judge for a prisoner at the bar. The judge executes a penalty. Jesus Christ paid the penalty up to the end of life, for, "Our Saviour Jesus Christ, Who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity." Christ died one death. **He will never die another one. All the sins He will ever pay for He paid for then.** Hence, He says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me **hath everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation**"—the Greek is given in the Margin—Judgment—Shall not come into judgment; there is no judgment for sin to come to! Christ has already borne the judgment for the believer's sin! Forgiveness has to do only with escaping the whipping in this life and the restoration of fellowship. God forgives the believer because God has become the Father of the believer, "Predestinated us unto the adoption of sons"—a father can forgive his child; "As many as received Him to them gave He the right to become the children of God, even to as many as believe on His name" and "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ."

The Scripture quoted to prove that God is the Father of the unredeemed is horribly warped and mutilated. Mal.

2:10, "Have we not all one Father?" But who are the we? Mal. 1:1, "The burden of the word of the Lord to Israel." In Jer. 21:9, God says plainly, "I am a father to Israel." He is simply the Creator to the others. Hence, "When the fullness of time has come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we (the redeemed) might receive the adoption of sons," Gal. 4:4.

Acts 17:28, "For we are also His offspring" is often quoted to prove that God is the Father of all unredeemed. The word for offspring here is *ethnos*, and every Greek student on earth knows that that means race and is not the Greek word for sonship!

But now then, let just one positive Scripture settle it; "But they which are the children of the flesh, these are not the children of God."

The Lord's prayer has been pressed into service to prove that He is the Father of all because it says "Our Father"—but that prayer was taught to the disciples (see Luke 11:1-2) **and not to unbelievers.**

How that wonderful prayer has been warped! Many make it seem that God is the Father of everybody, the drunkard, the harlot, the gambler, the whoremonger, and the atheist; and then that God is going to send these, His children, to Hell!

Oh, the ludicrousness and tragic nonsense of teaching unbelievers to say the Lord's prayer. Little tots will kneel down at the mother's knee all over this land and say, "Our Father which art in Heaven . . . Give us this day our daily bread . . ." and right then their stomachs are as tight as drums from the bread they have already eaten that night.

A murderer on a gallows to be hanged, the rope already

around his neck and the trap-trigger is ready to spring. The prisoner will repeat after some Catholic priest or Protestant or Baptist preacher, "Our Father which art in Heaven—(if the prisoner has never trusted Jesus Christ as having died for his sins to redeem him from all iniquity, God is not his Father; then he dies with a lie on his lips)—Give us **this day** our daily bread"—the condemned man has just eaten heartily and in five minutes he will be stretched at the end of the rope beneath the scaffold with his neck broken and his soul in eternity—and yet that ignorant Catholic priest, or Holiness, or Methodist, or Nazarene, or Baptist preacher had him to repeat "Give us this day our daily bread"—What can he do with any more bread? Just as well say, "The boy stood on the burning deck." Have more sense to it!

When the Titanic was sinking, a band of young men from good families, and presumably well educated, with the chilling waters swirling around their knees, formed a circle by joining hands, and repeated "Our Father . . . Give us **this day** (it was night)—our daily bread," when in less than an hour they were going to be swallowed by the fish of the sea!

But there is a terrible tragedy to preachers, Sunday School teachers, popularity-craving authors, and "wisdom-will-die-with me" professors, teaching young people, children and other unbelievers to say the Lord's prayer; it will give a false hope to those honest sinners who have an earnest craving in their hearts for a sure hope of Heaven; and it is sending them, without ever having been brought to see that they have no Heavenly Father apart from Christ as a Saviour, having died for their sins, out into eternity without a real Saviour, without redemption, without any

Heavenly Father, believing the lie that God is their Heavenly Father! Oh, the horrors of it! Oh, the terribleness of it!

Fourth fatal mistake: "Sinners! Give God your heart." The ignorant preachers (not all preachers are thus ignorant), almost sent me to Hell with that when I was a boy. They would get me up to "The Mourners' Bench," the "Altar," and say, "Come through." I did not know what they meant and they didn't either! And they would say, "Give God your heart right now." And I would try to do it, but the thing wouldn't go! (And I didn't know what they meant, and they didn't either!) Why didn't Paul and Silas tell the jailer and his family that?

But it is claimed that "Give me thine heart" is Scripture. But, like so much preaching and teaching today, it is garbled Scripture. As the great preacher and teacher, A. T. Robertson, said in London, "One proof that the Bible is divine is that it has stood so much preaching." The passage fully quoted is, "My son, give me thine heart." Not give me thy heart in order to be saved—"Ye are all the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ." Then "Give me thine heart" is consecration, after God is your Father and not in order to be saved!

Fifth fatal mistake: "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." A Jew can pray that. A Unitarian can say that. A Universalist can say that. A Mohammedan can say that—and all still believe that the Saviour was not Deity, and still not believe that "Christ died for our sins," but that He was a mere human being and that His death has no power to save, that it does not pay for our sins.

The Greek for "be merciful"—*Hilaskomai*—be propitiated to me, a sinner—Lord, you be propitiated to me, a

sinner. The word really means, Lord, you be made a sin covering to me, by the sacrifice for sin that was there on the altar, whose smoke was ascending up to God then; let that cover my sins! He accepted the blood on the altar for sins! Nothing can be plainer than the Greek is here. And every Greek student knows it. Yet for fear of offending the folks who take this as their great stock-Scripture for their "Old-Time Revival" and "Old-Time Repentance," which is no repentance at all, the preachers who know the Greek will go on quoting this Scripture, to the unsaved, and never show how this mistranslation and misapplication of it is leaving the poor lost sinner to depend on a false hope; and never show him what the Scripture really means, that it is the Lord, in the death of Christ for our sins, covering our sins in the blod of His own Son; "our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity." Every such preacher, who knows the Greek, is a soul-doomer and damner, when he thus lets the people go on depending on a false hope! And he is willful in it, because he is doing it to keep from stirring up the old folks who believe in the "Old-Time Revival," where they get the sinners down to pray for mercy, instead of showing them that the only place God can have mercy is under the blood of Jesus Christ, having died for their sins up to the end of life, and that they accept that death by the act of faith. The prayer as translated carries with it the idea of God letting the sinner off from his sins; but God never lets a sinner off from his sins; God has laws and law knows no mercy until the law is satisfied, and law is never satisfied until the last sin one will ever commit is paid for, until "Christ died for our sins," "That He might redeem us from all iniquity"—that is up to the end of life.

God never out and out forgives any sin of any lost sinner. The last one has got to be paid for. Payment is not forgiveness. Forgiveness does not belong to a criminal, but to a child. A judge punishes a criminal; a father can forgive a child.

You hear ignorant preachers at a funeral of a parent pray for the bereaved and orphaned children: "Oh, Lord, temper the chilling winds to the shorn lamb." Go out to Colorado and put a shorn lamb out on the mountainside in the winter and see what happens! It will die! You will have dead lambs! Find the lamb a covering from the storm! Isaiah 32:2, "A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Jesus said, "Verily I say unto you, until heaven and earth shall pass away, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law until all be fulfilled" (Matt. 5:18). Law knows no forgiveness! Job 9:2 (Margin), "How can man be just before God?" After more than ten chapters of such reasoning as the world never saw (take notice, Evolutionists, who deny the Bible as God's Word, and produce a greater book than Job, or Psalms, or John, or Romans), in that reasoning Job does not deny the fact of sin, as do the Evolutionists and Communists and their blood-kin, ignorant and learned, God-dodgers, Hell-dodgers, and Christ-dodgers, who say that sin is simply an upward surge in the progress of Evolution; simply arrested development in the progress of Evolution; simply self-expression in Evolution;—he faces it like a man, not like a dishonest, educated or uneducated, artful dodger. After praying (13:32), "Make me to know my transgressions and my sins"; with the vision of a seer, he says (19:25, 26, Margin)—"As for me, I know that my

redeemer liveth, and at last he will stand up on the earth; and after my skin, even this body, is destroyed, yet without my flesh shall I see God." Marvelous! Wonderful! Overwhelming! There is enough in that one passage to convince and save the world! Notice, and remember that it is possibly from the oldest book in the world, certainly written before any other book of God's word was written, before the giving of the Law by Moses! It teaches:

First—There must be a redeemer—(Law knows no forgiveness).

Second—That the Redeemer must be Deity; liveth, present tense, in existence when Job wrote.

Third—Resurrection after the body is destroyed.

Fourth—Be visible on the earth.

Fifth—That the resurrection body will have no flesh, just what God's Word taught many centuries afterward. "Flesh and blood shall not inherit the Kingdom of God."

Who taught Job all this? Answer, Evolutionists! Answer, Communists! But the toad-like Evolutionist, trying to swell up like an ox, with his chin over the moon, in supercilious arrogance, will wave all this aside and say, "It is not convincing; Evolution is demonstrated"; and his groveling kin, the Communist, will imitate the stork, who, when told by the eagle of the glories of the skies, turned one eye upward and asked, "Are there any worms up there?" And the shirt-waist man and the net-waist girl, hand-in-hand, with a toss of the head, go galloping down the way, and say, "Old Foggy! Bunk!" and sit up in the parlor at night and discuss the latest sex novel; and on Sunday teach a Sunday School class, and then go up in the choir and sing, "Oh, How I Love Jesus"; and one hundred years later, after having whined around God in a dying hour, their bodies will have

long since been eaten by the worms and gone back to dust, and their souls to Hell.

I am not trying to block death-bed repentances. I am in favor of them. I had rather see a soul, though a coward, slip up through the dark shadows of the back stairway into Heaven than in supercilious arrogance and bravado, forever pass off the stage of life into Hell! **I had rather be a coward in Heaven than a flint-hearted bluffer in Hell!**

But the plea is made against the Saviour dying for sins, that you cannot transfer guilt. The noted preacher, now dead, and whose present whereabouts is unknown, so far as known he never made any retraction, never saw the distinction between the transference of guilt and transference of penalty. Every enlightened nation, every judge in every enlightened nation, admits the principle of voluntary substitution of penalty. One man is allowed to pay another man's fine; pay another man's debt to save his home; one man is allowed to pay another's hospital bill, to save his life. Only the Devil and the demons of Hell and their understudies on earth, some cultured and refined, some rich and educated, some groveling with the Communists grasping after what others have earned, some debauched and debased, object to substitution! And these only in the case of the Saviour, Who died for our sins! Not one of them would refuse a gift (substitution) earned by another, often thousands of dollars from Henry Ford!

But all these objections to substitution lose sight of the logical, the psychological, the moral effect, of accepting substitution. The Saviour who died for our sins said, "If ye love me, Keep My Commandments." In thirty-seven years of constant evangelistic work, I have seen thousands, from the rich to the pauper; from the leading society

woman, to the lowest of the fallen; from the most brilliant to the most ignorant, revolutionized in a moment, from accepting, believing, and resting on "Christ died for our sins."

Sixth fatal mistake: "Be born again." Why, a lost sinner cannot born himself! Nothing ever borns itself! "So is every one that is **born to the Spirit.**"

But the Spirit has not saving power! Not one particle. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that **Christ Jesus** (not the Holy Spirit) came into the world to save sinners." Not Christ to do part of it and the Holy Spirit part of it, by the new birth. Christ does all the saving! How does He do the saving? He said that He came to "give His life a ransom for money." Did He die?

If Christ dying for our sins saves, and if "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" is the way one gets the benefits of Christ dying for our sins, and if we don't have to wait until we die to find out about it, but "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life", why is it that one "must be born again"? Christ dying for our sins simply saves; but it **does save**. That alone would leave the believer with the same nature he had before; hence, afterwards he would not serve God from love. It is the new nature we receive in the new birth that loves God and serves Him from love for His Son having "died for our sins" to "redeem us from all iniquity". But it is not the new nature that saves us, keeps us out of Hell; it is the death of Christ for our sins that saves us, keeps us out of Hell! No one is saved until he trusts Christ fully! Nobody is trusting Christ fully who is looking to being born again to do part of the saving! Millions are being led to make that fatal mistake and going into eternity to

wake up in Hell and find they had trusted a false hope! Sadder still, the vast majority of religious people, and great "church workers" and "soul winners" and even "evangelists", when they hear this truth, and see this truth, turn in pride of heart from it and say, "Oh, that does not make so much difference." "I don't believe in disturbing people." It will be too late to be disturbed when you are in Hell!

But further, the person who trusted Christ dying for his sins and is saved from Hell, because Christ's death paid for his sins,—he cannot be made to pay for them a second time in Hell. Hence he is free from Hell; but unless he is born again, given a new nature by the Holy Spirit, he would not be happy in Heaven! He would have no nature in keeping with the holy associations in Heaven. Take an old rotten drunkard, covered with mud and filth, out from among the hogs in the gutter, take him into a parlor of a fine home, filled with modest women dressed in modest dresses, and tell him he may remain in there three hours or he may leave, just as he wishes; and in fifteen minutes he will be down in the gutter again with the hogs and the other drunkards. Take the purest woman in America, who has not been born again, and put her in Heaven, and she would be perfectly miserable! The poor thing cannot stand a red-hot prayer-meeting down here, let alone Heaven! Why is it that so many church members prefer a picture show, or pool room, or drinking place to a warm, spiritual prayer meeting? "There is a reason."

And this is not a mere theory. I could write a large book telling of hardened saloon keepers, drunkards, and bums, harlots of the lowest types, who were led to believe that Christ died for their sins and to trust Him only and alone as their Saviour, resting all their salvation on Him,

and were instantly born again, and lived most beautiful lives of Christians service and continued to live them. Not one have I ever known to turn back and live a wicked life! "Every one that hath this hope in him purifieth himself." Some professed believers, do not. "They went out from us, but **they were not of us.**"

How may one know that he is born again? Not by feelings! But by God's word! "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God", "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but by the word of God."

"Well", says some one, "I believe that Jesus is the Christ, and I am not born again." If you really believe that Jesus is the Christ, really died for your sins, and you are not born again, then God lied, not Martin! God is the One Who said, "He that believeth that **Jesus is the Christ** is born of God."

Oh, as I look back from life's sunset, I bless God that I was ever born again!

Seventh fatal mistake! telling the sinner to "Accept Jesus", "Come to Jesus", and they are not shown what Jesus means. Take for example, the Scripture so often given to the lost to rest on for salvation; "As many as received Him to them gave He the power (right) to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name"; to tell a lost sinner that, without showing what "Him" means, what "His name" means, you might as well tell him to "Receive old Dan Dickerson" who died sixty years ago in Copiah County, Mississippi. Unless you tell the sinner that "His name" means the Messiah, the One on Whom our sins are laid, and that He, the anointed One, the One on Whom God laid His hands, and laid our sins on Him, that He then died for our sins, to redeem us from

all iniquity, and that "on His name" means on His merit—the sinner is not saved, cannot be saved, and is not born again!

Eighth fatal mistake! For instance, all over the land among the white people and the negroes, people are called up to what is called "The Altar" or "Mourners' Bench" or "The anxious seat", to be prayed for; and preachers call it "The Old-Time Religion", and "The Old-Time Revival", when there never was a mourner's bench on the earth before December the 31st, 1796. God's word says (11 Tim. 3:16,17) that the Scriptures are inspired of God, RV. "That the man of God may be complete, furnished completely, unto every good work." Then God's plan for people to be saved could not have started December the 31st, 1796. When the jailer asked, in Acts 16:30,31, "What must I do to be saved?", Paul and Silas did not answer, "You pray for yourself and have us to pray for you and after awhile you will come through; but the answer was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." They then "spake unto him the word of the Lord", for faith cometh by hearing and hearing not by main strength and awkwardness, nor by substituting men's ignorance for God's plan. God's word is plain: (1 Tim. 2:5.6), "There is one God and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all."

When one goes to a confessional, or to a "Mourners' Bench" or "Altar" to have another pray for him to be saved, is that not bringing in another mediator? What is the purpose of it? Get the Saviour in a humor to save a poor lost sinner? That is pure heathenism! If one who believes on the Lord Jesus Christ is not saved, then God's

Word has lied! If he is saved then, where does all this Confessional or the "Mourners' Bench" or the "Altar", to be prayed for, come in? Faith does not come that way. "Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the Word of God."

If believing on the Lord Jesus Christ does not save, then Paul and Silas sent the jailer and his family to Hell; if it does save, then all who add to or take from that way send their inquirers to Hell. God has not two ways to be saved!

"Can not a person be saved at the Mourners' Bench?" Yes, they can be saved at the Mourners' Bench but they can never be saved by the Mourners' Bench. One can be saved standing on his head, but never by standing on his head.

At noon a Dutchman went up to a farmer's house and told the farmer that if he would give him his dinner, he would give the farmer enough flea powder to kill all the fleas on the place. After eating the dinner, the Dutchman gave the farmer a package of the powder and walked away. The farmer called out, "You did not tell me how to use the powder." The Dutchman said, "Ven you ketch der flea, you schust pinch de skin on ter pak uv der neck teel he opens hees mouf en you schust put a leetle of der powder in hees mouf an kill him." The farmer said, "Well, while I have him between my fingers, why can't I crush him and kill him?" The Dutchman said, "Oh, tot ees a gude vay, too." So there are many preachers, when you bring down God's Word on this, they agree with you, and then they go hold meetings where the heathen practice is popular, they just say, "Oh, tot ees a gude vay, too."

All over this land in the face of God's way and God's

Word, soul damners are telling people to come to the "Mourners' Bench" to be prayed through, to be prayed for, to be saved; to live a good life to be saved; and then, confronted with God's Word, Acts 16:30, 31, they turn their sanctimonious look to the skies and think, "Oh, vell, tot ees a gude way, too."

But, says some objector who thinks the revised version reads, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save faces and sermons, of which mine is chief", God's Word says, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Yes, but it does not say, "Whosoever shall **get some body else** to call on the name of the Lord for them shall be saved!"

If "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" does not mean "Call on the name of the Lord", then Paul and Silas lied to the jailer and his family and they are in Hell today. If "call on the name of the Lord" means going to the confessional or the "Altar" or the "Mourners' Bench" to be prayed for, to be saved, then the jailer and his family are in Hell today. But if "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" does save, then all who add to or take from that in order to be saved, die in their sins, and all who tell people to add to or take from that, are soul damners, and neither a long-tailed parson's coat, nor the screaming and shouting of the mourners at the "Altar" and beating sinners in the back and telling them to "Come through" can change it.

"Well", come in some "Old-fashioned revival" convert, "That is the way I got my religion", and it is like a Green Pine pole three wet days and a dry one and it's rotten as dirt!

The world needs to realize that God's word is going to stand, when this world, drunk with its sin, and pride, and religious prejudices and theories, topples into Hell!

Millions are in Hell, waiting for millions more coming, who went to the confessional or to the "Altar" or to the "Mourners' Bench" to be prayed for, to be saved; **not one for whom the Saviour ever prayed is in Hell!** Not one of them will ever be in Hell. He said, "The Father heareth Me always." And He prayed for all to be saved who would ever believe on Him. "Neither pray I for these alone, but for all them who shall believe on Me through their word." That, then, means "Call on the name of the Lord", or else we have two ways to be saved; not whomsoever shall call on the five letters J-E-S-U-S; little Mexicans are named Jesus. I go to a bank and hand in a check with my name signed to it; I go on my name; I get nothing! For my name stands for my merit and I have none in that bank. I go to the bank where Henry Ford's money is and he does business; I hand in a check signed by Henry Ford and I get the money. That name means his merit in that bank. What is the merit of the name of the Lord in the bank of Heaven? Let Him tell: (Matt. 20:28) "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give Himself a ransom for many": Not for people to serve Him and get to Heaven. But for Him to minister. How? "Give His life a ransom for many": But for how many sins? Let the Bible tell us: (Titus 2:13,14) "Our Saviour Jesus Christ Who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from **all iniquity**" to pay for the believer's **sins to the end of life**. Now listen to God's word: "One Mediator between God and man", the Man Christ Jesus, Who gave Himself a ransom. The one who believes on,

rests on, depends on, that be he Protestant, Catholic, or member of no church at all—**he is going to Heaven**—there is nothing to go to Hell for. His sins are all paid for to the end of life. That leaves the believer free to serve God from love—God wants no man's Hell-scared service!

