"With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail,
And the tents were all silenced
And the widows of Asher, loud in their wails
And the idols are broken, the temple of Baal
The might of the
Vanished like mist at the glance of the Lord."

This took place when they prayed.

Did you ever notice the times Jesus prayed? The place prayer occupied in the life of Jesus? We sometimes make prayer a preparation for the battle and with Jesus it was a battle. I was preaching at a commencement some time ago and I saw a young man get a scholarship medal and you know, all he had to do to get that medal was to get up and walk from here to over there and just stand until someone pinned it on him. I stood and looked and I said "Well, he didn't have to do much to get that medal". Oh, but he did, that was but the culmination of years and hard work and study which had gone before.

Sometimes Jesus used every single ounce of energy that He had and when His agony was so great, He shed, as it were, great drops of blood which fell down to the ground. Then there were other times when He moved with a serenity and a poise and an ease and an assurance that makes us wistful to this hour.

When were His hours of conflict and struggle and when were His hours of poise and ease and serenity. Always, without one single exception His days of struggle were His days, having won a triumph, He went as victor to receive the prize. Take it in everything He said, in the wonders that He worked. See the leper coming to Him. The Pharisees and others had treated him harshly. He had been treated so harshly that he did not believe in love any longer but he still believed in power, but not in love. He came and threw himself at the feet of Jesus and said "Lord, if you are willing, I don't think you care enough but if you only try, you could make me whole". Jesus said "I will, Be thou clean".
He did not have to sprinkle any blood over him, or put in any new exercise. He did not even get red in the face. Here He is at the grave of Lazarus. The average man, I can imagine standing by the grave of Lazarus, wriggling his hands and saying "Lord, if it can be thy will," etc. No—Jesus said "I thank Thee Father, that Thou hast heard me and I know that Thou hearest me always"—"Lazarus, come forth!" During all of His ministry, Jesus was constantly dogged by one of the most diabolical set of human hounds that ever dogged an honest man to death. They were true debaters and they would have given their lives to have betrayed Jesus into saying one unguarded word but if the stenographers had taken down His words, they would not have had to scratch out a word or put in a word. For instance, they came with one of those miserable "yes and now questions which the lawyers like to ask. You know, if the lawyer says to a man "Have you stopped slapping your wife? Yes or no?" Well, if he says "Yes, I've stopped slapping her face" he would say, "Then why has she got you here in court?" and if he says I haven't stopped slapping my wife in the face", then he says "Why keep it up? And so they came to Jesus and said "Is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar? No argument about it, yes or no. Suppose He said "Yes, by all means give tribute to Caesar", then He is a Quisling and would be criticized by every decent Jew. Suppose He took the other side and says "No, don't give tribute to Caesar." Then Rome would take Him over and either ways, they have Him. They've got their heads together and they don't know much more when they've got them together, as sometimes is in the case of a committee meeting. And so, He was out, whatever happened and so they came and when Jesus heard the question instead of answering it "yes" or "no". He did not happen to have any money with Him that day but a friend had a penny and so He said "Show me a penny? He took it and looked at it and said "By the way, whose picture is that on it?" They answered "Caesar's" and He said "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's" And you can fairly hear them gasp across the space of years.
I think one man stepped up and said "What are you going to ask Him next?" and they said "Nothing, we've asked Him too much already." I'm not reading into the story what is not there "and they durst not ask Him any more questions at all." And then there was a time when the Sadducees who do not believe in the resurrection, came to Jesus with that old enigma which has been handed down from generation to generation and put this question to Him "There was a certain chap married a woman and he died without any children and according to Jewish law, his brother had to take the widow and try to raise up seed for his brother and so the second brother married her and he died, and the third brother married her and he died and the fourth etc. Well, the question is, "In the resurrection, whose wife is she going to be?" Well now my friends, I don't think there'll be any special contest on! You know, if I had been one of those brothers, I'd just as soon have gone over Niagara Falls in a barrel, as have married her. And by the way, Jesus was laughing at it too. You know, some folks are afraid of humor. It is a positive duty to look around in this beautiful world and find something to laugh at and if you can't find it, for heaven's sake, go look in the glass and see what the other fellow is laughing at. What did Jesus answer? He answered like this with an old threadbare quotation which had been quoted so many times that it had lost its meaning and became like a slack coin without an image on it and He said "Haven't you read where God says "I am the God of Abraham, I am the God of Isaac and I am the God of Jacob?" Now Abraham is dead so He should not have said that. He should have said "I was the God of Abraham, but he died so he hasn't a God any more. Isaac died and he has no more God" but no He says "I'm still the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. They are still living. And He broke through their little trap like it was a cobweb. If I had seen Jesus in the garden as He poured forth strong crying and tears, I'd have said "Poor Chap, If He is so gone to pieces here, what will be He when He sees death eye to eye But a little while later when the soldiers and the mob came, He met them
and said "Whom seek ye?" They answered Him "Jesus of Nazareth." He back said to them "I am He" and they started and fell to the ground. That day He outflashed the Roman swords with His eyes. He had prayed. They were going to seize Him but they couldn't for He had prayed and they were afraid—they feared, not fears of what would happen but fears of facing the fact of what had already happened. Now you know, you cannot argue with a fact. I know some folks try but there is no use. We used to have a good old saint, Bud Anderson. He was a native of my state. Bud was a second blessingist, and I'll agree to his having all the blessings that could come. He was one of the most unique ministers I ever knew and he was a good friend of the brethren of Southwestern University, a scholarly gentleman. He used to discuss theology and Dr. McClain did not believe in the second blessing, and some didn't believe it who did not know any theology. The doctor would take time to explain and go over and over it and Bud would listen to him with beautiful reverence, because they loved each other, and when the doctor would get through explaining it all, Bud would say "Yes, yes, it's like that. You are just as right as you can be, but" he said "the trouble is, I've got it!" In other words he said "I know the fact". It is said, first of all that when they prayed, they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and whatever that mean to you, it certainly means this to every man that when they were saved, God became a reality in their lives. After all, that is the biggest thing prayer can do, bigger than any answer God ever gives to you when you pray, is the sense of His own nearness. Prayer is the means of opening the windows of the soul, out toward the heavenlies and then God comes into his life. Then you can say in the depths of your heart "My Lord and My God." "When they had prayed, they were all filled with the Holy Ghost". God was a reality to them as they prayed. True prayer will do that and nothing else on the face of the earth will.
Then when they had prayed, great grace was upon them. That is after they had prayed, they were gracious people, winsome people, people whom the average men of the world who has intelligence if he had looked lived him over and lived with him for a while would have said "Well, I don't know what there is about that fellow but I do know this. I wish I knew the secret that would make me live as richly and abundantly as he is living. There was something about him that was charming." Now Christians ought to be gracious people but sometimes they are not. Some times I think it is the greatest grief of our Lord is not the wickedness of the wicked but the ugliness of the saints. We do know how to be ugly some times!

