

The
NIGHTINGALE



of the
PSALMS

By
Jarrette E. Aycock

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JARRETTE E. AYCOCK

The
Nightingale of The Psalms

An Exposition of the 23rd Psalm

By Evangelist Jarrette E. Aycock.



SEVENTIETH THOUSAND

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FOREWORD

To the reading public—

Let me say to you, if you want to read something that is good, read this Nightingale of the Psalms by Rev. Jarrette E. Aycock, for it is simply wonderful what he gets out of it. I think Brother Aycock has the most beautiful description of this Psalm I ever read. It ought to sell by the tens of thousands, for it will bless every heart that reads it. It will give you an insight into the Twenty-third Psalm you never had before. He brings out of this Psalm, gold mines, oil wells, and rich treasures. Don't fail to read it. Buy them by the dozens and give to your neighbors, it will bless you to do it.

In perfect love and all for Jesus,
BUD ROBINSON.

THE NIGHTINGALE OF THE PSALMS.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE 23RD PSALM.

BY

EVANGELIST JARRETTE E. AYCOCK.

Some one has called this Psalm "The Nightingale of the Bible." Some have called it, "The Little Bible." Others call it "The Christians' Check Book." All of these are good, but to us it seems the first expresses it best, for they say the Nightingale is the sweetest singer of all birds, and surely this Psalm is the sweetest of all Psalms. Perhaps there is no more familiar chapter in the Bible or one from which saints have drawn more encouragement. It does not seem so long, only six verses, but when we try to fathom it we find its depth is unsearchable and its promises are everlasting; and I dare say there are not another six verses in the Bible around which cluster so many precious promises, and it is these promises which we wish to bring to your heart and mind.

"I SHALL NOT WANT"

A little girl in trying to quote the first verse said, "The Lord is my Shepherd, that is all I want;" and how true that is,—all we want, all we need, and far more than we can

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ever make use of. "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want," for "My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in Glory by Christ Jesus." "For your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before you ask Him." And "The Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." And Jesus tells us, "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you;" and again, "I say unto you, ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you, for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." Therefore, the Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

"REST"

I shall not want for rest; for, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:" and says Jesus in Matthew 11:28, 29, and 30, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." In Hebrews, the fourth chapter, we read, "Let us there-

fore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." And again, "There remaineth a rest to the people of God." Job tells us of a place "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." I shall not want for rest for he maketh me to lie down in green pastures.

"REFRESHMENTS"

"I shall not want for refreshments for he leadeth me beside the still waters;" and in Isaiah 55:1 we read, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." I don't know what that invitation means to you, but it means much to me. The night I went into the little mission where Jesus saved me, if they had come to me and said, "Young man, if you will give us \$15.00 you can get saved," I would have gone away in sin, for I didn't have that much money; if they had said give us a mortgage on your home or property, I would have gone out without Christ for I had no home and owned nothing that I could have given a lien upon, and even if they had said, "Get some one to go your security," I would have had to go away unsaved and might

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have been lost now, for I don't know of any one who would have stood good for me. I didn't hear that, but I will tell you what I did hear; I heard him saying, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," and that sounded mighty good to me, and, "He that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat"; and that just fitted my case. "Yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." And again, I heard from Revelation 22:17, "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come." And then he capped the climax and I knew that he took me in when he said, "And whosoever will let him come and take of the water of life freely." Jesus said to the woman at the well, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: But 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 into everlasting life." And in Revelations we read, "For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I shall not want for refreshments for He leadeth me beside the still waters.

“FORGIVENESS”

I shall not want for forgiveness, for “He restoreth my soul,” and 1 John 1:9 says, “If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” David said, “Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered, and Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people, thou hast covered all their sin.” O you who are backslidden need not want for forgiveness, for He will restore your soul.

