

EVIL THOUGHTS WILL CAUSE EVIL DESIRES; EVIL DESIRES WILL LEAD TO WICKED DEEDS; KEEP MIND PURE IS WARNING OF EVANGELIST

The text—"David said unto Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord." Second Samuel, 12th chapter, 13th verse.

"Nathan and David" was Billy Sunday's topic for Thursday night. He said:

That is a part of one of the saddest statements found upon the pages of the Old Testament. I always read it with two conflicting emotions. One is a feeling of assurance and satisfaction, in the fact that the Bible was inspired by God, for a man or a company of men uninspired of God had written or compiled the Bible, you never would have been told the story of man's sin, and shame and shortcomings particularly if that man had been prominent and a king.

But when God inspires a man to write it He puts it all in black and white, the good and the bad. God leaves none of it out. He does not do that because He is anxious to parade before the world the shortcomings of human nature and our proneness to sin, but God tells us and me what men and women did in the pages of the world's history, and He tells us that they repented and He forgave them their sins and that holds out hope for you and me, for what God did for one, He will do for all and what God did thousands of years ago for the penitent sinner He will do for the penitent sinner today.

So God has made a record of it in order that we might take courage by knowing that God would forgive our sins if we did what they did, confess our sins.

If a man had been writing the Bible, he never would have told us that Noah got drunk when he came out of the ark. He never would have told us that David committed adultery with Bathsheba, and that Solomon had 400 more wives than old "Brig" Young, and made him look like a piker; or of Peter denying the oaths and curses; or of Ananias and Sapphira, holding back part of the price, and of Judas betraying. But when God inspires He puts it all in.

It is a sad thing to the your hopes to some man or woman and be disappointed. Many Women

Is Disappointed. There is many a wife amidst the perfume of the orange blossoms and in the wedding ceremony has pledged her fidelity to that man and has pledged and broken vows; or he has pledged his fidelity to her and promised to be true as long as he lived and the waves were blue and then turned from those vows and broke them as if they were made of spider webs.

There is many a mother, she has brought forth her children in pain and suffering, she has built high her hopes that when she was a girl and decrepit that young man with his strong right arm might go out and earn the bread to keep her from want. But he has turned and he has proven himself an incorrigible to her prayers and her hopes. And there is many a girl that her mother brought forth in pain and tears and suffering; she has built high her hopes. She has come down the line of the wine room with a Godless gang and she knows the way she is living, the places she goes. It won't be long until the mute effects of dissipation can no longer be hidden.

The mother will be compelled to withdraw from society and creep up the back alley, my friends, and never lift her eyes to look people in the face, not for anything to tie your hopes to some man or woman if they prove a traitor or incorrigible to your prayers and to your tears.

Think of a man that could write a psalm like the 23rd psalm. Henry Ward Beecher called it the "Sweetest psalm," for he said it seems the sweetest song in night time of bereavement, and of affliction, and of suffering and that kindred psalms of David seem to lift me so close to heaven that I imagine I can hear the garment of the Son of God as swept by me by faith. The man that wrote the Bible tells me a man of God's own heart.

"Oh," said an old blundering, blustering, whiskey-soaked infidel to me out in Iowa one time. "Bill, if David was a man after God's own heart, I am frank to tell you that I haven't very much respect for the choice of God."

David's Sin Was Haggard. I said to him, "David was not a man after God's heart, simply because he sinned; but David was a man after God's heart because when he sinned he was decent and man enough to tell God that he had sinned, and if you want to become a man after God's heart get down on your knees and tell God you are an old hell-bound sinner and you are so close to the pit that you can smell the sulphur fumes as they come from the funnel, and then you will become a man after God's heart. If you are a man enough to tell God that you are an old sinner and that you want to square with him. And that is why David was a man after God's heart, not because he sinned, but because he was man enough to tell God he was a sinner and so you will become a man after God's heart when you do that."

Now it was a great sin for David. I think it was a worse sin for David than it might have been for any other man in the world. God looks at man's surroundings. He takes into account your opportunities, and you have one tonight, that would condemn you. It is your business to know what God wants you to do. God takes into account the chances men have. There is a church bell ringing, there is a church near you, some of you haven't darkened this door.

There is your opportunity, but you won't improve it. Don't blame God. God has given you a mind of intelligence. He has revealed His word to us in His book, the Bible, and He has given the revelation within the capacity of our minds to understand it, and God holds us up to it.