I don't care how many times you read the Bible through and how many times you've been converted and how long you pray, if you are disagreeable and hard to live with, then the Lord have mercy on your soul! Jesus was charming. He was so charming that when He came into a group where mothers had babies in their arms, those mothers always had trouble. They could not hold their own babies. They insisted on climbing down from mother's lap and go over to the Lord Jesus and hug his neck and kiss His lips. When His disciples objected, He said "Forbid them not to come unto Me." It was said of that beautiful character Enoch, when the writer to the Hebrews tells the story he says "He was not found for God had translated him". Folks missed Enoch. When Enoch did not come down the street there was a chill in the atmosphere and when Enoch did not come to church, the minister could not preach as well and when Enoch did not come to the wedding party, something was missing and when Enoch wasn't at the funeral, it was harder to lay the body of their loved ones away. He was one of the most charming characters. At a picnic party or in the house of the dead, somehow it was good to have him around. I had a friend who told me some time ago that he was standing on the street corner and was talking to a musical friend of his. The conversation was broken up by an Italian who came with an organ
and monkey. He put down his organ and money and began to give a concert and the monkey did dance. I believe in dancing - like that. My friend said "I wanted to see how long I could keep him listening and I started in to tell him a story. He said "Let's get away from here. That fellow will run me crazy. I said "Hold on, hold on. Do you know what he is playing? He is playing Handel's matchless composition." He said "I don't care what he is playing. I can't stand it" and he said "In spite of all I could do, he left." And he said "A few days later we went down to the old Opera House where one of the greatest orchestras in America was giving a concert and at the close of one of the compositions, I turned around to see my friend standing up in his enthusiasm and he had his hat in one hand and his program in the other and was waving his applause. I thought he had almost gone out of his head and I took him by the coat and said "Sit down! You'll make a fool of yourself." He said "Do you know what they were playing Handel's "The Conquerors Come" one of the greatest pieces of music ever written, the same piece that the organ grinder was playing but there was a world of difference between a brass symphony and an organ grinder with a dancing monkey accompaniment. And there is a world of difference in the grand symphony of the religion of the Lord Jesus lived out carelessly in the energy of the flesh and lived out prayerfully in the power of the Holy Spirit.

Then when they prayed, no man said that the things which he possessed was his own. Of course any sensible man knows that. Nothing on the face of the earth is your very own except your sins. Any one with sense knows that much. When they prayed, no man said that ought of his possessions was his own. What a time to have taken up the collection! You know I haven't got time preaching on money. I just revel preaching on money. I do it for a number of reasons. In the first place I never had children who loved money. In the second place, when I preach on
money I love to see the liberal enjoy it and I love to watch the stingy suffer. I just put on the thumb screws. I used to have a rich old bachelor in my church down in Texas. His money was his wife and children and his in-laws and at the close of the sermon he would come some times and give me a flabby hand-shake and say "That was a good address but I love the old-time gospel." You know when some folks get to loving the old time gospel, I know where to find the hole where they live. "The old time gospel"—why money is the old time gospel. You know Jesus had far more to say about money, ten times more to say about money than he had to say about repentance or regeneration. He had far more to say about money than he had to say about heaven or hell. He had far more to say about money than he had to say about any other subject. Of course, you don't live your life in a castle in the air. You live it down in a real world of things where you have to handle money, the representative of values. Every day that you live, and if you don't learn to relate yourself aright to your money, you are liable to be wrong everywhere else. A man who is right on the money is apt to be right everywhere else. If I see a man who is saved wrong on this side and saved wrong on that side, that's when I believe in immersion. I want to put him under and hold him there until his pocket book gets soaked. I'm ashamed of a preacher who is afraid to talk to his people about money. I absolutely have no conscience in talking to my people about money, I mean so far as being an offense. I want to tell you this—If you approach it right so they know you are not talking just to get something into your own pocket, you won't have any trouble. "When they had prayed, no man said that ought of the things he possessed was his own. I had a friend who used to go every year to hold meetings with the cow boys and the cattle men out in Texas. One morning he preached on the text "Ye are not your own. Ye are bought with a price". At the close of the service the wealthiest man in all that country came forward and said
"I took you seriously this morning and I want to dedicate what I have to the Lord. And I want you to take a walk with me." He said they walked from the tabernacle for about an hour, about a mile. Then they sat on a hill that gave a look out over those wide plains and he said "as far as you can see, that is all mine. I want to dedicate it to God this morning and I want you to pray the dedicatory prayer." So I prayed and told him how this man had come to dedicate his houses and his lands and cattle all to God. Then he said "When I finished the prayer and started to rise to my feet, he reached over and gripped me by the arm and said "Wait a minute and then he prayed and said "Oh Lord, thou knowest that I've given thre my houses and my lands and my cattle and there is something else I want to give you. I've a wild, hopeless boy. He is a drunkard. He has broken my heart. He has broken his mother's heart and we have wept on till midnight over his dissipations. I want to give him to you". Then we went back to the tabernacle and that afternoon, at the close of the service that man came forward and was beautifully converted.