“GUIDANCE”

I shall not want for guidance, for “He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name’s sake.” The wise man says, “In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths.” Here is the success or failure of every Christian life; he who acknowledges Him in all his ways is a success; the one who does not is a failure. Isaiah says, “The Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.” The Psalmist tells us how God says, “I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eyes.” Yea the

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eyes of the Lord run to and fro, throughout the whole earth in behalf of those that love Him. I shall not want for guidance, for "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

One night during a terrible storm a man walked along the shore of the sea, the clouds hung low overhead; the wind howled; thunders roared; lightning flashed and the rain poured down in torrents. The man pulling his big coat closer about him bent his body to the wind and rain and hurried home. A little bird lost in the storm sought shelter under his coat; he took it in his hand, carried it home, placed it in a warm cage that night, and the next morning after the storm had passed, and the clouds had cleared away, he took the little bird to the door, it paused on his hand for a moment; then lifting its tiny wings, it hurried back to its forest home, and Charles Wesley caught the vision, and going back to his room he wrote the words of that song which has become almost immortal:

"Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.

“Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

“Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.”

I shall not want for guidance, for “He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name’s sake.”

In Isaiah 42:16 we read, “I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.” Could we have gone a few years ago to an humble home in Bridgeport, Conn., we would have met the blind hymn writer, blind almost from her birth, who never enjoyed the pleasures of sight that we enjoy, and yet more hymns came from her pen than any other woman who ever lived; and as we approach her home, I imagine we might hear her singing the hope that rose triumphant in her heart:

“Some day when fades the golden sun,
Beneath the rosy tinted West,

My blessed Lord will say well done,
 And I shall enter into rest,
 And I shall see Him face to face,
 And tell the story, saved by grace."

But you will not find the blind hymn writer in Bridgeport, Conn., now, for Fanny Crosby has moved, and you will find her occupying a mansion somewhere on the gold-paved streets of the city of God; and I imagine if we could approach her door, we might hear her singing,

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
 That saved a wretch like me;
 I once was lost, but now I'm found;
 Was blind, but now I see."

I shall not want for guidance, for "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake," and brings the blind in a way that they knew not, and leadeth them in paths that they have not known.

Young man, young woman, whoever you are, I care not how much opposition you may have at home, if you will give your heart to God, and acknowledge Him in all your ways, not only will He direct your path, but He will lead you in the paths of righteousness and you can live a consistent Christian life in spite of the opposition.

This practice will enable the husband to

keep the victory over the unbelieving wife; and the woman who will give her heart to Christ, though her husband may oppose her, try her, criticise and persecute her, if she will acknowledge Jesus in all her ways, He will enable her to live the Christian life before the wicked husband and in most cases she will win him to Jesus before she dies.

I have heard the story of three gamblers who while gambling one night, began talking of religion. One big ruffian did not believe there was such a thing as genuine Christianity, but another said I know there is, and if you will go with me I will show you one person in the city who has genuine salvation. A wager was made regarding it, and leaving the gambling den they made their way to an humble home, the man rapped loudly at the door, and a kind voice asked, "Who's there?" He replied, that it was her husband, that he had brought some friends home and for her to get up at once and fix them something to eat; the kind voice answered, "All right I will be down in a minute." Presently a sad, but sweet-faced woman opened the door, whereupon the man followed by his friends walked in; without introducing them, he turned on her with an oath, saying, "Now we are tired and hungry and we want something to eat,

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and be quick about it." She kindly said, "All right, dear," and hurried away to the kitchen. The man pulled a table to the center of the room and gathering round it they renewed their game of cards; they forgot all about the issue, and why they were there, till there came floating into the room from the kitchen these words,

 "Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all this world go free?
No there's a cross for everyone,
 And there's a cross for me."

The big ruffian laid down his cards, but before he had time to speak, the words of another verse came floating in,

 "The consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free,
And then go home a crown to wear,
 For there's a crown for me."

The big gambler looked across the table at the other men and said: "If that little woman has a religion that will enable her to sing like that when she has three drunken ruffians in her home and she waiting upon them, that is what I want," and he went down on his knees and the other men followed, and the three gave their hearts to God. I shall not want for guidance, for "He

leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

"COURAGE"

I shall not want for courage. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me." "For this God is our God forever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," says the Psalmist, while John the Revelator says, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." While God speaks to us in Isaiah, saying, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness, For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee."