Here is a man who goes to a priest to pray for him to be saved. What for? To get the Saviour into a humor to save him. That is heathenism. The Saviour is ready now!

Here is another who goes to the "Altar" or "The Mourners' Bench", to a Baptist, a Methodist, a Holiness, or Nazarene, or Church of God, preacher, to pray for him to be saved. What for? Exactly what the other man got the priest to pray for—to get the Saviour in a humor to save him! That is heathenism! Jesus said, (John 6:47) "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life" and (John 5:24) "shall not come into judgment but is passed from death unto life". Millions have believed on Him and have gone out into eternity who never went to a priest for prayer to be saved, nor to the "Altar", nor to the "Mourners' Bench", to be prayed for to be saved—Just went out depending on the Saviour dying to pay for all their sins up to the end of life. Every one of them is now with the Saviour, or He lied!

"But", says the objector, "The sinner needs to pray the prayer of the Publican, 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner'." Then why did not Paul and Silas tell the jailer to pray that prayer? Did they leave out an essential and let him be damned?

The one who dies depending on the Publican's prayer, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner", is as sure for Hell as there is a God! A Jew can pray that prayer and still be

lieve that the Saviour was the illegitimate son of a fallen Jewish woman; a Unitarian can pray that prayer and still believe that the Saviour was the illegitimate son of a fallen Jewish woman; the Mohammedan can pray that prayer and still believe that the Saviour was the illegitimate son of a Jewish fallen woman; the heathen can pray that prayer with no thought of the Saviour; the Evolutionist can pray that prayer and still believe that the Saviour lied when He said, "The Scripture cannot be broken"; for they every one believe that it can, for ten times Genesis says "Everything brought forth after its kind", and Evolution believes that there are ten lies, and the Saviour endorsed Genesis, and that the Saviour endorsed ten lies as the Word of God! [T. T. Martin is right!—A. D. M.] If praying "God, be merciful to me, a sinner" will save, then why did Jesus Christ die? The Publican's prayer, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner", is a lying slander on God; the Saviour never said it. It is a slanderous mistranslation! It is a soul-damning mistranslation. The Margin of the Revised Version gives the meaning of the Greek, "God be propitiated to me, the sinner". A Jew or a Mohammaden can and will pray "God, be merciful to me, a sinner", but he will not pray, "God, be propitiated to me, a sinner". He will not cast himself on the propitiation, the ransom, the sacrifice, the death of the Saviour for sin!

A. H. Strong, a former President of Rochester Theological Seminary, was the greatest Bible teacher the North ever had, though Henry G. Weston of Crozier was the sounder of the two. Strong, in his Systematic Theology, the greatest book ever published to give the meaning of Scripture, gives the substance of the Greek: "The Pharisee and the Publican had gone up in the outer Temple to

pray; no one save the priest to offer the sacrifice, the ransom, the propitiation for sin, was allowed to enter the inner Temple. The Publican would not so much as lift his head, his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast and said "God, be propitiated to me, the sinner" by the sacrifice for sin whose smoke was then ascending in the presence of the Publican while he prayed."

But again, it is objected, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." If that is the way a sinner is saved, why did not Paul and Silas tell the jailer and his family that? If that is the way sinners are saved, what is the use, what is the sense, of Christ dying? As often used, this Scripture is a fatal, soul-damning misapplication. It is taken from the first Epistle of John; and that book was written to believers and not to unbelievers,—"**These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God.**" Can it be applied to the unsaved? Not one particle more than you can apply it to horses and dogs. Whenever you take Scripture from its intended meaning, it is no longer Scripture. The believer is a child of God; the unbeliever is not. A father can forgive his child; a judge cannot forgive a violator of the law. Hence, God forgives His children on confession; the unredeemed must be redeemed in order to become a child of God; Christ came "To redeem them that were under the law, that we (the redeemed) might receive the adoption of sons."

"But God is the Father of everybody", comes the objection. Then you have God as the Father of the harlot. Then you have God as the Father of the thief. Then you have God as the Father sending his own children to Hell! "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Jesus

Christ." "They which are the children of the flesh; these are not the children of God." "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the children of God, even to as many as believe on His name."—

Let me praise God for two pillars of fire by night; one in each Testament, as infallible guides to every human being, of the whole earth and for all time!

Old Testament: "Ye shall seek Me and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart" (Jer. 29:13). And the man who will not search for God and His truth with all his heart deserves a home in Hell!

New Testament: "If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know the teachings, whether it is of God" (John 7:17). And the man who will not put all his will to know and do the will of God does not deserve to know, and deserves a home in Hell!

And now, looking backward from life's sunset from the top of Pike's Peak, I turn, in closing, to the West.

My sun is to the West, dipping toward the placid, blue Western sea. I humbly, gratefully, praise our Father in Heaven, that there are no clouds on the Western horizon, not a ripple in the placid Pacific. I can appreciate the last message to her mother, of the little girl dying: "Mamma," the child whispered with a smile, "it's not a river at all. It is only a little brook; I can step across it", and she was gone!

But after my sun has gone down into the placid Pacific, what then? "Sunrise tomorrow! There shall be no night there." "Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thy everlasting light, and the day of thy mourning shall be ended."

“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

“In thy presence there is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures evermore.”

It will not be “Fullness of joy” and “Pleasures overmore” for shallow, silly people, for over there will be perfect knowledge; “We know in part and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away—then shall I know even as also I am known”. Perfect knowledge! Oh, the bliss of perfect knowledge!

“Fullness of joy forevermore” will not mean for all eternity sitting around on the slippery edge of a cloud picking a harp! Oh no! But eternal usefulness! “Thou hast been faithful over a few things.” “I will make thee ruler over many things.” Eternal usefulness! Oh, the thrill of being useful for eternity! The first President of Chicago University, in dying, prayed, “Oh Lord, give me life beyond this life and in that life give me some work to do!” Oh, that noble yearning!

But beyond the going down of the sun there will be no “sunrise tomorrow” for the unredeemed, for He Who, clothed with a garment down to the foot, Whose hair and Whose head are white like wool, as white as snow, His eyes as a flame of fire, His voice as the sound of many waters, will say, “Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity, I never knew you,” and “Cast the unprofitable servant into outer darkness!” “There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.”

Two things will certainly be true of them: First, eternal ignorance! They will never have perfect knowledge. “If any man be ignorant, let him be ignorant still;” “For they willingly are ignorant.”

Second, eternal uselessness! The terrible horror of it! Uselessness for all eternity! "Chaff which the wind driveth away."

Two great groups whom we know will be in that vast unnumbered throng:

First, everyone who hates another human being! "Who-soever hateth his brother is a murderer", "And ye know that no murderer hath eternal life."

You Russian Communist organizers and leaders and sympathizers and aides, and patronizers who are leading the employees, the shiftless and poor, to hate the rich, the negroes to hate the white man, and the white man to hate the negroes, you are preparing an awful doom in Hell for yourselves.

Oh, you working men, poor, white and negroes, who are yielding to these Russian Communists and their henchmen and sympathizers and supporters and letting them lead you into hating the others; you are not imbeciles. If you are, God will let you go in with the infants and the idiots! You are laying up for yourselves, your wives and children whom you are misleading, a fearful doom in Hell! Not a one of you intends to be wrapped in a cold and Christless shroud and laid away in a cold and Christless grave! You intend to turn some day, but around three-fifths of you will die without knowing you are going to die. Others who willfully trifle with God's truth God will cut off, and you cannot trust Christ! Some say they would not worship such a God. You don't have to! For the sake of the good opinion of some jeering fool, for the sake of a cheap john reputation, or for the sake of money, you want to slap the Holy Spirit in the face, trample on God's Word, dabble your feet in the blood of Christ, and

track your bloody way as long as you want to around in school, society, University; then in a dying hour whine around the Saviour, or have wife, or an old mother, or a priest, or a preacher, to whine around the Saviour and get Him to let you track your bloody way into Heaven after all! The Saviour tells you plainly that you can't do it! "Many shall strive to enter in and shall not be able." You can take it or leave it, but you cannot change it. No human being who hates another ever goes to Heaven! When that great, good man, President Garfield, who was murdered by that Anarchist, Communist, lay upon his bed dying, the good men of America around the bed, gritting their teeth, wiping the scalding tears from their cheeks, and calling down God's curse on that Anarchist, or Communist, Garfield said, "They say it is a weakness of my nature; but I cannot hate anybody." And he turned his face to the wall and went on up to meet the Saviour! No redeemed man or woman ever hates another! No haters in Heaven! A wealthy Southern society woman, dying fashionably (They do that), turned to her pastor, kneeling by her bedside, and said, "Pastor, everything is all right except one thing; do you think Betty, my negro cook, and I will be in the same place in Heaven?" It was too late to change her. So the Pastor gave her a dose of "Heavy opiate" to "Ease her over the range" and let her wake up in Hell! The pastor said, "Don't worry, my sister; you and Betty will never be in the same place beyond the grave", and they will not!

Second, another vast crowd that we know will be in that place "is not cultured to mention in refined society". Let God's Word tell you; you will not believe me and many will not believe Him;—and every one who doesn't

will answer for it in Hell! "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God; every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God." But what is Christ? Not his name. "Thou shalt call His name J<sup>e</sup>sus." Christ is His business name. The name of His work. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." Hence, "Christ died for our sins", hence, "He gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity."

The family physician, standing by the bed side of the dying one, says, "It is fatal. There is only one remedy. Here it is. Take it."

The dying one grates his teeth and says, "No, I'll not take it, unless some one satisfies my intellect and tells me why God did not provide more than one remedy for this."

But now, the pen lingers. Twilight is falling around this old man, writing of "Viewing Life's Sunset from the Pike's Peak". But the eyes are not so dim from the fast-thickening shadows as from the fast-falling tears. Would that I could take every one that will read this for a peep into the past into my arms and hand them up to the Saviour and say, "I bring them all as a tribute of my love for "Him who loved me and gave Himself for me."

I join the dying Payson who said, "Would that I could give a cup of happiness (of real Salvation) to every human being!"

Two funeral processions, stretching down the ages, across the centuries, and around the world, meet out in Palestine at the rockhewn tomb in the field of Machpelah.

Every human being is in one column or the other of that vast funeral procession.

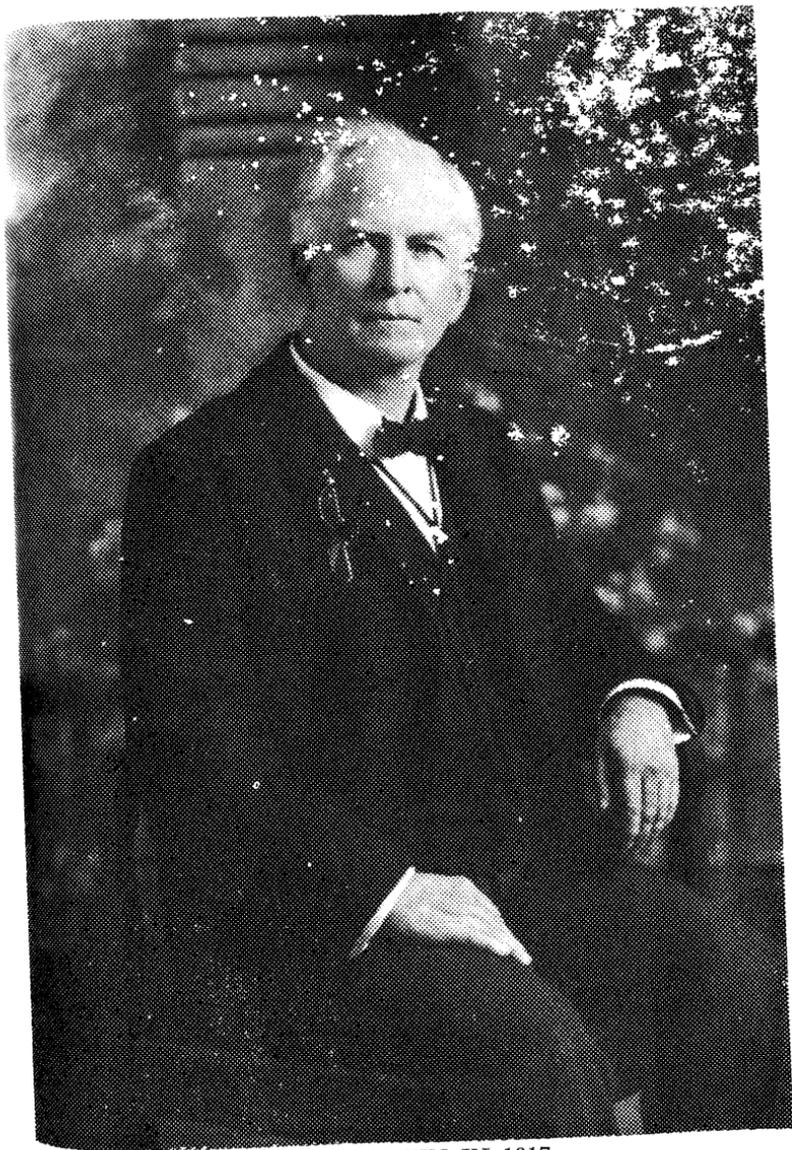
The two processions, as they meet at the tomb, are headed by two men, growing old; they are half brothers. As the two look through fast-falling tears for the last time at the withered form of "The father of many nations", and turn away, one of them sobs, "We shall meet again"; the other one sobs, "Farewell, forever."

Oh, reader, step into the Isaac line!



T. T. MARTIN LEAVING HOME ON ONE OF  
HIS EVANGELISTIC TOURS





T. T. MARTIN IN 1917

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*The following chapter has been written at our request by Brother E. T. Smith, of Ammarillo, Texas. Brother Smith is the first preacher to ever join Brother Martin in Evangelistic work. Brother Smith was with Brother Martin in the last year of his monumental work in Cripple Creek and Leadville, Colorado, gold mining towns. It is certainly providential that we were delayed in getting this book published. The work certainly would not have been complete without the material in this chapter. Brother E. T. Smith is the only living man who could have finished this material. How good God is even in His delays!*

A. D. M.

## CHAPTER XIII

### AN APPRECIATION OF THE LATE EVANGELIST T. T. MARTIN

T. T. Martin was "a chip off the old block," a worthy son of a noble sire; the late M. T. Martin. A real evaluation of T. T. Martin cannot be had without a look into the background. M. T. Martin himself was a genius apart! T. T. Martin though without any personal similarities to his father was indeed the lengthening of the shadows of the life of a great man, the extenuation of a divinely given minioty!

M. T. Martin was born in Central Southern Mississippi, August 26, 1842. In his birth we meet with unmistakable evidence that God had an unusual purpose in his career. His Father was 67 years old and his mother was 57 years old at the time of his birth. Apart from the purpose of God and his power, his birth is inexplicable. Likewise at the same point were Abraham and Sarah baffled and God said to them, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" God is infinite, in knowledge as well as in power, and he knew that in the future he would have need of M. T. Martin, as his career proved.

M. T. Martin grew and developed into a stalwart man, in both body and mind. He was normal in every respect. He was about six feet in height and weighed about 180 lbs., when fully developed, and possessed unusual energy in both body and mind—full of life in every respect.

The mental strength of M. T. Martin was manifest in his college course. He finished the Four-year course in Latin in nineteen months, and Four-year course in Greek in thirteen months, and Four-year course in mathematics was his joy and passtime—Mathematics being his favorite

study. Following his graduation he was elected to the chair of mathematics, which position he filled with marked ability and distinction, for about Twelve years.

At the close of the Civil War there was a debt on the College amounting to \$30,000.00. The college had no assets of any kind and was at the mercy of the Mortgagee. The demand became more insistent for full payment of the entire amount until the limit was reached—pay off the mortgage or lose the college. The Faculty and Board of trustees met with the party holding the mortgage to see if any solution of any kind could be reached. The situation was a desperate one.

As long hours of the night passed, M. T. Martin offered to raise the money needed. His offer was not accepted. But finally as no solution could be reached and the rough edge of the law had to be reckoned with, M. T. Martin renewed his offer in this form; "Give me the privilege of raising this money and I will guarantee to have all the \$30,000.00 in the bank within Thirty days, all at my own expense!" The Mortgagee assented and the offer was accepted, and to the surprise of everybody, in less than Thirty days M. T. Martin notified the trustees that the \$30,000.00 to liquidate the entire indebtedness on the college was in the bank at their disposal!

Thus the College was saved and because of this, the Grand old Institution, Mississippi College, carries on today!

After resisting for many years the conviction that God was calling him to preach the Gospel, he finally resigned his work and definitely decided to enter the Ministry. In this, as in all things else as was his custom, he gave himself wholeheartedly with no reservation in any direction.

Preaching the Gospel was his sole business, from now on to the grave; to which he gave himself with an energy and vigor that is rarely known to men. It was said of him, "that he could put in more hours and turn out more per hour than any man living." His love of the truth and his conviction to preach it were supreme. The writer heard him say, "I love the truth more than my own life."

His faith in God seemed never to waver. At one time he was much concerned about his Son who was not saved. Later he said to my mother, "Charlie is going to be saved! It may not be in my lifetime, but he is going to be saved! I have the assurance from God." How he did trust the Lord! Charlie was saved after his father's death.

While teaching in Mississippi College, his Son T. T. Martin was striving for first honor, it was a hard fight with keen competition. He said to a friend, "I cannot in any sense help Tom—In fact I am more exacting with him because he is my son." So one morning about 8 o'clock M. T. Martin was going down the hall to the front door on his way to College, as he passed Tom's door he glanced in—Tom was on his knees! "Ah, Tom will make it now," he said to himself, and Tom did make it.

M. T. Martin confided in the Lord and trusted him literally in all things as much so as it is possible for man to do. Thus when he went before an audience he knew somebody was going to believe the truth and be saved. Thus he was irresistible in his plea to the hearts of men. How he yearned for their Salvation!

He was the most considerate, generous and thoughtful of other men's feeling of any man I have ever known. He had a great big generous nature and his benevolent face beamed good will on all men. He carried no malice

against any one, and naturally had an interest in their welfare. He was never severe except in his logic. He left no standing ground at all to anyone who believed in any phase of work as a basis of Salvation. He triumphantly hoisted aloft to every wind that blows the Banner of absolute redemption in Christ Jesus. He was invincible on this subject. Thus he was very refined, cultured and learned. A gentleman "to the manner born." There was nothing coarse nor shocking about him; he used the simplest and purest English; nor was he wordy.

His mind was clear, accurate and always logical in his thinking. Some one said, "With his premises granted you were irresistably led on to accept his conclusion." You could see his point before he reached it.

He was deliberate in his delivery—he never got in a hurry nor did he ever lose his audience. The last man stayed with him until he was done. He was absolutely Master of his audience!