If you will deal honestly and fairly with God, in your substance, He will give you great courage and He will bless you.

When they had prayed, they were of one mind and of one soul. You know prayer gets folks together. The greatest problem of the day and it is becoming a greater problem as time goes on and it has always been a great problem is how to get God's children to live together. The greatest problem on the earth, the cause of all the trouble on the earth today is because we have never become brotherly enough to live together.
I went years ago to hold a meeting in a western community. It was in August and it was hot but in the tabernacle it was cold, oh my it was cold! I preached on Monday and it was cold. I preached on Tuesday and it was still colder and on Wednesday I thought I was going to take T.B. unless something happened. And so on Thursday night, I called one of the brethren at his home and I said "What in the world is the matter with you?" He thought I was trying to gossip with him and he didn't tell me. I said "I'm not trying to gossip with you. I'm a physician of souls and I know there is something definitely wrong but I just cannot put my finger on it." "What's wrong?" "Well" he said "About six months ago the Superintendent of the Sunday School got hurt at the pastor." My Christian friends, there is this peculiarity about church people. They never get mad. They just get hurt but when they get hurt, they act like other people do when they get mad. And so the Sunday School Superintendent got hurt at the pastor and he said half of the congregation sided with the Superintendent and the other half sided with the pastor and the Superintendent would not speak to the pastor's crowd and the pastor would not speak to the Superintendent's crowd." "Oh" I said, "Is that all?" I came back to the next service and preached on one of those tenderly beautiful texts from the Bible "And now abideth faith hope and love, these three, but the greatest of these is love" and I wept and they wept and I watched to see them get together but you know, after the benediction, one half went off in that direction and the other half went off in this direction. Well, I went away and next time I came back I changed my text and as I remember it, it was this "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" Bless your heart, we got action that time! The Superintendent was sitting just about 3 seats in front of me but I hadn't gotten very far when I saw him move over this way- then he moved back that way and moved over that way, looked like he had sat down on an ant hill. I knew there was some good being done and when the service was over,
he was the first man following me. He took me by the hand and shook it and said "I want you to go home with me for dinner." I said "Surely and I'll bring your pastor, and he said "No, I want to see you alone. And he weighed about 190 lbs! I thought "Oh, you don't see me alone". So I said "If I can't bring the pastor, I'm not coming." So he said "If you've got to bring him, come on and so he took a little handful of his inner circle and went over to the house and I went over a little later with the pastor. When I got there, they were in one of these old fashioned parlors all lined up— you know they used to ventilate them every year—Then the Sunday School Superintendent began to tell me about the situation. I thought at first that he was going to confess his sin but I saw he was too good at confessing the other fellow's sins. Oh, we are sometimes good at that, you know. With the directness I exercise sometimes I said "Let us all unite in prayer". And I got down on my knees and when we were all kneeling down I called on the Superintendent to lead us in prayer, and you know, he started in to tell the Lord what he was going to tell me and he wouldn't crank. It was like trying to crank a Ford on a cold morning, it just wouldn't go. A moment later, to my great joy, he put his big rugged face down in his stupid old rugged hands and said "Lord, I've sinned."

Years ago I was pastor in a little town called Blooming Grove. I don't know why they called it Blooming Grove for there wasn't any grove there and it would not have bloomed if it had been. There was a beautiful young girl there of about 17 who went wrong and brought shame on her home. But there was an upright woman, cold as an icicle and hard as a nail. When she heard of the shame of her daughter instead of going to her, she closed her heart against her and said "You'll never cross the threshold of my home again."

The consequence of it was that the girl was sent away to a rescue home over at Fort Worth and when her time drew near, homesick and heartsick she ran away from the rescue home, down back to her mother's home to have the door shut in her face.
And then went to where some Winters lived on her father's farm and in the most delicate and trying moments that ever come to a woman's soul, she lay down among strangers. And when the little child was three weeks of age, I was going home one evening and somebody called me by name and said "Brother Chappell, did you know that Lulu is going to be turned out of the home where she has been taken in?" I said "No, I did not know it. Has she any place to go?" And he said "No". I said "Won't her mother take her back and he said "No." I said "Did anyone ask her to take her back." He said "No, nobody dared. She has heart trouble very badly and she has a vicious temper and everybody believes that if Lulu's name were mentioned (for she has forbidden Lulu's name to be ever mentioned in her home) and everybody believes that if it were mentioned, it would be the death of her." So with that information I went up to my parsonage and after a brief time of earnest prayer, I got up from my knees to go over and kill her. When I got over there, the younger children were playing around on the carpet. I said "If you will send them out, I would like to speak to you a moment". And she sent them out. And without any preliminaries I said "I've come to talk to you about your daughter Lulu." Her face went deadly white- I have never seen another whiter and she started for a dresser on the other side of the room. I did not know what she was going after but I got up and strolled over after her. Whatever it was, she didn't get it and she came back and I said "Now I'm going to say what I have to say. If you don't take your daughter back, there is only one door open to her and that is the door of the house of shame and if you don't take her back, I'd ten thousand times rather stand in her place than in yours, at the judgment seat of Christ." And she burst into tears, partly I think of fear and partly of pure rage. Then I said "Let me go and bring her back. I'd be glad to bring her back." She walked back and forth and said "I can't, I can't" and then in my sense of failure and despair I said "You ask God to give you a mother's heart."
I said "You know you can't pray. You can't ever pray the Lord's prayer, for if you prayed the Lord's prayer, you'd ask the Lord to hate you."