If God had revealed and told us to do something that He could not do, and told us to do it, and damned us when we could not, that would not be reasonable. But when God tells me to do something, He will damn me if I don't do it.

So the Lord gives every man in this world a chance. He is given by light, and the more light you have, the greater your guilt. I would rather be a heathen in Africa, bowing down to idols of wood and stone, than I would be a man or woman in this city, in these days with opportunities and privileges that God gives you to know about your soul's salvation, what you have to do to be saved, and not to take advantage of the opportunity. You needn't go outside your city to find the heathen. You needn't leave the tabernacle.

A heathen is any man that doesn't believe in God. His skin doesn't need to be black. He doesn't need to have a queue hanging down his back like a Chinaman. Anybody is a heathen that doesn't believe in God, whether from China or Africa, whether his skin is white or black. The same old heathen, although you are a president of a bank. You are a heathen if you don't believe in God. It makes no difference whether you live under the Stars and Stripes or in the jungles of Africa, if you don't believe in God you are a heathen.

So guilt is graded by light. The more light you have, the greater the guilt. Now, it might be just as bad for me to lose my temper as it would be for you to get drunk. I was not born with an appetite for drink, but I was born with a disposition to lose a little piece of my temper once in a while, and gosh, I haven't got it. I can't clear my head like a battleship when it comes to a show-down.

So you who put your thumbs in the armpits of your vest and swell up like a poisoned pup, and thank God you are not like other people, you may be worse in the sight of God than I am. I can clear my head, for you may have had a greater chance than I had, more light. I said guilt is graded by light.

Jesus said, "Woe unto thee, Bethesda and Capernaum, if the mighty works done in thee had been done in Tyre and Sidon they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for you." Why? They never heard Him.

Chance Is Given People Here. "You people of Capernaum and Bethesda have looked in my face and heard my voice, and see me raise the dead. You have seen me speak and unstop the ears of the deaf. You have heard me speak and the eyes of the blind have been opened. You have heard me speak and devils have gone out of men. Sirs, for you are worse sinners than the people of Sodom and Gomorrah for you have got more light than they have. So it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than it will be for you."

Why? Because they had more light than Sodom and Gomorrah. They sinned against their light. You have got more light than the people of Tyre and Sidon. You have got more light than the people of Capernaum. So the people of this city are worse sinners than they were in the days of Jesus Christ, for you have got more light. There you stand condemned before God.

Here is one of the sweetest pictures of the love of God to man that has gone astray that I can find, so I bring it to you for my text. If you would ask me how best to overcome temptation and I could only answer in a sentence, I would say, "Keep back from Satan. Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, and idle man tempts the devil."

Tattooed on the arm of a French convict were the words, "I never did a day's work in my life." The fellow that stands around with his hands in his pockets pocketing the money, it won't be long until he tries to get into the other fellow's pockets. Idleness is the foe of youth. It is the curse of mankind. Oh, "no trade" is the passport, and the passport by which 50 per cent of our criminals enter the penitentiaries and the penitentiaries of the land.

Street loafers grow up to be gunmen, with no object and aim in life. Oh, an idle brain is the devil's workshop. Keep busy for God, my friends, and then you will never land in perdition.

David's Idleness Caused Trouble. David was living in the midst of ease and luxury and do you know in one little corner of his kingdom he had a little case of insubordination, an incipient sort of rebellion, and instead of going down there to put down the insubordination he delegated that to Joab. David stayed at home and he was talking of walking on the housetops in the cool of the evening. They built the houses close together in those days and they didn't have ground spread out all over creation and they didn't build the roof of the house on a flat like we do a tin roof, and so they used to walk on the roof. That's where they got the roof garden idea. And we gild the dome of our temples. The first dome that was gilded with gold was Solomon's temple. There is where we got the idea. We think we are great. Old Solo, the man that was back yonder. See?

So David was walking on the housetops in the cool of the evening and he saw a woman famed for her symmetry of form and beauty of face, Bathsheba. And there came to David a shot of sin.

Thought Comes First. No man or woman ever sinned that didn't first think the sin. No man ever reached out his hand to steal that the thief in him didn't steal first. No man ever used his lips to lie that he didn't lie in his mind and his heart first. No man ever reached forth his hand to shed the blood of his fellow-man that he didn't shed the blood in his thoughts first, because he that is angry is a murderer. No man ever stooped to commit sin of any kind that didn't first commit the sin in his heart.

"Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him."

You say, "Is a man responsible for his thoughts?" He certainly is. Why, you say, a dear, good man like Mr. Talmadge said, "You can't prevent the birds from flying over your head, but you can prevent them from lodging in your hair. But a greater man than Mr. Talmadge said, 'As a man thinketh, so he is.'"

If a man sows evil thoughts then he will have an evil desire. If he has an evil desire, then he will put the desire into evil acts, for the acts will be the fruitage of his desires. When he sows evil acts he sows evil habits and keeps doing it.

The fellow that is a drunkard had to take the first drink. The man that never takes the first can't possibly sow the seed of the habit of drunkenness. Then, when you sow an evil habit, you reap an evil character, and God draws the line, my friends, at character. A man becomes a criminal by his action. He becomes a sinner by his thoughts. No matter how much you may think against the laws of state, that doesn't make you a criminal, but you are on the road to become a criminal. No matter how much you may think against the laws of state, no officer has the right to go up and pinch you until you put your thoughts into actions, and if your actions are contrary to the laws of this state, then you are a criminal. No matter whether you feel like a criminal or not. If you act contrary to the law, you are a criminal. See? All right. And if you act contrary to God's law you are a sinner.

It isn't a question whether you feel like a sinner or not. That doesn't enter into it. You are. But when a man becomes a criminal he becomes a criminal by his actions, but if he never puts his thoughts into action and his actions are not contrary, well, then he is never a criminal. But if a man has a sinner by his thoughts. He doesn't need to put his thoughts into action to be a sinner. When he thinks or acts he is a sinner. So he plays both ends against the middle. He whipsaws.

Gives Illustration From Bible. Now to give you an illustration: Moses said, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," referring to the act of sin. Jesus said, "I say unto you, whoever looketh upon a woman to lust after her, has committed adultery with her already in his heart, and so a man thinketh in his heart, so he is." He requires purity of thought as well as of action.

Dr. J. C. Holland, in his little book entitled "Gold Foil," tells of a lovely island washed by waters that were peaceful, where flora and fauna vied with each other to wear a crown. There were fruits in abundance and flowers of every hue, trees and fruit from every paradise. And a maiden gently steers a wave-kissed keel, and yonder she is lost in a labyrinth of bewitching beauty as she leaps from her canoe and creeps beneath the foliage dripping with dew and kissed with sparkling jewels. And farther down the beach a young man comes in his canoe, and he bends and creeps beneath the foliage and disappears, farther down a husband; farther still, a wife. An hour passes and they return to their canoes and they land from whence they came.

"What is that island?" asks Dr. Holland, and then he answers his own inquiry by saying: "It is the island of your thoughts and your longings and your imaginations where all unseen you play your tiny craft."

Where have you been today in your thoughts? The secret of whose person do you approach in your longings? What do you desire to do my friends? Therefore, as you think in your thoughts, so you are.

A friend of mine sat in a rich and fashionable church and they were receiving into membership, oh, about 100 people, and a Baptist church. They came to the point in it where they asked all that would extend the right hand of fellowship to him. I just don't know the wording. Everybody arose except a woman that sat next to my friend and he knew her.

He said, "You are a member of this church?" She said, "Yes." "You are going to rise and say that you will extend the right hand of fellowship to those that are coming in?"

She said, "No, they are coming from our mission church, and I am not going to stand and say that I will give them the right hand of fellowship."

Was Not True Christian. And yet that busy had the audacity to say she was a follower of Jesus Christ. She was so close to hell that she could look into it.

"Whoever is born of God believeth that Jesus is the Christ." "You believe that He is the Son of God and that your salvation is through faith in Him?"

"Whoever is born of God believeth that Jesus is the Christ." "Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ?"

Nobody is born of God who denies that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. They are not born of God; they can't be. There is no Christianity outside of Jesus Christ.

"Whoever is born of God overcometh the world." How does that sound? "Whoever is born of God overcometh the world."

There are two verses of Scripture which I would like to emblazon over this city. I would like to hire a man to carry banners by day and transparencies by night, and would like to paint them on the sidewalks and have the city commissioners make an appropriation, erect towers and emblazon them in front of buildings and from the top like they do electric signs. I would like to put them along the railroad tracks just as they do Bull Durham smoking tobacco, so the people could read free.

