

# BILLY SUNDAY REVIVAL SUPPLEMENT

## Of THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM

TABERNACLE ON SOUTH FIFTEENTH STREET

RICHMOND, IND., MAY 22, 1922.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING SERVICES

### Judgment Stares Every Man In Face; He Cannot Escape Day of Reckoning--Sunday

Christians Need Not Fear Death and Eternity Because They Have Prepared for That Event, But Unbelievers and Infidels Should Take Warning, Says Evangelist on Sunday Night--Asks for Repentance While There Is Time.

"The Judgment" was the topic on which Rev. W. A. Sunday preached as follows Sunday night:

I have a text tonight, a part of which at least every man or woman in this tabernacle believes in. Some may say, "I do not believe in eternal life."

Still another may say, "I do not believe in Jesus Christ."

And a third may say, "I do not believe in the Bible."

I do not care whether you believe that there is a heaven or hell or Christ or God or anything or anybody.

It is appointed unto men once to die. You believe that much, don't you, whether you believe in God or not.

It is appointed unto men once to die. And if you admit that is true, you are forced by all logic to admit that the rest of it is true.

So, you know you have to die, and you may also know that after death you will be judged.

It is appointed unto men once to die, but after death, the judgment.

We are startled at the very announcement of the word, "Judgment." You'd be forever lost, not that you haven't known what to do, but you have known and refused.

No man is absolutely indifferent, if I could prove that this is your last week on earth, you wouldn't be concerned whether we could succeed in business or not.

If I could prove this was your last day on earth and that tomorrow afternoon you'd be in the coffin, I know what you'd do. You'd spend the intervening time getting ready to meet the God that some of you have spurned, and you'd prepare to stand before the God you know you'd have to meet in twenty-four hours.

Everything that has happened can happen in the next hour. In the next hour, children will be born, 6,000 people will die, your house may burn, your fortune may be stolen, the train may go into the ditch, an automobile may turn turtle, you may be on the operating table, you may be in heaven or you may be in hell--every thing that has happened can happen in the next hour or in the next twenty-four hours.

Change Your Way Now

What change there'd be in our living if we only believed! They say there is a railroad up in Canada which hangs red lights on one side of the track when there is danger on that side. If you are going in the opposite direction, it shows on the right hand side of the track and means danger, but it depends altogether upon the direction on which you are going.

It will depend upon your attitude toward God. But if your back is turned toward Jesus Christ, I pray from the depths of my soul I may be privileged to say something to arouse you from utter indifference.

We are looking for the best of it--everybody. When the French commission was in Chicago a girl went up to Forbeau, the Blue Devil, a fine looking fellow, and shook his hand and said "Captain Forbeau, has that hand killed a German?"

"I presume it has, Madame."

Then she bowed down and fervently kissed his hand.

Marshall Joffe, who was standing by, said, "Why didn't you tell her you bit them."

So we are all looking for the best of it. Distance and time produce about the same effect as distance and space. If I should tell you you'd die within twenty-four hours and could prove it, your attitude toward God wouldn't be the same as it is now. If I'd tell you, "Yonder is a planet hundreds of miles away, and it would take twenty years for it to reach the earth," you wouldn't worry.

If I said, "Yonder is a planet and it would strike this world in twenty-four hours," I'll bet it would have a different effect on you.

So, I don't know how long you will live until you face the judgment. I only know you will when you are through with this life. But I am not concerned about it for myself. I have the words of Jesus, He that heareth my words, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

Unbelievers Are Doomed.

I have the words of Paul, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit," but my heart goes out to the man or woman who may be here this afternoon bound hand and foot by lust and avarice and greed and sensuality and unbelief, and that are a slave to your sins with the hope of God, that He will snap the bonds and set you free.

So, there are special reasons why I have chosen this message. First, not a man or woman here today but that must stand before God, in the judgment. I presume there isn't a person here who doesn't believe that I know of at least one, if I were condemned to die, I know Mrs. Sunday would be glad to take my place, but as dearly as she loves me, she could not answer for me at the judgment, neither can I answer for you.

It is a personal matter. That is one thing you've got to settle for yourself. Nobody else can substitute for you when it comes to standing before God in the judgment.

When I was down in San Diego, at the exposition, I went down to Tlalana, in Mexico. One of the vilest, most degenerate and harlot-soaked towns on the face of the earth is Tlalana, Mexico.