He had a definite message and unbounded confidence that the Lord would use it, if he made it clear enough so the people could understand it. M. T. Martin's marvelous mind of mathematical accuracy and close, clear, convincing logic enabled him to make the basic Bible truths pertaining to the plan of Salvation easily seen, understood and grasped until a great many of the more superficial minds misunderstood him and thought he was actually teaching a "new doctrine." Not a new teaching, but age old truth stated in the simple words and perfect logic of the mathematical mental process of a masterful mind, came to be called Martinism! There was not one thing in it but what his Baptist people, together with other great bodies of Christians all believed and taught! We

shall endeavor to give a resume of what was known through the eighties and nineties of the previous century as "Martinism."

He believed man is saved by grace through faith in Jesus, apart from all and every form of works of man. Thus he preached that Salvation is eternal, resting solely on the finished work of Jesus, and therefore it could not be forfeited; also that salvation is instantaneous, becoming a fact the very moment faith is placed in Jesus for salvation; and that he who is saved knows it beyond any question, for "He that believeth on the Son of God hath (that second) the **witness in himself**" (John 5:10) and like Paul can say, "I know whom I have believed; and am persuaded (sure of it) that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day" (II Tim. 1:12).

In a "Nut shell," this is what was called "Martinism" some 40 years ago! This grew out of the fact that M. T. Martin preached the great doctrine of Grace with such clarity, simplicity, and invincible argument that men outright then and there accepted Jesus as their Saviour, or outright rejected him. Thus those who rejected Jesus had no argument to gainsay such a message and therefore to conceal their own embarrassment and turn away the attention from the truth, they called it "Martinism," an expression of odium and derision, seeking to bring the preacher into disrepute.

Therefore, "Martinism" is not an argument against the truth but a positive proof that the rejector of the truth had no defense. T. T. Eaton used to tell us boys in the seminary, "If you want to make a life-long enemy use argument your opponent cannot disprove and, if he does not admit you are right, he is your enemy from then

on." This kind of opposition is no new thing. It is the old trick of the Devil since the dawn of Creation. Did not the Pharisees say about Jesus, "He is mad (crazy) why hear him?" "He hath a Devil," "He is a wine bibber," "He casts out devils by the power of Beelzebub," "They took up stones to stone him," etc. When Jesus on earth taught the people, some believed and some believed not and from that moment went away plotting His downfall.

This is no strange thing; it is history repeating itself. From time to time, all through the ages, there have been periods of doctrinal depresison in preaching the doctrines of grace—hence followed dense darkness and great ignorance in Bible knowledge to an appalling extent. And always in such times when God raised up a prophet or some mighty preacher of the Word there was always some who accepted and rejoiced in the truth while there were more that rejected the truth and tried to defeat the message by finding fault with the preacher; by calling it after his own name—a mere man's idea foisted on the people. Hence the term "Martinism."

At such a time of general low religious condition, a prominent Minister said, "Half the Church members (Baptist) are not saved." Whether or not this statement was one hundred per cent true, it was a fact that much preaching was general, hazy and indefinite on the question of how to be saved. So "like priest like people" (Hos. 4:9) revealed the general religious condition. This is true in any age and the dense ignorance now so prevalent in Bible knowledge, must be placed at the door of the preacher! He is the responsible man! When Church members are hazy in their faith, uncertain in their salvation, and noticeably lacking in spirituality, it can mean nothing else but

that the preacher is hazy in his explanation of the way of salvation, and there is no yearning in his heart to see Sinners saved. There ought not in all the past to have been one such preacher; and, may I modestly say, there ought not **now to be one** preacher in all the land hazy and uncertain on the doctrines of grace—The plan of salvation!

At such a time of low religious knowledge and dirth of spirituality, the ministry of the late Prof. M. T. Martin began. His message was definite, clear and pungent, and with his great intellect and tender sympathetic yearning heart he sought to lay upon the hearts of men the great doctrine of grace, wherein Jesus saved the ungodly from **all his sins and guaranteed him a home in heaven**. But when he put his characteristic question to Mr. Church Member, "**are you saved?**" he got all kinds of evasive answers, namely: "**I hope so,**" "**I am trying to be,**" "**I belong to the church,**" "**I have been baptized,**" "**I pray,**" "**I will be saved if I hold out faithful,**" etc., etc. Then Professor Martin would open the word of God and begin having them read for themselves, "**He that** believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself" (I John 5:10). If you do not know that you are saved, it proves something—that you have not believed on Jesus, for he said, "**He that cometh to me shall never hunger,**" never be dissatisfied, and "**He that believeth on me shall never thirst**" (John 6:35).

If you are hungering and thirsting you are lost because you have not believed on Jesus, for **everyone** who believes on the Son of God hath the witness in his heart. If you are without the witness you are without salvation—a lost sinner, because **you have not believed on the Son of God**. Jesus did not mistake the truth to the poor woman at the

well when he said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that **I shall give him shall never thirst**, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up (an artesian well) into everlasting life." Jesus here says, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him **shall never thirst.**" So then if anyone is thirsting it can mean only one thing, namely: he has drunk at some other fountain apart from Jesus.

Such was the message of M. T. Martin and literally church members by the scores, hundreds, and thousands, wherever he preached were saved, and ever afterward they knew they were saved. Their lives showed ever afterward that they were saved. Pastors never had to dread the after-effects of one of Professor Martin's meetings. Likewise with his son T. T. Martin! The Martins' meetings lasted. They were never based on emotional debauches!

Thus in general ministers came to make a new study of the Great Doctrines of Grace and the fog of doubt, haziness and vagueness in preaching gave way to a more clear, definite note in preaching and this form of persecution disappeared, for some of the most influential Ministers were found placing definite and great emphasis on the doctrines of grace, and making heavenly clear the plan of salvation. This is proven beyond any question by the fact that T. T. Martin, the son of M. T. Martin, took up the same identical message and for more than 40 years, crisscrossed the whole country preaching that men are saved by grace through faith in Jesus, apart from any and all works of man. Hundreds of noble pastors T. T. Martin helped in meetings will gladly say, Amen, to this fact.

Now that T. T. Martin is dead this same clear cut message is found in his writings and possibly the clearest

statement will be found in "God's Plan with Men," his first published book of sermons. This book can still be had from the editor and publisher of the present volume, Evangelist A. D. Muse, Box 505, Louisville 1, Ky. Price \$1.50. Get it! Read it! and life's highway will be made smoother for you.

At one time M. T. Martin attended, not as a messenger, but as a visitor an association in Mississippi and some one spied him in the audience and made motion that a place on the program be made for Professor Martin to preach. Instantly he was on his feet protesting against the motion. He said, "If desirable I can preach after adjournment this afternoon." So it was announced Professor Martin would preach at 5:00 P. M. Everybody was tired and hot and worn out, but not a man left—all stayed! He preached forty minutes and then said "How many of you not saved will trust Jesus for Salvation? Come and give me your hand." Without any music, quietly some sixty people, many weeping, came down the aisle to make their profession of faith in Christ Jesus.

Again he was on his way to Texas to begin a meeting and unexpectedly met his son, T. T. Martin, who was a professor in a Texas College, also on his way to begin a meeting. T. T. Martin said to his father, "You do not begin your meeting till tomorrow night, come by and start mine tonight," to which he readily agreed. He began preaching that night on Predestination. T. T. Martin could not have been more put out, for he was sure his father had absolutely ruined his meeting, but by and by M. T. Martin began closing in his arguments and pressing home the claims of Jesus on Lost men. When he made the invitation, people began coming, and kept coming till there was not

one Unconverted person left in the audience. Years later T. T. Martin said to me, "I ought to have closed the meeting that night, for I preached a week and not a soul saved." Thereupon he said, "My father could beat any man living preaching in the last 15 minutes of his sermon.

He spent ten years preaching in Texas going to churches, large and small, that invited him. He said when a church sent for him he knew it was in a bad fix. He had marvelous results in his Texas ministry, there were more than 4,000 professions of faith in Jesus and baptisms. He did no advertising nor had with him any nationally known singer. He was himself an artist in music. After his sermon he deliberately walked to the piano played his own accompaniment and then sang the Gospel into the heart of the audience. Then deliberately, as he stood before the audience would say, "who will **now** accept Jesus as your Saviour, come and give me your hand." Then sometimes many seconds, that seemed like long minutes, would slowly pass, and like an apple or peach so ripe that it could hold on no longer, some sinner, with eyes filled with tears, would come down the aisle to give his hand to God's messenger, whereupon every handkerchief was brought into use. The Holy Spirit was at work. He was sealing the message to the Glory of God. With his great benevolent face still toward the audience he would say, "Are there others?" they came fully conscious that he in reality was **God's messenger** calling them.

Later in his ministry Miss Annie, his daughter, was at his side by the piano carrying the air with a voice that can never be forgotten, penetrating every nook and corner of the Auditorium with the pulsating message of the sermon while his base, deep as his soul, closed in on every one

pulling strongly their heart strings. When shall we see his like again? J. R. Graves said of him "M. T. Martin will be heard from someday."

Where in was this effectiveness? A great faith in a great Saviour, with an unsurpassed ability to make the truth in Jesus clear. Thus with irresistible convicting arguments backed up with a great big yearning personality, he pressed home the claims of Jesus Christ on lost men.

Leaving Texas he went to Atlanta, Ga., and in a few years returned to Mississippi his native State, where he finished the last ten years of his ministry.

He accepted invitations to churches large or small, on the basis "First come first served." He was much in demand far and near. Later on he accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Gloster, Mississippi, where he remained many years, and from there holding many meetings.

His great passion for lost men to be saved led him literally to **seek daily** some one whom he might teach the way to Salvation. He never said to any man, "You ought to take a stand for Jesus, or you ought to decide for Jesus." But right out of the Scriptures he would convince men that they were lost and then by the very word prove to them their only hope for Salvation was by **faith alone in Jesus**.

Perhaps his most effective ministry was his personal work in private contact with men. He never overlooked an opportunity. His genial nature disarmed people and made it possible for him to reach many big sinners otherwise inaccessible. In his last years he drove two mustangs to a single buggy. On the highway, if anybody wanted to ride, "Alright if you will let me talk to you about being Saved." They could not refuse and thus he had the "Inside track"

at the outset. How many lost souls he picked up upon lifes highway will never be known until God makes report!

A few cases of personal work:

In passing a house, way back from the road, he saw a woman, Mrs. John Brown, sitting on the porch. He said to himself, "I wonder if she is saved?" I will go up and see." When he approached her and made himself known, then she knew who he was, for she had heard of him. "Mrs. Brown are you saved?" with much surprise she slowly said, "I belong to the Church—, I have been baptized—I pray—." "No, Mrs. Brown you are not saved, you are lost," this she resented and he drove on 15 miles to his appointment. Three days later returning, she called to him, "I have been watching for you for three days, for I knew I was lost before you were out of sight." When he explained how to be saved she immediately and gladly accepted Jesus Christ as her Saviour. She never ceased to tell about it.

Also he went 6 miles north of Gloster to a little Baptist Church; only one man came. It was in November and chilly, so they sat facing each other astride a log in the sunshine, south of the church, talking. By and by he said it is church time and reached into his "grip" for his Bible and began explaining Scripture to his one auditor. A very personal situation, a third person, the Holy Spirit, made the word effective and the battle was soon won—the whole audience gloriously saved.

He knew how to ask a question to get the answer he desired. He went home from church to dinner with a mother and her daughter. When they approached the big country home, with its wide long galleries, he saw another daughter out at one end of the porch, doing fancy work. He said to the mother, "Will she be offended if I ask her

a Bible question?" assured that she would not by the mother, he put his finger on John 3:36, walked to her holding the Bible before her face with his finger still on John 3:36, "What does that mean . . . does it mean if we believe on the Son we may be saved and when we die we may go to heaven? or does it mean, if we believe on the Son we are saved **right now** and when we die we are **sure to go to heaven?**" After a moment she exclaimed, "Why it means we are saved now and sure to go to heaven!" She sprang up and ran to her mother rejoicing.

This interview and its climax did not cover twenty seconds of time.

Mr. Cox, prominent citizen, with his wife and two daughters lived 15 miles out in the country, none of them were Christians, sent word to M. T. Martin, "I want to see you". It was short work getting ready and after driving long hours arrived at the home of Mr. Cox at 5 P. M. Mrs. Cox and one daughter met the stranger on the front gallery. In his usual genial way he made himself known and said, "I do not know why you sent for me, but I know why I have come." No time was squandered. In a few moments all three of them were seated at a table with open Bible. The mother and daughter wanted to know the truth and the messenger was at his best, with ease he showed them the truth, which they gladly right there and then accepted. Soon Mr. Cox and the other daughter came. This second daughter soon saw and accepted the truth. Here is the dark side of the picture, till late hours of the night, M. T. Martin did his best to lead Mr. Cox into the light, but failed! Again the next morning he failed, though most courteously treated, who can explain this? Who can explain why only one of the two men crucified next to Christ

was saved? The next morning Mr. Cox and family and M. T. Martin drove about ten miles to a small Baptist Church; the members were soon called into service and this church heard the experiences of Mrs. Cox and her two daughters. They were unanimously received into the fellowship of the church which authorized M. T. Martin to "bury them in baptism with Christ." Thus the last years of M. T. Martin's ministry were carried on.

This must be said: due to his clear gospel preaching of the truth and his invincible logical explanation of the great doctrines of grace in his preaching, men outright then and there believed the truth and were saved, or they rejected it outright.

Jesus Christ, the Master when he taught the people "some believed and some went away plotting his downfall." This result is due to the nature of the truth preached and not to the fault of the preacher. This is proven by what Christ said in Matt. 10:34 "I came not to send peace but a sword." The truth in Christ Jesus always stirs up the Devil, and likewise M. T. Martin encountered positive stout opposition from the high and the low where ever he preached. His persecution in some respects approached that of Paul and like Paul "false brethren" gave him more trouble than any body else. But this in no sense detained him, even for one hour, in preaching the great doctrine of grace nor did it in any sense embitter him. Early in his ministry he learned that the Lord whom he served would fight his battle for him.

His son, T. T. Martin, preached his funeral and said at the outset "I will say nothing in praise of my father." Then in the midst of his sermon stopped and said, "I must say one thing for him, my father **never struck back!**"

In a large sense in T. T. Martin are found those traits of character that made his father famous. But physically he was far different for he was small of stature. Yet he seemed to have a constitution of iron; his strength and energy seemed without limit. It was a known fact among the wrestlers on the college campus that no one ever put Tom Martin's back "on the ground." He was no sissy but he enjoyed the respect and esteem as an all out full fledged boy in all college activities. The environment of his childhood and young manhood could not have been better. A child of a noble christian parentage, trained and tutored in college under the noble and venerable Dr. Webb, President of the college, and his illustrious father, Prof. M. T. Martin who for twelve years held the chair of mathematics with such distinction and ability.

He was very ambitious, wanted to do things. There was not a lazy bone in his body. He asked for nothing, nor expected anything he did not merit. Early in life he became a Christian and thereafter never hesitated to ask and expect help from God in all things he undertook; he ever sought divine guidance and he was **much** in prayer **all his life**.

When in a most difficult place in mathematics his father found him early one morning on his knees, praying for help in solving his problems. His father said to himself, "Oh Tom will make it now," and Tom did make it! His father being his teacher was even more exacting on him than on other members of the class.

He sought the highest honor the college could bestow on a student. At his graduation he stood "first man" after the test of a most rigid and close grading through the College Course. The competition was both keen and strong. The honor had to be actually merited.

This same energy in both mind and body was continuous. It is a known fact that most honor men from our colleges and universities are never heard of after graduation. But not so with T. T. Martin. This was but the beginning of one of the most active, intense, and far reaching lives ever lived in the South.

After graduation for a time he was a professor in a Texas College. But finally he was compelled to yield to the conviction, against which he had been fighting for a long time, to be a minister. Then he took full course at Seminary in Louisville, Ky., where he reached a definite decision to be a foreign missionary and, with a conviction rarely seen, gave himself in purpose, thought and planning to that one thing with no reservations at all. But the unexpected which proved to be a complete reversal, the turning point in his whole life, came to pass. God wanted T. T. Martin in this country, where the need of just such a man was imperative; the drift from vital Scriptural preaching had set in all over this country.

At a wedding near Louisville, T. T. Martin together with many others, was poisoned. At this date the facts of the poisoning are not remembered, only it was not intentional. It proved to be serious. As time went on the doctors finally decided he had contracted T. B. Later he was packed up into the mountains of Colorado, perhaps to die. There a physician prescribed whiskey. This he refused to take. "If you don't take it you will die." Then came the answer his friends expected, "Then I'll die!" But die, he did not! As time went on improvement set in and as soon as strength enough had returned to his depleted body he began preaching and the improvement continued. Later he accepted the call to the Baptist Church in Lead-

ville, Colorado where he gave himself to the limit of his strength in preaching and teaching; teaching solely the Scriptures. He did not give his time and strength to homeletics, but to "the word of God," "the sword of the Spirit," and marvelous were the results that followed. This in turn led to a call to the first Baptist Church in that wicked mining city, Cripple Creek, Colorado; containing 60,000 people and 800 saloons. Sin here was not under cover. Literally crowds of drinking men and bad women were everywhere without restraint. Into this modern Sodom T. T. Martin, with partially regained health, flinged himself with no protection, or weapon save "the sword of the Spirit," which he wielded mightly. Soon however, he felt the forces of evil.

T. T. Martin was ever full of energy and especially so when there was a chance to preach and explain scriptures to some lost man. He never failed to respond to every request to preach a funeral. Some seven miles northwest of Cripple Creek over the high mountains in a small camp a man died. They sent for T. T. Martin. So he went to the livery stable, hired double team with a driver. The weather was very very cold with snow two to three feet deep everywhere, which made it very difficult to follow the road. It was a most hazardous trip especially so, with one horse very high strung, watching at every turn to run away. We had scarcely gone half way when the driver said, "I am so cold that I cannot hold these horses any longer. So T. T. Martin got over in the drivers seat and finished the journey. So over rough crooked rock-covered winding road we drove till it was necessary to descend one thousand feet to reach the foot of the mountain where the camp was located. This was indeed dangerous! So down and down—

yes down it was, till we saw the smoke coming out of the chimney of a log cabin. After getting warm by their generous log fireplace, T. T. Martin got out his song books and led the song service. Then read and explained one passage of scripture after another and preached to those who perhaps did not hear a sermon once in a year. Down through a thousand feet. The snow covered peaks in the crotch of the mountains he preached to those few simple folks as man rarely ever preached. No one in that service will ever live long enough to forget it. The Lord was there too! How is it and why is it so few of God's ministers preach the word in power and demonstration of the Spirit?

A bad woman died and her friends asked the Methodist pastor to preach her funeral. He point blank refused. Then the Presbyterian pastor also refused a like request. Finally these people met T. T. Martin on the street and asked him if he would preach the woman's funeral, "Yes, if you will bring her body to my church." To which they agreed. Then trouble in his church showed up among his members who opposed having the funeral in the church, to which he replied, "You will agree to this funeral in the church, or you will accept my resignation." The opposition gave in and the funeral was held in the church. This gave T. T. Martin the opportunity to arraign sin in all its hideousness before the world, which he did in no uncertain terms. The low vile men of the City had said if Martin preached that woman's funeral in his church "we will shoot him down when he comes out of the church." T. T. Martin did not even hesitate and at the close of the service, 5 P. M., the audience passed out ahead of him and he entered the storm door of the church, expecting to be shot when he immersed from the building, but he ran up against an old drunken

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miner who said, "Brother Martin, I heard they were going to shoot you and I sent them word they would have to kill you over my dead body." That old miner never in all his life got such a bear hug as Martin gave him. He hugged him to his heart's satisfaction. When he came out of the church he was not shot. The enemy never shoots in the open.