"Be sure your sins will find you out." I don't know how, I don't know when, I don't know where. "Be sure your sins will find you out." Right? Right, that I would like to put another verse.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Hallelujah!

I tell you, folks, I never used to understand what they meant when they said:

"I will cast your sins behind my back." That is a figure that God uses. I know now. I can't see what is behind my back. That is what God says becomes of your sins. I will cast them behind my back. God says:

"I will cast them into the deepest depths of the sea." Over near the Friendly Islands in the Pacific coast, they have lowered the chain six and one-half miles and haven't found the bottom yet. There is a valley six and one-half miles deep, a mountain peak higher than Mt. Everest of the Himalayas was, which is 29,000 feet, or five miles. God says:

"I will cast them into the deepest depths of the sea." Two miles of water roll over the Titanic. Out there it is six and one-half miles.

Oh, you can't see when there is six and one-half miles rolling over. That is what becomes of my sins, God says:

"I cast them behind my back. I cast them into the deepest depths of the sea. I will remember your transgressions against you no more forever." Oh, the beautiful hands that never

God Forgives If Man Repents. God passes an act of forgetfulness and oblivion. If there is any man this side of hell that I absolutely despise with every drop of my blood, every molecule, and brain nerve; if there is any man this side of hell that I absolutely despise with every drop of blood in my body, it is the dirty, low down degenerate of hell, who throws it into your face and reminds you of somebody else of something you did once, when you are not doing that thing now. Such dirty dogs of hell can't bear to be decent themselves and they don't want anybody else to be decent, so they want to drag everybody down to their level.

God says: "I don't give a rap now what you have done. I have got a proposition to put up to every sinner on earth. It is your freedom. Do you want it? All I can do is to say it is here for you."

When a man takes his stand for Christ, God never holds the past against him. Never, never, never, never, never! He forgets it. He blots it out as with a cloud. He casts it into the deepest depths of the sea; it is behind his back. That is what becomes of it. So don't try and cover it up; you can't do that. Don't try and make yourself better. Just surrender without one plea, and God's forgiveness is yours.

God offers it to everybody. God is no respecter of persons. I have got a proposition to put up to every sinner on earth. It is your freedom. Do you want it? All I can do is to say it is here for you.

Sin's Ardent Foe



BILLY SUNDAY

Bob Matthews, Homer Rodeheaver and Mrs. William Asher, all of the Sunday party, will spend Monday in Cincinnati, giving a concert for some of their old Cincinnati friends, whom they learned to know while the party was there. If Mr. Sunday goes up to Winona Lake this Sunday evening, to return Tuesday noon (instead of 2:30) and takes along Albert Peterson, custodian of the tabernacle, Miss Kinney will be the only member of the Sunday party left in town.

MOTHER FINDS

(Continued from preceding page)

about the speedy bunch, he found out that his old mother had the old time religion. That is the first thing he learned and who na boy knows that, or a girl, take it from me, they are safe, because they will get some of it that their mothers got.

Emerson said, "Men are what their mothers make them," and if the mothers today were all true, then you could trust your boy to go away from home to school and not come back a little, dried up, weakened good-for-nothing, book-worm of infidelity, because he was influenced by some good-for-nothing, God-forsaken, hell-born person.

That is one trouble today with a great many of our institutions of learning. They have a lot of God-forsaken professors that will not recognize the faith of our boys and girls who go there. I tell you the students are all right. It is the faculty that are all wrong.

Preached in Many Colleges. I have preached in institutions of learning from one end of the land to the other. The only one I have ever kept out of was Princeton. I went down there and preached in the President's church and six hundred of the clean fellows walked down and said, "I take Jesus Christ for my God."

I preached at the University of Pennsylvania three times and six hundred of those men did the same thing. I went up to Dartmouth, one of the most democratic institutions in America, and when I was in Boston I went up there and I went up and preached to everybody in the gymnasium in the afternoon and in Webster Hall in the evening. I went over to Cornell. Spoke twice and it was estimated that twenty-five hundred took their stand, and Cornell has the finest looking bunch you ever laid your eyes on. The student body is all right. God bless them. There is no power on earth that can lift to Heaven and shove to hell.