We are all travelers to the Kingdom of God.

Some years ago, a woman whose son in New York spent all that she could earn over the wash tub for whiskey--she said to him, "Son, I think if the judge sends you to the island for a few weeks, you might sober up and earn a living for me, instead of taking all I earn."

So at her request they appeared one morning at Jefferson Park police court, and the judge said, "Stand up and receive your sentence."

The old mother jumped to her feet and ran to his side and she said, "Judge, I can't, I can't, I can't. He is my boy, and I love him with all his sins," and she swooned and fell dead at his feet. At the post mortem examination revealed the fact that she literally died of a broken heart. As dearly as she loved that Godless, wayward, drunken loafer of a bum, she couldn't answer for him in the judgment.

It is a personal question. Also, I have chosen it for another reason, that it will make you stop and think. I pray God you may hear my text above the tick of the clock. I pray Him you may hear it above the roar of business. I pray you may hear it above the voice of your children. I pray as you walk the streets your steps may echo and resound back the words of judgment. I pray it may ring through your ears long after my voice has ceased its pleadings, long after my face has been forgotten, and I have turned to other parts of the country to hold up the bleeding form of Jesus Christ.

And I stand with the old Book of God beneath my feet and behind my back as authority and I cry out to every unsaved man, "And after death, the judgment."

The most startling question ever asked was, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Next to life, the most universal thing is death--dead cities, dead nations, dead republics, dead ambitions, dead consciences, dead loved ones--oh, how short is life!

Spencer said, "It seems that all that a man can do is to make his mark and then put on his shroud."

George Eliot said, "How swiftly the years rush by."

Wants a Few Years More.

Pope Leo XIII, when he was ninety years old, said, "I feel that I need four years more in which to complete my life's plans."

And Queen Elizabeth cried, "All my possessions for one moment of time."

Carnegie said, "I will give \$200,000,000 for a new lease on life, yes, for ten years."

Fine, I can live. So, I take my stand and cry out, "The judgment!"

Years ago a friend of mine, who worked up in the north and lived in the south, returned to his town, and they said to him, "The old sheriff Mr. Sackey, is dying. He has never allowed a preacher in his home. Maybe he will let you come." And my friend went and rapped on the door, and when they saw who was there they went in to ask him, and to their surprise and delight, the old infidel sheriff said, "Bring him in."

My friend stepped to the bedside and said to him, "Mr. Sackey, the doctors tell me you are a very sick man and that you haven't long to live."

He looked at my friend a moment. He struggled, raised up and said: "Well, sir, I have walked down the cannon's mouth in twenty-six battles and skirmishes. I have seen and faced death in all forms and phases on the battlefield. I am not afraid to meet the enemy, you call death," and he fell back with a look of triumph over his face.

Sees His Mistake.

My friend bent over him and said: "What about the judgment, the Bible says, 'It is appointed unto men once to die,' and you admit that death isn't far away; but what about the judgment after you are through?"

The old man looked up and the tears glistened in his eyes and trickled down his cheeks. He said: "I hadn't thought about the judgment. I am not prepared for that, and if there is a judgment when I am gone I am not ready, I have persuaded myself that death was an eternal sleep."

And I have chosen it because I hope it will make you honest and true. Most men of Christ are not honest. I don't mean you'd steal or cheat in business. I don't mean you would be false to your wife or to your husband. I mean you are not honest about spiritual things--that is what I mean.

You say: "Well, I don't feel like it."

Oh, religion is not a product of emotions. Religion is obedience to a command of God. I don't put religion on a low basis of pure feeling alone, the feeling is the result of your faith.

There is Joy To Be Saved.

A man believes to be saved. Now he feels happy that he did believe. But hear me! If I had no thoughts on religion, I'd be alarmed, if I had no feeling in that arm, or that side, or that limb, do you know what I'd do? I'd hire the best doctors in this city--and you've got some crack-brains. If they couldn't do it, I'd wire to Baltimore for my friends Finney and Howard Kelley. If they couldn't help me, I'd rush to my friends in

### The Cross of Jesus Christ Will Never Perish, Declares Billy Sunday in Sermon



If I could prove that this was your last day on earth and that tomorrow afternoon you would be in the coffin, I know what you would do. You'd spend the intervening time getting ready to meet the God that some of you have spurned, and you'd prepare to stand before the God you know you'd have to meet in 24 hours.

