

# PEOPLE'S PULPIT...



Sermon by  
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## "WHICH IS THE TRUE GOSPEL?"

"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ" (Romans i, 16).

Portland, Me., Sept. 11.—The International Bible Students Convention is in session here with an excellent attendance and deep interest manifested. Pastor Russell of Brooklyn Tabernacle delivered two addresses today, one being in Jefferson Theatre. We report one of them from the text foregoing:—

Three weeks ago today Christendom was startled by a communication which announced that the Christian Alliance had lifted a collection of \$60,000 in a few minutes—\$300 in cash, the balance in promises. Then followed the startling announcement of Brother Simpson, its President, that the collection lifted would probably be the last at Old Orchard, because the Camp Grounds Directors had rented its Auditorium for three days for the use of our Association. He declared that he disagreed with our theology. This, of course, was a veiled threat that the Directors of the camp ground must break their contract with the Bible Students. This they promptly did, and we accepted back the money paid in advance, rather than go to Law. It is for this reason, dear friends, that we are having our Convention "outside the camp." We are glad that its fence does not separate us from our great Redeemer and Teacher, the joy of whose blessing I see in your faces.

Secular editors were astonished! They had been congratulating Christian people that the days of the rack, the thumb screw and the stake were past and that from every quarter were coming appeals for Christian Union which, it was hoped, might even ultimately include all denominations of Catholics and Protestants. Yet here they had to listen to the contrary—a suggestion that Christian people in alliance were so opposed to Bible Students that even a year would not be sufficient to purify the air of Old Orchard and to permit them to meet here next year to take up another collection. It seemed funny, too, to these editors, that anything could drive a Christian Alliance meeting away from a \$60,000 collection!

**Explanations Surely in Order.**  
Since Brother Simpson may not care to tell the whole truth about the matter and since the Christian public is interested and ought to know the facts, I must tell them. The unpleasant duty, however, will not necessitate my saying an unkind word concerning Mr. Simpson and the Christian friends who are in alliance with him.

There are two reasons why Brother Simpson thought it doubtful if he could come next year following our three days of this year.

(1) He knew instinctively that his collections would be smaller, hardly worth coming for, if the people should begin to get the eyes of their understanding more widely opened respecting what really constitutes the Gospel of Christ.

(2) The \$60,000 "raised" was not cash and a large proportion of it never will be. Some of it is promised over and over again and telegraphed over and over, as was the case with the young woman who in the spectacular manner offered her jewels from time to time and had it mentioned in the papers. Such repetitions of charitable work are considered entirely proper by many in connection with religious work in various denominations, "for the good of the cause." Subscriptions are given publicly without hope of payment, to influence others who are more sincere—some of whom in the excitement give more than they can afford.

**Chicago Stockyard Method.**  
This same method is illustrated in the Chicago Stock Yards. A fine, large, trained bull gallops out to meet the cattle designed for slaughter. He waits before them and becomes their leader. Following him in a grand rush for a narrow passage they crowd one another to the executioner, who knocks them senseless. A special place just large enough for himself is provided for the decoy bull, who, later, goes out to lead on another herd for the slaughter.

We do not mean to say that those who give their money are slaughtered or otherwise injured. We believe that they are blessed—that everyone is blessed who sacrifices anything heartily unto the Lord, or to what they suppose to be his service, whether it is or not. It is the method of getting the money from the people and the deception practised which we deplore. However, the Alliance has plenty of company in this method in larger Christian denominations. It is part of the "business" method of recent years. Some who did not understand this "business" method wondered where all the money apparently contributed to the "Christian Alliance" work was spent. An investigation of its financial accounts was made, which revealed the fact that they were chaotic, and other "business" methods were advised.

**"The Darkness Hateth the Light."**  
Some one may inquire why the Christian Alliance should fear us and whether or not we have ever done them harm. We reply, Never have we injured them in the slightest degree, nor ever even publicly mentioned their

name before. Their opposition to us is on the lines of general principles mentioned by the Great Teacher, "The darkness hateth the light." "All things that are reproved are made manifest by the light" (Ephesians v, 13). Our work is to proclaim the true Gospel—to incite Christian people to Bible study in the light of the Bible's own testimony and without sectarian spectacles, which, in the past, have so distorted the Word of God and set it forth in false colors.