Oh! The beautiful hands that never the Pacific coast, they have lowered the chain six and one-half miles and haven't found the bottom yet. There is a valley six and one-half miles deep, a mountain peak higher than Mt. Everest of the Himalayas was, which is 29,000 feet, or five miles. God says:

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AUTO CHECK SYSTEM BEGINS TO FUNCTION

Plans for checking the cars that are parked near the tabernacle have been completed, and men were on the job Thursday night for the first time.

"We want it made clear that the system of checking is under the direction of the tabernacle committee," Ora Stegall said, "and that the sum of 10 cents is charged for the service is to pay the men who actually do the guarding of the cars."

"All of the men who are employed have been selected only after they have presented references," he said, "and are competent to do good work in insuring that there will be no cars stolen."

The system was developed as the reason no person is permitted to take from near the tabernacle during the previous week. While the charge is not compulsory, those who do pay the charge and are given tags for their machines, are insured protection, beyond such a car without first presenting the stubs.

The cars are to be parked on the side streets at the same angle that they are parked on the down town popularity of the number.

tired at the call of the children, and on the Rosary of a Mother, they are counting another bead.

I read an article some time ago, by a police commissioner of New York, Arthur Wood, and he said some of the most remarkable things.

Some children had asked a question on why girls go wrong and said it was a matter of fathers and mothers and home rather than economics. But the nearest you can come to it is to say that the home life is wrong and the mother has more to do with the home than the father or the brother or the sister; and has more influence over the girl too. And if you lay the blame on the mother then you have to go back and find why the mother was unable to do more for the daughter than she did.

Mother's Do Her Work. There is the hard-working mother. She works her heart out trying to cook attractive meals and food prices soaring as if they were tied to the tails of a kite. And perhaps the daughter goes wrong because the mother was so busy she did not have time to give her attention.

Then there is the ill-tempered, fault-finding mother. Slaps, whacks, yells and breeds ill temper. Oh! the daughter in such a home is exposed to wrong influences outside.

Then there is the delicate mother. Her work is minimized. She never has to build a fire, she spends the time visiting her neighbors, always dressed up. Keeps her husband's nose to the grind stone 365 days a year, to keep that little dog. Now she gazes into the shop window, has to have a maid to take care of her children, and when the whistle blows she rushes to the telephone, calls up her grocer and gets her groceries delivered. Such a mother does not make a home.

Then there is the faddist mother. She buys the latest in dresses and hats. She wears a velvet hat in August because that is going to be the style in October. I got down where you live there.

And she thinks all there is to raising her children is a matter of elegance. Just a matter of symmetry and form. Forget it. A home ought to come first. If you put the home second the kids will play the second fiddle all the time.

Discontented Mother Causes Trouble. Then there is the discontented mother. She does not like her job. She fails to make home attractive. She is not maternal by nature. No, she does not understand her children. Her children are a mere account instead of the life and the core of her existence and if they go straight it is fifty-fifty.

Then there is the unreligious mother. She has no ideals. Holds up no pictures of Love, Service or Sacrifice. Does nothing for the spiritual side of her children. All human nature craves something that will satisfy the soul.

But mothers must not shoulder all the blame for those irresponsible, shiftless drunkards and gamblers, who are home to eat and get money. He expects his wife and his children to do whatever he says all the time.

But, my friends, these brutes are not always poor. They are sometimes club-going men. Seldom see their children. Eat their meals at the club, get home late at night when every child is in bed, get up late in the morning when the children have gone to school. The daughters of such homes go wrong—and it is no surprise.

All simmered down, what makes the girl good? By being educated by her parents; and whenever a baby is born be sure that it has every mental and moral and physical and religious training in this old world. Therefore, good homes and good fathers and mothers for good children.

Home Training Really Needed. The report on most delinquent girls shows that there is no home training. Oh! you need not be afraid that that fellow will kidnap them in the street. I tell you what you need to fear is that they will be tempted to live a life of sin by promise of fine clothes or by easy living; but you do not forget that all the time you are on the toboggan slide.

There is the girl that is the street walker. She keeps going down and down hill as sure as you live and breathe, and she seems to love all parents or shame; and as a rule, when a girl starts out in a life of sin and shame she will remain there until the end.

Perhaps she is afraid to face life. Perhaps she does not care. Perhaps nobody would care to hear her, so she goes out. She is discouraged. Now, what comes from not being taught that all girls are human? She must have life, she must have light, and she must have joy; and if she cannot have it in her home, she will get it in dance halls, cabarets or these houses of sin.