Early in 1899, T. T. Martin received an invitation from T. T. Eaton, pastor of Walnut St. Baptist Church, to help him in a meeting. Truly this was the Lord's hand leading this earnest servant of his, as will definitely be seen later. The meeting was a most memorable and far reaching one, lasting six weeks.

At that time Walnut St. Church was the largest and most influential Baptist Church in the South and Dr. T. T. Eaton easily the most prominent Baptist Minister in the South. But this prominent church was much embarrassed, due to the fact that in its membership were wholesale whiskey dealers, who were charter members. They were representative and, in many respects, good men. Whiskey then, at the time of the organization of the church was not regarded as it is now. The presence of these whiskey men in the church in full and regular standing subjected Dr. T. T. Eaton to frequent criticism in the Southern Baptist Convention. But they were in his church and how to get them out was another question.

At the insistent request of T. T. Martin the meeting was begun in a room in the basement. When it would no longer hold the crowd they moved to the big Sunday School room. Likewise when its capacity was reached they moved into the big auditorium. As Martin and Eaton climbed into the pulpit on the third Sunday morning, Martin said to the

pastor, "I'll die today if I do not hit this thing," the whiskey membership. The pastor who wisely had been holding Martin back, said, "go ahead." What a tense moment! While T. T. Martin, a preacher of righteousness and one hundred percent unafraid faced that great wealthy cultured, audience containing Louisville's chief citizenship, T. T. Eaton, a man of great faith, clung to the Lord **every second!** T. T. Martin described, praised and praised Walnut St. Church with its membership of **culture, standing, wealth,** and its achievements in the past, present and with its Missionaries in every country on the globe. Then he said, "Pikes Peak enjoys the sunlight and on its summit long after the sun has ceased to shine on other peaks in the rocky mountain range. That is Walnut St. Church! The sun never sets on her missionaries." Then with everybody lifted up and breathless, he said "Pikes Peak also casts a shadow across the plains of North America farther than any other peak in the rocky mountain range. Like wise Walnut St. Church with its whiskey members is casting a blighting curse all around this earth!" Then in rapid machine gun like style, he described the curse of whiskey and hurled every anathema at his command at Walnut St. Church for upholding such a thing.

Then was read to the church a resolution, previously prepared, that all whiskey members be given one year in which to withdraw by letter from the church and in failure to do so would be automatically excluded. The resolution was adopted and the audience dismissed. Thus in this major operation came to a close the most exciting meeting ever held in Walnut St. Church. All afternoon on the streets in Louisville, wherever men gathered in small, or large groups, this service was the one topic of conversation.

T. T. Martin at the beginning of night service said, "I hear the whiskey men are going to organize a whiskey church. I would like to encourage that idea and I want to have a part in organizing it. I want to suggest the choir. Let the base be carried by the groans and wails of the souls of the damned in hell by whiskey, for hundreds of years; let the sopranos be the wails and cries of women and children cast out in rags from their homes by whiskey; let the alto be the screaming of the multiplied thousands of young women and teen-age girls whose chastity whiskey has ruthlessly stripped from their lives." On and on he went till all hell was represented in that choir. All this was really a knock out blow to the forces of the under world and old Walnut St. Church was saved and then was grounded in the doctrine of grace as it never had been before. The fruit of this 6 weeks meeting has not and will not be all gathered in till time shall be no more.

Thus was settled in the mind of T. T. Martin that, beyond any question God wanted him, not to be a foreign missionary, but an evangelist in this country. And through Dr. Eaton's endorsement a start was given that gave him a momentum which carried him for more than forty years throughout this whole country alike to both small and large churches. He had no time to preach big sermons. He was truly and literally an expository preacher, wielding the sword of the Spirit, the word of God, on all occasions. He believed all men, without faith in Jesus, were hopelessly lost, and that nothing would or could avail but the preaching of the Word. Hence he believed in the verbal inspiration of the Bible and that the Holy Spirit certainly would use the Scriptures when properly and clearly preached.

This method as a rule was not characterized by large gatherings, though that was sometimes true. He preached that men and women were going to hell in droves as Christ taught in Matt. 7:13-14 and as is seen everywhere in the world today and therefore it was his consuming desire to preach to every creature so that "the few" could find the narrow gate.

Like his illustrious father, T. T. Martin was truly an expository preacher, one hundred per cent unafraid. Expository preaching is doctrinal preaching and without doctrinal preaching it is impossible to show a sinner that he is lost. And without doctrinal preaching it is impossible to show a sinner how to be saved. The Gospel is doctrinal, it is all doctrinal! Every Baptist minister ought to be an expository preacher for his preaching to be effective, must be doctrinal.

**Topical and subject** preaching can only be doctrinal in a sporadic way, whereas it ought to be continuous. Dr. J. B. Gambrel said, "The doctrinal preacher will be here after the other fellow is forgotten." The word doctrine means teaching, and it is impossible to preach the gospel without teaching the gospel and apart from teaching the great doctrines of the Gospel the preacher is doing nothing.

Grace is the bedrock of all teaching of the gospel and without grace no salvation is even possible to any man. T. T. Martin opposed and condemned any and every form of works on a ground of salvation, but possibly Campbellism and Evolution received his greatest condemnation, as they run more or less throughout all forms of erroneous teaching. In reality both are classed infidelity, for both reject the blood of Jesus in Salvation.

T. T. Martin was a great personal worker. To an indi-

vidual he did the same kind of work he did in the pulpit, only he used the Scriptures most suitable to the individual. His habit was to watch for someone to whom he might teach how to be saved. On the train out of St. Louis carrying his father's body to Gloster, Mississippi, for burial, he was moved to talk to the Negro porter—"Yes sar, boss, I would like to be saved." With his Bible, which he always had with him, wide open he showed that Negro from Romans 4:5 and 4:16 how to be saved. It did not take long and how great the result! A Negro saved forever!

One night near 12 o'clock, T. T. Martin came into Jackson, Miss., and found it would be two and one-half hours before he could get out on another train. He remembered there was a boy in Mississippi College, Clinton, Miss., nine miles away, that was not saved. He rushed to the livery stable, got a horse and buggy and drove to Clinton, Miss., and found the boy in bed in a rooming house, waked him and said, "I came over from Jackson to see you, I have only a few moments, would you like to be saved if you could see your way clearly?" "Why, Martin, of course I would!"

There past one o'clock in the night from his Bible, he showed him God's way of salvation through Jesus. T. T. Martin, after clear explanation said, "Bill, are you afraid to trust Christ's word, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in **nowise** cast out?'" Bill looked down at the floor a moment, "He will save you now and save you **forever** if you are willing to trust it all to him." Bill looked up with the tears dropping from his eyes, "Yes, Martin, I'll trust Him!" In each others arms they wept and wept and wept! So did the angels in heaven.

Out into the dark Martin disappeared and drove back

to Jackson to catch the two-thirty train to his next meeting. Oh, that God would give us just one more T. T. Martin?

I met T. T. Martin in October, 1898, at Gloster, Miss., where he had come to bury his father's body, the late M. T. Martin who had been my pastor for six years. From the first, T. T. Martin and myself "hit it off" fine and a friendship of more than forty years began, not marred by any misunderstanding. He never called me anything but "Loved E. T."

In January, 1899, at his urgent request, I joined him in Cripple Creek, Colorado. He was at the First Church and he wanted me at a little church in Goldfield, one of the many towns that made up Cripple Creek, a town of 60,000 people at that time. We were together often in meetings, a most happy experience, in trying to do a work which ten preachers could not have done. But before spring proper came, he went to Louisville, Ky., to assist Pastor T. T. Eaton in the famous Walnut Street Church. This meeting lasted six weeks. In late summer of 1899, I had a bad illness, congestion of the brain, and this resulted in my leaving that high altitude—going to the seminary in Louisville in September.

Not long after this, T. T. Martin resigned as pastor of First Church in Cripple Creek to enter general evangelistic work in which he continued for more than forty years. Later he came to me for a meeting in Brownstown, Indiana, a full-time church where I was pastor during my four years' work in the seminary in Louisville. He wanted me to join him in general evangelistic work. The work appealed to me very strongly, but I thought it best to remain in the pastorate longer that I might have more time for study in my library. So in my six years' pastorate

in Indianapolis I received a letter every year from T. T. Martin asking, "When will you join me." Finally I said yes. Soon he had more than a years' work booked for me in a number of states; in little churches, in big churches and in tent meetings in two states. There was not a lazy bone in his body. He was paying all the expenses for my wife and myself and also a fine salary.

While I was in a four-weeks' meeting in Jasper, Ala., I received a letter from him saying, "I am sending you the best singer in America." He was not far wrong. He paid the expenses and salary of the singer. He never knew when he had done enough. This was an ideal opportunity and from the first the Lord's benediction was unmistakably manifest.

But as time went on, it became more and more evident that my throat would not stand such constant heavy work. The sun had gone behind a cloud! I visited T. T. Martin, then in a meeting in Eastman, Ga. After much conversation, he suggested a short rest with treatment from a certain throat specialist. This proved a disappointment. We spent some time in Albany, Ga., in the home of my wife's sister. Then we returned to my father's home in Mississippi where we received by telegram a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Canyon, Texas. After three months in the pastorate there was nothing to do but quit! Then followed a blank of fifteen years in my ministry!

*The following Sermon is possibly the greatest sermon of Dr. Martin's entire life. He considered it his greatest sermon. The late Dr. Augustus M. Ayers, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Vicksburg, Miss., when I was pastor there said of this Sermon: "That was the most superb piece of real homiletical production and pulpit eloquence I think I ever heard. That grand old man was at his best and he looked the part that night. T. T. Martin is the only Evangelist I ever heard I did not get bored to death before it was half over. With Martin, the cake tasted good to the last crumb." Brother Martin's family and I are sincerely grateful to Dr. John L. Hill and the Sunday School Board for granting us the use of this sermon, taken from "Heaven, Hell and other Sermon's" published by the Sunday School Board in 1923. We all felt that this book would not be complete without this one sermon.*

A. D. M.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE BOUGHT SLAVE

**Text:** "Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body."

—I Corinthians 6:19, 20.

It is said that there never lived a sculptor who could make, from a single photograph, a correct bust of someone who had died. The way they now make a bust of someone who has died is by plaster-of-Paris casts of the features. You will find many busts of William McKinley, our noble martyred President, that are absolutely lifelike in features. They were not carved from photographs, but after his features were composed in death the plaster-of-Paris was applied, and when it had set, the mask was removed, and from that the great sculptors worked. But before this process was discovered, the great sculptors made busts from the photographs of people who had died; but no sculptor could ever make a bust from a single photograph—it would be warped in its features or lop-sided. For instance, suppose our noble ex-President and President should be blown to pieces by dynamite in the hands of some anarchists—God forbid! I use the word "noble" advisedly in referring to both.

Ex-President Wilson is a noble man, though it will take us many years to get over some things he did; he put the Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians and others out of the Army camps, and put the Catholics in, an open trampling on the Constitution of the United States; and then, a majority of those he appointed to office were Catholics, when they were only about fifteen per cent of the population. As a result, the Catholics boast that over one hundred thousand young men from Protestant and Baptist homes have joined the Catholic Church since the war.

And President Harding is a noble man, though it will take us many years to get over some of things he has done. President Wilson, for eight years, banished the round dance (that was started by a fallen woman of Paris, France, a mistress of a King of France, and was not for the first hundred years danced by anyone save sinful women and their companions and never outside a house of sin, and the steps they used then were tame compared to the steps used now) from the White House; but President Harding threw the doors of the White House open to it as soon as he was in office; and his high position and his church standing gave a tremendous impetus to it throughout America, and threw a crushing influence against those churches and preachers who are standing earnestly for the souls and lives of the people. Notwithstanding these fearful mistakes, they are noble men.

Suppose that after being blown to pieces today by dynamite at the hands of some anarchists, there should be found many photographs of them, but all from the same angle of view—there does not live now, there never lived, a sculptor who could make a correct bust of them from photographs taken from one angle of view. The way the great sculptors of the past made busts of those who had died was by getting a large number of photographs taken from different angles of view—side views, full-front views, quarter views; then with these before him, and with his mallets and chisels and block of marble, the great sculptor would get one line of the face from one photograph and chisel it in the marble; another line from another photograph and chisel it in the marble; another from another; then he would blend in his mind how two photographs would come together, a full-front view and a quartering

view, or a quartering view and a side view, and get another line of the features; and thus, if he were really an artist, with a large number of photographs from different angles, he could reproduce, in lifelike precision, the features of someone who had died. But no sculptor, living or dead, could ever produce a lifelike bust from one photograph—it would be warped.

Just so no one passage of Scripture can ever give a complete rounded view of what God wants you to know or to be; to stop with one passage you will be warped and lopsided in your Christian character. And just as it takes the blending of the photographs from different angles of view to produce a correct, lifelike bust, so it takes the blending of God's word from different angles of view to produce the rounded Christian character.

I give you examples: Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me hath everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John 5:24). That is true, for God's camera never takes a false picture, it never lies—that every Catholic, Protestant, Baptist, and man on the outside of all churches and baptisms, has, then and there, everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation. But that is not of the truth; stop there and you are going to be warped and lopsided. God's word goes further.

Christ came "to redeem them that were under the law that we might receive the adoption of sons . . . wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son" (Galatians 4:4-7), that when we believe, we not only have everlasting life, but are redeemed from under the law and are adopted as sons; but further, we are then born of God—"Whosoever

believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God" (I John 5:1); so that we are both adopted as God's children and born of God.

There would not be left in an orphan's home one child, if those adopting could only put their own nature into the child; but there is the dread of the nature of the child—the unknown parentage back yonder. But when God adopts, He put His nature into the adopted child—"Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God."

That is not all of the truth; so God's word gives us another photograph—if the child of God sins and confesses it, he is forgiven. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins" (I John 1:9). He does not forgive sinners on confession—they must be redeemed—"without shedding of blood is no remission" (Hebrews 9:22); but the believer has already been redeemed and adopted as a son, and John is writing to believers only (I John 5:13).

Further, if the believer, the child of God, sins wilfully, then, just as the earthly father chastises his disobedient child, the Heavenly Father will chastise us: "Also, I will make him my first-born, higher than the kings of the earth. My mercy will I keep for him forevermore, and my covenant shall stand fast with him. His seed also will I make to endure forever, and his throne as the days of Heaven. If his children forsake my law and walk not in my judgments, if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments, then will I visit their transgressions with the rod and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless, my loving kindness will I not utterly take from him nor suffer my faithfulness to fail" (Psalms 89:27-33).

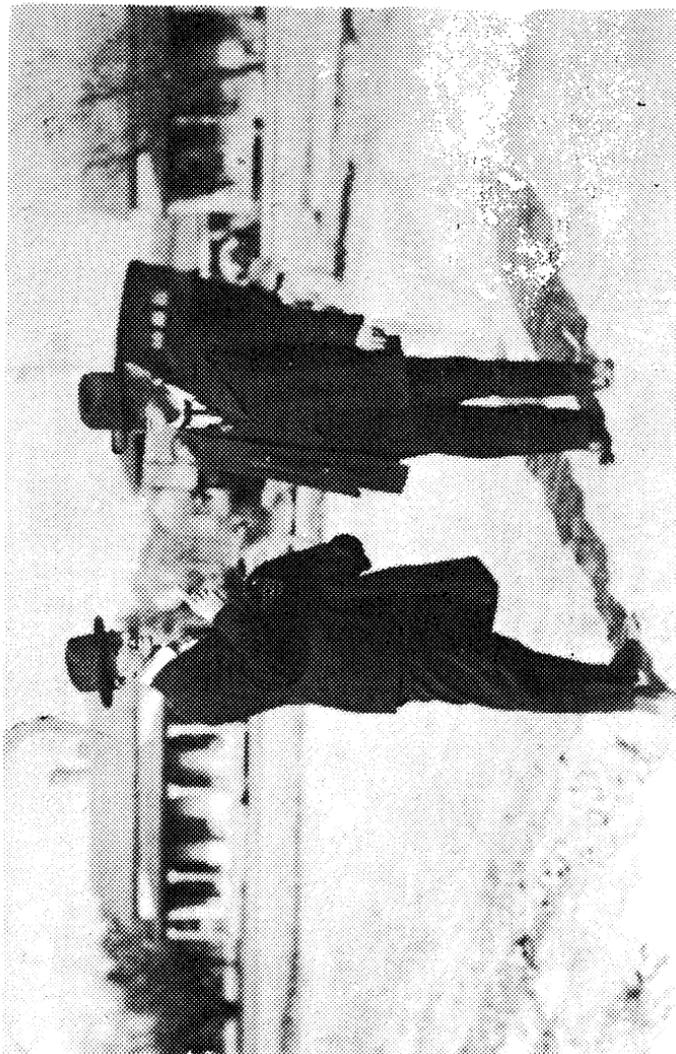
Still another photograph: the motive power of the believer is the motive power of the child to the father,

love, and not that of the criminal to the law, fear of punishment, nor that of the wage-earner, self-interest. "The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge that if one died for all then all died; and he died for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again" (II Corinthians 5:14, 15).

Yet another photograph from another angle of view: "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, costly stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire, and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved, yet so as through fire" (I Corinthians 3:11-15); that our reward, in addition to salvation, will depend upon our service after we are saved; that we may lose our reward, but not our salvation.

I come now with one more photograph from another angle of view—the text says that you are a bought slave, that you are not your own; that you have been bought; that when it comes to measuring your obligation, it is the obligation of a bought slave to his master.

"I don't like this last picture," says the objector. "Haven't I a right to do as I please?" Not unless you are a thief and a robber in moral character; "Ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body." "Haven't I a right to join any church I please, or no church at all?" Not unless you are a thief and a robber in moral character; "Ye are bought with a price, therefore



T. T. MARTIN (RIGHT) A MOST CHARACTERISTIC LIKENESS





RAY WALKER, EVANGELIST  
ONE OF T. T. MARTIN'S MANY SONS IN THE GOSPEL

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glorify God in your body." "Haven't I a right to be baptised or not be baptised, if I want to?" Not unless you are a thief and a robber in moral character; "ye are not your own, we are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body." "Haven't I a right to go to prayer-meeting and Sunday school or stay away if I want to?" Not unless you are a thief and a robber in moral character; "ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body." "Haven't I a right to dance, play cards, go in bathing with men and women all mixed up together, and drink, if I want to?" Not unless you are a thief and a robber in moral character; "ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body"; and your Lord and Master said, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, or anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended or is made weak" (Romans 14:21). "Haven't I a right to give my money to Missions or not to give it if I want to?" Not unless you are a thief and a robber in your moral character; "ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price."

"But I don't like this last photograph," says some church-member; "that I am a slave and haven't a right to do as I please." There are many church members who do not like it.

May I tell you who they are? They are the church members who carry the cross of Christ over their left shoulder and have a deck of cards in their hip-pockets; they are those professing Christians who carry a New Testament in their coatpockets and a flask of blind-tiger liquor in their hip-pockets; they are those professing Christians who have the Bible lying on the corner of the table when the pastor comes and a deck of cards lying there

when the society women come; they are those professing Christians who are at the vulgar picture show on prayer-meeting night, and sing, "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord," on Sunday morning; they are those professing Christians who run with the hare and whoop up the hounds; they are those professing Christians who are like the little dude when his wife and his mother were having a mother-in-law-daughter-in-law tea party, and one of them turned and asked, "Which side are you on here, sir"; and the little trembling dude replied, "I am strong on both sides!"

Those who wish to be strong with the world and strong with the Christians, too, object to this new photograph that "ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body."

But for those who are redeemed from all iniquity, up to the time they die (Titus 2:13, 14); we realize that they already have everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation (John 5:24); who stand with their feet firmly fixed on the Rock of Ages and listen to the waves of Hell vainly lashing themselves into fury at their feet, and sing, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus"—for such there is nothing in this new photograph to object to.