I heard Evangelist Rice tell how a friend of His in Chicago who had lived a life of sin and shame, was converted one night in a mission. After he was saved he brought his old mother to Chicago to live with him, and when she would go down to the mission and they would give an opportunity to quote scripture she would always

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quote, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me." But there came a time when his mother was no longer able to attend the mission, and he knew that her time was short. One day the doctor who had charge of her case said to him, "If you have anything to say to her, you had better do it now, for she can't last much longer." He went over to her bed, and said, "Mother do you know the condition you are in?" She answered, "Yes, son, I know I'll never get well." He said, "Mother I have heard you talk so many times about Jesus being with you in the valley; how is it now?" She answered "I never felt His presence more in all my life." Again he said, "Mother, I want to put it to a test, and I am going to ask you from time to time and if He is with you I want you to let me know by a word or a look, and when you step into the boat and start out across the river, if Jesus is with you then, I want you to press my hand." Presently he bent over her and asked, "How is it now?" and she said, "Each moment He grows sweeter than He ever was before." Again he whispered, "Mother, is He with you?" She couldn't speak but smiled as if to say, yes, I feel His presence near. The physician came over and held her pulse; her

son got on his knees and took her hand in his; his wife knelt on the other side of the bed and held the other hand, the moments flew swiftly by, then the physician whispered, "She's gone." When he did, his wife, with tears streaming down her cheeks said, "Husband, she is pressing my hand," and he answered, "Yes, thank God and she is pressing mine." O I shall not want for courage, for "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." I know there is a prejudice about a preacher talking of death; but, neighbor, we will some day have to face it, for the Scriptures tell us, "It is appointed unto man once to die," and though you may have friends who would stand by you through thick and thin, yet the man who approaches that leaden stream without Christ in his life, will have to leave his friends and make the journey alone, but the man who has Jesus enthroned in his heart and life, can grasp the grim monster by the hand, leap into the tiny bark, and shout above the voice of the waves and the roar of the tempest,

"Only a dream, only a dream,

And glory beyond this dark stream;
How peaceful the slumber, How happy the
waking,

For death it is only a dream."

I shall not want for courage, for
 "Though I walk through the valley of the
 shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou
 art with me."

"COMFORT"

I shall not want for comfort, for "Thy
 rod and thy staff they comfort me." Jesus
 said, "Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is
 expedient for you that I go away; for if I go
 not away, the Comforter will not come unto
 you; but if I depart, I will send him unto
 you." "And I will pray the Father and he
 shall give you another Comforter, that he
 may abide with you forever." It was a sad
 day to the disciples when cloud chariots
 halted and took Christ away; and yet it was
 the greatest thing that ever happened to
 this world; for had He not gone away the
 Comforter would not have come, but He as-
 cended upon high and sent the Comforter,
 the Holy Ghost, the third person, of the
 Trinity, to comfort us, lead us, guide us,
 and bring His saying to our remembrance.

"O spread the tidings round,
 Wherever man is found,
 The Comforter has come."

I shall not want for Comfort, for thou
 art with me, thy rod and thy staff they
 comfort me.

There is a verse of scripture, Isaiah 66:13, that has always been a source of encouragement to me, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Those who know what it is to have the comforting of a Christian mother can see herein the joy and blessedness of a life in the service of Jesus. There is no love outside of Christ like the love of a mother. I have heard the story of how an angel at one time started out in search of the most beautiful thing in the world; he saw a rose as it bloomed in the morning sun, wet with the dew of heaven, and when he noted its beauty he said, "Surely there is nothing more beautiful than this," so plucking it he sped yonder, only to find when he arrived at the gates of glory that the flower had faded and wilted and his search had been in vain. He went out again and this time he saw a child at play in the early morning with the smile of heaven on its face, and he said a little child must be the most beautiful thing and seizing the child, he started away, but the smile soon changed into a cry of pain and he knew he had failed again. Once more he started on his search. One night in a little home far removed from other people he saw a physician turn away from a cot, on which lay a little boy, and say to the mother, "He will be

gone in a few moments; but whatever you do, don't you kiss him, for the deadly disease might fasten upon you, and you would follow him, in a few hours." The mother promised; but just then the little fellow put up his hands and said, "Mama, I'm going now; kiss me good-bye." In spite of the danger that little mother rushed past the physician and catching her boy in her arms she pressed a kiss on his dying lips, and the angel standing back in the shadow shouted, "I have it now! I have it now!" and seizing a mother's love he sped yonder into the glory world, and when he reached there he found it just as strong, and just as true, as it was when he left the earth. I shall not want for comfort, for "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." How well the poet knew the comfort of a mother's love when he wrote,

"The bravest battles that were ever fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?