She said "I believe I'll try". The next night was a rainy night and someone called behind me, as I was going home and said "Do you know that Lulu has gone home?" I said "No, I did not know." Our houses stood back to back. I ran through my house and back garden and her back garden and back yard and stood in the rear of the house in the rain, eavesdropping, unashamed and I could hear an old straight back chair rocking on the inside and the cracked voice of the grandmother, singing a lullaby over a little baby that had come in, branded by a world's shame I know but with the sanctifying kiss of his Heavenly Father upon his lips. And the last thing I did before leaving town was to go at the invitation of the grandmother to baptize the little baby and the peace of heaven had come back to that home, banding folks together.

Last of all, "And then when they had prayed, the place was shaken. Prayer releases the power of God on individuals and on situations and this has been demonstrated thousands of times. How long since the place has been shaken down where you live? What is the hope of American unless it is the power of God? I was holding a meeting in Joshua Texas. Joshua is a town of about a thousand people and there were 6 or 7 churches of different denominations in the little village and they had just enough religion to fight each other. If you asked a man "How is your church that getting along?" He said "It's getting along as well as it isn't." I went in to hold a meeting. I was very young and I preached up to Friday morning. By that time I had said everything I knew and some things I was not sure of. Then in sheer desperation, I decided to have a testimony meeting and you know a testimony meeting can be an awful flop, especially if nobody has a testimony, or if somebody has one of these old testimonies that has been canned and canned and canned over again and they never can get through with it. Some peculiar pest and that is the individual who
breaks up every testimony meeting. So I decided to have a testimony meeting. A sister got up over in one corner. She was one of the most dilapidated souls I have ever looked at. If being a Christian would make me look like that, I would be vaccinated. And she spoke after this fashion. She said "I'd love to see a revival here in Joshua. I've been praying for one but it just don't look like we'd have one", and she sat down. I said "Who else has a word of encouragement?" And another woman got to her feet and she said "We used to have a meeting here in Joshua when Brother Stebbins was pastor here, then we had a great meeting but he is dead." And I was sorry that I had ever started my testimony meeting. But I was like MacDuff, I'd waited and it was as close to one side as it was to the other and so I just had to keep going and I said "Who'll be next?" And then an old chap got up over to the left. I hadn't noticed him much before, but I came to know him intimately in after years and I could write a story of the greatest Christian that I ever knew but I haven't gotten around to it yet— but he is the man. He stood there looking at the defeated preacher and the defeated congregation— He was not a very prepossessing gentleman. He was a tenant farmer, growing up during the dreadful days of the war, an intelligent man but he used broad English. He always said "I seen" when he ought to have said "I saw." But you know, I'd rather a man say "I seen" and see something than to say "I saw" and never see anything. He had a barefoot, one of his shoes had gone and his trousers were so bagged at the knees that it looked as if he had a brick bat in each knee. There was just one thing that redeemed him from commonplaceness. He had one of those marvelously illuminated faces, that looked like it had the sun rising behind. It takes at least 30 or 40 years of fellowship with God to illuminate you like that. And he stood there and this is what he said "Now I think God that things are jest as they are." I had not noticed him much until then.
But I turned and gave him my whole attention. How anybody could thank God that things were just as they were, was more than I could understand. He went on and repeated "Yes, I thank God that things is jest as they are." He said "I love to get in a hard place for my Lord. "Now what do you think of that?" "I love to get in a hard place for my Lord." I said to myself, "Well, old boy, you've found it." "You needn't go any farther." He said "I love to get in a place that is so hard that there is no chance to get through without you get down on both hands and knees and call on Jesus Christ." I did not know much, but I had sense enough to quit at that. And we went home, and that night we came back again. The tabernacle was jammed and folks were way out in the darkness for they could not get under. And there was a mourners' bench, strange to say (it is kind of a joke today.) but this bench was able to accommodate 50 to 100 mourners. I stood on the mourners bench and started my sermon and I had not been preaching more than two or three minutes until this old chap came and kneeled down at the altar. I preached and he prayed, and as he prayed, I tried to preach. Account for it if you can, explain it away if you can, but the trees seemed to put on new foliage and the flowers bloomed and the birds sang and hearts rejoiced in the glad consciousness that God had come, and when the invitation was given, I saw strong men come from out the dark, go down on their knees and rise to newness of life. "And the place was shaken where they were assembled together and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." They shook hands with the young preacher and said "That was a great sermon". I went and put my arms around the old boy and the illuminating faith in our hearts was made plain. We can never rediscover the power until we have learned once more to pray."

(Prayer)
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail, And the tents were all silenced:

And the widows of Asher, loud in their wails
And the idols are broken, the temple of Baal
The might of the
Vanished like mist at the glance of the Lord."

