

THE THEOCRAT

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Some More of "Billy" Sunday's Shameless Literary Thefts



Quoted from "Billy" Sunday's Address delivered in Omaha, Nebraska, Thursday night, September 9, 1915, and printed in the Omaha "Daily News," Friday, September 10, 1915.

The introduction in the newspaper reads as follows:

"Billy" Sunday, Thursday night in the tabernacle, preached one of his most noted sermons. His subject was—

HOME, SWEET HOME Genesis 18:19

"For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him."

I would like to throw myself tonight upon your prayerful sympathy, that I may arrest the attention of this audience and grip the hearts to go with me to the most sacred spot on this globe—the spot around which cluster more sweet associations and precious memories than any other place in all the world—the home.

The longer I live and the more I visit up and down this land and see the joys and sorrows, the successes and failures of men and women, the more thoroughly I become impressed with the fact that the greatest institution of the American people today is the home. And every home should be the center of all that is elevating, inspiring and uplifting; and every home should be dead to everything that disgraces and pollutes.

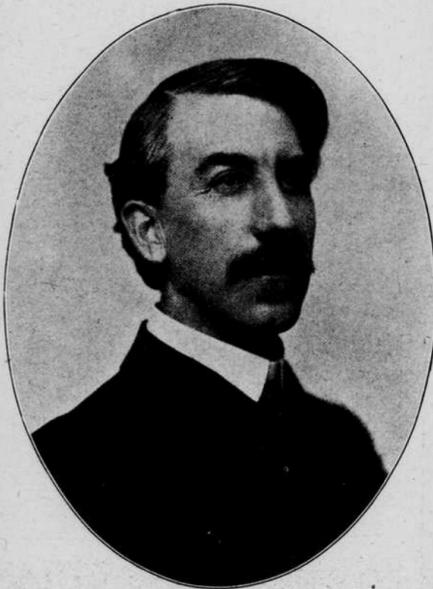
I think the proper or improper settlement of the home question, whether it is a house of joy or sorrow, weal or woe, is more with the man or woman than any other problem.

You can build your palaces, you can amass your fortunes, you can spread Persian rugs on your floors, you can sit beneath the flash of the candelabra; you can push a button and have a retinue of servants doing a marathon to see which will be honored by waiting on you; you can loll upon silken cushions; you can roll down the street in the most magnificent and faultless equipages. But I say to you, nothing can make happy the father and mother of a goddess, drunken loafer of a boy or a frivolous, coquettish, flirty, good-for-nothing, empty-headed girl, that gads the streets with every Tom, Dick, and Harry, and makes you hang your head in shame and disgrace that you ever gave her birth.

Not only peace and happiness center about the home, but all that is moral and religious as well.

I believe the downfall of most men and women can be traced to some defect in the home.

Every black-legged gambler, every drunkard, rolling and staggering and vomiting and spluttering and spewing; every woman in the red-light district, who is selling her virtue, was once as pure as the morning dew.



Sermon preached Friday evening, March 8, 1895, to five thousand people in the great Entertainment Hall of the Exposition Building in St. Louis, Missouri, to be found in a volume, entitled, "Sermons by George R. Stuart," beginning on page 49.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME Genesis 18:19

"For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which He hath spoken of him."

I shall throw myself upon the sympathy and prayers of this great audience tonight, as I invite your attention to a subject that ought to engage the thought of every character present. If you are a father or a mother, a son or a daughter, the subject of this hour ought to secure your thoughtful attention. I shall go with you tonight to

THE DEAREST AND MOST SACRED SPOT ON EARTH

to you and me—a spot around which cluster the sweetest associations and the most precious memories. I shall speak tonight of home.

The longer I live, the more I visit from home to home, the more I see of the sorrows and cares, the successes and failures of this life, the more I am impressed that the home problem is the greatest problem of our civilization. The homes of our country are so many streams pouring themselves into the great current of moral and social and political life. If the home life is pure all is pure. The home is the center of everything.

From the proper or improper settlement of the home question comes more of joy or sorrow, more of weal or woe, than from all other questions combined.

Build your palaces, amass your great fortunes, pile up your luxuries all about you, provide for the satisfaction of every desire. But as you sit amidst these luxuries and wait for the staggering step of a drunken son or contemplate the downward steps of a wayward daughter, happiness flies out of your heart and your home. There is nothing that can render happy the parents of Godless and wayward children.

Not only does the happiness of the world center in the home, but the moral, social, and civil life of the world emanates from the home life.

The downfall of every character can be traced to some defect in the home.

Every drunkard, every gambler, every debauchee, every lost character once sat on mother's lap and learned the mother tongue and mother thought and mother action—the mother life.

The prettiest picture that God has ever painted or the world ever looked at is a father and a mother that love Jesus Christ, and they take hold of the hand of their oldest child and the next oldest child and the next child down the line to the youngest and the whole family go shouting and singing into glory.

The blackest picture the world may see is to see a father and a mother without Christ, a mother without Christ and locking arms, taking hold of the oldest child and the next and the next and on down to the youngest, and see the whole family going to hell.

When Napoleon Bonaparte was asked, "What do you regard as the greatest need of France?" he replied, "Mothers, mothers, mothers."

You women can make a hell of a home or a heaven of a home.

If I were going to investigate your piety, I would rather ask the girl who works for you. If I were going to find out what kind of a business man you are, I would ask the clerks who stand behind your counter. I would not go to the preacher. No.