Nobody else can substitute for you when it comes to standing before God in judgment.

Next to life the most universal thing is death--dead cities, dead nations, dead republics, dead ambitions, dead consciences, dead loved ones--oh, how short is life.

Religion is not a product of emotion. Religion is obedience to a command of God. Don't put religion on a low basis of feeling alone, the feeling is the result of your faith.

A man believes to be saved.

God holds you responsible for your will, not your feelings, exercising your will upon Christ through faith.

Infidelity laughs at believing and applauds dogma. I challenge all the combined forces of unbelief, for their achievements have utterly and eternally failed to bring relief. They have never gladdened one waste spot in the desert of doubt in the world and lifted any one to a noble life.

There are multitudes in hell. They regret the opportunities they let go by. They'd give worlds to have one more, but it isn't theirs.

Your conscience is that sense with which you distinguish right from wrong and white from black. Much of what is called modern doubt is simply the neglect of fine feeling.

Some people spend a lot of dough to have their lives written before they die. Don't waste it. God is writing a better book than you will ever write and when God gets through, it will be no work of fiction.

Some plunge into pleasures trying to drown memories.

Sin is the bar that prevents sinners from entering the harbor of salvation.

God offers you the way of escape now.

God alone has the power of pardon, and that is only through your faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

### Three Crosses on Calvary Are Typical of Man's Attitude to God's Gracious Desire to Save

In Sermon, Preached Only Once Before, Rev. W. A. Sunday on Sunday Morning, Says Crosses of Two Malefactors Represent Two Types of Sinners While Cross of Christ Stands for Redemption--Knights Templar Present.

The Knights Templar, Sunday morning, pledged their faith in Jesus Christ, when at the tabernacle, the whole delegation, with all their plumes and regalia, led the way for the traitors, and took Mr. Sunday's hand in token of their vow.

Nearly 250 persons came forward at the invitation, and 131 persons signed the card of the "Three Crosses," following the close of a sermon on the "Three Crosses," which Mr. Sunday has delivered but once before, and then not a part of his regular services.

The Knights marched to the tabernacle in a body, preceded by their banners, and were greeted with applause. Behind them came the wives of the members.

At the request of visitors, Mr. Roddeheaver sang "Open the Gates of the Temple," while on request of the

Knights, Mrs. Asher and Mr. Roddeheaver sang "The Old Rugged Cross."

Louis Jones of the South Eighth street church offered the opening prayer, while Rev. H. S. James, of the United Brethren, dressed in his regalia as a Knight offered the closing prayer.

Dr. R. W. Stokas, as chairman of the general committee of the campaign, in announcing the collection said that envelopes and checks for the final offering to Mr. Sunday were ready and that those who wished to give their donation this Sunday before they might not be here next Sunday could do so.

Every Man Worthy of His Hire.

"Every man is worthy of his hire," Rev. Stokas said, "and Mr. Sunday as the greatest of the evangelists is worthy of his."

"Don't you worry about not being able to hear me next Sunday," Mr. Sunday said, "for if necessary I shall preach four times so as to accommodate every one that wants to hear me on that day."

Speaking on Luke 23:33, "And when they came to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left," Rev. Sunday said:

The three crosses are typical of humanity in its relation to the plan of salvation, Mr. Sunday said, the great question is to which class do you belong?

Two of the crosses represent sinners. On the one side was the man that did not repent, even when he had the chance of salvation within his reach, within the sound of his voice.

What Two Crosses Represent

On the other side hung the repentant sinner, who recognized his opportunity, who gave his heart to Christ, and who had faith. In the center was the cross of our greatest ideal of sacrifice and love.

The left hand cross bore the robber who reviled Christ, the sarcastic, spewing type of man, who could not see another attempt to be right and just without cursing him, and hating what he had done.

That cross represents the elements of society that repudiate and reject Christ. No one knows the name of the man who hung there, it has never been recorded where man can find it, but in his story is found the history of that type of man from the beginning of the world unto the end.

The left cross hated the middle cross because he stood between him and the things that his craven heart wanted to do. The middle cross had done nothing to him, but that did not matter.

That thief is like the people of today that demand a philanthropic Christ, but not a redemptive one. The people represented by that cross will always have an enmity toward the central cross.

And that man is everywhere; yes, sir, he is found in the churches, he is

found in the lodge, he is found in high office, and his influence permeates wherever the devil finds a place to work, and that is every place that man goes.