This took place when they prayed.

Did you ever notice the times Jesus prayed? The place prayer occupied in the life of Jesus? We sometimes make prayer a preparation for the battle and with Jesus it was a battle. I was preaching at a commencement some time ago and I saw a young man get a scholarship medal and you know, all he had to do to get that medal was to get up and walk from here to over there and just stand until someone pinned it on him. I stood and looked and I said: "Well, he didn't have to do much to get that medal." Oh, but he did, that was but the culmination of years and hard work and study which had gone before.

Sometimes Jesus used every single ounce of energy that He had and when His agony was so great, He shed, as it were, great drops of blood which fell down to the ground. Then there were other times when He moved with a serenity and poise and an ease and an assurance that makes us wistful to this hour. When were His hours of conflict and struggle and when were His hours of poise and ease and serenity. Always, without one single exception His days of struggle were His prayer days, having won a triumph, He went as victor to receive the prize. Take it in everything He said, in the wonders that He worked. See the leper coming to Him. The Pharisees and others had treated him harshly. He had been treated so harshly that he did not believe in love any longer but he still believed in power, but not in love. He came and threw himself at the feet of Jesus and said: "Lord, if you are willing, I don't think you care enough but if you only try, you could make me whole." Jesus said: "Be it done for thee; even so, even so it be."
He did not have to sprinkle any blood over him, or put in any new exercise. He did not even get red in the face. Here He is at the grave of Lazarus. The average man, I can imagine standing by the grave of Lazarus, wriggling his hands and saying "Lord, if it can be thy will, "etc. No- Jesus said "I thank Thee Father, that Thou hast heard me and I know that Thou hearest me always"- "Lazarus, come forth!"During all of His ministry, Jesus was constantly dogged by one of the most diabolical set of human hounds that ever dogged an honest man to death. They were true "inquirers" and they would have given their lives to have betrayed Jesus into saying one unguarded word but if the stenographers had taken down His words, they would not have had to scratch out a word or put in a word. For instance, they came with one of those miserable yes and now questions which the lawyers like to ask You know, if the lawyer says to a man "Have you stopped slapping your wife? Yes or no?" Well, if he says "Yes, I've stopped slapping her face" he would say, "Then why has she got you here in court?" and if he says I haven't stopped slapping my wife in the face", then he says "Why keep it up? And so they came to Jesus and said "Is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar? No argument about it, yes or no. Suppose He said "Yes, by all means give tribute to Caesar", then He is a Quisling and would be criticized by every decent Jew. Suppose He took the other side and says "No, don't give tribute to Caesar." Then Rome would take Him over and either ways, they have Him. They've got their heads together and they don't know much more when they've got them together, as sometimes is in the case of a committee meeting. And so, He was out, whatever happened and so they came and when Jesus heard the question instead of answering it "yes" or "no". He did not happen to have any money with Him that day but a friend had a penny and so He said "Show me a penny? He took it and looked at it and said "By the way, whose picture is that on it?" They answered "Caesar's" and He said "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's" And you can fairly hear them gasp across the space of years,
I think one man stepped up and said "What are you going to ask Him next?" and they said "Nothing, we've asked Him too much already." I'm not reading into the story what is not there "and they durst not ask Him any more questions at all." And then there was a time when the Sadducees who do not believe in the resurrection, came to Jesus with that old enigma which has been handed down from generation to generation and put this question to Him "There was a certain chap married a woman and he died without any children and according to Jewish law, his brother had to take the widow and try to raise up seed for his brother and so the second brother married her and he died, and the third brother married her and he died and the fourth etc. Well, the question is, "In the resurrection, whose wife is she going to be?" Well now my friends, I don't think there'll be any special contest on! You know, if I had been one of those brothers, I'd just as soon have gone over Niagara Falls in a barrel, as to have married her. And by the way, Jesus was laughing at it too. You know, some folks are afraid of humor. It is a positive duty to look around in this beautiful world and find something to laugh at and if you can't find it, for heaven's sake, go look in the glass and see what the other fellow is laughing at. What did Jesus answer? He answered like this with an old threadbare quotation which had been quoted so many times that it had lost its meaning and became like a slack coin without an image on it and He said "Haven't you read where God says "I am the God of Abraham, I am the God of Isaac and I am the God of Jacob." Now Abraham is dead so He should not have said that. He should have said "I was the God of Abraham, but he died so he hasn't a God any more. Isaac died and he has no more God" but no He says "I'm still the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. They are still living. And He broke through their little trap like it was a cobweb. If I had seen Jesus in the garden as He poured forth strong crying and tears, I'd have said "Poor Chap, if He is so gone to pieces here, what will be He when He sees death eye to eye. But a little while later when the soldiers and the mob came, He met them
and said "Whom seek ye?" They answered Him "Jesus of Nazareth." He back
said to them "I am He" and they started and fell to the ground. That
day He outflashed the Roman swords with His eyes. He had prayed. They
were going to seize Him but they couldn't for He had prayed and they were
afraid--they feared, not fears of what would happen but fears of facing
the fact of what had already happened. Now you know, you cannot argue
with a fact. I know some folks try but there is no use. We used to have
a good old saint, Bud Anderson. He was a native of my state. Bud was a
second blessingist, and I'll agree to his having all the blessings that
could come. He was one of the most unique ministers I ever knew and he
was a good friend of the brethren of Southwestern University, a scholarly
gentleman. He used to discuss theology and Dr. McClain did not believe
in the second blessing, and some didn't believe it who did not know any
theology. The doctor would take time to explain and go over and over it
and Bud would listen to him with beautiful reverence, because they loved
each other, and when the doctor would get through explaining it all,
Bud would say "Yes, yes, it's like that. You are just as right as you
can be, but" he said "the trouble is, I've got it!" In other words he
said "I know the fact". It is said, first of all that when they prayed,
they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and whatever that meant to you,
it certainly means this to every man that when they were saved, God
became reality in their lives. After all, that is the biggest thing prayer
can do, bigger than any answer God ever gives to you when you pray, is the
sense of His own nearness. Prayer is the means of opening the windows of
the soul, out toward the heavenly and then God comes into His life. Then
you can say in the depths of your heart "My Lord and My God." "When they
had prayed, they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." God was a reality to
them as they prayed. True prayer will do that and nothing else on the
face of the earth will.
Then when they had prayed, great grace was upon them. That is after they had prayed, they were gracious people, winsome people, people whom the average men of the world who has intelligence if he had looked him over and talked with him for a while would have said "Well, I don't know what there is about that fellow but I do know this. I wish I knew the secret that would make me live as richly and abundantly as he is living. There was something about him that was charming." Now Christians ought to be gracious people but sometimes they are not. Some times I think it is the greatest grief of our Lord is not the wickedness of the wicked but the ugliness of the saints. We do know how to be ugly some times.