Allow a personal reference. In the far southwest of Mississippi there is a lonely, lonely grave beneath a lone sobbing pine. Over that lonely grave beneath that sobbing pine stands a lonely marble monument doing sentinel duty over that grave. That marble monument is carved in the shape of a pulpit with an open Bible on top, held up to God. That marble monument was not placed there by that man's family—they were not able financially to place it there. It has been standing there twenty-four years; it had been there eight years when I saw it for the

first time. I stood beneath that lone sobbing pine with my oldest child, then three years old, in my arms, and read to him the epitaph on his grandfather's monument. The first line read, "M. T. Martin"; then the second line read, Born at a certain time, the third line read, Died at a certain time. I found only one more short line on that marble monument, placed there not by his family, but by those outside the family circle who knew him best and therefore loved him most.

Let me digress. That monument could have been covered on all four sides telling of that man's noble life record; it could have told that, as an eighteen-year-old lad, he took both junior and senior courses in one session in Mississippi College and finished two months before the close of the session, and the board of trustees came together and elected him professor of mathematics; but just then there was heard the tocsin of war, and he rushed to his native county, took the stump, and got every able-bodied man into the Southern army. It could have told, how after the Civil War he accepted the professorship in the college, had decided to place this college on the marked block; when it was under a mountain of debt and the creditors how he pleaded with that president of the college, and the president of the board of trustees, to give him a leave of absence and let him go out and try to raise the money and try to save the old college, and they laughed in his face—the laugh of despair; for Mississippi was in the depths of poverty, and only a few were left with anything, and they were far away from the railroads, and had never been developed in Christian giving. But he stood, with his big grey eyes swimming in tears, and pleaded so piteously to be allowed to try and save his old Alma Mater,

that, finally, with a knowing shake of the head they consented for him to go and try. Only a few weeks were left; railroad tracks would do no good. One morning, just after daylight, he kissed his wife and babies goodbye, and, mounting his own horse, rode away. On and on he rode; sometimes riding all night long; sometimes swimming the swollen streams at the midnight hour; farmers would come out of their field, and taking the horse by the bridle-bits, beg the dying young man to get down and get a few hours' sleep, but he would sit there in his saddle and plead so earnestly that the farmer would take the subscription paper and write down a large subscription; then on to another farmer. On and on he rode till two horses fell dead beneath him on the roadside, then one night he rode in home past midnight, and reeled from his saddle, almost dead, but there was the smile of heaven playing over his young face, for every dime had been raised, and old Mississippi College was saved; and, just before the war in Europe, she had very near five hundred young men. It could have told how, as an evangelist, yearly for twenty years, he turned people by the thousands home to God. Not one word of any of this did I find on that marble monument.

I found the fourth short line carved in the marble near the bottom, "The Bond Slave of Christ." I think I know my good stepmother; I think I know my half-sister and half-brothers; I know I know myself on this point—whatever others may say of that man who lies there beneath that lone, sobbing pine, as for our little family circle—only God knows how we loved him. There is not one in our family circle who will ever consent to one word being

added to or taken from that simple epitaph—"The Bond Slave of Christ."

Oh, hear me, if you are not willing to own the Saviour as your Lord and Master, and you his bought slave, it is because there is something terribly wrong in your character.

From this text I wish to get three simple lessons: First—"Bought," Ye are bought"; Second—"Are," "Ye are bought"; Third—"Therefore," "Therefore glorify God in your bodies."

First—Bought! Bought! BOUGHT! I wish I had the voice of the thunder and the power of the lightning to drive it through your souls. Bought!!! And because you are bought, Catholics, Protestants, Baptists, on the outside of all churches and all baptisms, if you have really accepted Him as your Redeemer from all iniquity (Titus 2:13, 14), you are as certain of Heaven as if you were already there.

I rarely get home, I live a mile out in the country. When I next go home, I find a new jeweler in town. and I step into his store and say, "Sir, I am T. T. Martin, the evangelist. I live a mile out here in the country; I rarely get home. I would like to buy a present for my son, Theodore Drinn. Have you met him?" The jeweler replies, "No, Mr. Martin, I haven't met your son; I have just opened up here. Here are a pair of cuff-buttons for five dollars." I pay the money and take the receipt, and tell him my son will call for the cuff-buttons. The Bible is God's receipt, backed up by hundreds of fulfilled prophecies, that the Saviour bought us, paid the redemption price, redeemed us from all iniquity.

After the first warm welcome home, I say, "Son papa has bought you a nice pair of cuff-buttons down at the

new jewelry store. Papa paid for them, and here is the man's receipt for the money; papa gives them to you (so Jesus, who redeemed us, says, "I give unto them eternal life" (John 10:28), and they are yours right now, if you will accept them." So the Saviour says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life" (John 6:47).

The boy accepts and takes the receipt and, going down to the jeweler, says, "My papa bought me a pair of cuff-buttons and paid for them, and here is your receipt for the money; my papa gave them to me, and says they are mine, and I have come for them."

Isn't that faith, to take God's receipt and go down into the dark, cold grave, and up to God and say, "Here is your receipt that the Saviour bought me, redeemed me from all iniquity (Titus 2:13, 14), and said He would give me eternal life, and I accepted it, and He said it is mine and I have come for my home in heaven"?

The jeweler takes the receipt and says, "Yes, little man, your father did pay for the cuff-buttons, and this is my receipt. But I thought you were a big boy and you are a very little boy. I thought you had black eyes, but you have blue eyes. I thought your hair was black, but it is not quite black enough, therefore, you cannot have the cuff-buttons."

Very well, Mr. Jeweler, but you are a thief and a liar and a scoundrel. Those cuff-buttons are bought, and because they are bought, as an honest man you cannot refuse them to the boy. And yet people think that after our Saviour has bought us, redeemed us from all iniquity (Titus 2:13, 14), which is up to the time we die, God will at last say, "You did not join the right church; you were not

baptised the right way; you were not quite good enough; therefore, you cannot have that home in Heaven."

Friends, I worship an honest God, and not a thieving pawnbroker, and because He is an honest God every Catholic, Protestant, Baptist, everyone on the outside of all churches and baptisms, who repents and accepts the Saviour as Redeemer from all iniquity, is going to Heaven.

**Second**—"Are," not "will be," when you join the right church; not will be when you are baptised; not will be after you have lived a good-enough life; not will be when you die; but "ARE bought." "I am married to you"; "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." Oh, the present tenses of God's word! Grip the present tenses of God's word—"are," "am married," "hath."

I grow sick at heart over some things I hear. I say to someone, "Are you redeemed? Are you a Christian?" and he replies, "I am trying to be." There is no try about it; you either are or you are not! "To him that worketh not (quits trying), but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Romans 4:5).

I think I would be safe in saying that in the Theological Seminary, we young preachers would three times out of five, if not nine times out of ten, close the blessing at the table with "Finally in Heaven save us." Do you ask what is wrong in saying, "I am trying to be a Christian," and in praying, "Finally in Heaven save us"? Why, friend, you are either saved or lost; there is no middle ground; you either "are bought," or you are not. God says, "I am married to you"; you are either married or you are not.

I say to a young woman, "Are you a Christian?" and she replies, "I am trying to be." I say, "Let me change my

question: Are you a married woman?" If she replies, "I am trying to be," I would conclude that she was not. Had she said, "I am a married woman, and I am trying to be a worthy wife," God's blessings on your noble young life. If she had said, "I am redeemed, and I am trying to be a worthy Christian," God's blessings on your noble young life. But you either are or you are not; you either are bought or you are not; which is it?

But do you ask, "What objection is there to praying, 'And finally in Heaven save me?'" No objections at all, for the brother is praying for the entire congregation and where one is leading in prayer in a mixed congregation; some of them are unsaved. But for a band of preachers or an individual Christian to pray it, there is no meaning in it; for they are already saved; "by grace have ye been saved" (Ephesians 2:8, R.V.); "ye are bought"; "he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3:36); "Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John 5:24).

God says, "I am married to you." Does a wife make a request of her husband, and they say, "and finally be my husband"? "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus" (Galatians 3:26). Does a child make a request of its father and close by saying, "and finally be my father"? You are either married or not married; you are either God's son by faith in Christ Jesus or you are not; you either have everlasting life or you have not; you are either saved or lost; there is no middle condition; there is no "finally" about it.

Oh, friend, face the issue! "Ye are"—but are you?

If just now the heart should suddenly stop its beating, would you go to Heaven or Hell? "Ye are." Are you? If just now a stray bullet should crash through the window and plough through your brain, would you go to Heaven or to Hell? "Ye are"—but are you? If, just now there should come in the lower right side a severe pain, and the doctors should rush you to the hospital, and operate for appendicitis, and you would never come back to consciousness, oh, friend, would you go to Heaven or to Hell? "Ye are"—but are you? Settle it, here and now, once and for all, that you will go to Heaven, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16:35); "Ye are bought."

**Third**—"Therefore." "Therefore glorify God in your bodies." Base all of your service on "bought," "are," "therefore"; your church membership, your baptism, your resisting temptation, your giving of your means to God's cause—base it all on "Bought," "Are," "Therefore." I yearn to die conscious.

"Oh! yes!" exclaims some critic, "after spending your life in preaching 'he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life' (John 3:36), you wish to die conscious, so as to pray, so as to be more certain of going to Heaven, or to have others pray that you may certainly be saved, or to trust Christ a little more, a little stronger, so as to make sure of salvation."

No, friend, if I should fall just now with heart disease, and were told by a physician that I was dying, I would not give the snap of my finger for time to pray, nor for the prayers of every preacher and priest on earth—I mean, concerning my salvation. I would be glad to have them pray that I would not choke to death, and for the

wife and children left behind; but, as to my salvation, that is a sealed matter. I know what it is to face death; for five times I have heard the wash of the waves of the cold river, and I was as free from fear as I am now. If a man can go to Hell depending on "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me hath everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation" (John 5:24), than I am ready for Hell.

I wish to die conscious, if our Lord does not soon return, that I may send back a dying testimony to my five children. My dying testimony comes from a fifteen-year-old Negro girl in the South during slavery. She was placed on the market-block to be knocked off to the highest bidder. The child stood there with the tears trickling down her black cheeks as the plantation owners began bidding. A certain planter made every other bid; finally, she was knocked off to him, and he said, "come, Jane." Stepping with her behind a house, he said, "Jane, can you read?" Some slaves were allowed to read; some not. "Yes, sir," said the Negro girl, "a little." The planter replied, "I don't need you, Jane; I am worth a million dollars; but when you stood there on the block, looking so sad, I decided to redeem you from slavery and set you free."

So the Saviour gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity (Titus 2:13, 14), and He says, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free"; "for Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth" (Romans 10:14).

It was the first time that Negro girl had ever gotten that word "redeemed," to get its meaning. Oh, friend, have you ever gotten its meaning? She leaped forward and seized the parchment, and the planter turned and walked away. As

she read, the tears fell thick and fast upon the parchment. Running after the planter, she said, "Oh! Sir! May I go home with you and work for you? I want you to know I love the man who redeemed me and set me free." He said, "Well, Jane, you have to have a home somewhere; if you wish to live with me and work for me as a free woman, all right; but remember I have redeemed you from slavery and set you free."

Year after year the other Negroes would come after her every Saturday night and try to persuade her to leave and go for a night of revelry; but Jane, in the kitchen at her work would reply, "No, he redeemed me, and set me free, I love him." In old age Jane lay in the cabin dying, the Negroes crowded round the bedside weeping. Just then the man who had, many years before, redeemed her and set her free, now past ninety years old, came hobbling up on his long staff to the cottage door, the evening zephyrs fanning back the thin white locks. The dying woman seeing him sprang up to a sitting position, and clapping her hands, said, "Oh He redeemed me and set me free! I love him, I love him!"

Shall a poor Negro woman, born in slavery, have that much character, and yet you say that if you believed that the Saviour gave Himself for you, and that the moment you believed, Jesus said that you then had everlasting life, and should not come into condemnation (John 5:24), you would not love Him enough to join the church, to be baptized and to live a noble holy life in His service? The vilest demon, who will ever be in Hell, would not be that lowdown in character.

If our Lord does not soon come, and I die, I wish just time enough in dying to send back a testimony to my chil-

dren—whether it be propped up on pillows, a thousand miles from home, dying, gasping for breath, or being burned alive under some railroad wreck, I wish just time enough to say to someone, “Go tell my two boys and my three girls that their father never joined the church, nor was baptised because he was afraid of Hell; go tell my five children that their father never preached a sermon, nor gave a dime to God’s cause, for fear of Hell; go tell them that, from a thirteen-year-old boy their father never resisted a single temptation because he was afraid of Hell, but tell them that ‘Therefore,’ because he was bought, because the Saviour, God’s Son gave Himself for him that He might redeem him from all iniquity, their father has tried to serve Him.”

Oh, friend, God does not desire your Hell-scared service—that is for lost church-members and outsiders; but for the redeemed, the saved, God wishes your service, “therefore.”

When I was in college I never stole any chickens—I am ashamed to say it, I was none too good to do it. I went there with the ambition to try to get the first honour of the class. Sometimes, on Friday or Saturday nights, the boys would come to my room and say, “You are tired and worn out from the week’s study. Come on and let’s have a good time tonight. Last Saturday night we had a roasted turkey, and Saturday night before that we had half a dozen chickens, and the old farmer we stole them from clipped our coat-tails for half a mile with a stick, and we had to kick the dogs off! Come on!”

Tired from the week’s study, I would throw first honour out of the window, put on my running shoes, and cap and knit jacket. I was captain of the baseball club; I knew I

could outrun the faculty; I was ready to split the wind and get away out in the country and pull the last speckled pullet from Aunt Jane's hen-roost, let Uncle Jake clip my coat-tails with his stick, kick off the dogs and have our midnight bake.

I never did get out of my room. As I would start to blow out the old student's lamp, a spectre would rise before me, a man growing grey, wearing threadbare clothing, sometimes sitting down to the table with no meat on the table, that the boys far away at college might have a fair chance in life; and the thought would come, "This is blood-money I am using; for his sake I ought not to lose an hour." Then I would say, "Boys, I can't go with you"—and I would return to my studies.

Does God want you to go and gaze into Hell and then from fear of Hell go and join the church, and be baptized and live a holy life in His service? Glory to God! He does not want your Hell-scared service. But He wants you to go yonder and gaze at that scarred figure on the cross and realize that "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him and with His stripes we are healed. All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned everyone to his own way and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isaiah 53:5, 6); then, "therefore" because you are bought, redeemed from all iniquity (Titus 2:13, 14), glorify God in your bodies.

How often have I had people come up to me and ask, "Is it essential to salvation to join the right church? Is it essential to salvation to be baptised the right way? Is it essential to salvation not to dance? Is it essential to salvation not to play cards? Is it essential to salvation not to

drink? Is it essential to salvation not to go to picture shows? Is it essential to salvation to give my money to missions?"

God pity your narrow, mean, little, selfish, shrivelled soul — no; nothing is essential to salvation except "BOUGHT" that Jesus Christ gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity (Titus 2:13, 14), and the moment you accept Him as your complete Redeemer, Jesus says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you that he that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me hath everylasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John 5:24).

Do you ask why such questions are so little and narrow and mean? Because it is not how little you can do, but how much can you do for Him who bought you, redeemed you from all iniquity.

The most sublime scene that was ever witnessed on American waters was not John Paul Jones, not Schley at Santiago, nor Dewey at Manila; but it was on one of our river years ago, at one of our cities. A mile below the city were the falls where so many vessels had gone down, and so many lives had been lost.

Years ago, one evening late, as six vessels one by one came up to the wharf, they saw the United States signal service warning that a tornado was coming. The deck-hands jeered and said, "We've seen that old rag many a time, and we've never had a tornado; we're going uptown tonight and have a good night with the boys"; for they were to spend the night there anyway. The six vessels tied up at the wharf and the hands left the passengers aboard and went uptown for a night of sin and carousal.

As the seventh vessel came steaming in, the deck-hands on it jeered at the signal service and said that there had

never been any tornado after all the warnings and that they were going uptown for a night with the boys. But the captain said, "Men, that signal means danger. Not a man leaves the boat this night, and we keep up a full head of steam." The first mate began swearing bitterly and said, "Cap'n, we men have had a hard trip on the river; we are tired and we want a good night with the boys. We've seen that old rag many a time, and we've never had any tornadoes." The Captain said, "Men, I am tired, too, and I want a night with the boys, but the Government is wiser than we are. That signal means danger; and not a man leaves this vessel this night, and we keep up a full head of steam, and every man stands at his post."

At the first dash of the tornado that night, one hundred people were killed almost like a flash of lightning; as the tornado struck the river, the waves leaped into the air and snapped every rope and cable and the seven vessels began drifting toward the horrible falls a mile below.

The captain, who had kept every man on board, seized his trumpet and issued the bravest command that a captain ever gave. He commanded, "Now for the falls." They expected, "now for the Island," the barbour of safety. But the pilot wheeled the vessel and went dashing toward the falls where the other six vessels were drifting, the passengers screaming with despair. As they neared the falls, the captain had the pilot wheel the vessel, and, having fastened a grabhook to a cable, as the first vessel came drifting helplessly to the falls, with the help of the mate and deck-hands, he swung the grab-hook and it caught, and he drew the vesesl to his own and lashed it to his own with a rope; then another, and another, till he had all six of the helpless vessels, with their precious human freight.

aboard, lashed to his own. Then, with the deafening thunders roaring, the lightning flashing, the waves rolling almost mountain-high, and the rain falling in torrents, the captain sprang to the prow of his vessel, trumpet in hand, and gave, it seems to me, the proudest command that a captain ever gave, "now for the Island!" And with every whistle screaming and the timbers of the vessels straining, they went dashing to the harbour of safety.

Was it enough to be safe himself! Ah, no! Is it enough to be saved yourself? Ah, no! But be saved; and then, by your right church relationship, your right baptism, your noble, holy life, by every dime you can give to missions, by every right influence you can exert, tie every man and woman, boy and girl you can to you and carry them all home to God with you.

"But, say some, "I do yearn to glorify God in my body, because I am bought; but I can't, I am only a poor shop-girl, making a bare living; I'm only a poor clerk, making a bare living; I'm only a poor working man trying to make a living for my little family; I'm only a poor old man and can't do much." It is not what you can do, but what God can do through you, if you are only willing to glorify God to the limit in your bodies.

In one of our great American Opera Houses, next to the greatest violinist the world ever saw, Ole Bull coming first, stood before the vast audience and was introduced, and the vast throng arose en masse and gave Paganini of Italy a great ovation. It swept him from his feet and he stood before them bowing and waving his violin and bow.

Finally, everything became silent. It had been advertised that he would make that violin sound like the moaning and sighing of the nightwinds; like the patter of the

rain upon the roof; like the chirping of the birds in the trees; like the prattle of the children in the streets; they had paid five, ten, fifteen, twenty dollars for the best seats.

Suddenly, Paganini leaned forward and glared like a madman and, throwing his violin above his head, snapped a string in two; then another; then another; then, glaring like some wild animal, he waved the violin with three strings broken, with the bow, wildly before the audience; they were amazed, stunned; they expected the maniac to leap at once into their midst and try to kill some one.

Then, poisoning the violin and bow in midair as he again leaned forward, he hissed in his broken English, "One string, and Paganini!" The bow came across that one string; how the violin throbbed and thrilled and trembled! They heard it! The sobbing and sighing of the night-winds! They saw him change the motion—they leaned forward—they heard it—the pattering of the rain upon the roof! They hardly breathed as they listened. They saw him change the motion. They leaned further forward—they heard it—the chirping of birds in the trees! They saw him change the movement of the bow. They leaned further forward—they heard it—the prattling of the children in the street after the rain-shower! They arose and went wild, cheering him. How could he do it with only one string? Ah, but Paganini was back of it!