Factions in our society, that talk doctrine, who favor and spew forth all of the isms and clisms that have just enough religion to make them float in their dauntless designs to doubt the divinity of Christ, and the existence of a hell for the damned and a heaven for the saved, are only typical men like the one that hung on the left.

Of course he scorned the Christ who was close to him, the Christ that could give him salvation, as he gave to the figure on the other cross. He is like some men who could listen to the sermons of Jesus himself, who could see him perform miracles, and still not recognize that he was the son of God.

He was an ingrate. "If thou be Christ, save yourself and us," he cried, and the Bible says he railed on Jesus. He did not have the spirit that asks for forgiveness, or that has faith. Because he was not taken from his misery he railed.

The man on the right cross was not as much to blame as the man of today who rejects Christ, for he had seen him on that cross for the first time, and Christ was not so widely known.

But thousands are being lost to hell today because of that little "if" that the thief put into his speech. It was that "if" that lost Ingersoll, that lost all of the other doubters.

The actions of the man on that cross were typical of the soldiers who mocked and called on Jesus to save himself.

"Thou that destroyest the temple and rebuildest it in three days, save yourself. If thou be the Son of God come down from the cross."

They lacked the faith. We know that Christ died on the cross for our sins, that his blood was shed as an atonement for us, but they could not understand that.

And those people that scorned Christ are just as alive in the world today. We find them all, in the church and out of it. Doubting the word of God, calling Jesus Christ a mortal man, and expecting things of him that it was not proper for him to do.

Infidels Are Well Known.

You know the doubters, the men who blaspheme the holy word of God the infidels who say, "I don't think there is a God."

"Why down in their dirty souls they know there is something which they cannot understand. They know that all of the morals which they boast as the panacea are based upon Christianity, and without it would never exist," declared Mr. Sunday. "And in their black ungrateful hearts they know that they have to thank Christ for all the honesty and the welfare of man that permits them to live in security and spit out their blasphemous ideas."

Next are the sceptics, that are not willing to give God an honest trial, a chance to demonstrate through their lives that there is a power in the love of Christ that has led men from sin to lives of usefulness, and snatched them from the burning mouth of hell and eternal damnation.

Filled with the venom of hatred, men have spat out and sneered at me, and I have said, "I don't care, I will stand on the cross. They act as though their own selfish wish to do only what benefits themselves alone were the rule that Christ and God should follow. Cannot Comprehend Life of Christ."

Little did they comprehend the richness and the beauty of the life that Christ led, let alone the sacredness and the benefit to us that his sacrifice on the cross has meant to the world. Christ died to save a sin-cursed world, he died that we might have salvation, if we have faith in him.

The end of that thief on the cross was but one. Utter destruction, with whatever punishment there is in store for the wicked, could be his only reward. Blaspheming against God, blaspheming when the salvation of the world was being given, when he could have by a single word joined in with the other thief, he missed the richest reward that any man could have.

"Many of you have been dented hard, and you owe it to Sunday for your awakening."

Many Hit Hard

"Not those that are not to be here next Sunday just make your offering to Billy Sunday tonight, so that he will be sure and get it. And make it big."

Dr. Rae was sitting in one of the newspaper boxes when called on to make his talk. Getting up on his chair he walked from the top of the platform to the table to the platform.

"You see if I had been a bearded eyed booze fighter, I could not have come out of there," he announced as he reached the pulpit, as his hearers applauded.

"Don't be afraid that you will not get to hear me on the last Sunday," Rev. Billy Sunday said, after Dr. Rae had returned to his seat by the same way that he had come here. "I have preached as many as five or six times on the last Sunday so that all could get in to hear me."

"I am not fearing that I will have to preach that many times here," he added, "for most of the hearers come in the afternoon and have to return to their farms, and cannot stay for the night services, but if necessary I shall preach four times."

"There are many things that we will learn in Heaven after we get there, that we do not know now," Sunday told his listeners, "and there are some things that I am going to ask about."

"I want to know why a prize fighter gets such large wages for just a little time, while a preacher has to work and preach for a full year to get \$2,000."

Dashing across the platform, his fists shaking in the air, with the sweat scattering from his nose and forehead like drops of rain, Sunday leaned over the far corner of the platform, and shouted, "I don't know why, but I'm going to know."