On the maps of the world you'll find them
not,

They were fought by the mothers of men.

"Nay not with the battle, or cannon's shot,
With sword or nobler pen;

Nay not with the eloquent words or thought,
From the lips of wonderful men;

“But deep in a walled up woman’s heart,
A woman that would not yield,
But bravely and silently bore her part,
Lo, there is the battle-field.

“No marshalling of troops, no bivouac song,
No banners to gleam and wave,
But O, these battles they last so long,
From babyhood, to the grave.”

A friend of mine tells how a boy was picked up unconscious on the streets of an Eastern city; he was taken to a hospital, and on the next morning they found that he had brain fever and he was tossing from side to side on his bed saying, “Mother, mother, mother!” The kind-hearted physician who was attending him said to the nurse, “If we could find that boy’s mother he might get well.” They looked in his ragged coat and in a side pocket they found an address of a lady in a distant city, and wired her a description of the boy and his condition; in a little while a message came back which said, “I will start on the first train, please keep my boy alive.” The physician said to the nurse, “Now do your best, and if we can keep him alive till she comes he will get well.” The nurse did all she could for him but he kept saying, “Mother, mother, moth-

er!" After while came another telegram saying, "I am on my way; please keep my boy alive," and later on another message arrived saying, "I will be there in a few hours; keep my boy alive." The physician said to the nurse, "You must do something; go in there and take him by the hand; tell him you are his mother; tell him anything, if you can just keep him alive until she comes we can save his life." The good nurse went to his bed and kneeling down she took his hand in hers, smoothed back his hair and said, "Son, don't you know me? Do you know your mother?" but without opening his eyes, he kept tossing to and fro, saying, in a voice which was now only a whisper, "Mother, mother, mother!" Presently the train which the mother was on arrived in the city; she hurried to the hospital, entered the ward, and rushed over to her boy and kneeling by the side of the cot, she took his thin hand in hers, with the other hand she smoothed back his hair, pressed a kiss on his lips, and said, "Son, mother's come." He turned his face toward her, and without opening his eyes, he whispered, "Mother," just once and dropped into a peaceful sleep and awoke on his road to recovery. There is nothing on earth but a mother's love that will do that; and yet our Lord says, "As one

whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Therefore I shall not want for comfort.

If there was ever a boy who loved his mother, I loved mine, and yet I almost broke her heart. I streaked her hair with gray and lined her face with wrinkles with my wayward, godless life, and I know something of the depths to which a mother's love will go. Sometime after I was saved, I went home and when bedtime came I went into the room where I used to sleep when a boy, and went to bed; after I lay down, mother came into the room bearing a little oil lamp. (My mother was of the old-fashioned type, a country home and a country life was all she knew). She never traveled, never went to the city, never had the privileges of using gas or electricity and the modern water conveniences to her were almost unknown. Our fires came from the hickory wood; our light from the oil lamp, and our water from the "Old oaken bucket that hung in the well." But while she didn't know so much of the world she knew God, and held on to Him for her boy until he was saved. When I saw her coming into the room my mind went back to other days, and I longed to be a little boy again and have mother tuck me away in bed. At this time I had never read

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of Henry W. Grady's return to his old home. I said, "Mother, I wish you would come and tuck the cover around me like you used to when I was a little boy."