As Christian people come to see the grossness of the errors by which they have been blinded, the light not only has a blessed and transforming effect upon their minds, but it influences their pocketbooks also. They no longer appreciate the "business" methods of the Alliance nor the brand of Gospel which it sets forth. The more God's people come to a correct understanding of the teachings of his Word, the smaller will be the collections of the Christian Alliance. That is the real secret of their opposition. I would that it were true that they would never take up another collection at Old Orchard! The heathen have already had too much of their Gospel of damnation. God's name has already been slandered and blasphemed enough by the false Gospel message—that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of humanity ever born are to suffer eternal roasting because of father Adam's sin and the ignorance, stupidity and meanness which have resulted.

**Let the Truth Prevail.**  
If the intelligent men connected with the Alliance really believe the horrible nightmare of the Dark Ages which they are proclaiming as the Gospel of Christ, then, of course, they are excusable for preaching it. It is not for others to judge of their honesty in this matter, but it is for others to decide that they will no longer assist or cooperate in the spread of such horrible travesties upon the Divine character—no longer assist financially or otherwise in blinding upon the poor heathen at home and abroad increased ignorance and superstition.

Everybody knows that the word Gospel signifies "good tidings." And everybody ought to know that as Christian people, we have for centuries misused the word, applying it to the bad tidings of great misery to all people, except the mere handful of the elect. We did this because it was handed down to us by our forefathers. What Jesus said to the Jews has been true of us as Christians, "Ye do make void the Law of God through your traditions." Thank God that, as in the natural world he is sending us now the electric light instead of the tallow candle, so through Bible study helps, concordances, etc., his Word (the Lamp to his people's footsteps until the day dawn), is now shining brighter than ever before.

**Which is the True Gospel?**  
Catholic and Protestant orthodoxy have set forth for centuries two general views of the Gospel of Christ. To whatever extent they now disagree with these they should publicly disown and abandon them. Until then they are besmirched with whatever odium attaches.

The Catholic Gospel (Good Tidings) is that all the heathen, all Catholics and all Protestants, except a mere handful, go to a Purgatory of awful suffering, terrible anguish, lasting for decades, centuries and thousands of years, roasting, boiling, agonizing, and thus purging away their sins and dross that they may ultimately attain to heavenly bliss for the remainder of eternity. If that is good tidings it can be considered such only in contrast with something more horrible, if that be imaginable.

**Our Protestant Gospel.**  
Our Protestant Gospel, of which we are so proud that we want to thrust it upon Jews and Catholics and heathens everywhere, we should thoroughly understand, enjoy and appreciate before we waste good time and money giving it to others. Here it is: Four centuries ago our forefathers were not Protestants but Catholics and believed in Purgatory, etc., as above. Then what was known as the Reformation Movement set in. Catholics, Jews and infidels will admit with Protestants that a great blessing of enlightenment and civilization has come to the world in the train of the Reformation Movement. But none of us is prepared to admit that the Reformers were perfect, nor their work perfect.

The Reformers criticized the Catholic teachings which they had formerly believed. They examined their Bibles and found nothing there to effect that Mary was the mother of God, nor that we should pray to saints nor that we should use pictures or images in our worship, nor that their sacrifice of Christ in the mass was proper, nor that there was a Purgatory anywhere. The Reformers threw out these things as unscriptural. They completely demolished Purgatory in their minds, declaring that it had never been anything more than imagination. Then came another thought, "What must we do with the thousand

of millions of mankind that we and our fathers for centuries supposed were in Purgatory roasting, stewing, tortured, but hoping for heaven. They looked at one another in consternation. They had hearts and sympathies and felt that as it had devolved upon them to smash Purgatory, it must also devolve upon them to re-locate all those thousands of millions whom they had on their hands. They felt the weight of the responsibility. Could they demand of God that they should be put into heaven? Surely not! Surely only the saintly few are fit for heaven! They, as well as all, recognized that fact. Then, with blank consternation, they determined that they must crowd the entire mass into a hell of eternal torture and shut the gates upon them forever and write upon the gates, "Who enters here abandons hope."

**Brother Calvin to the Rescue.**  
Taking from practically all humanity all future hope made the Reformers for the time heartsick. It would be awful to do that for one person, but to thus "do" all humanity seemed terrible. And then to be obliged to label that gospel "Good Tidings" must certainly have been a trying experience for the Reformers.