One lone shopgirl, but the eternal God the Musician! One lone working man struggling to make a living for his little family, but the eternal God the Musician! One old white-haired man, with one foot already in the grave, but the Eternal God the musician! One little struggling church, but the eternal God the musician! It is not what

you can do but what God can do through you, if you are only willing to glorify God in your body.

I get rundown, sometimes wornout, nervously unstrung, cold, back-slidden. I have different ways of arousing myself. One way is that I get alone and picture myself dying; I see the wife come in with the little seven-year-old boy and have him slip his arms around the neck of the one he calls his "Old Partner," and kiss me time and again; then the twelve-year-old girl comes and slips her arms around the neck of the one she calls "Old Crony," and kisses as only she can kiss me; then the fourteen-year-old girl comes and slips her arms around the neck of the one she calls her "Chum," and kisses so tenderly; then the sixteen-year-old girl comes and slips her arms around the neck of the one she calls her "Old Pal," and kisses and screams; then the twenty-year-old young giant comes and slips his arms around the neck of the one he has always called his "Solid Partner," and kisses me time and again; then the broken-hearted wife stoops and takes the farewell kiss—then the body straightens out in its dying contortions—and everything is over!

Then I wait awhile, and then step into my library, and stand alone by my own casket, and I talk to myself: "Well, Preacher, it is all over. That meeting they wished you to hold, and you said you were too tired? That wasn't it, Preacher; you were not dead in earnest about glorifying your Lord; that man who wished you to come and talk with him and show him God's way of salvation, and you said you were too tired? That wasn't it, Preacher, you were not dead in earnest about glorifying God, and now those opportunities are gone and gone forever!" When I do this, the blood goes bounding to the finger-tips,

and every nerve is atingle, and I want to get my old Bible and get out and work as I never have worked.

I have another way of arousing myself when I get run-down and back-slidden. In my imagination, I go out into the hill country of Scotland, and stand over the body of a dead dog, and gaze and meditate till again the nerves are all atingle, and the blood is bounding to the fingerends.

One stormy night, a shepherd counted his flock; three lambs were missing. Going to the kennel, he called the shepherd dog from her puppies and said, "Nell! Come!" As she crawled out, he held up three fingers and said, "Go!" Out into the darkness and storm—ten—eleven—twelve, and there were scratchings and whinings at the door. As the shepherd opened the door there were two lambs and Nell. He said to himself, "I must have miscounted. Maybe it was only two instead of three." He went to the fold and counted again, and one lamb was still missing. Going to the kennel he called, "Nell!" She crawled to the door of the kennel; then looked back at her whelps and whined. He stamped his foot and commanded, "Nell! See! Come!" She looked back to her puppies and whined. He said, "Nell! See! Go" Out into the storm—one—two—three, and there were scratchings and whinings at the door. As the shepherd opened the door there was the one missing lamb, all beaten by the storm and freezing; and there was Nell, all torn and bleeding from a battle with the wolves—but she had brought the lamb home! As the shepherd picked up the freezing lamb and wrapped his arms around it, Nell staggered toward the kennel leaving a trail of blood behind her. Just as she got to the kennel door, she looked back and gave one sobbing whine, and sank down, dead!

Do you ask what there is in that to make me yearn to

glorify God in my body? Gather around her, friends. She is only a dog, only a brute. She had no promise of life beyond; she had never heard of the love of her Creator; she had never been redeemed—only a dog, only a brute; yet she loved her master enough to die at his command.

And yet you claim to be redeemed from all iniquity by God's Son; that you have a home beyond this life, unmeasured by the flight of years; that when this fleeting life is over you will be in your Father's house forever—and yet you don't love the Saviour enough to unite with the church to follow Him in baptism, to live a holy, consecrated, sacrificing life in His service, to give up the ballroom, to give up the cardtable, to give up the vulgar picture show, to give up the horrible, lust-arousing, promiscuous bathing between the sexes, to give your money for missions, to wear out your life in His service. Shall a dog love her master enough to die at his command, and yet you, made in the image of God and redeemed from all iniquity by the precious blood of Christ, put yourself below the dog in character?

Does God wish you to go and gaze into Hell, and then, all-frightened and terror-stricken, flee to His service? Ah, no! Go with me! We are in Palestine; we are in Jerusalem; we are climbing the winding pathway up Golgotha. See those three crosses; gaze on that central figure; see the pain as it leaps along the arteries; see the bosom as it heaves and falls; see the blood as it drops from the crown of thorns down upon His cheek. Now it is all darkness; hover with me, close up to the foot of that central cross; hear those groans, such as the world will never hear again; hear the blood as it drops, drops, drops, down at the foot of the cross, forming a pool. But the great suffering we can never see—

this soul-agony as "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all"; hence His cry, "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" Then hear Him whisper:

"This blood is for thy ransom spilled,  
I die that thou mightest live."

"This is my blood of the New Covenant,  
Which is shed for many for the remission of sins."

Then He whispers:

"This blood cleanses from all sins;"

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."

Oh, it is no wonder that the really redeemed will never cease in joining with John Newton in singing:

"Ere since by faith I saw the stream,  
They flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

"Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor, lisping, staggering tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave."

You say there is no power in such a salvation, to cause men to glorify God in their bodies? It was this, and not fear of Hell, that sent the martyrs into the flames; it was this that has turned harlots and drunkards by the hundred thousand into the saints of God! It is this that is causing the flower of the young manhood and womanhood of our land to look father and mother in the face for the last time and, turning their faces toward the setting sun, to die in China and Japan and Africa! It is this that will revolutionize your life—if you will be only really "BOUGHT"!



“BOUGHT”—“ARE”—“THEREFORE.”

**BY AND BY—WHEN THE MORNING  
COMES**

Trials dark on every hand, and we cannot  
understand  
All the ways that God will lead us to that  
blessed, promised land,  
But He'll guide us with His eye and we'll follow  
till we die,  
We will understand it better by and by.

We are often destitute of the things that life  
demands,  
Want of shelter and of food, thirsty hills and  
barren land,  
But we're trusting in the Lord, and according  
to His word,  
We will understand it better by and by.

Temptations, hidden snares, often take us  
unawares,  
And our hearts are made to bleed for each  
thoughtless word or deed,  
And we wonder why the test, when we try  
to do our best,  
We will understand it better by and by.

By and by, when the morning comes,  
All the saints of God are gathering home,  
We will understand it better by and by.

\* \* \*

Dad's last chosen poem, found on his desk.—  
Bess Martin.

\* \* \*

This was Dr. Martin's favorite! How truly  
it expressed his dear heart, and how he did love  
the Negro people!—A. D. M.

*The following chapter "Personal Side-lights and Human Interest Incidents" I have gathered from many brethren who knew, loved and labored with Brother Martin. This does not at all exhaust the storehouse of material, but this that is used here only serves to bring out the different sides of this wonderful life; just a few flashes of the different colors of light that are obtained as we turn this diamond over in our hands and look at it a bit longer and more clearly.*

A. D. MUSE, Editor.

## C H A P T E R   X V

### PERSONAL SIDELIGHTS AND HUMAN-INTEREST INCIDENTS

It was the spring of 1905 at Florense, Mississippi, I heard the name of T. T. Martin for the first time. I was in the home of Brother Wayne Sutton, the pastor of the Baptist church at Florence. The question of someone to hold the "protracted meeting" came up. Mrs. Dr. E. K. (Miss Maggie) White said: "I want us to see if we can get T. T. Martin." Brother Sutton said: "Well you know he is the biggest in the nation. I don't know whether we can get him or not." Mrs. White said: "Well, I was saved under his father's preaching the same time Sam Ellis was saved. I want us to try to get him." Brother Sutton wrote and Brother Martin accepted.

I wasn't there that summer he came. Brother J. C. Buckley from down home went up to Florence and spent a few days. When he came back, he said: "T. T. Martin has become world famous preaching what the Baptists crucified his father on." Old Brother Newt Armstrong said, "Well, what about it?" Brother Buckley said, "I heard M. T. Martin preach at Strong River Church. I went up to him and said, 'if that is why they turned you out of the convention, they turned you out for what Baptists have always believed?'"

From that day on I was interested in T. T. Martin.

In 1908, Fleming H. Revell brought out "God's Plan With Men." Old Brother J. C. Buckley bought it. I read it. Then I read it again and again! I was then 18 years old. It satisfied my mind. It clarified my thinking! From then on when any book by T. T. Martin appeared, I bought it. He wrote and published a total of seventeen! Three

of them, the Lord willing, we shall keep in print and offer for sale as long as we live!

A preacher told me he once made a criticism of T. T. Martin to Dr. John R. Sampey. Dr. Sampey spoke up and said: "Yes, but T. T. Martin is a genius at preaching the doctrines of Grace." That statement by Doctor Sampey is a clear characterization of T. T. Martin.

When Fred Scofield withdrew from Brother Martin as singer and became assistant to H. Boyce Taylor at Murray, Kentucky, Sam Raborn became Brother Martin's singer. Sam traveled with Brother Martin a total of fourteen years. He was in Dallas one day and went around to the Baptist State offices. Dr. Gambrell was secretary of missions. He heard Sam in the outer office. Sam had a very wholesome, hearty and refreshing laugh. Dr. Gambrell heard Sam laughing and knew it was Sam. He called Sam. Sam went into "Uncle Gideon's" office. Dr. Gambrell didn't look up. Just went on writing, but said: "Sam I understand you are with Tom now." Sam said: "Yes, Dr. Gambrell, I am." The old doctor said: "Well, Sam, tell me about Tom." (Dr. Gambrell lived in Clinton, Mississippi, and he and M. T. Martin, T. T.'s father, ran the Baptist Record of Mississippi when T. T. was a boy.) Sam said: "Dr. Gambrell, T. T. Martin is the greatest preacher in the world living today." Dr. Gambrell never looked up but kept on writing. He said: "Son, learn to guard your words. Now if you had said that Tom is the greatest preacher of his **kind** living today, you would have hit it just right! Tom is that Sam. But, Sam, remember there are many kinds." And that, too, is a good summary of T. T. Martin. He was the greatest preacher of **his kind** in his day—making heavenly clear God's plan of salvation

and loading his sermon with the proper number of the most powerful illustrations?

Dr. J. W. Provine, long, long-time president of Mississippi College, Clinton, Mississippi, told me there had never been a man at Mississippi College and Clinton Baptist Church who could make the whole church, college and community stand on tip-toes for two full weeks like T. T. Martin could. Dr. Provine added with intensity of expression: "No man ever lived who could make the plan of salvation as clear, understandable and appealing as T. T. Martin."

Dr. Murray Latimer, long, long-time professor of Greek at Mississippi College told me: "Brother Martin had the greatest storehouse of illustrations and the most effective way of telling them of any man I ever knew. The reason Brother Martin's illustrations were so great—he just lived them every time he gave them." He was indeed the **greatest of his kind!**

Professor M. P. L. Berry, long, long-time president of Hillman College at Clinton, Mississippi, said to me once: "You don't work up a meeting with Brother Martin. You just get a meeting first leap off of the springboard." And that was the truth! Truly Brother T. T. Martin was **the greatest preacher of his kind in all the world in his day.** And there is none of his kind left!

In 1917 I had T. T. Martin with me in a meeting, using a big tent at Old Mount Zion Church in Lincoln County out six miles west of Wesson, Mississippi. That was my first time to meet Brother Martin, and my first time to hear him preach.

Brother Martin stayed in the home of Brother Green Britt, one of the best men and noblest deacons it has ever

been my privilege to know. Brother Britt had on his plantation a very Godly old Negro. His name was George. George was a deacon in his church, too, and just as Godly an old man as he knew how to be. He took in the tent meeting. He always took in my services, too. One day Brother Britt said to him: "George how are you enjoying Brother Martin's preaching?" George said: "Jes' fine Mista Britt. But shucks Mr. Britt, Elder Martin ain't doing nuthin' but jes' backing up what Elder Muse done been preachin' all de time." How many a time has it been my joy as an evangelist over the past twenty-five years to back up what some noble hard-working pastor has been preaching all the time! It helps the pastor with his people when the preacher of reputation and prestige and weight of influence comes and just tracks right along after the pastor and backs up what he has been preaching all the time. That is the value of the evangelist! From 1917 to 1939 our lives deepened.

Brother Martin and I differed sharply about some things. We discussed our differences! Neither one of us ever pulled our punches! From the very first, we each seemed to know intuitively that no amount of heat in our discussions could ever break our friendship!

Brother Martin believed and preached what is called the partial rapture. I did not and still do not! We were never together any length of time we did not get into a most heated and animated discussion. Finally, I brought out my book, "When God Comes to Earth." He wrote me: "Muse you've got me. I never saw it before. All the saints will come with him" (Zech. 14:4-6). And for the first time I see it. They can't all come with him unless they had all

gone to meet him in the air." After that the matter was never mentioned between us again.

Brother Martin said to me during that meeting in 1917 in Lincoln County: "Now Muse don't do it until you have to. But when you get to where you can't stay in school another day, just wire me and I'll give you a meeting." He never failed to come to my aid in that way. He often gave me a good place and he would take a poor place, just to help me!

Gospel singer and evangelist, Ray Walker of Belton, Texas, one of Brother Martin's "boys," wrote me:

"While I was studying music at Memphis, Tennessee, and working in a large department store to pay expenses, the Spirit of God, which had called often before, was now calling louder than ever before. I very nearly lost all interest in my work. I wanted to do what God wanted me to do, but thus far the opportunity had not come. Then I secured a two weeks' vacation and visited the old home in Mississippi. So far as I knew no one knew of my coming, but when I got off the train some of the deacons of the Baptist Church were at the depot. They said to me, Evangelist T. T. Martin is here in a revival meeting and he didn't bring a song leader. Would you stay with us a few days and lead the singing?" I said, "Yes, a thousand times, yes." They didn't know how much they were doing to help answers my prayers. I had never met T. T. Martin, although I had heard of him many times. After leading the singing that first morning, he leaned over and said, "I want to talk with you after this service." Thirty minutes after the benediction that morning, I had hired to him for three years. These were among the most happy and beneficial years of my life. It was like taking a course at the

Seminary. That man of God that had helped so many young men to find themselves, and who had given so many a chance to make good in his chosen work, had found me, and furthermore had given me a chance to make good.

“I shall never cease to thank God for T. T. Martin, his message, and interest in young men. To him much credit is due for any success I have had.”

Next to his master passion for clarifying the Gospel was Brother Martin's wonderful power and tact in dealing with individual cases. You could never get him to rush prematurely in on a person until the Holy Spirit and the Word had apparently taken a good hold and the individual was ripe and ready.

Brother Martin never led a man to Christ that afforded him more genuine joy and justifiable pride through the years than Brother Joe Canzoneri, at this time pastor at Lebanon Junction, Ky., and widely used of God as a singer and preacher all over the nation, a graduate of Mississippi College, Clinton, Mississippi, and the Seminary at Fort Worth.

Let Brother Joe tell the tender story of Brother Martin's part in bringing him to Christ. This is typical, too:

“My first contact with Dr. T. T. Martin was in August, 1909, when Dr. Martin preached a two-weeks' evangelistic meeting in Purvis, Miss., where I was then living. I attended every service that he held there. Not having a very good knowledge of the English language and less knowledge of the Bible, for it was only four months since I had seen the Bible for the first time in my life, I did not understand Dr. Martin's preaching very well. But the Holy Spirit used the little I could understand and brought me under conviction. Being brought up in the Roman Catholic idea of

salvation by merit it was a bit difficult for me to see the Scripture way of salvation by faith apart from works or merit.

“About three days before the meeting closed, Dr. Martin spoke to me after a night’s service. He spoke to me of the love of God and of the great salvation that He had provided for me. His words intensified my conviction of sin and the sense of my need for salvation. I was still lost when the meeting closed, but my interest was more intense.

“Two weeks later I accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Savior. Some tracts which Dr. Martin left with me were a lot of help to me. Ever since that time I have had a very large and warm place in my heart for Dr. Martin. I thank God for every remembrance of him.

“It was my privilege to be with Dr. Martin a great deal the last ten days of his sickness which was unto death. Because of the nature of his sickness—hardening of the arteries—he would have periods when his mind would go off its normal rational paths. In those periods, he would be dictating a sermon or a message to some stenographer, or he would be preaching in a revival meeting. Then he would be pleading with the sinner to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Savior and confess Him publicly.

“In the periods when his mind was normal, he talked about the Saviour whom he loved and preached and about the preacher boys, as he called them. To him those who were saved and yielded to the call of God—they were his boys. With tears of joy streaming down his cheeks, he would say: ‘My boys, my boys, oh the joy when we meet up there.’ Those were heart-touching and never-to-be-forgotten scenes to me, and they have meant a lot to me.

“The inspiring thing to me was that whether he was

rational or irrational, the object of his heart and the theme of his lips was the Lord Jesus Christ, the glorious Son of God.

"I did not see Dr. Martin fall asleep. I left his room in the hospital about thirty minutes before he departed to be with the Lord."

In January, 1918, he sent me to Mt. Manington, West Virginia. It was there I met Sam Raborn. It was my first trip to any point north. The great freeze was on. It was a great experience for me. And had it not been for Sam Raborn, his real heart of grace, his masterful understanding of human nature, and his equally masterful power of generalship along with his great prayer life, that trip would have been tragic. But God gave us a great meeting. There were forty-seven additions and baptisms!

Sam Raborn knew more about just how to prepare a congregation to preach to than any man I ever knew in my life. He knew when a congregation was just ready to preach to, too! Sam could gather a bunch of women together and teach them how to believe the promises and claim them in prayer and get hold of God in prayer and split the heavens open! No man has ever lived who could sing "I Am a Child of The King" with such heart-wrenching pathos as Sam Raborn. And when in the thick of the fight the evangelist had unnecessarily and unwisely drawn too much fire, Sam knew just how to get the evangelist and all offended and hurt parties together after church somewhere at night, eat, visit and Sam would talk, tell jokes, cowboy experiences, humorous experiences from other campaigns, and cure the conditions with wholesome hilarity and laughter. All those elements and abilities of Sam were at their best in that Mt. Manington meeting!

The greatest job of Brother Martin's heart was to help underprivileged young preachers, preachers at great disadvantage, Negro preachers and preachers who had fallen into moral dishonor!

Dr. John T. Christian told me that he had made \$18,000 on his book "Immersian" and he said, "Tom's books, 'God's Plan With Men' and 'Redemption and the New Birth' sold far more than my book ever sold. But Tom felt called of God to give his books to every young preacher, every country preacher, every Negro preacher, and every Methodist preacher he met. Tom gave away, at his own expense, far more than his royalties could ever come to."

There was only one limit to Brother Martin's sacrificial spirit—physical and financial strength. That was all, and he often strained both far too heavily.

Brother Martin had a conviction on the Gospel and the absolute singleness of the Gospel in the matter of salvation. He believed with an unshaken and unshakable confidence that his two books contained the plan of salvation in the most powerful clarity and forcefulness. In that he was right—without any tinge of egotism!

Feeling as he did about the character of the plan of salvation, feeling as he did that the supreme thing in every preacher's life is to **make clear the plan of salvation**, that the one objective in every preacher's labor is to **get the sinner to intelligently trust Christ only and alone** for salvation, his sacrificial liberality in giving away his books, even to a degree of prodigality, was indeed a spiritual ministry with him.