She placed the lamp on the table and came over to the bed and with hands that were old and wrinkled and all knotted by rheumatism, she began to tuck the cover in about my body, and you know what that means; there is no one on earth that can put a fellow to bed comfortable like mother can. I could not keep from crying and there were tears trickling down her old face as she smoothed back my hair, stooped over, placed a kiss on my cheek, patted my face with a wrinkled hand, said good-night baby, picked up the lamp, and I saw her bended form pass through the door leaving the room in darkness. The thought then came to me, you will soon be an orphan boy; your mother will soon be gone, but from somewhere came another thought, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

There is no earthly love like the comforting love of mother. Perhaps my friend in the ways of the world, you have become hard, your battles have been many and far from easy, you have largely had to look out for yourself, and you have found many things far from what they should be. But

if I could grant you for five minutes anything you desire, I don't think you would ask for pleasures, wealth, or fame; but I believe you would say, "Let me once again lay my head in mother's lap; let me feel her hand upon my brow; let me feel her kiss upon my cheek and let me gaze into the wrinkled face of my darling gray-haired mother." But I can't do that. If mother is gone, I can't call her back. But I will tell you what I can do. I can tell you of, and introduce you to, a Saviour that will comfort you like mother did—one who will share your sorrows, sympathize with you in the hard places and stand by you like mother used to do. You have met many friends, but you have never met one who understood you like she did. But, brother, Jesus will, and does understand your every motive. And if you will let Him come into your life, He will not only comfort you as did your mother, but He will forgive your sins, and when your days upon earth are over, He will take you home to heaven and to mother, where you will have both Jesus and mother, and there will be no more good-byes. How many there are who have the words of Golden as a question in their hearts,

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“When I reach my home eternal,
Reach that city bright and fair,
When I stand among the angels,
Will my mother know me there?”

“I have changed with changing seasons,
I am bent with toil and care,
Do you think she will remember?
Will my mother know me there?”

“Oft for me my mother wrestled,
When she used to kneel in prayer,
Do you think she has forgotten?
Will my mother know me there?”

“Mother’s face has been a beacon,
O’er a sea of dark despair,
I shall look for her up yonder,
Will my mother know me there?”

“Yes I know that she will know me,
In those mansions bright and fair,
Mother’s love can ne’er forget me,
And I’m sure she’ll know me there.”

I shall not want for comfort, for thy rod
and thy staff they comfort me, and as one
whom his mother comforteth, so will I com-
fort you.

“SUSTENANCE”

I shall not want for food. “Thou pre-
parest a table before me in the presence of
mine enemies. David said, “I have been

young, and now am I old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Jesus said, "I am the bread of life, Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead. This is the bread that cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die. I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." "Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness," says the prophet Isaiah. As Professor Widmeyer puts it,

"Jesus has a table spread,
Where the saints of God are fed,
He invites the chosen people,
Come and dine.

"With his manna he doth feed,
And supplies our every need,
O, 'tis sweet to sup with Jesus
All the time."

I shall not want for food, for "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

"JOY"

I shall not want for joy. Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over." "Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore." The quantity of this joy is, "Fullness," the place is at His right hand, and its duration is "forever." Jesus said, "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." Peter says, "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." I shall not want for joy, for thou anointest mine head with oil, my cup runneth over.

"IN THIS LIFE."

I shall not want for any good thing in this life, for surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life. "The Lord is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works." "For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." How fortunate we are that it is not Judgment and justice that follow us all the days of our life. No matter where we go, on land or sea, among friends or strangers, in joy or

sorrow, goodness and mercy follow along. I have heard of a vessel on its way from Liverpool to New York that was caught in a storm, and it looked as though they would never live through it. People were crying and praying all over the ship, but there was one woman who had a more peaceful expression than any of the others; a man rushed up to her and said, "Lady, don't you know this is an awful storm, that we will probably sink before morning, why aren't you praying?" The woman said, "Sir, I was just thinking, God never gave me but two children, two girls, Mary and Martha. Martha died a few years ago and went home to glory. Mary lives in New York, and I was just thinking, if the ship lives through this storm, when I get to New York, I'll see Mary, but if it sinks tonight, I'll see Martha; and I don't know which one I had rather see." She had goodness and mercy by her side, and she knew that if the ship went down she would go up. I shall not want for any good thing in this life, for surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.