I don't care how many times you read the Bible through and how many times you've been converted and how long you pray, if you are disagreeable and hard to live with, then the Lord have mercy on your soul! Jesus was charming. He was so charming that when He came into a group where mothers had babies in their arms, those mothers always had trouble. They could not hold their own babies. They insisted on climbing down from mother's lap and go over to the Lord Jesus and hug his neck and kiss His lips. When His disciples objected, He said "Forbid them not to come unto Me." It was said of that beautiful character Enoch, when the writer to the Hebrews tells the story he says "He was not found for God had translated him". Folks missed Enoch. When Enoch did not come down the street there was a chill in the atmosphere and when Enoch did not come to church, the minister could not preach as well and when Enoch did not come to the wedding party, something was missing and when Enoch wasn't at the funeral, it was harder to lay the body of thir loved ones away. He was one of the most charming characters. At a picnic party or in the house of the dead, somehow it was good to have him around. I had a friend who told me some time ago that he was standing on the street corner and was talking to a musical friend of his. The conversation was broken up by an Italian who came in and asked...
and monkey. He put down his organ and money and began to give a concert and the monkey did dance. I believe in dancing - like that. My friend said "I wanted to see how long I could keep him listening and I started in to tell him a story. He said "Let's get away from here. That fellow will run me crazy. I said "Hold on, hold on. Do you know what he is playing? He is playing Handel's matchless composition." He said "I don't care what he is playing. I can't stand it" and he said "In spite of all I could do, he left." And he said "A few days later we went down to the old Opera House where one of the greatest orchestras in America was giving a concert and at the close of one of the compositions, I turned around to see my friend standing up in his enthusiasm and he had his hat in one hand and his program in the other and was waving his applause. I thought he had almost gone out of his head and I took him by the coat and said "Sit down! You'll make a fool of yourself." He said "Do you know what they were playing Handel's "The Conquerors Come" one of the greatest pieces of music ever written, the same piece that the organ grinder was playing but there was a world of difference between a brass symphony and an organ grinder with a dancing monkey accompaniment. And there is a world of difference in the grand symphony of the religion of the Lord Jesus lived out carelessly in the energy of the flesh and lived out prayerfully in the power of the Holy Spirit.

Then when they prayed, no man said that the things which he possessed was his own. Of course any sensible man knows that. Nothing on the face of the earth is your very own except your sins. Any one with sense knows that much. When they prayed, no man said that thought of his possessions was his own. What a good time to have taken up the collection! You know I haven't got time preaching on money. I just revel preaching on money. I do it for a number of reasons. In the first place I never had children who loved money. In the second place, when I preach on
money I love to see the liberal enjoy it and I love to watch the stingy suffer. I just put on the thumb screws. I used to have a rich old bachelor in my church down in Texas. His money was his wife and children and his in-laws and at the close of the sermon he would come some times and give me a flabby hand-shake and say "That was a good address but I love the old-time gospel." You know when some folks get to loving the old time gospel, I know where to find the hole where they live. "The old time gospel"— why money is the old time gospel. You know Jesus had far more to say about money, ten times more to say about money than he had to say about repentence or regeneration. He had far more to say about money than he had to say about heaven or hell. He had far more to say about money than he had to say about any other subject. Of course, you don't live your life in a castle in the air. You live it down in a real world of things where you have to handle money, the representative of values. Every day that you live, and if you dont learn to relate yourself aright to your money, you are liable to be wrong everywhere else. A man who is right on the money is apt to be right everywhere else. If I see a man who is saved wrong on this side and saved wrong on that side, that's when I believe in immersion. I want to put him under and hold him there until his pocket book gets soaked. I'm ashamed of a preacher who is afraid to talk to his people about money. I absolutely have no conscience in talking to my people about money, I mean so far as being an offense. I want to tell you this— If you approach it right so they know you are not talking just to get something into your own pocket, you won't have any trouble. "When they had prayed, no man said that ought of the things he possessed was his own. I had a friend who used to go every year to hold meetings with the cow boys and the cattle men out in Texas. One morning he preached on the text "Ye are not your own. Ye are bought with a price". At the close of the service the wealthiest man in all that country came forward and said
"I took you seriously this morning and I want to dedicate what I have to the Lord. And I want you to take a walk with me." He said they walked from the tabernacle for about an hour, about a mile. Then they sat on a hill that gave a look out over those wide plains and he said "as far as you can see, that is all mine. I want to dedicate it to God this morning and I want you to pray the dedicatory prayer." So I prayed and told him how this man had come to dedicate his houses and his lands and cattle all to God. Then he said "When I finished the prayer and started to rise to my feet, he reached over and gripped me by the arm and said "Wait a minute and then he prayed and said "Oh Lord, thou knowest that I've given thee my houses and my lands and my cattle and there is something else I want to give you. I've a wild, hopeless boy. He is a drunkard. He has broken my heart. He has broken his mother's heart and we have wept on till midnight over his dissipations. I want to give him to you". Then we went back to the tabernacle and that afternoon, at the close of the service that man came forward and was beautifully converted deal. If you will ask honestly and fairly with God, in your substance, He will give you great courage and He will bless you.