This talk about the Land of the Free is discounted when the children look like a rummage sale in a second-hand store, with unkempt hair, ripped pants, buttons off, stockings hanging down—it does not take the wisdom of truth to see that that mother is too busy with her social duties, clubs, etc., to pay much attention to the kids.

Henry W. Grady—whose life was too short—when he was a young man left the south and went to New York.

In walking down the street one day he noticed a crepe on the door four doors away. He asked the landlady if some one had died. She said, "Oh, yes. I heard there was a woman over there sick and I guess she's dead." "Haven't you been over to see her?" "No, I am too busy." "Had she any children?" "Yes, four or five." "When is the funeral?" "This afternoon." "Are you going?" "No."

Henry walked away and said, "This is no place for Henry W. Grady. I am going down south, where, when the neighbors take sick, we are not too busy to go and see them and comfort them, and when they die, we are not so busy we cannot carry a few flowers. The least we can do is to see if we cannot help them bear their burdens and stand by them."

And he left the north and went south and became the brilliant editor of the "Atlanta Constitution." Men swear by his editorials in the south. One of the most beautiful things in the English language is his "The Cavalier among the Roundheads." His editorials in the "Atlanta Constitution" were gems.

And whenever you go to Atlanta, her citizens will take you to Piedmont Square and say, "Look at that statue." And you say, "Who is it?" and they will answer, "That is our Henry." "Henry who?" "Henry W. Grady. Did you ever hear how our Henry disappeared from home for three days? Well, he found himself drifting away from God that his old mother had taught him, and he packed his grip and bought a ticket and went into the country—miles and miles into the country, into the wilderness of Georgia, where his mother lived and he was born. She had refused to leave her old homestead and live in his big house with her brilliant son in Atlanta.

"He went to the farm and on past the pump and into the kitchen, and when he said, 'Mother, I am drifting away from God,' she came back and she took his grip up the stairway into his old room, and she baked him some corn pone and fried him some hog jowl, and made him hominy, and mothered and kissed him like he was a boy, and she took him on her lap and she hugged and kissed him like he was a boy; and when it was time to go to bed she went upstairs with him, and she tucked him in and she kissed him good-night.

"She did that for three days, and when he returned to old Atlanta, he came back with Jesus Christ, and he has never lost Him since, from that day to this day."

Henry Grady went to Washington, and he stood on Pennsylvania Avenue and looked at the hill where the Capitol stands, and he said, "That is the Capitol of my nation, the Capitol where my laws are made." And the tears rolled down his cheeks.

And later when he went back to Atlanta, to his home in the southland, he wrote an editorial in the "Atlanta Constitution," in which he said, "I was wrong when I said that was the Capitol of our nation; the Capitol of our nation is where the children are taught to love God, whether it be a palace or a log hut; and what this nation needs is more Christian homes.

The prettiest picture earth furnishes is a whole family on the way to heaven.

The most horrible picture is a whole family on the way to hell.

Napoleon, being asked "What is the greatest want of the French people?" said, "Mothers."

Church life cannot rise higher than home life. I have no faith in the woman who talks of heaven at church and makes a hell of her home.

If I were investigating a woman's piety, I would rather take the evidence of the cook than of the preacher.

The talk of a clean heart at church is discounted when no soap is used at home.

The talk of a perfect Christian life is discounted by the absence of buttons and big patches on the clothes of unkempt children at home.

Zion City

One People
One Place of Worship

SHILOH TABERNACLE

LORD'S DAY

April 7, 1918

At 2:30 P. M.

Processional and Recessional
JUNIOR WHITE-ROBED CHOIR.
SENIOR WHITE-ROBED CHOIR.
ROBED OFFICERS.
UNIFORMED GUARD.

Address by the General Overseer

FOLLOWING THE ADDRESS, THE
RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP WILL
BE EXTENDED TO NEW MEMBERS,
AND THE ORDINANCE OF THE
LORD'S SUPPER WILL BE OBSERVED.

6:30 a. m. Early Morning Meeting of
Praise, Prayer, and Testimony.

9:30 a. m. Zion Bible School.
Lesson: Acts, Chapter 12.

8:00 p. m. Meeting in the Prayer Room of
Shiloh Tabernacle.

Divine Healing Meeting
Wednesday, 2:30 p. m.
(Shiloh Tabernacle, Prayer Room)

Mid-week Meeting, Wednesday, 7:45 p. m.
(Shiloh Tabernacle)

Divine Healing Meeting Friday, 10:00 a. m.
Zion Home Assembly Room

ALL WELCOME ALL SEATS FREE
FREE-WILL OFFERINGS ONLY RECEIVED
"CHRIST IS ALL, AND IN ALL"

Henry Grady, the brilliant Georgia orator, so short-lived to the regret of this great Republic, tells us where he found the home of his country.

As he stood in Washington and looked upon the Capitol for the first time, tears came to his eyes, and he said to himself, "Here is the home of my Nation; that building is the official home of the greatest nation God's eye ever saw."

A few weeks later, after spending the night in an old-fashioned country home, where the noble Christian father read from the old-fashioned Bible, and knelt with his children around the family altar, and after having associated for a day and a night with the manly Christian man and the noble Christian woman in this old-fashioned Christian home, he said, "I was mistaken in Washington; that pile of