In the 34th Psalm we read, "And none of them that trust in him shall be desolate." To bring it down to a more modern rendering, it would seem to say, none of them that

trust in Him shall be lonesome. In a measure I have proven that. When we first entered the work, knowing no one religiously our meetings were largely in school-houses and tents out in the country districts. My wife not being used to the South country soon took the malaria chills and fever and I had to do much of the work alone and depended on the people where we held meetings for what help they could render, which was very poor, though they did their best. Largely I had to do my own singing, preaching, praying, testifying and altar work, and at times it grew rather discouraging. The people of the community would help with the singing, most of whom were unsaved, and their selections of songs were far from the best, and possibly I would preach the best I knew how and then ask for an invitation song and some unsaved man or woman would start up "In a lonely graveyard" or "We'll work till Jesus comes," and nobody would work and Jesus didn't come, and I would close the meeting and go away to my place of entertainment just about whipped. And many times the place of entertainment was where either the husband or wife did not want us, and sometimes my wife would be several miles away sick and I wouldn't get to see her for days, and I

would go to bed and cry myself to sleep, and wake up the next morning with a determination to try it out one more night and then quit. I would take my Bible and make my way down in the woods, and the Devil would come also, and say, "You are about the biggest fool in the world," and I would listen to him, feeling as though I didn't have a friend, forgetting that God was on my side and listening to the discouraging words of Satan as he urged me to quit preaching and go to work, but finally I got down upon my knees and I hadn't prayed long until I realized the presence of someone, and behold, God was there, for He said to me as he did to Joshua, "Be strong and of a good courage; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest," and that made two of us; and as I continued to pray I would realize the presence of another, and behold, Jesus was there, for He said, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," and that made three of us, and presently I would recognize the presence of another, and behold, the Holy Spirit was there, for He is to abide with us forever, and that made four of us, and then the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and that made five of us, and goodness and mercy following made seven of us, and

with God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost leading on before, and the angel of the Lord encamping round about, and goodness and mercy following all the days of my life, I would rise from my knees feeling I could run through a troop and leap over a wall, and win out for my Christ. O, I shall not want for any good thing in this life. No wonder the Psalmist said they that trust in Him shall never be desolate (lonesome). Who could be, with company like that? Friends and loved ones may turn us down and refuse to go with us, but the pilgrim to heaven is not alone.

“Come join our throng,
There’s gladness and song,
In serving the Lord every day,
We’ll never get lonesome,
With company like this,
They go every step of the way.”

“IN THE LIFE TO COME”

I shall not want anything in the life to come. “I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.” Jesus said, “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 and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." Paul said, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I shall not want for any good thing in the life to come, for I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

I have known of people who neglected their soul and the salvation of their children, trying to get a home in this life, and finally they succeeded, but had hardly moved in when there came a knock at the door, and the grim monster Death, walked in and picked the fairest flower, and home never was the same again. You can put in your all in this life if you like, but I want a home where the storms never beat, nor the lightnings flash; I want a home where they will never hang crepe on my door, where the hillsides are not marred by cemeteries—a home where moth and rust doth not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal.

For me the ties of earth are growing weaker, and the ties of the life to come are growing stronger. There once was a large family of us gathered around one hearthstone, but now we are separated and some

have crossed the river that has no bridge,
others are preparing to go.

“Now the family is parted,
Will it be complete some day?
Will the circle be unbroken,
Bye and bye, bye and bye,
In a better home awaiting,
In the sky, in the sky?”

An aged Scotch mother lay dying, her husband sat by her side; she was ninety-three and he was ninety-five. They had been companions more than seventy years. When the darkness of death began to gather round her, she looked up into his face and said, “Donaid, it’s getting late, isn’t it?” He answered, “Yes, wife; it’s getting late.” “Donald, are the boys all in?” “Yes, wife, the boys are all in.” The last one had gone home to glory more than fifteen years before. “Husband, I’ll soon be in too, won’t I?” “Yes, Janett, you’ll soon be in.” “Donald, will you be in soon?” “Yes, Janett, by the grace of God, I’ll be in soon.” And the aged Scotch mother went home to be with Jesus. I wonder if mother’s boys and mother’s girls are all in the kingdom. If not won’t you come to Him now, and you shall not want for any good thing in this life, neither in that which is to come.

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