Prostitution is the oldest profession in existence, and it will never be stamped out until the hearts of men and women have been changed by the gospel of Jesus Christ. Public sentiment can help some.

There is a disagreeable subject to have to be discussed. You have to do something to arouse people to a sense of the situation; you cannot allow those black-hearted degenerates to go ahead and practice their trade without a protest. Someone has got to do it.

There is power in a mother's kiss to give inspiration and courage and hope; and one kiss made Benjamin West a painter. A kiss will cure all the ills of life. A kiss will give strength where there is weakness.

If we knew the baby fingers, pressed against the window pane, Would be cold and stiff tomorrow—never trouble us again— Would the bright eyes of our darling catch the frown upon our brow?

Would the prints of rosy fingers vex us then as they do now? Let us gather us the sunbeams lying all around our path. Let us keep the wheat and roses, casting out the thorns and chaff. Let us find the sweetest comfort in the blessing of today. With patient hands removing all the briars from the way.

That is what God wants us to do. Then there is power in a mother's smile. If you want to see a boy outdo himself, you watch him when he is cheered by his mother's smile. A long face is the last face to be seen in a mother.

My father went to war before I was born. Mother said, "Boys, you will have to go and get wood." It was getting dark and we were afraid. But we went to dig the wood out of the wood pile. The saw was dull and we sawed and split it. We said: "Mother, will you sit in the window and watch us?"

Of course, she did. Every mother would be sitting there. Mother is up in Heaven now. Just slipped away without saying "Good-bye," but I know that she is sitting at the window of Heaven looking down upon her children who are working until the toll in this old world is over and God says "It is enough, Bill; come up here." She is the inspiration of my life.

There Is Power In Mother's Song. There is power in a mother's song. The best music in the world is what mother makes. No brass band or pipe organ, can hold a candle to a mother's song. Patti and Nordica and Homer and Geraldine Farrar—they are wonderful, they are in a class by themselves. All up and down the land they sing, but no song has music that mother makes kind of tender to our heart strings a little more than anybody else's song, and I will be disappointed if there is no mother song in Heaven.

What do you care about an angel's harp and song if there is no mother's song? There is more in the songs than a minstrel's or poet's song. Did you ever hear a mother sing with her baby on her breast, wondering whether it would get well or die? Her voice may not please an artist, but her song will. And the best music, the songs that have moved the world, were not written by the great masters. But there is nothing in art that can put into melody the happiness that associations bring, and when you hear a song that mother sing, it drives your mind back 30 or 40 years to the mother of Jesus.

And it will be found when you get to Heaven that many of the best songs in Heaven are mother songs. Then, again, there is power in a mother's love. And how was God ever to tell this old world that he loved it without a mother's love? I think if the devil were to pale and get cold feet it was when a mother's love first flared up in a woman's heart. A mother has to love her baby before it is born. It may grow up and may become vile, but she will still love it. One of the awful things about hell will be—no mother love in hell! Nothing in hell but black, bottomless hate.

Mother's Love Cheers World. And though her boy with bleared and blood-stained eye stands under the hangman's rope, mother will love him for what he might have been. Thank God for what mother love has done for this old world and for putting into a mother's heart that love.

Take this child and nurse it for me. As that child was put in that mother's arms as a trust so that child has been put in your arms as a trust from God. No mother has any right to raise her children for pleasure any more than I have a right to go down from this platform and pick your pockets or throw cayenne pepper in your eyes. And the mother who is unfaithful to her trust is one of the greatest sinners on the face of this earth.

Take this child and raise it for me. That is all the business you have with it. "It is a jewel polish it for me." Who knows but that Judas became the miserable traitor that he did because of a goddess mother?

Who are more to be blamed for the crowded conditions of our prisons from Sing Sing to California? In every one of them men have cursed their mothers. Whenever a Spartan did wrong, his mother was punished for it.

Raise The Child For Heaven. "Take this child and raise it for me." Not for the world, not for the dance hall, not for anything that is coarse, not for the ball-room for infidelity, or to marry some old fellow with more money than morals, and that is not saying he is rich. Not to marry some fellow who is so vile and rotten that the devil would duck up an alley to keep from meeting him in the streets.

Some years ago when Bishop Thoburn was in active service he came back and urged people to enlist as missionaries in India. He talked two boys and they