When they had prayed, they were of one mind and of one soul. You know prayer gets folks together. The greatest problem of the day and it is becoming a greater problem as time goes on and it has always been a great problem is how to get God's children to live together. The greatest problem on the earth, the cause of all the trouble on the earth today is because we have never become brotherly enough to live together.
Dr. Clavis G. Chappell

I went years ago to hold a meeting in a western community. It was in
August and it was hot but in the tabernacle it was cold, oh my it was
cold! I preached on Monday and it was cold. I preached on Tuesday and it
was still colder and on Wednesday I thought I was going to take T.B. unless
something happened. And so on Thursday night, I called one of the brethren
at his home and I said "What in the world is the matter with you?" He thought
I was trying to gossip with him and he didn't tell me. I said "I'm not
trying to gossip with you. I'm a physician of souls and I know there is
something definitely wrong but I just cannot put my finger on it." "What's
wrong?" "Well" he said "About six months ago the Superintendent of the
Sunday School got hurt at the pastor." My Christian friends, there is this
peculiarity about church people. They never get mad. They just get hurt
but when they get hurt, they act like other people do when they get mad.
And so the Sunday School Superintendent got hurt at the pastor and he said
half of the congregation sided with the Superintendent and the other-half
sided with the pastor and the Superintendent would not speak to the pastor's
crowd and the pastor would not speak to the Superintendent's crowd." "Oh"
I said, "Is that all?" I came back to the next service and preached on one
of those tenderly beautiful texts from the Bible "And now abideth faith
hope and love, these three, but the greatest of these is love" and I went and
they wept and I watched to see them get together but you know, after the
benediction, one half went off in that direction and the other half went off
in this direction. Well, I went away and next time I came back I changed my
text and as I remember it, it was this "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers
how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" Bless your heart, we got action
that time! The Superintendent was sitting just about 3 seats in front of me
but I hadn't gotten very far when I saw him move over this way- then he
moved back that way and moved over that way, looked like he had sat down on an
ant hill. I knew there was some good being done and when the service was over,
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he was the first man following me. He took me by the hand and shook it and said "I want you to go home with me for dinner." I said "Surely and I'll bring your pastor," and he said "No, I want to see you alone. And he weighed about 190 lbs! I thought "Oh, you don't see me alone". So I said "If I can't bring the pastor, I'm not coming." So he said "If you've got to bring him, come on and so he took a little handful of his inner circle and went over to the house and I went over a little later with the pastor. When I got there, they were in one of these old fashioned parlors all lined up,- you know they used to ventilate them every year. Then the Sunday School Superintendent began to tell me about the situation. I thought at first that he was going to confess his sin but I saw he was too good at confessing the other fellow's sins. Oh, we are sometimes good at that, you know. With the directness I exercise sometimes I said "Let us all unite in prayer". And I got down on my knees and when we were all kneeling down I called on the Superintendent to lead us in prayer, and you know, he started in to tell the Lord what he was going to tell me and he wouldn't crank. It was like trying to crank a Ford on a cold morning, it just wouldn't go. A moment later, to my great joy, he put his big rugged face down in his stupid old rugged hands and said "Lord, I've sinned." Years ago I was pastor in a little town called Blooming Grove. I don't know why they called it Blooming Grove for there wasn't any grove there and it would not have bloomed if it had been. There was a beautiful young girl her mother there of about 17 who sent wrong and brought shame on her home. But there was an upright woman, cold as an icicle and hard as a nail. When she heard of the shame of her daughter instead of going to her, she closed her heart against her and said "You'll never cross the threshold of my home again. The consequence of it was that the girl was sent away to a rescue home over at Fort Worth and when her time drew near, homesick and heartsick she ran away from the rescue home, down back to her mother's home to have the door shut in her face.
And then went to where some Winters lived on her father’s farm and in the most delicate and trying moments that ever come to a woman’s soul, she lay down among strangers. And when the little child was three weeks of age, I was going home one evening and somebody called me by name and said “Brother Chappell, did you know that Lulu is going to be turned out of the home where she has been taken in?” I said “No, I did not know it. Has she any place to go?” And he said “No.” I said “Won’t her mother take her back and he said “No.” I said “Did anyone ask her to take her back.” He said “No, nobody dared. She has heart trouble very badly and she has a vicious temper and everybody believes that if Lulu’s name were mentioned (for she has forbidden Lulu’s name to be ever mentioned in her home) and everybody believes that if it were mentioned, it would be the death of her.” So with that information I went up to my parsonage and after a brief time of earnest prayer, I got up from my knees to go over and kill her. When I got over there, the younger children were playing around on the carpet. I said “If you will send them out, I would like to speak to you a moment.” And she sent them out. And without any preliminaries I said “I’ve come to talk to you about your daughter Lulu.” Her face went deadly white— I have never seen another whiter and she started for a dresser on the other side of the room. I did not know what she was going after but I got up and strolled over after her. Whatever it was, she didn’t get it and she came back and I said “Now I’m going to say what I have to say. If you don’t take your daughter back, there is only one door open to her and that is the door of the house of shame and if you don’t take her back, I’d ten thousand times rather stand in her place than in yours, at the judgment seat of Christ.” And she burst into tears, partly I think of fear and partly of pure rage. Then I said “Let me go and bring her back. I’d be glad to bring her back.” She walked back and forth and said “I can’t, I can’t” and then in my sense of failure and despair I said “You ask God to give you a mother’s heart.”