To Brother Martin, the ministry was not a profession, but a work—a duty! To Brother Martin, the ministry was

a consuming passion! To Brother Martin, the singleness of the Gospel was an obsession!

Brother Martin once bought a tent from a Methodist preacher. It was to be paid for at a certain time. He personally went five hundred miles out of his way, rode a dinkey little train without a Pullman, to take the check by to give to the man. He felt that if he got that \$900 check there on time, in person, the man would accept and read an authographed copy of "God's Plan With Men." That was T. T. Martin!! He was prodigal in liberality! It was not liberality with him! It was discharging a most solemn trust from the Lord!

I suppose that the greatest church revivals the South ever saw were the revivals conducted by the T. T. Martin staff of Blue Mountain Evangelists from about 1908 up through the early twenties.

Possibly the greatest campaign in many respects, which Brother Martin himself ever conducted, was in Southeast Mississippi in the fall of 1927. That meeting ran eight weeks and had 2,227 outright, clear-cut public professions of faith in Jesus Christ.

Let the man who led the singing in that campaign, Rev. J. T. Renfro, now pastor at Shaw, Mississippi, tell the story:

"Though I had seen and heard him at annual meetings of the Southern Baptist Convention, it was not until late in September, 1927, that I met in person the late Dr. T. T. Martin, renowned evangelist. It was in connection with the greatest soul-winning campaign I ever witnessed. It is the purpose of this article to tell of that meeting.

"In the early part of 1927 I led the church of which I was pastor at the time to invite Brother Martin for an

Evangelistic meeting. He could not come to us until August of that year. In the meantime some opposition to the pastor developed and I was compelled to resign that pastorate.

“The engagement with Brother Martin stood, however. When he arrived the first of August and learned of the circumstances of my leaving, he began a correspondence with me relative to my joining him in his evangelistic work. This reveals a marked characteristic of the “Grand Old Man.” He never learned of an injustice to a brother preacher that his heart did not go out to him in deepest sympathy and a desire to help. It was this characteristic, more than any other, that frequently brought him grief. Sometimes the men he sought to help proved to be unworthy, and people criticised him severely. But those who knew him best realized that notwithstanding his uncompromising and unalterable antagonism to wrong, wherever he found it, it was his own largeness of soul that made him want to help men who had difficulties, even when they were not entirely blameless.

“Never can I forget the courage and hope that came to me in the midst of my own difficulties when he wrote: ‘I have learned all the facts here, and I want you to know that my heart is right up against yours.’

“After a lively correspondence of several weeks, with nothing definite proposed, Brother Martin wired me to meet him in Lucedale, Mississippi. I was several hundred miles from Lucedale, and sent back the following telegram: ‘What for and on what terms?’ His reply was satisfactory, and I met him in Lucedale on the date he named. It was then late in September.

“That Lucedale meeting continued for five weeks with

an average of five services daily—one at night, under the big tent in Lucedale; the others in school and church houses all over the country within a radius of fifty or more miles. Results—2,227 public professions of faith in Christ as the Savior.

“In all the services in the school buildings and church houses, four and five times a day, Brother Martin used the same message: “How We May Know There Is A God; That The Bible Is His Word; That Christ Is The Savior, and That We Are Going to Heaven When We Die.” It was a masterpiece, such as only Brother Martin could deliver. It was a sure winner of souls.

“Near the end of the campaign, he called me into his room one night after the tent meeting and told me he would have to be in Mobile, Alabama, the following day for a pre-arranged conference of which he had just been reminded. He was distressed because there were scheduled for the next day four of those country meetings. Then a solution suggested itself to his mind. He turned to me and asked: ‘Renfro, do you suppose that you could take that message I have been using every day and fill those engagements tomorrow?’ I replied: ‘Brother Martin, I have heard that sermon so many time I could repeat it ver batum, and almost do it backwards.’

“Early the next morning I set out alone to make those four services; to conduct the singing and deliver Brother Martin’s sermon. We were both overjoyed when we met again that night and I was able to report 125 public professions of conversion during the day.

“Brother Martin was an indefatigable worker. We were off from the hotel every morning as soon as we could get our breakfast, driving hard to get to the first service,

then on to the others. In all these meetings he wouldn't have anybody but me sing the invitation song when he finished his message and made his appeal. Most always he wanted 'There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood.' He would press his invitation throughout the five stanzas of that grand old hymn, and then have me repeat it again and again, usually without any accompaniment.

"After four and sometimes five of these services, I would be 'worn to a frazzle.' By the time we came into the hotel, about sundown, I would be so tired that I never ate any supper, using the time for a shower and a little rest that I might have enough energy to go into the night service at the tent. But Brother Martin, despite his great age and the terrific strain, never seemed to tire or grow weary.

"There were several exciting episodes during the meeting. First, he stirred up the bootleggers till they tried to run him out of town. Once they came under the tent displaying firearms. But Brother Martin never wavered. He had me deputized by the sheriff to ward off his would-be attackers. I never did know how he managed my commission as a deputy sheriff, since I was not a citizen of the State of Mississippi, but of Texas. But manage it he did, and he almost sent me back to Texas when I refused to "tote" the gun the sheriff sent over, holster and all. But that very night the gang that had threatened him had an automobile wreck on their way to the tent that ended the episode, so he let me stay on till the meeting closed.

"Then he had trouble with the anti-missionaries. They challenged him for a debate. I'll never forget the wording of that written challenge. Here it is: 'Resolved—That the true church has continued from Christ and His Apostles

to the present time, of which we are it.' Neither can I forget Brother Martin's witty reply to that challenge when he read it to the large tent audience.

"A few days before this he had requested the opossum hunters to bring him eight opossums to send his son who was teaching in Burleson College, Greenville, Texas, that he might give the college boys an opossum supper. His request had been granted (Brother Martin could have gotten anything he asked for). The opossums, eight of them, had been brought in the day before. Brother Martin placed them in a box on the ground beneath his second-story hotel window.

"Early, very early, the next morning he came to my room, waking me up (my room was across the corridor from his) to go with him to see about the opossums, saying: 'Those opossums fought all night and kept awake everybody on this side of the hotel, and I'm afraid to go down there alone. Those travelling men will kill me.' I went, and, sure enough, every room on that side had been vacated, thought it was long before breakfast time. I suggested that we have a carpenter to build a strong box with eight separate compartments in it for the eight opossums, if he wanted them to reach Texas alive. This he did, and they were shipped that day.

"That night when I had concluded the song service, Brother Martin arose with his grey-blue eyes dancing with a peculiar light in them, and I knew that something out of the ordinary was about to take place. He read that challenge from the anti-missionaries, then said: 'I have a crow to pick with you men who brought in those opossums. I ordered eight missionary Baptist opossums, and you rascals brought in seven anti-missionary opossums and only

one little, runty missionary, and last night those seven anti-missionary opossums fought and scratched that one lone missionary until they scratched both his eyes out.'

"We never heard any more out of the anti-missionaries."

But Brother Martin's work did its greatest in the day when he operated three teams. Brother Martin and a singer would go for one week. Brother Martin would literally claw up the gravel preaching on the plan of Salvation! He would seldom, if ever, make an invitation during his entire stay!

While he was doing his deepest plowing, he was also advertising his reapers who were to follow him! Then a man who was a successful reaper, with singer, would start in the next night after Brother Martin left. Then he would go to another place and advance work a week for the other team. By that means he kept three meetings going, and three teams—two teams of expert reapers, going all the time, and himself and singer.

Let Sam Raborn, who is now pastor at Westwood Station in Ashland, Kentucky, tell of two of the most powerful of those meetings:

"Two meetings in the State of Missouri stand out! They were not exceptions to the great meetings held by Brother Martin and his Blue Mountain Evangelists of that day. They were in the month of October in 1917. At that particular time I was working with the reaper and following Brother Martin. Brother Martin had been in the first town for one week, and stayed on for Sunday. The reaper I was working with then, went on into the Missouri meeting on Saturday night. I got there Sunday morning.

"On Saturday night, Brother Martin preached on 'The

Second Coming of Christ.' As he always did, he made the hairs stand straight up and the people almost stand on tip-toe with expectancy! That night he showed how the Jewish Feast of the Trumpets was a type of the Second Coming of Christ, and closed by calling attention to the fact that the next day, Sunday, was the day of the Jewish Feast of the Trumpets, and hence, Christ could come, and might come 'At 3 o'clock tomorrow, Sunday!' The town was astir!

"Brother Martin closed Saturday night by announcing: 'If the Lord Jesus tarries His coming, I'll preach here in the tent tomorrow at 3 o'clock on "Going to Hell In Doves."' Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, the tent was packed. The tent stood right between the Baptist Church and the hotel. The pianist was a school teacher, a lost church member who had been living as worldly a life as the devil wanted any church member to live, and Brother Martin already had her so under conviction that she was almost crazy. But Brother Martin had not made any invitation. He was preaching to get conviction on all the people possible and get the whole community in all the stir possible, and let the follow-up men do the reaping.

"That afternoon just at 3 o'clock, just as the worldly little pianist sat down to start playing, a sudden, quick storm burst over the town and swept right down between the Baptist Church and the hotel and picked that tent up tearing it all to pieces. That little pianist ran up the back outside stairway of the hotel, missed the hall door, fell down the coal bin, bruised herself so she was in bed—but scared far more than hurt! She just knew Christ had come and she was left.

"Brother Martin stayed over the next day to help us

patch and re-erect the tent. He went on to start the next meeting! The reaping party stayed through the next Sunday. There were over three hundred conversions!

“We went from there to the next Missouri town to follow Brother Martin. Brother Martin went out on the same train we went in on. I was to occupy the same room Brother Martin occupied! As we got off the train, we met Brother Martin as he was getting on the train. He said to me: ‘I left a letter on the table in the room for you.’ I reached my room and read the letter: ‘Dear Sam—I am praising our Heavenly Father for the great victory He gave you boys at . . . . Go in here. If you win here, I’ll send you boys to Hell and let you get the Devil himself and we’ll be done with this thing’—was the letter! And we soon found out why: Sam Jones, R. A. Torrey, J. Wilbur Chapman had all been brought to that town by the faithful Christians and pastors to try to break the conditions. Nobody had ever made any headway! Brother Martin had the thing all in a stir! I don’t think there was a member of that church who was not mad enough with Brother Martin to ride him out of town on a rail and tar and feather him besides! And the pastor was scared half to death!

“Tuesday morning, our second day there, the follow-up evangelist, J. H. Durham just tried himself. He gave that town a real picture of its own self. That afternoon the pastor came over to my room. Durham was there. The pastor was scared and almost crying. He said: ‘Brother Durham, you just ruined my women this morning. You will just have to apologize tonight.’

“That night old Durham got up and began quite meek, defeated and ashamed like! He spoke in the nicest, quietest

way. Finally, after reviewing all he had done and the pastor had said, suddenly his voice rose and he grew to a storm as he said, 'And now I do apologize to this pastor and these women and this church for not saying ten times more than I did say, and then I would not say all that ought to be said.' At that point the tide turned. Conviction began to come over the people. I never saw Durham have such power. He had faced the enemies' guns and did not show the white flag.

"In the women's prayer meeting that afternoon I found myself under the power of the spirit in prayer. I found myself reviewing to the Lord all the efforts of the Christians in that town. And I found myself just really crying to God to take the blocks away!

"In the meantime, unknown to us, there had been a meeting down at the bank that morning of a group of Christian men who were interested and discussed asking the stores to all close at 11 o'clock every day for one hour for the morning services. The president of the bank was an ungodly man. He blocked it!

"That afternoon, when the power came upon me in prayer and I began to pray the Lord to take blocks out of the way, a dried-up, little old maid jumped up off her knees and went running out of the house. She was telling everybody she met about my prayer and that I ought to be stopped, and Durham and I ought to be run out of town. The prayer meeting continued all the afternoon. Many did not go home for supper. The power and freedom in prayer grew and grew!

"People gathered for services that night. The house filled up. That old maid had told everybody about my prayer! But she was back! The power fell when old Dur-

ham made that apology! Conviction took hold. There were seven people saved. That was more than that church had ever seen saved in a whole revival! After the fellowshiping of the new converts, somebody said 'Let's have a prayer of thanksgiving.' Just as I began to thank the Lord for taking the blocks away, the power came on me and I began to pray and really cry to God to take the blocks away and show His power in that town.

"That little old maid got up and went running out again. She was furious! She was blazing! She had been gone about long enough to have gone three blocks and back. She came running into the church screaming: 'Oh Brother Raborn, Brother Raborn, Mr. Blank (the banker) dropped dead just now. Reckon we killed him.' I said, 'Well you didn't—that is dead moral cinch. No we didn't kill him. We just asked God to take the blocks out of the way in this town.'

"The news spread. But the power did not leave me. I kept on praying the Lord to take the blocks out of the way. My old maid left again! She was mad this time sure enough. The prayer meeting continued. That little old woman ran out and in of that house six times that night announcing somebody had died suddenly.

"The next morning we were at the Normal school. I had had the song service. There was a great big buxsom, masculine-looking woman on the faculty, known as 'physical culturist,' sort of what we call 'an athletic director' or 'play supervisor' today. She was said to be an atheist. As Durham tried to preach, she sat in the rear and made all kinds of mimicry at him. As we walked off the campus, I said 'Yea! I'm going to write your ol' lady 'bout the woman making faces at you.' Just then Durham slapped

his hand on my shoulder and said, 'Man shut up. Lightning has already struck six times in this town and its going to strike again!' We walked on.

"We stopped out in front of the house where I roomed. Durham roomed a few doors on up the street. We were standing talking. Just then my hostess came to the door and said, 'Oh, Brother Raborn just as you and Brother Durham left the campus a while ago, the physical culture teacher dropped dead!'

"The mighty fear of God came on the whole town and the whole county. There were thirteen hundred professions of faith in that meeting!"

Many people thought Brother Martin was not a man of prayer! Those of us close to him knew better. I asked Rev. E. A. Petroff, now pastor of Deadrick Avenue Baptist Church, Knoxville, Tennessee, to tell one of the representative prayer experiences out of the great days of Brother Martin's marvelous ministry and the high days of the Blue Mountain Evangelists. Brother Petroff relates:

"Dr. Edd Watson was pastor of the First Baptist Church of Enid, Oklahoma, in 1915 and Joshua Gravett and I had just concluded a meeting with this great church I received a letter from Brother T. T. Martin to come to him and join his great force of evangelists. I continued with this force through 1926.

"If I were to write of every characteristic that I had discovered in Brother Martin, I would surely have to have volume upon volume. But let me relate an instance or two that those who did not understand this great man may do so.

"In 1916 I was singing for Brother Martin. We were busy every day in the week, every week in the month and

every month in the year. Once in a while something would develop in the meeting that is just to come, and they would have to cancel, but we always had a waiting list and could just go to some place on thirty-six hours' notice.

"All that spring and part of the summer we had been laboring in the West. At the close of one of the meetings a letter came to us that our next meeting must be postponed indefinitely because of death in the pastor's family. We looked on the list but instead of taking one of the waiting churches Brother Martin asked that we should pray and let the Spirit of the Lord suggest what we should do.

"We had not been to our homes for six months. We were tired and had we asked our flesh what to do, we would have voted unanimously to go home and rest. But after praying we were to tell what impression we had. I had to admit that God wanted us to stay in the service somewhere, even if we had to venture where others were afraid to go. He said the same.

"Then he ordered that the tent be put up at Colorado Springs. We did. I went ahead and made all the arrangements for lights and seats, advertisements and by Wednesday evening we were beginning the meeting. The crowds were there! We sang for thirty or forty minutes. I sang my solo and Mr. Martin got up to preach.

"Something happened. People began to leave the place. One by one, two by two, three by three and so on till there were about forty or maybe fifty people left. That dear white-haired man of God preached on as though he had five thousand. But I knew that he was being hurt by the devil. Well that very same thing happened three or four nights. On the last night that this occurred, I found Brother Martin

in prayer weeping his heart out. I joined him and we had a great time talking to the Lord.

"The next day I had gone to the post office and had received many letters. I began opening them as I was going back to the room. I did not notice the clouds. It began raining. I mean pouring down. I just came to a house and instead of going on the porch waiting till the rain stopped, I just pressed to the wall under the eaves of the house. Now I am not a peeping tom nor an eaves-dropper, but I did both that time.

"While I was reading a letter, I noticed something white slide down to the floor. I looked in the window and noticed a very elderly woman had been sitting in a wheel chair but had slid to the floor. I listened for her to cry for help, but instead she was talking to the Lord. I heard her say, "Oh, God, I thank thee for sending that white-haired evangelist to our city. But Lord I am told the folk do not stay to hear him. Please Lord, I have five sons, they are getting up in years and have families of their own, and none of them are saved. Lord, if someone has to go to Hell, please take my children if you want to, but save this people of this town—Lord save them, please." Well I did not wait to hear any more.

"I rushed back to the house. There in the room by the fireplace was T. T. Martin on his knees praying. I rushed to him, fell on my knees and put my wet arm about him and told him what I had heard and seen. We then praised the Lord for the prayers of these saints.

"You talk about damage! Oh brother, the tent was a mess. The mud under it was ankle deep. The seats were wet, the tent was leaking. We tried to sing without an instrument, finally the time came for Brother Martin to

preach. He got up. I admit I was expecting the people to get up and walk out. None moved. He opened his Bible and started preaching as only T. T. could do it.

“For an hour he preached, then announced a song and as we sang I saw a miracle. The isles were filled with people coming trusting the Lord. I was so happy I wanted to be the first one to tell that dear Mother that prayed so earnestly for the lost of the city, I left the singing to the care of another man and rushed to the home, as I thought I could find it. But I was just one hour finding it. By that time all the folk were dismissed and when I finally came to the home and was admitted in it, I found all of her sons, their wives and children all there. All of them trying to tell that dear one that they had trusted Christ to save them. Oh what a glorious experience! What a marvelous answer to prayer!”

Brother Petroff gives us another dip into the other side of Brother Martin's life. We give this story because it is representative. Hear Pete tell it:

“Let me give you another side of Brother Martin. Now if you think you could play tricks on that Brother, or that you could fool him in any way, you just have another thought coming.

“This was in 1921. Brother Raymond Couch was our forerunner and I was to sing for a campaign in California for about eight months. Now I had been the treasurer of the company and had carried as much as \$700.00 on my person. No matter what we needed and when we needed it, I always had the money and we had no trouble. Brother Martin asked that I turn over all the money I had about three days before we started, for he wanted someone else to carry the money for a while. We swapped that way

about three or four times a year. I thought nothing about it. But I was sure that Brother Couch would get the job. With that thought I dismissed the whole affair.

“Brother Couch came to me and asked if we could not go ahead of Brother Martin so we could have time to see the sights in California before he came and get ready for the work awaiting us. Thinking that he had the money, I consented.

“We did not tell Mr. Martin just what our plans were. Bought our tickets to San Antonio, Texas, and the next morning we each paid our fares and went to Mexico on a sight-seeing tour. In Mexico Couch wanted to buy something but had no money and asked that I give him some from the company’s money. This was the first inkling I had that he was not the treasurer.

“I was broke, he was broke. Between us we just had enough to buy a ticket to Sabinal, Texas, as I had a friend there—a banker. I was elected to go there and tell him my story. My friend loaned me \$75.00 and I went back to Delrio, Texas, just on this side of the border where Couch was waiting.

“We bought our tickets to Los Angeles and boarded the train. As we came in the coach there sat Mr. Martin with that sly grin on his face. When we told him of the joke we were trying to pull on him, he just smiled and said: ‘I suspected that you boys did not want me with you in your times so I thought I better teach you all a lesson and took the money from Pete so that you will find that after all you can’t have a good time away from the old man.’ Believe me, he was in our programs from then on.”