But Brother John Calvin helped them amazingly and took from them their burden. He told them that they should not worry, because it was all God's fault and not theirs. God had predestinated them to that awful future long before he created man. Now they should merely try to think of themselves as the "elect" and try to forget everybody else. Of course, it seemed horrible to charge all these things against the God of all Justice, Wisdom, Love and Power. But it was the only solution which occurred to them. John Calvin's theories were afterwards embodied in the "Westminster Confession of Faith." And that confession of faith became the foundation of nearly all Protestant creeds. Brother John Wesley afterward objected, but admitted that only the saintly went to heaven and everybody else went to eternal torment. His protest was that, instead of this being by Divine foreordination and intention, it was, on the contrary, because of Divine unwisdom and incompetency.

**"Good Tidings of Great Joy."**  
Surely no sane person can any longer defend any of the above "Gospels" as the true one, of which St. Paul was not ashamed! Surely St. Paul never preached any of those Gospels, nor did any of the Apostles—nor does the Bible support such theories, except by the turning and twisting of language, misstatements of the original and misinterpretations of some parables. The plain statements of the Scriptures are all directly to the opposite.

The Bible teaches that "the wages of sin is death," not Purgatory nor eternal torment. "The soul that sinneth shall die." Adam, the first man, was placed on trial for life eternal or death eternal. He sinned and the sentence against him was, "Cursed is the earth for thy sake; thorns and thistles shall it bring forth unto thee. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread until thou return unto the ground from whence thou wast taken" (Genesis iii, 17-19). St. Paul declares the same: "By one man's disobedience sin entered into the world; and thus death passed upon all men, because all are sinners" (Romans v, 12).

Looking about us we find this true. Everybody who is not dead is dying. As the Bible says, we are living under a reign of Sin and Death. Nothing that man can do can either eradicate sin or lift us out of our dead and dying condition. God alone can help us! He proposes to help us and the message respecting that help is, in the Scriptures, called the Gospel. Its announcement by the angels on the night of Jesus' birth is full, complete, satisfactory, viz: "Behold, we bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people; for unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour (life-giver) which is Christ the Lord" (Luke ii, 10).

Ah, now we have the Truth! The penalty of sin is death. And the "good tidings" is that God has provided for our recovery from sin and death. The Savior gave his life for the cancellation of our sin, for the satisfaction of Justice, that in due time Adam and all his condemned and imperfect race might be released from the condemnation and be lifted out of the sin and death conditions which now prevail. That uplifting is Scripturally called the resurrection of the dead. Hence the preaching of the early Church was, "Jesus and the Resurrection"—the Redeemer and his work.

**Still More Good Tidings.**  
The good tidings for the race in general is that the Redeemer in God's due time will become King of kings and Lord of lords—the Messiah of glory, God's glorious Representative. For a thousand years the regenerating work for Adam's race will progress (Matthew xix, 28; Acts iii, 19-23). God's Chosen People, Israel, will be the earthly agents of the heavenly and invisible King of glory. By the close of his reign the whole earth will have been transformed into the Paradise of God. "He will make the place of his feet glorious." And mankind will all be perfect again. In God's image. There will be no more sin, no more sickness, no more dying, because all the things of sin and death will have passed away and he who sits upon the Throne will have renewed all things (Revelation xxi, 5). All who, after coming to a full knowledge of the Truth of God's love and gracious provision, still love sin and hate righteousness, will be destroyed in the Second Death, from which there will be no redemption, no resurrection, no recovery; as St. Peter says, "They shall perish like brute beasts."

## PLANNED BY A WIDOW

By M. QUAD  
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The widow Hunnewell had been a widow for four years, and she hadn't found much in life for her. She had had to split her own wood, build her own fires and milk her own cow. Every day she had missed Mr. Hunnewell, and when night came and the wind moaned and the rain fell and the shingles blew off the roof she wept and wished it were all over.

At length Professor Doty arrived in the village. Not only that, but he arrived next door. He was a professor of natural history in a college, and he came to the village for his vacation. He was a man of sixty, tall and reserved and dignified. He gave every one a feeling of awe. Mr. Hunnewell, on the contrary, had been short and fat and jolly, and people used to poke him in the ribs and joke with him. It was probably the contrast that caused the widow to fall in love at first sight.

She leaned over the fence and introduced herself, and he approached and talked to her. He had found a tree toad hidden in the bark of a locust tree, and he was glad to talk to some one about his find. While the professor lectured the widow fell deeper in love and kept exclaiming: "Do tell!" and "Oh, my soul!" She was an interested listener. She said she'd give anything to learn all about toads and bugs and grasshoppers and clams, and the professor was a bit flattered. If the woman next door had been a nice, loving woman she would have invited the widow over to make further acquaintance, but she was a different person. She said that widows had too much rope as it was and that Mrs. Hunnewell was always out of tea and coffee when a neighbor wanted to borrow. And the professor wasn't to be caught sight of so often either.