I said "You know you can't pray. You can't ever pray the Lord's prayer, for if you prayed the Lord's prayer, you'd ask the Lord to hate you." She said "I believe I'll try." The next night was a rainy night and some one called behind me, as I was going home and said "Do you know that Lulu has gone home?" I said "No, I did not know." Our houses stood back to back. I ran through my house and back garden and her back garden and back yard and stood in the rear of the house in the rain, eavesdropping, unashamed and I could hear an old straight backed chair rocking on the inside and the cracked voice of the grandmother, singing a lullaby over a little baby that had come in, branded by a world's shame I knew but with the sanctifying kiss of his Heavenly Father upon his lips. And the last thing I did before leaving town was to go at the invitation of the grand-mother to baptize the little baby and the peace of heaven had come back to that home, banding folks together. "And then when they had prayed, the place was shaken. Prayer releases the power of God on individuals and on situations and this has been demonstrated thousands of times. How long since the place has been shaken down where you live? What is the hope of American unless it is the power of God? I was holding a meeting in Joshua, Texas. Joshua is a town of about a thousand people and there were 6 or 7 churches of different denominations in the little village and they had just enough religion to fight each other. If you asked a man "How is your church getting along?" He said "It's getting along as well as this... it isn't. I went in to hold a meeting. I was very young and I preached up to Friday morning. By that time I had said everything I knew and some things I was not sure of. Then in sheer desperation, I decided to have a testimony meeting and you know a testimony meeting can be an awful flop, especially if nobody has a testimony, or if somebody has one of these old testimonies that has been canned and canned and canned over again and they never can get through with it. Some peculiar past and that is the individual who
breaks up every testimony meeting. So I decided to have a testimony meeting. A sister got up over in one corner. She was one of the most dilapidated souls I have ever looked at. If being a Christian would make me look like that, I would be vaccinated. And she spoke after this fashion. She said "I'd love to see a revival here in Joshua. I've been praying for one but it just don't look like we'd have one", and she sat down. I said "Who else has a word of encouragement?" And another woman got to her feet and she said "We used to have a meeting here in Joshua when Brother Stebbins was pastor here, then we had a great meeting but he is dead." And I was sorry that I had ever started my testimony meeting. But I was like MacDuff, I'd waited and it was as close to one side as it was to the other and so I just had to keep going and I said "Who'll be next?" And then an old chap got up over to the left. I hadn't noticed him much before, but I came to know him intimately in after years and I could write a story of the greatest Christian that I ever knew but I haven't gotten around to it yet— but he is the man. He stood there looking at the defeated preacher and the defeated congregation. He was not a very prepossessing gentleman. He was a tenant farmer, growing up during the dreadful days of the war, an intelligent man but he used broad English. He always said "I seen" when he ought to have said "I saw." But you know, I'd rather a man say "I seen" and see something than to say "I saw" and never see anything. He had a barefoot, one of his shoes had gone and his trousers were so bagged at the knees that it looked as if he had a brick bat in each knee. There was just one thing that redeemed him from commonplacesness. He had one of those marvelously illuminated faces, that looked like it had the sun rising behind. It takes at least 30 or 40 years of fellowship with God to illuminate you like that. And he stood there and this is what he said "Now I think God that things are jest as they are." I had not noticed him much until then.
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But I turned and gave him my whole attention. How anybody could thank God that things were just as they were, was more than I could understand. He went on and repeated "Yes, I think God that things is jest as they are." He said "I love to get in a hard place for my Lord. "How what do you think of that! "I love to get in a hard place for my Lord." I said to myself, "Well, old boy, you've found it." "You needn't go any farther." He said "I love to get in a place that is so hard that there is no chance to get through without you get down on both hands and knees and call on Jesus Christ." I did not know much, but I had sense enough to quit at that. And we went home, and that night we came back again. The tabernacle was jammed and folks were way out in the darkness for they could not get under. And there was a mourners' bench, strange to say (it is kind of a joke today.) but this bench was able to accommodate 50 to 100 mourners. I stood on the mourners' bench and started my sermon and I had not been preaching more than two or three minutes until this old chap came and knelted down at the altar. I preached and he prayed, and as he prayed, I tried to preach. Account for it if you can, explain it away if you can, but the trees seemed to put on new foliage and the flowers bloomed and the birds sang and hearts rejoiced in the glad consciousness that God had come, and when the invitation was given, I saw strong men come from out the dark, go down on their knees and rise to newness of life. "And the place was shaken where they were assembled together and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." They shook hands with the young preacher and said "That was a great sermon." I went and put my arms around the old boy and the illuminating faith in our hearts was made plain. We can never rediscover the power until we have learned once more to pray."

(Prayer)

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