Another instance of Brother Martin’s almost uncanny sixth sense, his psychic power of perception, is given by

Brother Joe Bryant. Joe joined me as singer in the summer of 1925. In October, we were in a meeting in Southeast Mississippi. I was taken with acute appendicitis. When I got to the hospital, some 70 miles away, the appendix had burst and a very gangreous condition had set in. Brother Martin, in order to keep Brother Bryant from being left idle, wired Brother Bryant to come to him. The meeting was in a large Southern city. Brother Bryant tells the story:

"Concerning the T. T. Martin revival. There were three of us there in a five-weeks' campaign. The expenses were heavy. We had closed the service the last Sunday morning—only the night service remained. Dr. Martin came to me and said, 'Bryant they are going to double-cross me in the offering.' Then, he said, the pastor and deacons are in a meeting now. I slipped in a side door in an adjoining room and heard the pastor and deacons agree to give Dr. Martin \$1,000 and put the rest into a building fund. I came back to the room and told him. He said: 'I'm ruined, I can't pay my help and all expenses and have a dime left.' I said: 'Dr. Martin you told me yesterday that three men, who are special friends of yours, are giving you checks. Two of them for \$500 each and one for \$250.' 'Yes,' said he, 'But this will go into the offering tonight, and will do me no good.' I managed to get the names of these men and got in touch with them and asked them to hold out their checks and hand them to Dr. T. T. Martin, personally, made out to him. This they did and saved him."

From 1919 to 1935, people who attended the Southern Baptist Convention waited with expectancy to hear the Negro singer, John Smiley, sing!

For many years there was a very notable Negro preacher in Louisville, Brother C. H. Parish, pastor of Calvary Bap-

tist Church (colored). Brother Parish was born in slavery. He educated himself quite well. He studied Greek privately under Dr. John A. Broadus. Brother Martin and Brother Parish were very close friends.

Brother Martin held several meetings for Brother Parish. It was in one of these meetings with Brother Parish that Brother Martin discovered John Smiley and had him to sing his first sacred solo during that meeting. John Smiley was always most deeply devoted to Brother Martin! He strictly regarded Brother Martin as his father in the ministry!

No place was ever too small, no people was ever too poor or humble for Brother Martin to go to when the opportunity presented itself! And when he went to the small and remote place of poor and humble fold, then is when the old man **did his best preaching!**

The following story from Dr. W. A. Sullivan, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Natchez, Mississippi, is typical of that characteristic of Brother Martin:

"In 1926 I was living in Drew, Mississippi, where I was pastor of the Baptist Church. At that time I had never seen T. T. Martin, although I had read and reread his book, 'God's Plan With Men.' That book had been such a great blessing to me that I had often hoped that sometime I might at least see the author. Imagine, therefore, how delightfully interested I at once became on a Sunday morning in the late Summer when, upon answering a telephone call the voice said, 'This is T. T. Martin. I am at Doddsville. I am here to supply for Muse who is away in a revival meeting.'

"After asking him, 'Are you the T. T. Martin who wrote "God's Plan With Men"?', I said, 'Tomorrow morn-

ing, I will come down to Doddsville and bring you to Drew. I want you to spend a week with me in my home.'

"That same day, by previous arrangement, I had an engagement to begin a series of evangelistic services in a small rural schoolhouse surrounded by tenant cotton growers about five miles from where I lived.

"Before I had talked on the telephone two minutes, I had determined that, God willing, Brother Martin should preach the entire week in my schoolhouse revival meeting. He told me that morning that he would be glad to visit me at Drew, although he did not promise to stay the week, nor did I suggest that I meant for him to preach. That afternoon I preached to a small group gathered in the schoolhouse and told them that on the next day the greatest living evangelist in the world would be there to preach to them.

"The next morning I went down to Doddsville where, for the first time, I met the intrepid old soldier of the Cross, servant of Christ, humble as a little child. At once I took him, bag and baggage, in my automobile, and I thought of 'Paul, a bond-slave of our Lord Jesus Christ,' without saying anything to him about where we were going, went to the rural schoolhouse where we were to have preaching services at 11 o'clock. Upon our arrival we found a small Monday morning crowd waiting for the preacher. He said: 'What's this?' To which I replied: 'Brother Martin, you will preach to these people today.'

"What a sermon it was! Surely I never heard a greater before, or since. He preached with as much earnestness, eloquence, passion and zeal, I believe, as he would have preached had he been standing before ten thousand people. Without asking for his consent, I announced that he would

preach again that night. When the hour for the evening meeting came around we had acres of people. The little schoolhouse was of no use at all. Meanwhile, he had agreed to stay with me and preach all the week.

“But what would we do for a place where the people could assemble? Not far away was a large skating rink. Tuesday morning early, I was on my way across the river in search of Mr. Upchurch, owner of the rink.

“Finding him down in the cotton field telling the Negroes in colorful language what he wanted done that day, I approached him boldly and said: ‘Mr. Upchurch, I want to borrow your skating rink this week and next Sunday.’ He replied: ‘What the hell do you want with a skating rink?’ Said I, “Well, you have been using it in the service of the devil all this summer. Now I want to use it one week in the service of Christ. I have the greatest gospel preacher in the world visiting me, and I want him to preach twice a day this week to those tenant farmers over yonder around your rink by the river. I want you to lend me your rink, help me find some seats for the people to sit on, attend the meetings yourself, and give me a liberal donation in cash for my preacher at the end of the week.’ He lent me the rink.

“So that afternoon we went out all over and collected every old bench thereabout, every discarded drygoods box we could find, and every keg we could discover. By night we had seats, such as they were, for more than 1,000. When Brother Martin stood up to read, not one of those seats was vacant. And how he preached! Heaven came down our souls to greet while glory drowned the mercy seat until the next Sunday night. Great numbers—I have forgotten how many, heaven knows—made profession of faith

in Christ as their Saviour. Many of them I baptized into the fellowship of the church at Drew. It was a Pentecostal week. Surely I have never been in a greater meeting.

“The two dominant notes in Brother Martin’s preaching that week were salvation by grace and the lordship of Jesus Christ risen from the dead. He emphasized with consuming zeal every corollary of these two great fundamentals. For instance, he believed, preached and practiced the New Testament doctrine of stewardship.

“One morning with our skating rink crowded to capacity, he preached on the stewardship of money. He not only told us how to finance the Lord’s work according to the New Testament; he told us how not to do it. To hear him tell it, raising money for religious work by means of bazaars, games of chance and **ice cream suppers** was little short of committing the unpardonable sin.

“Meanwhile, I was thinking about a free will offering I wanted to make for Brother Martin. At the end of a week, during which I preached the year before, the total offering that they made for me amounted to a grand total of \$2.50, plus one peck of sweet potatoes, plus one quart of red peppers in the pod. Nevertheless, I got the fellows together, appointed a committee and had a vague agreement with them that we would give Brother Martin \$100. They wanted to give him that much and agreed to go out and make a canvass of the community on Sunday afternoon. They had a bumper cotton crop, and the price was good. They had no doubt but that they could collect \$100 for Brother Martin. They were happy and they wanted to give. Christian people always want to give when they are happy about their religion.

“Well, about noon that Sunday it began to rain, and

rain it did all afternoon till night. I thought about how once the windows of heaven were opened and the fountains of the great deep were broken up. That night the committee came to report. They were wet, bedraggled, discouraged. They had \$44.00. I took the \$44.00 to give it to Brother Martin, telling them that I would be responsible for the other \$56.00, and that they could collect it for me later. They thought that night that I actually gave Brother Martin \$56.00 more than they gave me, but I didn't. I didn't have it myself. To be brutally frank, though I did not really tell them that I gave the full amount to Brother Martin, I sort of helped them to reach that conclusion.

"Anyway they thought they owed me \$56.00. The rain continued for several days and ruined the cotton. Price of cotton went to the bottom, wherever that is. Those dear fellows out around the schoolhouse were greatly embarrassed by an imaginary debt of \$56.00. And I embarrassed them all the more by reminding them of it every time I met one of them. One bleak Sunday afternoon in November I went down to the schoolhouse to preach. They were there alright, a big crowd. A subdued optimism pervaded the service. After the benediction two of the brethren came to me, and said, 'We want to speak to you privately.'

"We went around back of the schoolhouse. They sat down on the ground, and I did, too. We did not actually set right on the ground, because it was wet. Some would say we squatted down; others that we just "hunkered down." Well, anyway, one of them pulled out of his pocket a big roll of currency and began to peel off one dollar bills. He kept right on peeling until he counted down fifty-six one dollar bills. Then he said, 'There it is. Take it.'

"I pretended, though they thought I meant it, that I would not take the money until they first told me where they got it. This they did not want to do at all. So I said: 'Boys, tell me the truth. Did you win this money in a crap game?'

"They looked at me. Then they looked at each other, and back at me. One of them spoke: 'Brother Sullivan, you know the rain ruined our cotton. We are not going to pay our debts this year with the low price of this rotten stuff. We tried every way we could think of to raise this money, and it looked as though we just could not get it. Then some of us remembered how Brother Martin said sometimes people raise money for the Lord's work with ice cream suppers. So we tried it, and here it is. Take it.'

"I took it. Next morning I sent Brother Martin a cashier's check for \$56.00. God bless the memory of the brethren at the schoolhouse, and the memory of One Week with T. T. Martin."

On the humorous side of Brother Martin's life, which is the definite element of strong personality and individuality and genius in anyone, his son, T. T. Martin, Jr., executive vice president of the G. M. & ??? Railroad, gives:

"Dad was not a rugged individualist. He was a rigid individualist. Having decided upon a course of action as natural and proper, it never once occurred to him to consider its impact on others. Almost everyone who remembers him still speaks of his ten-gallon hats. A very small man, he liked the big Texas style hats and wore them, both felt and panama, with blythe disregard of changing styles. To the last, he never considered himself being quaint in this taste for extensive coverage, but did observe that other men were wearing hats which were much too scant of brim.

As youngsters, we children were sometimes disconcerted and embarrassed by this trait of disregarding the conventions, but as we grew older we loved it as a part of his complete sincerity.

“On the borderline of my feeling toward it was the case of the Christmas ’possums:

“The Christmas holidays of 1921 I had decided to spend at Baylor University to make up some deficiency. The campus was deserted except for local students and a couple of South American student friends. I’d told them a lot of tales, mostly true, about our life at home—the hunting, fishing, etc., and they were particularly intrigued over my description of ’possum hunting and I thought it would be nice to substantiate my stories, so I wrote Dad, who was coming by Waco after Christmas, to send me a ’possum for our New Year’s dinner, knowing that he’d certainly have gone on several hunts anyway.

“The letter was written on short notice and got to Blue Mountain on a Saturday, but brought a prompt wire to meet the train Tuesday morning in Waco.

“When the train rolled to a stop that morning the Pullman door opened and out came a most harrassed-looking porter who began to set out the familiar and fearsome array of baggage that was Dad’s travelling trade-mark. Then came Dad, in hunting clothes still muddy, and carrying a tow-sack whose acrid odor told me and everyone else in the vicinity that my ’possums were being delivered in person. He had hunted until midnight, driven twelve miles in a buggy over muddy roads to catch the train; but he never would say how he persuaded that porter to help him hide that sack of squirming, odorous ’possums.

“I got Dad and his belonging into a cab with downright

indecent haste and rushed him up the back stairs of my boarding house to a hot bath. To my remarks as to 'what people would think,' he rejoined that only an idiot would expect a man to catch and carry 'possums in his good clothes, and his handling of the matter was perfectly logical—I had wanted 'possums, he had brought them—there was nothing unusual at all about the affair. 'But now, son, be sure to have them baked slowly, with lots of sweet potatoes—'

"I think of another instance which must have made quite an impression on the participants—Dad liked to fish in a small lake on the farm.

"Once, when he was holding a meeting in West Texas, he wrote that there was a plague of crickets and that he would bring along some fine bait. He got home with a shoe box about half full of pretty battered-looking crickets, and it was many years later that a conductor told me this tale:

"It seems that Dad started home with two big brown paper bags full of crickets. They escaped attention amid his many parcels and he tucked them away under his berth. Late in the night bedlam broke loose and the porter, turning on the lights, found his car swarming with crickets and his passengers frantically brushing crickets out of their clothes, their hair, their berths.

"In the midst of the confusion, Dad climbed out of his berth, claimed the crickets and explained their purpose so appealingly that everyone joined in catching as many alive as possible. Someone contributed the shoe box to substitute for the bags from which the crickets had eaten their way and after an hour or so 'Quiet Please' had some meaning.

"When I taxed Dad with the story, he readily admitted

it but saw nothing funny or unusual about it. What could be more logical than for a man who wanted some fish to catch a couple of sacks of crickets and bring them along—a thousand or so miles. You don't often have good fishbait come in swarms.

“Of many precious memories of Dad, the most inspiring are of his intimacy with God in prayer. Whatever the occasion, he asked guidance or gave thanks as simply as a child turning to its father. Walking along a crowded street, he would stop in conversation and lift his big hat and, whether he spoke aloud or was silent, we knew he was talking to the Father.

“He taught us by example and by many vivid experiences that when our own efforts failed, the solution of any problem could be found by carrying it to God—not always our solution, but the best one.

“One night Dad and I left St. Petersburg, Florida, to drive to Palm Beach. We were driving all night because we hadn't enough money for hotels in the days of the Florida boom. We stopped for gas and coffee about midnight. As I paid for the gas I discovered I'd lost a twenty-dollar bill—that, except for about five dollars in change, was our total capital. We searched the car and the grounds, aided by the sympathetic attendants. I saw Dad take off his hat several times and I prayed, too, in real distress bordering on panic. Finally we gave up and decided to go on.

“Just as I started the car Dad said, ‘Wait a minute son,’ and bared his head. I thought, ‘What on earth can he pray for now—we've searched every possible place and it's too late for praying.’ Then he said, ‘Lord, you know how badly we needed that money. You know we have to

make the trip and it's going to be mighty hard to get there on what we have left. We're not complaining about our loss and we know you'll see us through but, Lord, I do want to make one more request; we needed that money so much, so please, Lord, let someone find it that needed it even more than we did. Now let's go, son.' I drove away feeling that it was no loss at all."

Brother Martin was a student! Brother Martin read Aramaic well! He read Hebrew perfectly. He read Greek fluently and rapidly! Brother Martin read many books in certain fields. But Brother Martin never lived long enough to quit being a constant, daily reader of the Bible in the original languages! The last time he was ever with me in a meeting was in Paul's Valley, Oklahoma, in 1932. I walked into his room at the hotel one day and he was not well; was propped up in bed reading the Eighth Psalm in the Hebrew. He began giving me some flashes from it! The full hour was heavenly!

Brother Martin was a perpetual sermonizer. He used to say to me: "I have outlined over five hundred sermons I have never preached!"

Brother Martin left three large interleaved Bibles. One of them he had made to special order in 1890. It is 8½ inches by 11½ inches, by 3½ inches. Every third leaf is blank. A number of blank leaves placed together between the different books. And the wide margin of every page of the Scriptures! This Bible alone has over five hundred outlines! Then two interleaved Scofield Bibles with a great mass of material! In addition to all this I have in my possession a large box filled with pads, tablets and books of notes, outlines and manuscripts!

There has never been a day since Brother Martin went

to be with the Lord in 1939 I have not missed him and felt a need of him!

And now the work is done. We are now ready to go to press with the life story of T. T. Martin!! There are many among those who knew and loved him who could have done this much better than I have. But I thank God Brother Martin asked me to do this!

I thank Mrs. Martin and his children for their patience and their helpful cooperation!

I thank all the brethren who have furnished copy material and stories of incidents and experiences!

God needed T. T. Martin and so! He made him. There was only one. There can never be another!

It won't be long now, Brother Martin, until we shall all join you "At home with the Lord!"

**REV. T. T. MARTIN  
TO HEAVEN BY WAY OF BAPTIST HOSPITAL**

*The following is a tribute to Bro. T. T. Martin, published in the Baptist Record of June 1, 1939, and signed by Miss M. M. Lackey, who at that time was living at the Mississippi Baptist Hospital in Jackson and visited the sick patients. Brother Martin died in the hospital May 23, 1939.*

The voice was soft and sweet, strength sometimes broken. But it rang over the fourth annex of the hospital so our patients caught the message. One patient, who had known him long, said with tear-filled eyes, "Brother Martin is nearing the river's bank." And he was nearer than we thought, for he slipped fast away the following day, and today they are laying all that is left of his mortal body in the old cemetery down at Gloster. After "life's fitful fever," he will sleep beside his sainted grandfather and his greatly-honored father.

He was with us one week. His frailty of both body and mind was evident; but to his life's calling, he made a daily lecture hourly. His temperance messages sank deep into some hearts that needed to hear.

The wings of memory bear me back to early childhood when a little delicate cripple boy charmed his playmates with his golden tongue. We did not dip into the future at that time, we knew no thought beyond the present. But the years went by; years of suffering and sadness and tragedy; years of growing and giving and glowing; and our little crippled companion became the God-given evangelist. What a star-filled crown greets him today!

Others will write of his life and work. This is merely a bit of a memorial from one who knew him well and appreciated him much.—(Miss) M. M. Lackey.

**EDITORIAL**  
**"T. T. MARTIN"**

*An editorial written by Dr. P. I. Lipsey, life-long friend of Dr. Martin, and appearing in the Baptist Record, of which paper Dr. Lipsey was at the time editor.*

This beloved brother passed away at the Baptist Hospital in Jackson, Mississippi, May 23, 1939. Few men among Southern Baptists have had so long and so fruitful a ministry. He was an evangelist with a burning heart and a message that was as clear as that of the Apostle Paul. He preached the same Gospel which Paul preached. He preached it in season and out of season. He had it by divine revelation and declared it with clarity and power equaled by few men we have ever known. The Lord gave him many years of service, and his zeal and energy were undiminished unto the end.

We know whereof we speak, for we were closely associated with him for many years. Our acquaintance began when we were fellow students at the Louisville Seminary. Before that he had been graduated from Mississippi College where his father, M. T. Martin, was head of the department of mathematics. After this he taught the natural science at Baylor College in Texas. But he was a preacher with the message of the Gospel of Christ.

While he was at the Seminary, it was almost his daily custom to work in some mission, seeking and saving the lost. About the time of his finishing his work at the Seminary, while pastoring the Glenview church, he was poisoned at a wedding supper and was near death. To recover his health, he worked a while in the mountains of Kentucky as a missionary. Developing tuberculosis, he went to Colorado where he was pastor several years at Cripple Creek.

No handicap could stop him from work. It rather increased his zeal. Recovering his health, he gave himself afresh to evangelism for which he was so well fitted.

While the editor was pastor in Clinton, Mississippi, Brother Martin helped him in two revival meetings in consecutive years. The first one lasted three weeks; the second, two weeks. We have never seen any man who could stick to the Gospel so consistently and preach it with such clarity. As the result of these meetings nearly 100 people were baptized.

His zeal for the truth knew no bounds. He was polemic in his methods and used the Sword of The Spirit as his weapon. He not only preached, but wrote many books in defence of the truth. In recent years it was evident that his strength was failing, but he did not spare himself. We have seen him going when his body was in extreme weakness. He will have many souls saved through his ministry to greet him in heaven, and to make him glad through eternity.

His body was laid to rest in the cemetery at Gloster beside that of his father to whom he was devoted and who died in his arms while making a trip on a train. May God keep, comfort and abundantly bless all who loved him.  
—P. I. Lipsey, Editor, Baptist Record, Mississippi.