

# BILLY SUNDAY REVIVAL SUPPLEMENT OF THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM

TABERNACLE ON SOUTH FIFTEENTH STREET

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## 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 one 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 week 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 stooped down and fervently kissed his hand.

Marshal Joffre, who was standing by, said, "Why didn't you tell her you bit him?"

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 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, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that beareth my words, and believeth in 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 walks 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 Tijuana, in Mexico. One of the vilest, most degenerate and harlot-soaked towns on the face of the earth is Tijuana, Mexico.

We are all travelers to the King-

## 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 trail hitters, and took Mr. Sunday's hand in token of their vow.

Nearly 250 persons came forward at the invitation, and 131 persons signed cards as "trail hitters," 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. Rodeheaver sang "Open the Gates of the Temple," while on request of the

### TODAY'S BEST STORY IN BILLY'S SERMON

Your memory is immortal. Every county has a recorder's office, where papers are made out. If you want to know who owns a piece of property, if there is anything against it go down to the recorder's office—that's the last word.

God makes every mind keep its own records. How will he do it except through your memory? Brooks has a marvelous memory. Brooks says the human intellect never forgets a thing. This is a wonderful statement.

Sometimes in your life all you have ever known will come back to you and you will recall it. King Cyrus could call by name 25,000 men in his army. This gave him a wonderful power over men.

They say of Horace Greeley that he could read columns after column of the New York Tribune and then repeat it word for word from memory.

Moody said he met a Scotchman in Glasgow that could repeat the Bible from Genesis to Revelations from memory. I saw a Japanese student in the Armour Institute in Chicago that could repeat from memory the first five books of the Old Testament, Psalms and every book in the New Testament word for word.

There was a man in Elkhart, Indiana, who worked for the railroad. He could stand on the platform and let a freight train of 50 cars go by and he'd look at the numbers and he'd turn around and put those numbers down accurately and chronologically as the cars went by. Let a train go by at 100 miles an hour and he'd stand there and look at them and put these numbers down accurately. You couldn't repeat three of them!

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 theisms and cisms that have just enough religion to make them float in their damnable designs to doubt the divinity of Christ and the existence of the hell for the damned and a heaven for the saved, are only typical men like the one 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 rallied 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 rallied.

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 duffers.

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 rebuildeth it in three days, save thyself. 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 and Christ 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.

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. Rodeheaver sang one of Bob Mathews' new songs, "There is a Haven of Refuge."

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

The "City Unseen," a duet by Horace Rodeheaver and his brother William Rodeheaver was so strongly applauded that when Mr. Rodeheaver tried to get the chorus to sing a song the applause of the audience drowned out the piano. The two 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 debts that he has given me, without even the semblance of an apology."

Many Hit Hard

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

"Now those that are not to be heroes 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 press table to the platform.

"You see if I had been a blear-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 up. "I have preached as many as five or six times on the last Sunday so that all could get in to hear me."

Willing to Preach

"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 said to 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 fist 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

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AFTERNOON AND EVENING SERVICES

## 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

Catheless, 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 watermelons."

"Yes."

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

"Thank you, Lord."