However, when Providence gets its machinery once started there are generally results. One night when the wind didn't moan and the shingles didn't rattle, but when it was moonlight and calm instead, the widow was awakened from her sleep by a bad dream. She thought herself surrounded by potato bugs and fighting for her life. The dream made such an impression that she got out of bed and looked out of the window. There was the explanation before her eyes. The professor had climbed the fence and was in her yard and down on hands and knees in the grass. He had on so few clothes that it was easy to guess he had risen from his bed to look for crickets. Not a word did the widow say. She just got into bed and did some thinking. That thinking resulted in her sending for the village constable next day and saying to him:

"Mr. Richards, if a widow living all alone should have reason to believe that her house was about to be broken into, what should she do?"  
"You mean if she saw a man digging around in the yard?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, she might scream."  
"Yes."  
"Or she might throw something out of the window at him."  
"Yes."  
"Or she might take her life and her broomstick in hand and rush out and crack his skull."  
"I see."

"But if I was that woman I'd borrow a shotgun, load it with salt and fire on him from a window."  
"And what would the salt do?"  
"Keep him in bed for about a week. If there is anybody spooking around your house o' nights I've got the gun and the salt, and you can protect yourself. The law will be on your side. Aim at his legs and let 'er go."  
The widow took a couple of hours to think it over and then sent for the constable. She was taught how to fire it, and when the sun went down that evening she felt that events were going to happen before morning. What Professor Doty was looking for the night before was crickets. Their songs had floated into his open window at midnight and awoke him. He had climbed the fence into the next yard without a thought of trespass. He had got down on hands and knees and pawed around, but the crickets had evaded him. He would try again.

If there had been any bells in the town they would have been striking 11 o'clock when the waiting, watching widow heard some one softly drop from the fence, then come into sight crawling over the grass. She saw him grab with this hand and the other and heard him chuckle. Then she pointed the gun out of the window and shot her eyes and fired. There was a whoop and a yell, and she rattled downstairs to find the professor lying on the grass. He had been saluted. Nevermore would he be fresh again. Nevermore would he want any salt on his potatoes.

Of course the plan was to rush him into the house, call a doctor and keep him around for a week as an invalid. There would be romance in the salt and gratitude for the soups prepared for him, and those things might lead on and on. They didn't, however. The professor cursed; he swore; he wriggled; he said that any woman who would shoot a barrel of salt into an innocent man ought to be hanged, and as he made his way to the fence he called back:  
"And my wife is coming here in the morning to stay for two weeks. We man, keep your old crickets and be hanged to you!"



Christopher Columbus

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**FUN IN THE HOME.**  
O. S. Marden, Writing in Success Magazine, Tells How It Can Be Had.

Whatever your lot in life, keep joy with you, says Orison Swett Marden in "Success Magazine." It is a great healer. Sorrow, worry, jealousy, envy, bad temper, create friction and grind away the delicate human machinery so that the brain loses its cunning. Half the misery in the world would be avoided if the people would make a business of having plenty of fun at home, instead of running everywhere else in search of it.

"Now for Rest and Fun." "No Business Troubles Allowed Here." These are good home-building mottoes. When you have had a perplexing day, when things have gone wrong with you and you go home at night exhausted, discouraged, blue, instead of making your home miserable by going over your troubles and trials, just bury them; instead of dragging them home, and making yourself and your family unhappy with them and spoiling the whole evening, just lock everything that is disagreeable in your office.

Just resolve that your home shall be a place for bright pictures and pleasant memories, kindly feelings toward everybody, and, as Mr. Roosevelt says, "a corking good time" generally. If you do this, you will be surprised to see how your vocation or business wrinkles will be ironed out in the morning and how the crooked things will be straightened.

**How to Stop Drinking.**  
It was formerly customary for the habitual drinker to take the pledge regularly, sometimes once a year, and sometimes in every fit of remorse that followed his debauches, and then—break it.

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**Souvenir Folders.**  
The Herald has a supply of souvenir pictorial folders it will give free to its readers for the purpose of mailing to friends, or to those who may become interested in this city and section. They are attractive, and are a good advertisement for the town.

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