"The Love of God is the full tide that takes you across the bar," he declared, telling of the sand bars that are to be found in the mouths of some rivers, keeping only the smallest boats from entering harbor except at high tide.

"That sand bar represents your sin," Sunday roared, "but it is the forgiveness of Christ that you can depend upon to make the water deep enough

### GOT TO STAY UNTIL END ON JUDGMENT DAY

Chain Lightning Evangelist Rips Coat and Sweating in Every Pore, Describes Day of Reckoning.

### VERDICT IS DESCRIBED

Costless, sweating, and preaching under high pressure, Billy Sunday told an audience of 5,600 at the tabernacle Sunday night there would be one meeting at which everyone in Richmond would attend and stay to the end, and that was the judgment day.

Describing the final judgment, the session when God would judge the sinners and the saints, Sunday told of his meeting with God.

"Well, Bill, the books say that you have been pretty bad," said Sunday, telling of the meeting.

"Yes, I was."

"It says you got drunk."

"Yes, sometimes."

"It says you stole corn and water-melons."

"Yes."

"It tells of lot of things you did that we just won't mention here."

Thank you, Lord."

It also tells that one day in the Pacific Garden mission that you fell on your knees and gave your heart to God, and that you went up and down the land preaching the word of God, and salvation through the blood of my own beloved Son."

"Yes."

"Well, Bill, enter thou the Kingdom of Heaven."

"And," said Sunday, "in I will go!"

Scathes Infidels

Scathing the infidels and those that preach unbelief, telling of the courts on the earth and comparing them with the final judgment, which he declared was for everyone irrespective of their belief or disbelief in God, Sunday threw himself into his sermon with an abandon and recklessness of energy that astounded.

Ending his sermon with a fervent prayer for those who were in the audience to come forward and confess their belief in Jesus Christ while the opportunity was still with them, Sunday gave the invitation and 35 persons came down the shavings trail, shook Billy's hand and signed pledges of belief in Jesus Christ.

Before the sermon, Mrs. Asher and Mr. Roddeheaver sang one of Bob Matthews' new songs, "There is a Haven of Refuge."

Mr. William Asher, husband of Mrs. Virginia Asher, then called to the platform to be introduced, and received a round of applause.

The "City Unseen," a duet by Homer Roddeheaver and his brother William Roddeheaver was so strongly applauded that when Mr. Roddeheaver tried to get the chorus to sing a song the applause of the audience drowned out the piano. The brothers had to sing the second verse before the regular program could be continued.

Rev. J. J. Rae, in telling the audience of the benefit that Billy Sunday had done to Richmond said, "I thank God for the awakening of the conscience of need, and the growth of spiritual power that I have had since Sunday came here. Rev. Sunday has hit me hard, and I have a good many dents that he has given me, without even the semblance of an apology."

Many of you have been dented hard, and you owe it to Sunday for your awakening."

Not those that are not to be here next Sunday just make your offering to Billy Sunday tonight, so that he will be sure and get it. And make it big."

Dr. Rae was sitting in one of the newspaper boxes when called on to make his talk. Getting up on his chair he walked from the top of the platform to the table to the platform.

"You see if I had been a bearded eyed booze fighter, I could not have come out of there," he announced as he reached the pulpit, as his hearers applauded.

"Don't be afraid that you will not get to hear me on the last Sunday," Rev. Billy Sunday said, after Dr. Rae had returned to his seat by the same way that he had come here. "I have preached as many as five or six times on the last Sunday so that all could get in to hear me."

"I am not fearing that I will have to preach that many times here," he added, "for most of the hearers come in the afternoon and have to return to their farms, and cannot stay for the night services, but if necessary I shall preach four times."

"There are many things that we will learn in Heaven after we get there, that we do not know now," Sunday told his listeners, "and there are some things that I am going to ask about."

"I want to know why a prize fighter gets such large wages for just a little time, while a preacher has to work and preach for a full year to get \$2,000."

Dashing across the platform, his fists shaking in the air, with the sweat scattering from his nose and forehead like drops of rain, Sunday leaned over the far corner of the platform, and shouted, "I don't know why, but I'm going to know."

"The Love of God is the full tide that takes you across the bar," he declared, telling of the sand bars that are to be found in the mouths of some rivers, keeping only the smallest boats from entering harbor except at high tide.

"That sand bar represents your sin," Sunday roared, "but it is the forgiveness of Christ that you can depend upon to make the water deep enough